

Major John Andre's Residence in Lancaster.

In a notable passage of one of the finest outbursts of modern oratory, a great man, on a great occasion, standing in a great place, suggested that while it recked little what he and his colleagues said, where they then stood, the world could never forget what had been done there. This linking of event with locality is one of the fine traits of human thought. Nothing has contributed more to history in its best and broadest significance than the reverent tendency to associate the thing done with the place where it happened. Hawthorne somewhere points out that it is not only the physical perfection of the English landscape "rolled and combed," finished "with a pencil rather than a plow," but the wealth of its historical and personal associations that so charms the tourist on that sacred soil. In fact, very much of the pleasure, if not the profit, of travel lies in the constant suggestiveness of historical association; and over and over again places in themselves altogether common, if not mean, take on a significance and importance that challenge the interest and charm the memory of the beholder because of the deeds long done or the persons long dead with which or with whom they are somehow related.

Wandering one day through Westminster Abbey, that Valhalla of the English-speaking people, which for six hundred years has enshrined the bones and perpetuated the memory of illustrious men and women of our race, I had passed St. Edward's shrine and the tomb of Henry III., and that sacred chair "where kings and queens are crowned;" I had laid one hand upon the tomb of Queen Elizabeth—

patron of Spenser and Shakespeare—and one upon that of her royal victim, martyr or traitress, as you choose, Mary Queen of Scots; I had stood one foot upon the grave of Herschel and one on Darwin's, and had seen how a tear, dropped upon the tomb of Fox, "trickled to the bier" of his great rival, Pitt; I had heard in the "poet's corner" whispering echoes of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning—if not of Lord Byron—when my attention was arrested by the proud memorial raised within those venerable walls to a boy, who, for a brief period of our Revolutionary history, was a resident, if not a citizen, of Lancaster and dwelt across the street from my own home.

In an Illustrious Group.

I forgot for a time the monarchs and statesmen, soldiers and seamen, seers and sages, poets and philosophers, whose tombs and tablets mark that shrine; and my mind ran back to a modest mansion on the east side of North Lime street, midway between East King and Orange. The tomb that had arrested my attention was designed by Robert Adam, a famous architect of his day; and it was wrought in exquisite statuary marble by Van Gelder. It is comprised within one of the many groups of national memorials; all about it are uninhabited monuments—as it was once—which Addison says "have been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried on the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean." There lies Beauclerk, royal scion of Nell Gwynn, who fought, with both legs shot off, at Coca-Chica, and,

"Dying, heard Brittain's thunder roar,
And Spain still felt him when he
breathed no more."

Here is that old sea lion—Sir John Balchen—who, fighting for England's supremacy on the wave from the age of fifteen to seventy-four, went down to death and up to glory in a wreck on "the Casket Rocks," where eleven hundred souls perished "in the sad

sequel to his noble career." On one hand are the tablets of those who fleshed their maiden swords under Marlborough and Argyll on the plains of Flanders; and, on the other, the tombs of jaunty cavaliers who fell in the second Jacobite rebellion when the Highlands of Scotland burst into a flame of loyalty for Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. Wolfe's huge cenotaph recalls glorious death on the Heights of Abraham, sealing the victory which established English domination in this western world; and, in a vault nearby, is the coffin of Admiral Charles Saunders—name now almost forgotten—who bore scarcely a second part in the great Canadian Conquest, and whose merit, Pitt said in Parliament, "equalled that of those who had beaten Armadas." Not far from Burgoyne, to whom the Colonies largely owe British collapse, nor from Enoch Markham, who bravely upbore a distinguished name throughout all England's struggle, is the tomb before which I left you standing to make this digression. Even in this company and among these memorials neither the marble nor its subject is inconspicuous. Elevated upon a pedestal is a sarcophagus surmounted by a reclining figure of Britannia, leaning upon the national shield, lamenting the loss of an officer whom, his panegyrist said, "fell more universally lamented by adversaries and by friends than any figure in ancient or modern history"—"an irrefragable proof of unsullied honor and superior merit." At the foot of the female figure the British lion seems to mourn the untimely death of the hero. Upon the panel is engraved this inscription:

Sacred to the memory
of

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,

Who, raised by his Merit, at an early
Period of his Life, to the Rank of
ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE
BRITISH FORCES IN AMERICA,
and, employed in an important but
hazardous Enterprise, fell a
sacrifice to his

Zeal for his King and Country,
on the 2d of October, 1780, aged 29,
universally beloved and esteemed
by the Army in which he
served, and lamented even
by his Foes.

His gracious Sovereign,
King George III.,
has caused this Monument to be
erected.

With his life and tragic end history and romance have been busy. Even if it were contended that his career and talents were only of an average order—and that his death was deservedly ignoble—those who might have become interested in him have had the proud satisfaction of knowing that, apart from a few great names on either side of the Revolutionary War, none has been gilded with more lustre than that of John Andre, who lived as a gallant and soldier, and who died as a spy.

Were I even disposed, as I surely am not, to resent his fate, this were not the occasion to question the justice of the judgment that sent him to the gallows. Mine is the simple task to awaken and refresh—by striking a single chord—some of the memories of our local history that take deep root in the Revolutionary period; and to point out some remarkable coincidences arising from the circumstance that Andre resided for a time as a paroled prisoner of war in the Town of Lancaster.

Some Local History—1744-1765.

You must indulge me in another digression if I recall the fact, too often overlooked, of the relative importance of this city at that time. In the realm of the blind it has been facetiously said "the one-eyed man is king;" and may we not unblushingly recall that when there was no "Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg and the West," there was already here a proud shire-town, destined to be for a time the capital of the State and of the nation, and, when they had passed hence, never to forget its ancient and honorable eminence.

