

erty. The inquiry arises whether this was the location of The Sign of the Two Highlandmen? Very likely it was, though Ross is named in 1779 as a merchant."

Mr. Cresswell writes: "This [Lancaster] is a large town, but the situation is disagreeable between two hills, several good buildings and some manufactories of Guns and Woolen, but no navigation. Four hundred English prisoners here. Crossed Conistogo Creek. Lodged at The Sign of the Duke of Cumberland, the Landlord is a Scotch-Irish Rebel Colonial and his house is dirty as a Hog's sty."

The Duke of Cumberland tavern was located on the old road from Philadelphia to Lancaster, about one-fourth of a mile to the east of Old Leacock Presbyterian church. The house which was used as a tavern, is still standing, and, in 1916, was owned and occupied by Samuel P. Smoker. (See Proceedings of the Lancaster County Historical Society, Vol. 20, pages 215-216.)

Mr. Cresswell described the land in Lancaster county as being "good in general. Farmers rich and industrious. Irish and Dutch inhabitants."

Under date of Monday, August 26th, 1776, the young English traveler made this entry in his diary:

"Left the Duke of Cumberland, which is one of the dirtiest houses I have ever put my foot in. Breakfasted at The Waggon, the Landlord a rigid Irish Presbyterian. Dined at The Cross Keys. Lodged at The Spread Eagle, a clean Dutchman's house. Land broken and hilly, but the Farmers seem rich, good stock, and their land well cultivated. Passed 5 companies [of soldiers (?)] going to camp."

The following day Mr. Cresswell wrote:

"Left The Spread Eagle. Crossed Schuylkill Ferry, got to Philadelphia to breakfast. In our journey from Leesburg [Virginia] I have seen only 3 signs hanging, the rest pulled down by Soldiers. Making my observations. Lodged at The Black Horse in Market Street."

In September, 1776, Cresswell was in New York city, where he tried to join the British army. He was, however, unsuccessful, and returned to Virginia.

In the spring of 1777 he decided to return to his native land. On April 30th he was received by the governor at Yorktown. Permission was given him to leave the country provided he did not sail on a British warship. May 6th found him on board the "Bell and Mary." Eight days later, he entered New York harbor. On August 21st, 1777, he arrived at Portsmouth, England.

On April 21st, 1781, he was married to Mary Mellor. He died July 14th, 1804, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, at Idridgehay, and was buried in Wirksworth Parish church, Derbyshire.

Lancaster in 1777

By WILLIAM FREDERIC WORNER

IN the early autumn of 1777 the borough of Lancaster was visited by a clever Yankee, who had undertaken a journey on horseback from Providence, R. I., to Charleston, S. C. He kept a diary of the trip. This diary was published in New York in 1856, under the title of "Men and Times of the Revolution, or Memoirs of Elkanah Watson." The book was edited by Winslow C. Watson.

Elkanah Watson, who made the memorable journey, was born in Plymouth, Mass., January 22nd, 1758. At the early age of fifteen, he left the place of his birth for Providence, R. I., to become an apprentice to John Brown, one of the most enterprising merchants of his day and benefactor of Brown University. The commerce of Providence was prostrated by the Revolutionary war. In August, 1777, John Brown, and his brother, Nicholas, proposed to Mr. Watson to take charge of about fifty thousand dollars, a

large sum for those days. He was to carry the money concealed on his person, travel on horseback, and, when he reached Charleston, deposit it in the hands of agents for investment in cargoes for European markets. The responsibility was an appalling one to an inexperienced youth of nineteen. Young Watson, however, was equal to the task. He started on the 4th of September, 1777, with a good horse under him, a hanger at his side, and a pair of pistols in his holsters. He traveled through Connecticut, crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry and proceeded to Morristown, N. J., where he made the acquaintance of two gentlemen who also were going to South Carolina. On the 23rd of September, he resumed his journey, in company with his two companions. They crossed the Delaware river at Cowles' Ferry, and were arrested under suspicion of being British spies. The next morning they were released, and resuming their journey, passed through Bethlehem and Reading.

Watson states in his diary:

"At Reamstown [Lancaster county] I was placed between two beds, without sheets or pillows. This, as I was told, was a prevailing German custom, but which, as far as my experience goes, tends little to promote either the sleep or comfort of a stranger.

"Early in the morning of the 4th [October, 1777] we entered the village of Euphrates [Ephrata] within sound of the thunder of Washington's artillery at Germantown. This village is inhabited by a most eccentric and remarkable sect of fanatics. They call themselves Dunkers. They own a large tract of land in this vicinity, and founded this village about 1724, in a romantic and sequestered position, well adapted to their professed abstraction from the rest of the human family. They profess to believe themselves unconnected with a sinful world, and that they move among ethereal spirits. Their community numbered about one hundred souls. They dressed in long tunics reaching to the heels, girded with a sash, and with woolen caps falling over their shoulders. They baptize by immersion. They believe in a future state, and that salvation is attained only by penance and the mortification of the flesh. They never shave. The sexes have no intercourse, living in separate habitations, and even occupying different places of public worship. They sleep in apartments of only sufficient size to hold them, occupied by a wooden bench, a little inclining, on which they sleep. In the place of pillows they rest the head on wooden blocks, so prepared as to receive it up to the ears. They carry on quite important manufactures, and amuse themselves in rudely painting scripture scenes, which are suspended in their chapel. They subsist exclusively on vegetables and roots, except at their occasional love-feasts. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, is, of course, not sparing of their reputation. As we were taking our departure, we heard the brethren chanting their melodious hymns in plaintive notes that thrilled our souls.

"Lancaster was, at this period, the largest inland town in America, containing about one thousand houses, and 6,000 inhabitants, with a State house and five edifices for public worship. Many of the houses were large, and built with brick. It is situated in one of the most lovely and luxuriant regions in the country, delightfully diversified with waving hills, pleasant dales, adorned by lovely scenery, and highly cultivated farms—in a word, all that can invite to a pastoral life. Here existed extensive manufactures, especially of the rifles so fatal in the hands of our patriotic yeomanry.

"At York the Congress was at that time assembled, after its dispersion from Philadelphia. Protected by Washington, whose forces interposed between them and the British army, they held daily secret sessions. Here we procured our passports for our Southern journey."

After two and one-half months of travel, he arrived safely at Charleston, S. C., on November 18th, 1777. Here he delivered into the hands of the agents the funds which he had carried, during the entire journey, in the quilted lining of his coat.