If you will carefully read an account of that Treaty of the Six Nations, by far the most interesting, and certainly among the most important, ever concluded on Pennsylvania soil, which was held here as early as June, 1744, you will realize, even one hundred and sixty years after the event, the geographical, ethnological and political importance of a place that, scarcely then fifteen years old, invited the assemblage of red men and white, chiefs of savage tribes and Governors of settled States, in peaceful concourse to settle not only the disputes of centuries between contending bands of aborigines, the Delawares and Minquas, the Susquehannocks and Mohawks, but also the conquest rights of embryonic Commonwealths. In journeying hither from Maryland Whitman Marshe's way led through Quaker settlements in Chester county, but he soon joined the Commissioners of his State and journeyed hither, maybe by the Buck, the Valley and Willow Street to Lancaster. That the traveler of that time fared scarcely less worthily than those who picnic by the wayside in these later days, we may gather from his diary, wherein Marshe narrates that "good neat's tongue, cold ham and Madeira wine" broke their fast at noonday. That our county was then as now the garden spot is attested by his record that here, in Pequea, Manor and the Lampeters, "are large and fine farms settled by the Germans. They sow all kinds of grain and have very plenty harvests. Their houses are chiefly built of stone and generally seated near some brook or stream of water. They have very large meadows, which produce a great deal of hay and feed therewith a variety of cattle."

Albeit he was not so well impressed with the city, or its inhabitants, whom he describes as "chiefly High Dutch, Scotch-Irish, some few English families and unbelieving Israelites, who dealt very considerably in this place." These Southern gentlemen stopped at the Cross Keys, on West

King street, kept by Peter Worrall, a thrifty Quaker, who had succeeded to Samuel Bethel's trade and tavern by marrying his buxom widow in 1740.

The First Court House.

Thirty years before the event to which I shall shortly draw your notice this chronicler narrates that there stood in the Centre Square of old Lancaster a Court House, built of brick, two stories high, with a handsome bench and a chair "filled," he says, by the Judge, leaving us in some doubt, however, as to whether the seat was scant or the justice portly. Around the half oval table below the Bench sat the clerk and counsel; and fronting them all were raised steps or stairs where eight hundred auditors and spectators could stand without crowding. The space overhead was mostly in one large room, with a spacious chimney place, and here the Court was held in cold weather, and public functions at all seasons. Adjoining it was a smaller chamber, where juries were penned until they agreed, without food or candles; and from the cupola on top of the building, Marshe declares, one could see for miles around, including vistas of the Susquehanna river—which last I do not ask you to believe, because they are not now in sight even from the far loftier summits of the Woolworth structure.

It was in this Court House that Rev. Craddock preached and conducted divine services according to the Church of England on Sunday, June 24, 1744. It is gravely recorded that "he preached a very good sermon, which met the approbation of the several gentlemen present"—then, as now, presumably, the male sex being the sole judge of the quality of sermons. Between one and two o'clock of that day the Commissioners of Maryland and Virginia dined in the Court House, while the Governor of Pennsylvania, then George Thomas, gave the preacher a hearty welcome and good dinner, and in the afternoon, the office of the day was

again performed by another minister of the established church. Notwithstanding two sermons in one day the traditional good cheer and hospitality of Lancaster seemed to date quite as far back as this period. "Pleasant company, good wine and lime punch" were manifestly not then considered "vices;" and while Commissioners and Indians, then seriously engaged in treaty making, were "sober" men and even at times "refused drinking in a moderate way" and prudently took "great care to abstain from that intoxicating drink *from fear of being overreached,*" when they had finished their business some of them did "drink without measure," and nobody appeared to have been scandalized.

Entertaining the Big Chiefs.

When the visitors came to be entertained with a grand ball in the Court House, and James Hamilton, the proprietor, danced the minuet to "wilder music" than even the Indians made; and the Jewesses, "not long since come from New York," "made a tolerable appearance" and the "large and elegant supper" was served in such manner "that the female dancers first ate." I can well understand why my chronicler and informant, with several others of the younger sort, stayed until after one in the morning. So it happens that we never grow old, and the boy is forever father to the man.

I should delight to take you with me through those days of treaty-making, more than a century and a-half ago, to depict to you Jennings making his speech and giving his belts of wampum to the Cannasategos, their "johas" and "wohs" quite as forcible and significant, I doubt not, as the college yells of to-day; to bid you to that great dinner given in the Court House by the Maryland Commissioners, when twenty-five chiefs of the Six Nations were entertained, and, with a circumspection that the Clover Club, the Five O'clockers, or the Fellowship might well emulate, Mr. Thomas Cookson, Prothonotary of Lancaster county,

Wm. Logan and Nathaniel Rigbie, of Maryland, "carved the meat for them, served them with cider and wine, *mixed with water*, and regulated the economy of the two tables. The chiefs seemed prodigiously pleased with their feast, for they fed lustily, drank heartily, and were very greasy before they finished their dinner, for, by-the-bye, they made no use of their forks. The interpreter, Mr. Weiser, stood betwixt the tables, where the Governour sat, and that at which the sachems were placed, who, by order of his Honour, was desired to inform the Indians he drank their healths, which he did; whereupon they gave the usual cry of approbation, and returned the compliment by drinking health to his Honour and the several Commissioners."

All of this, however interesting as it is in itself, is quite outside my immediate subject and only collateral and incidental—or rather antecedent—to the main purpose of this narration, and must, therefore, for the time be dismissed from further consideration. If Lancaster during the next twenty years made no great strides, it at least presented such a respectable presence to an intelligent stranger that Major Robert Rogers, in his concise account of North America, 1765, the most interesting description of English possessions in America up to that time, declares that Lancaster, sixty miles from Philadelphia, on the way to Fort Duquesne, was "near as large as the City of New York."

A Lancastrian at Quebec.

The first historical coincidence of local note to which I shall ask your attention is that about the time emotions were stirring in the breast of John Andre which impelled him to seek fame, if not fortune, in the New World, and unconsciously to start for Lancaster, by way of Canada, the love of venture in a young Lancastrian prompted him to start from Lancaster, by way of Benedict Arnold's desperate and romantic Canadian campaign, for

Quebec. No page of all our Revolutionary history is more astir with vivid heroism than that which records the joint campaigns of Arnold and Montgomery against the strongholds of British power in the North. If it was relevant to this occasion, and, if time permitted, I should delight to recount the gallantry and romantic adventure and the thrilling heroism of both those expeditions. It is of notable local interest that no more vivid narrative of the Arnold march has ever been written than that which John Joseph Henry, of Lancaster, dictated to his daughter, Ann Mary, and which his widow gave to the press in 1812, without even the correction of verbal and typographical errors. At the age of fourteen he was taken from Lancaster by his uncle, a gunsmith, to Detroit, and he returned to this city *on foot*, with a single guide, who died in the intervening wilderness. It was this experience, no doubt, which inspired him to clandestinely join the Arnold expedition when he was only seventeen years old. It was not his fortune to directly encounter Andre, who was delivered into the hands of the Americans upon the surrender of St. John's to Montgomery. But the coincidence is scarcely less remarkable that he should have been proceeding on his way to, and actively and gallantly participating in, the campaign against Quebec, under the command of Benedict Arnold, while Montgomery, proceeding toward the same objective point, was accompanied by Aaron Burr as a camp follower, with the Indian girl, whom he picked up by the way, and her dog.

Thus at the very outset of the story there appears an inter-relation of picturesque personal events that can hardly fail to arouse the sentiment of the romancer and historian.

Andre and His Honora.

Let me now start at the other end of the line. Though born in London, John Andre was of French extraction, as his name so readily suggests. He originally projected a mercantile rather

than a military career. In my inquiry into his family relations when he was scarcely eighteen years of age, I find no trace of his father, nor of the younger brother upon whom there seems to have been conferred high honors by the British Government. In his letters to Anna Seward, who, after the fashion of that gay Eighteenth Century, he addresses as "Dear Julia," he recalls his mother and three sisters, and her "Monody" on his death refers to them as Maria, Anna and Louisa. Throughout this fervid correspondence he tells, with boyish frankness, to the mutual friend of himself and the object of his adoration, of the joy that danced in his beloved's eyes when she first showed him the three spires of Litchfield, which she called the "Ladies of the Valley," well deserving the title by their lightness and elegance. "How I loved them," he says, from the instant "she had named them." That his family fortunes were not abundant may be inferred from his allusions to their old coach, drawn by "two long-tailed nags." The poverty of his condition is as frankly avowed as the hopelessness of his affection. In one letter he writes: "My zephyrs are wafted through cracks in the wainscott; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels; for bleating flocks, grunting pigs; and squalling cats for birds that incessantly warble." For the sake of his mistress, however, he was evidently content to sink his artistic and literary aspirations, for as late as November 1, 1769, he wrote: "I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession of a merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it. Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention! that vile trash, which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my soul. Thus all my mercantile calculations go to the tune of dear Honora. When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and

the sight of that dear Talisman so inspirits my industry, that no toil appears oppressive."

Not to dwell upon this phase of his career it is enough to recall that the fair Honora either rejected his addresses or yielded to parental objections even after engagement. She married Richard Lovell Edgeworth, content to be his second wife, and became stepmother to Maria Edgeworth, the novelist.* Andre, in his disappointment or desperation, bought an army commission, but that he was faithful for a time at least to the memory of his heartless Honora is shown by the fact that when he surrendered at St. John's, to Montgomery, with seven other officers and two hundred and forty-two privates of the Seventh Royal Fusileers, and when he was stripped and examined, the locket-miniature of the woman who had disappointed him was saved from his captors by himself hiding it in his mouth. It was of his own painting. By the way, she died of consumption four years before him and while he was a prisoner of war. That she was by no means a commonplace woman I gather from this fact: In 1781 William Hayley wrote his poem, "The Triumphs of Temper." It exhausted seven editions at least. The impression of 1793 is in my hand. Thin and dreary the verse appears at this day, and if anybody could be found to *read* such poetry every real literary centre from Quarryville, Pa., to East Aurora, N. Y., could easily furnish mechanics to *write*

*When Edgeworth's matrimonial experience is recalled it is little wonder he proved a successful rival to Andre; for he was married four times—never a widower more than eight months—and he became father of twenty-one children. Maria was his second child, the eldest daughter of his first wife. It is said he was worshipping at Honora Sneyd's shrine when he received the not unwelcome news of his wife's death; and within four months Miss Sneyd became the step-mother of his children. Before she died she designated her own sister, Elizabeth, as her successor, and eight months later the aunt of her children became their step-mother.

it. And yet this slender volume which I submit to your inspection* is of more *market* value than the whole of some very respectable private libraries in Lancaster, *only* because the fanciful engraving of its mythical "Serena" on page 5 is a portrait of "Honora Sneyd," the fiance of John Andre. I dolefully confess my own previous ignorance of Hayley, or his ways and works, but the ever helpful encyclopaedia tells me he was educated at Eton and Cambridge and studied law; being rich, however, he wisely practiced literature and courted the muses. I am re-inforced in the conviction that he must have had some special interest in Andre's friends, if not in the lad himself, by the fact that in this other precious—if not priceless—volume which I now hold before you† he appears with some (of course) "impromptu" lines sandwiched between Anna Seward's "religious enthusiasm" for "a murdered saint" and her hysterical poetic outburst to Andre and all his family. This other volume, not utterly beyond the reach of a private purse, has also great *market* if not literary, value, because its engraving of Andre, from his own portrait of himself, has furnished the model from which all others are drawn or reproduced.

Major Andre a Prisoner of War.

Transported from Canada to Connecticut, and thence to Lancaster, we must believe that he and his comrades and the sixty or more women and children who were brought as prisoners of war to this town, in December, 1775, came by way of Philadelphia and were marched up the King's Highway, past the Compass, White Horse, the Hat Tavern and what is now Bird-in-Hand.

*"The Triumphs of Temper; a Poem in Six Cantos, by Wm. Hayley, Esq. The Seventh edition, corrected, London. Printed for T. Cadell, in The Strand, MDCCXIII." Loaned me for the occasion by Capt. J. E. Barr.

†"An authentic narrative of The Causes which led to the death of Major John Andre, Adjutant General of His Majesty's Forces in North America," by Joshua Hett Smith. London, 1808.

Whether he was confined for any time in the old Saw-Buck House, on Middle street, originally erected in 1759 as a barracks for John Forbes' troops on their return from Fort Pitt, or not, is not essentially material to this narrative. For he very early signed a parole, drawn by Jasper Yeates, the original now in possession of Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, which read as follows:

"I, John Andre, being a prisoner in the United Colonies of America, do, upon the honor of a gentleman, promise that I will not go into or near any seaport town, nor farther than six miles distant from Lancaster without leave of the Continental Congress or the Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, and that I will carry on no political correspondence whatever on the subject of the dispute between Great Britain and the Colonies so long as I remain a prisoner."

Upon these conditions he became an inmate of the house of Caleb Cope, the identical structure recently made vacant by the death of the venerable Eliza E. Smith, after more than a half century's residence therein.‡ If, as you saunter home this April afternoon, you will take a look at the gable end of that house, on the north side of Grant street, just off Lime, you will find cut into the bricks, about knee-high to a man, the initials of the boys who played marbles in that alley during the Revolution. Besides others of later date and less distinct you will readily see:

T. T.—178 .

W. M.—1784.

T. P. C.—1782.

This last inscription was undoubtedly the work of Thomas P. Cope, son of Caleb Cope, who occupied the house during that period. Tom likely cut it with a knife or scratched it with a nail there more than one hundred and twenty years ago. His father, the elder Cope, was then a man in the prime of

‡Hon. A. Herr Smith took title to it about April 12, 1851; and at his death his sister inherited it.

life, having been born in Chester county in 1736; he removed to this city in its youth, to practice the profession of surveyor, became Borough Regulator, and was Burgess about the time of the outbreak of the Revolution. His principles made him a non-resistant, and the patriotic public regarded him as a Tory. But he outlived this reputation and long before he removed with his family to Philadelphia—where he died nearly fifty years after Independence was achieved—he had regained the entire respect of his fellow citizens. His son, Thomas P. Cope, became a leading citizen and merchant of Philadelphia, one of the chief patrons and early Presidents of the Mercantile Library Association, and his portrait—as well as a bronze relief—now hangs above the central desk of the librarian of that institution, in its building, on Tenth, above Chestnut street. I raised my eyes from a book there the other day, and thought it a queer coincidence that the first thing they met was that keen, sharp, fresh-complexioned, bespectacled Quaker face; the figure dressed in snuff-colored raiment, with the name inscribed on the frame of the picture—of the same initials as on the bricks of the old house in Lime street.

For I had been conning over that rare and interesting collection of American antiquities by John Jay Smith, which is kept under lock and key. One of its most interesting features is the Cope-Andre literature and its illustrations.

Lancaster In the Revolution.

Lancaster, by the way, was a noted station for the lodging of prisoners of war, being convenient to the Capitals, and yet, like York, Carlisle and Reading, a frontier town, not so close to the scene of military operations as to be considered unsafe for the detention of military prisoners. At one time, in 1777, when as many as 2,000 were gathered here, and the farmers were busy harvesting their crops, and the non-resistants were numerous and a power-

ful sentiment of loyalty to the crown pervaded the community, grave apprehensions were felt of danger from a possible outbreak, not unsupported by assurances of local aid. It never came, however. Poorly enough off the prisoners were sometimes. The privates came here sorely lacking breeches, shoes and stockings; the Government agent one day cut off the rations from the women and children, and when he would not give them bread or meat they appealed—never in vain—to that bluff patriot, Matthias Slough, for relief from starvation. The men were kept at the barracks, surrounded by a stockade; and the British officers lodged at public or private houses.

Andre not only found shelter under the roof of Cope, but had congenial associations with his family. That it was not a popular thing for the Quaker to give even this semblance of aid and comfort to the enemy, may be judged from the fact that the mob smashed all the windows out of the Cope mansion. The citizens who had tolerated, if not encouraged, such demonstration, redeemed themselves somewhat, however, by afterwards liberally assisting Cope to reconstruct his house when it had been accidentally damaged by fire.

Beside Andre there lodged with Cope a British officer prisoner, Lieutenant Colonel Edward Marcus Despard, Irish by birth, whose fate was somewhat coincident with that of Andre. Being exchanged, he returned to the army and served in the Revolutionary War until 1779, when he was transferred to Jamaica. Despard aided in wresting some possessions on the Mosquito coast from Spain and was invested with considerable executive power in Honduras. He seems to have exercised it in such a manner as to create popular dissatisfaction, and in 1790 was recalled to England. He demanded examination and preferred some claim against the Government. It was not heeded; he became seditious, was arrested and released, and in his frenzy of rage and disappointment he headed a mad conspiracy to murder his King

and seize the bank, the tower and the Government. With nine of his crazy associates he perished on the scaffold in 1803. From what Cope had seen of his disposition while he lodged in Lancaster, he had predicted for Despard some dire fate, as the result of his impetuous, unconciliating temper. But Caleb Cope and none of his family who so loved the gentle, accomplished and genial Andre, ever anticipated that he would perish by the ignominious, unsoldierly death to which in after years his Lancaster host could never refer without an outburst of tears.

Artist and Gentleman.

Andre seems to have been a young man of rare talent, personal accomplishments and graces of manner. In the volume of Smith, to whom reference has been made, there is reproduced and preserved, in colored lithograph, a very dainty sketch which Andre made for the Copes of an old place, probably his homestead, in England. The picture was saved by the elder Cope, "in memory of the artist, and of my affection for that gifted and deceived, that noble-minded and generous man." And in furnishing this plate for Mr. Smith's collection, Mr. Thomas P. Cope writes of his recollections of Andre, at his father's house in Lancaster: "I was at that time a small boy, but well remember Andre's bland manners, sporting with us children as one of us, more particularly attached to John." "We often played marbles and other boyish games with him." It is easy to believe that when the Lancaster lads on Lime street, a century ago, cut their names into the bricks they recalled the story of their playmate of a few years earlier and his tragic fate then so recent.

Young John Cope received every encouragement and instruction from Andre in the art of painting, for which he showed great fondness and in which Andre was no mere dabster. Dr. Benjamin T. Barton, too, who became a famous draughtsman, got his first inspiration from the British prisoner of war in Lancaster.

Caleb Cope had five sons. Besides John, then aged thirteen, there were Thomas P., Israel, Jasper and William, and it is Herman, the son of Jasper, who, when I last knew, owned the originals of the letters and pictures upon which this sketch is based. If the journey by which Andre was brought a prisoner of war, from the time of his capture, November 3, 1775, to Lancaster, occupied, as I think it did, more than a month, he remained in this city and at Cope's house about four months in all. During that period there are meagre records of his movements and doings,* but it can easily be surmised that to one of his ardent temperament, fascinating personality and rare social accomplishments, confined by a tether of six miles, semi-captivity could not have withheld him from mingling freely with the people of this town.

This appears more probable when it is remembered that in this, as in all other communities of English origin, certainly at that early period of the Revolutionary struggle, loyalists were not infrequently to be found among the people of highest worth and standing. It would be a great mistake for even Daughters-in-Law of the Revolution, surcharged with patriotic reverence, to under-estimate the considerations which kept many of the worthiest people of that day from

*A careful examination of "Major Andre's Journal," 1777-78, published in a very limited edition by the Bibliophile Society, Boston, Mass., fails to disclose anything relative to Andre's sojourn in Lancaster. The Introduction, however, by Henry Cabot Lodge, on page 11, has the following concerning him: "From Boston he made his way to Canada, arriving there early in 1775, and was taken prisoner at St. John's in the following autumn (when that place was captured by Montgomery), and 'stript of everything,' as he wrote, 'except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth.' He remained a prisoner at Lancaster, Pa., *where it is to be feared he was not over well treated*, until the year 1776, when he was exchanged." The italics are mine; the statement of the distinguished historian is inaccurate in two of its particulars.

W. U. H.

sympathizing with the incipient and somewhat turbulent Revolution. The clergy of the established church, landowners and substantial business men, the aristocracy of culture, of dignified professions and callings, of official rank and hereditary wealth, were in a large measure found in the Tory party. I can easily believe that on the Lord's day Major Andre, cutting across lots, to attend St. James' Church, heard from the eloquent and distinguished Thomas Barton, not only fervid prayers for the King and royal family, but sermon sentiments not unwelcome to the ears of a British army officer. And although that same Barton was obliged to shut up his churches to avoid the fury of the populace, who would not suffer his liturgy to be used, he had the high heroism of conscience which bore the separation of a father from his family and a preacher from his congregation, rather than, as he saw it, degrade his profession by intermeddling in what he deemed an unhappy political contest. Nor does it require much stretch of imagination to fancy that on some of those milder March days, when he played marbles and other boyish games with the Cope boys, young Bob Fulton, then a lad attending, or rather playing truant from, Caleb Johnson's Quaker school, in Lancaster, might occasionally have stopped to take a hand in the sports which went bravely on in that alley. Why may not Andre and his friends, the Cope boys, have gone with Fulton in the early spring days out to the Conestoga, where old Deter Gumpf had a small flat boat padlocked to the trunk of a tree, near Rockford, with which he was wont to take all of the Lancaster boys fishing.

Removed to Carlisle.

The removal of the prisoners from Lancaster to Carlisle was largely due to consideration for their own safety. For by the spring of 1776 public sentiment in Lancaster, agitated by Court House meetings, inspired by men like Edward Shippen, William Atlee, Wil-

liam Bausman and Adam Reigart, was making it difficult to withhold not only popular indignation, but personal violence against British officers at large upon the streets of Lancaster, and somewhat feted by a considerable number of its more prominent people. When this sentiment became so strong that a shopkeeper, who had sold tea in prohibition of popular resolution, was compelled to make abject apology, we can well understand what Andre meant when, writing from Carlisle on April 3, 1776, he said: "The people here are no more willing to harbor us than those of Lancaster were at our first coming there." He expresses in that letter, however, great anxiety to have young John Cope sent on to Carlisle, in continuation of a purpose which he had almost consummated in Lancaster to sell his army commission, return to England, taking young Cope with him, to perfect his own art studies and to start his boy friend on a great career as a painter. That Andre was a man of much delicacy and refinement, and without coarseness, appears from this nice reference: "I had hoped I could," referring to the Cope lad coming on to Carlisle, "have him with me in some quiet, honest family of friends, or others, where he might have board, as it would not have been proper for him to live with a mess of officers. I have been able to find neither, and am myself still in a tavern. If you resolve to let him come Despard and I can make up a bed in a lodging we have in view, where there will be room enough. He will be the greatest part of the day with us, or employed in the few things I am able to interest him in. In the meanwhile, I may get better acquainted with the town and provide for his board. With regard to expenses, this is to be attended with none to you. A little assiduity and friendship is all I ask from my young friend in return for my good will to be of service to him and my wishes to put him in the way of improving the talents God hath

given him. I shall give all my attention to his morals, and, as I believe him well disposed, I trust he will acquire no bad habits here." In that letter, and in every other which I have had the privilege to read, he is alike polite and grateful in his remembrance to all of Mr. Cope's family, and his comrade, Despard, who all the while remained with him, constantly joins in these regards.

The Cope-Andre Correspondence.

That the causes which prevented young Cope from joining him did not slacken his interest in the boy's aspirations is again witnessed by a letter of September 2, 1776, in which he not only thanks Cope for his kind letter, but for the drawing sent by the son. He congratulates him on the great improvement in his skill, and predicts for him "very great progress." Upon the whole he is glad that he had not come to Carlisle, for, he says: "We have been submitted to alarms and jealousy, which would have rendered his stay here very disagreeable to him, and I would not willingly see any person suffer on our account." He sends renewed regards to "your son, my disciple, to whom I hope the future posture of affairs will give me an opportunity of pointing out the way to proficiency in his favorite study, which may tend so much to his pleasure and advantage. Let him go on copying whatever good models he can meet with, and never suffer himself to neglect the proportions, and never to think of finishing his work or omitting the fine flowing lines of his copy until every limb, feature, house, tree, or whatever he is drawing, is in its proper place. With a little practice this will be so natural to him that his eye will at first sight guide his pencil in the exact distribution of every part of his work. I wish I may soon see you on our way to our own friends, with whom I hope, by exchange, we may at length be re-united."

The next letter of this interesting series is without date. That all communication at that time was accom-

panied with difficulties appears from a sort of admission that he had received a letter from Cope surreptitiously "by Barrington." "I am sorry," he says, "you should imagine my being absent from Lancaster, or our troubles should make me forget my friends there." Of several letters sent from Cope, only one had reached him, and, by way of explanation, he adds: "I own the difficulties of our correspondence had disgusted me from attempting to write." Sometime before October 11, the date of his next letter, he had received a letter "by Mrs. Callender," and more of young John Cope's drawings, which leads him to observe that he has much improved, and that his work shows he has not been idle. "He must take particular care in framing the features in faces and in copying hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from life, and then compare the proportions with what prints he may have or what rules he may have remembered. With respect to his shading with Indian ink, the anatomical figure is tolerably well done, but he will find his work smoother and safer were he to lay the shades on more gradually, not blacking the darkest at once, but by washing them over repeatedly, and never until the paper is quite dry. The figure is very well drawn."

The closing paragraph of this letter relates to the exchange of prisoners to take place immediately, and the letter was sent by Captain Campbell, to whom he recommended Cope to speak freely, and, if there is no prospect of an early exchange, he wants John sent on to Carlisle. Despard again courteously sends his compliments, "especially to John." Some time between the date of that letter and December 1, 1776, the long anticipated exchange had taken place. Meanwhile events were shaping themselves rapidly. The Declaration of Independence had been proclaimed while Andre was at Carlisle. Moses Coit Tyler, in his invaluable and comprehensive work on the "Literary History of the American

Revolution," makes the blunder of locating Andre at Burlington, New Jersey, where, on the fourth of June, 1776, the British officers, prisoners of war, noisily celebrated the birthday of the English King. The subject of our sketch was certainly not in that party, for it was only on December 2, 1776, having left Carlisle a few days before, he sends to Cope, by Mr. Slough, a letter from Reading, taking leave of his Lancaster friends and transmitting to them all his sincere wishes for the future. Confidently he writes: "We are on the road to be exchanged. However happy this prospect may make me, it doth not render me less warm in the fate of those persons in this country for whom I had conceived a regard. I trust on your side you will do me the justice to remember me with some good will, and that you will be persuaded I shall be happy, if the occasion shall offer, of my giving your son some further hints in the art for which he has so happy a turn. Desire him, if you please, to commit my name and my friendship for him to his memory, and assure him for me that if he only brings diligence to his assistance Nature has opened to him a path to fortune and reputation, and that he may hope in a few years to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Perhaps the face of affairs may so far change that he will once more be within my reach, when it will be a very great pleasure to me to give him what assistance I can."

That Andre sincerely desired to return to England, and would have been quite willing to sell his army commission and take young Cope with him to pursue and perfect together their art studies, there can be no doubt. And a grandson of the elder Cope has left on record his testimony that the young soldier's "offer was gratefully declined on conscientious grounds after the counsel had been sought of esteemed and reliable friends, a most unfortunate decision for both preceptor and pupil." That Andre was mindful to the last of his Lancaster friends and associations appears in a letter written

by him when he was Adjutant General of the British army, and only nine days before the capture which led to his execution. In that he said, with grim prophecy, "To-morrow I expect to meet Sir Harry Clinton and make up for lost time."

Thomas P. Cope, whose initials you will see cut on the Grant street gable of the Smith house, writing, nearly seventy years later, says: "When Andre lived in my father's family I was a small boy, but well remember his bland manner, sporting with us children as one of us. To my brother, John, he was more especially attached. from a nearer approach of age and a congeniality of genius and taste. The colored drawing which is still in the possession of our family, made by him, I think represented the place of his birth, or some place at which he had resided. I have carefully treasured the relic in memory of the artist, that gifted and deceived, that noble-minded and generous man." This drawing is tinted with green. It comprises a church spire in the background, the foliage of trees surrounding a lodge or back-gate, and is rather sketchy and incomplete.

The "Wolf Memorial" contains a passing reference to Andre, which fits exactly with the dates I have given of his removal from Carlisle and his route to Philadelphia for exchange. The mother of the late Barnard Wolf, Esq., was Anna Maria Krause, a daughter of Jacob Krause, who resided during the Revolution at a place known as "Crooked Hill," three and a-half miles from Pottstown, on the road from Reading. A brother of Krause's wife, named Henry Dering, kept the hotel there; he had a daughter, Kitty, to whom her cousin, Anna M. Krause, was a frequent visitor.

She happened to be at Crooked Hill tavern in December, 1776, when Major Andre stopped there on his way from Carlisle, via Reading, to be exchanged. Mr. Wolf had a vivid recollection of his mother's description of Andre. She described him as "rather under the aver-

age stature, of a light, agile frame, active in his movements, and of sprightly conversation. He was a fine performer on the flute, with which he beguiled the hours of twilight, and was an excellent vocalist. Whilst at Mr. Dering's house, Major Andre occupied the most of his time in examining and drawing maps and charts of the country. She bore full testimony of his polished manners, and the easy grace and charm of his conversation. His engaging deportment rendered him popular with his fellow officers. Mary always spoke feelingly of Major Andre, and, in after years, often sung his remembrance, as addressed by him to his 'Delia.' Her tender sympathies would have interposed, had she possessed the power, to save the Major from his ignominious and untimely death. It was a matter of remark that Major Andre did not, like the majority of his brother officers, indulge in vituperation against the colonists."

That same Henry Dering, by the way, soon afterwards removed to Lancaster. He kept a public house, as early as 1777, at the west end of what is now Witmer's Bridge; the old stone tavern, at the corner of Conestoga Park, having been destroyed by fire only a few years ago. Dering also managed the ferry at the same place; it was a great thoroughfare for teams and troops during the Revolution. In order to give Mrs. Krause the larger advantages, social and educational, then afforded by Lancaster, her parents were persuaded to let her accompany the Dering family to their new home, at Conestoga, and her reminiscences of those eventful days in Lancaster, as perpetuated by her descendants, are of rare interest. As in all times of war, no little demoralization prevailed, and prowling ruffians constantly preyed upon defenceless neighbors. Wagonloads of American soldiers, wounded at the massacre of Paoli, were brought to this city, and the Dering house was a hospital and the Dering family nurses for them. A Virginia Captain, Vanhorn, confined there for a long time with a

shattered limb, was attacked by a marauding band of ruffians, and, to save his life, leaped from a window and was killed by the fall. Later Mr. Dering became the purchaser of a large and desirable house in the city of Lancaster, and contracted with Robert Morris to furnish the American army with cattle brought from Virginia; in 1788 he was Burgess of the town. Many of the British officers brought here as prisoners of war were accompanied by their wives, and, like Andre, had parole privileges, with the restriction of keeping within six miles of the town. Mr. Dering's house was a stopping place for many of them, and Kitty Dering and Mary Krause have left lively reminiscences of the amusements to which they resorted to make the tediousness of their semi-prison life tolerable. One of these was a series of elaborate dramatic representations in Mr. Dering's brew-house.

At this point I might, with entire propriety (and perhaps much to your relief), close this paper and dismiss the immediate subject in hand; for here all relations of Andre with Lancaster are severed. Though his boyish playmates left marks still visible on the walls of the mansion in which they and he dwelt together, any scars his fascinating gallantry may have left on the hearts of our great-grandmothers were surely not indelible. His residence here, however, was long enough, and his bearing sufficiently agreeable, to have awakened local interest in his subsequent romantic career.

In the stirring events of the war immediately preceding and following the Declaration he bore no part. When the "Thunderbomb" was throwing shells into Charleston; when the distress of the Continental army sounded the retreat from Canada; when Crown Point was abandoned by the Americans and Gates was beginning to show his disaffection toward Washington; when disaster and retreat from Long Island caused, as Bancroft says, "care

to sit heavily on the brow of the younger people;" when the youthful Nathan Hale, in all the halo of patriotic martyrdom, stepped from the scaffold to the skies, Andre was chafing in the remoteness, if not the solitude, of Carlisle. And when he started down the Schuylkill Valley for exchange Washington was retreating through the Jerseys, with Cornwallis in pursuit. From the time Andre rejoined the army until he figures in the glittering revels of that gay winter of the British in Philadelphia, and all during the year that saw the advance and capitulation of Burgoyne, the occupation of Philadelphia, the contest for the Delaware river, and the winter encampment at Valley Forge, the ordinary histories of that great struggle are silent as to any brilliant military achievement which would render Andre famous or commend him to promotion.

It seems, however, that when he was exchanged Maj. Gen. John Grey made him an aide, and when Grey returned to Europe Andre was transferred to the same post in the military family of Sir Henry Clinton. When Lord Rawden resigned as Adjutant General, Andre was only a Captain, and the rank of Major was necessary to qualify him for the succession. It was asked by Clinton, and refused by the Minister of War on the ground of his youth. Clinton, surprised and displeased, said he could not fix his choice on any other person so suitable for the office, and that he should continue to employ Andre in discharging its duties and forbear for the present to make any other appointment. It was then the rank of Major was conferred, and three weeks preceding his capture he was formally commissioned; although he had for nearly a year filled the office, the commission had not arrived when he met his death.

A Beau and Gallant.

It was, however, his graceful and handsome person, his accomplishments in the fine arts, including proficiency in painting and drawing; his

piquant observations of surrounding men and things, his love of poetry, his taste for letters, his delicacy of sentiment, playfulness of imagination and ease of style, betokening native refinement and high culture, rather than military genius or achievement, which won for him his rank and popularity. When that famous social function, which Howe's officers designed to mark his departure and to rebuke his recall, was projected, Andre's talents of another than military culture came into full play, and were given free exercise. At a time when the marches of the American army might be traced through winter snows by prints of bleeding feet, and shivering soldiers shaped the logs from off the hills of Valley Forge into rude cabins, Andre was drawing and cutting silhouettes for the Tory belles of Philadelphia society. He was writing album verses to light-headed girls like Becky Redman, who, in words to a German air, he celebrated as "Delia," after the sentimental fashion of a period when literature was rather lackadaisical than martial, and when plain Mary Ann and Sallie Jane were always transformed into Chloe and Phyllis. Listen to him:

"Return enraptured Hours

When Delia's heart was mine
When she with wreath of Flowers
My Temples would entwine,
When Jealousy nor love
Corroded in my Brest
But Visions light as Air
Presided o'er my Rest.
Now nightly 'round my Bed
No airy visions play
No flowers crown my head
Each vernal holyday.
For far from these sad plains
My lovely Delia flies
And racked with jealous pains
Her wretched Lover dies."

There is another version of these lines, entitled "Major Andre's Lament," being an adaptation of what I have read, with some interpolations, the whole being made to appear as if written by Andre after his capture and before his execution. This is a manifest misrepresentation, as when he wrote the original lines he had no reason to forebode his later tragic fate.

The "Meschianza."

From the time, New Year, 1777, he composed these lines—which I may not have deciphered with entire accuracy from a manuscript—until the great festival of the Meschianza, of which he was at once leader, artist and historian, Andre seems to have been rather a carpet knight. To his elaborate letter, written to a friend in London, and published years after his death, all the histories, notably Bancroft's and Fiske's, owe their accounts of this gorgeous fete, which was a strange medley of modern parade and mediaeval tournament. The regatta, the procession, the tilting of the silk-clad knights of the Blended Rose and the Burning Mountain, the fireworks, the supper in a room two hundred feet long, forty feet wide and twenty-two feet high, where three hundred wax tapers were reflected in fifty-six pier glasses and four hundred and thirty covers were laid and the guests were served by ebony-colored waiters, robed in Oriental costumes—all formed a befitting climax to the demoralizing career of Howe in Philadelphia, marked by every phase of dissipation. That Andre shone with undiminished popularity was attested by the Chew girls, and the Shippens, the Whites and Craigs, the Redmans and Burds, who graced that fairy festal day, and one of whom fervently declared that the beau of the occasion next most fascinating to Andre was his own brother, a British Lieutenant, nineteen years of age.

It is a far cry from leading the cotillion to dying on the scaffold. Perhaps Andre may have felt that his rise to be the Adjutant General of the Army in North America four years after his capture in Canada was undeserved; he may have aspired to some bold stroke that would give success to his cause and merited fame to himself; perhaps intimate associations with the Tory families in Philadelphia with whom Arnold was closely related made him the most valuable medium of communication in the development of the ill-

fated plot to betray the cause of American liberty. It is not within the scope of this paper to recall how that scheme happily miscarried, nor to revive the recriminations which have grown out of the discussion of Andre's conduct, his trial, his sentence and its execution. It need only be noticed that he met his fate with a grace and dignity, courtliness and courage that seemed to have never failed him. Of him it might well be said as of the royal English martyr:

"He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene."

It is almost impossible to realize how one so closely connected with a crime as base as Arnold's and so tremendous in its possible consequences could have excited such universal sympathy on both sides of the ocean as were called out for Andre. The Board of High Officers that unanimously condemned him to death showed him every mark of indulgence, and required him to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. He acknowledged their generosity in the strongest terms of manly gratitude, and afterwards remarked to one who visited him, that if there were any remains in his mind of prejudice against the Americans, his present experience must obliterate them.

Bancroft rightfully says, however, that it was a blemish on his character that he was willing to prostitute a flag, even under the orders of his chief, for the innocence and private nature of his design, and to have made the lives of faultless prisoners hostages for his own, and, while his King did right to pension his mother and sisters and bestow rank upon his brother, he was not right "in raising a memorial to his name in Westminster Abbey. Such honor belongs to other enterprises and deeds. The tablet has no fit place in a sanctuary, dear from its monuments to every friend of genius and mankind." And in this view not only John Fiske, our own most philosophical historian, but Massey, the considerate English writer, concurs.

Met Death With Dignity.

His execution was conducted with much dignity and deliberation and in full view not only of many of the regiments, but of a great multitude of people, who came to see him die. The officers of the American army, on horseback, with General Greene at their head, were formed in line on the road, Washington, however, delicately absenting himself. To those whom Andre knew, particularly to the Board of Officers who had pronounced on his fate, it is related that he "paid the salute of the hat and received their adieux with ease and complacency." Notwithstanding the patriotic feeling of the people, who would have torn Arnold limb from limb, they were weeping over Andre. General Steuben, who had helped to convict him, said: "Would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead." Some of the doggerel of the day ran:

"Andre was generous, true and brave,
In his room he buys a knave."

A homely ballad of the day, restored by Professor Tyler, has, he says, "a robust compassion and an unshrinking honesty of praise to be expected only in an utterance so fearless as a genuine street-song:"

"When he was executed,
He looked both meek and mild;
He looked upon the people,
And pleasantly he smiled.
It moved each eye with pity,
Caused every heart to bleed;
And every one wished him released—
And Arnold in his stead.
He was a man of honor,
In Britain he was born;
To die upon the gallows
Most highly he did scorn."

When he came in view of the gibbet he involuntarily started backward and made a pause, but, recovering his composure, said to the officer by his side: "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode." He stepped quickly into the elevated carriage with promptness, and said: "It will be but a momentary pang." With one handker-

chief the Marshal pinioned his arms, and, with the other, Andre, taking off his hat and stock, and, with perfect composure, bandaged his own eyes, which were among the very few in that throng not moistened. He slipped the noose over his own head, adjusted it without the assistance of the executioner, which office, tradition has it, no patriot would fill, and for which there had to be secured one of the half-way loyalist breed, who blackened his face and disguised himself, so that he could never be recognized. Before the end Andre raised the handkerchief from his eyes and said: "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man."

In that moment which elapsed after he had replaced the bandage over his eyes and before the wagon was driven off, I like to think that he had fast fleeting glimpses of the panorama of his short life; and that at the very end of them his thoughts went back and lingered last with that quiet English rural scene—the slender, sloping church spire, and the fragrant hedge rows, and the green garden and the rude rose-covered gate—which he had depicted on North Lime street for his young friend, John Cope, when he would have wooed him to the sweet shades of the English home where he had lived and which he loved, and now forever lost.

Author: Hensel, W. U. (William Uhler), 1851-1915.

Title: Major John Andre's residence in Lancaster / by Hon. W. U. Hensel.

Primary Material: Book

Subject(s): Andre, John, 1751-1780.
Lancaster County (Pa.)--History--17th century.

Publisher: Lancaster, Pa. : Lancaster County Historical Society,
1903/1904

Description: [142]-172 p. ; 23 cm.

Series: Journal of the Lancaster County Historical Society ; v. 8,
no. 4

Call Number: 974.9 L245 v.8

Location: LCHSJL -- Journal Article (reading room)

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