

Brooks would set forth that he had opened a store opposite the Penn Arms; and Mr. Crooks would announce to his admiring patrons that he had taken the Mermaid. But all these establishments were perhaps in the dry goods line, and the good housekeepers a hundred years ago could procure their drugs and fish hooks at the Black Boy, their linens at the Mermaid, and their snuff and knee buckles at the Penn's Arms.

A chapter might be written upon tavern signs alone and their peculiarities. They would tell of the changes from provincialism to republican independence, and of the revolutions in politics, as unerringly as a cabinet of French coins illustrates the changes from rabid democracy to rank imperialism in France. Starting with the "Penny Pot" and the "Blue Anchor," we would go down through a long line of Jolly Boatmen, Penn Arms, Queen's Heads, Royal Annes, King Georges, Pitt's Heads, Congress Halls, General Washingtons, Putnams, Knox's and Lafayette's; President Adamases; Jefferson Retreats, Tea Partys, Madison Houses, Embargo Hotels, Napoleon Head Quarters, Champlain Houses, Veto Taverns, Union Houses, Jackson Snug Harbors, Tippecanoes and Tylers (too, for the matter of that,) Churubuseos—down to the present day, when not only every political creed has its scores of headquarters, with their scores of distinctive signs; but when every nice shade of division in each party is celebrated, for the time being, by admiring and interested publicans.

We should require a page at least were we to attempt to dilate upon the different kinds of tavern signs which have flourished—to tell how the Cross Keys were always a favorite emblem—to descant upon the fondness for royal titles as evinced in the King of Prussia, the Indian King, the Indian Queen, *et id &c.*, &c. To tell how every trade and almost quarter of the globe had its chosen retreat, and its appropriate sign, and to comment upon the oddity of some of these same devices.

We have thus far made no allusion to the signs about town which have won for themselves a bad eminence for their contempt of orthography, nor can we now more than refer to them. Many of these signs are the work of amateur artists, who, to save the cost of employing a professional hand, essay to letter their own "shingles." This class of signs flourish extensively among the thrifty Germans in the upper part of the city, and some of these evidences of the schoolmaster abroad are very laughable. We have seen upon these home-made contrivances such announcements as the following: "The pest lickers sold hear"—"Puterbote bear"—"Soal luther for sail"—"Turtel Supe"—"Porter ail and bere" &c. &c. We have also seen on a sign in the lower part of the city "Chimnies swept here," and "going out to days works done hear;" but the crowning glory of down-town sign painting was the tin device which erst swung in Third street near Plumb, and which bore the legend

"BEAN SOUP AND PEPPER-POT HOTEL."

At this hospitable mansion, well-known in its day and generation—Judy Pearlash, the sable proprietress, dispensed her steaming delicacies to appreciating boys at one cent per bowl, taking good care to exact payment in advance in "case of fire!" as she was wont to say. Nor was this precautionary measure needless, as Judy had learned to her cost. Before this rule of pay in advance was adopted, Mrs. Pearlash had suffered severely by an ingenious ruse resorted to by the boys. The enterprising youths in that section of the city were in the habit of eating Judy's soup, and just as they would get through, some of the conspirators outside would set up a shout of "fire!"—whereupon those who had fed would rush out pell-mell, oblivious in their hurry of the fact that they had not paid up. Mrs. Pearlash, in time, got up to this dodge, and it was afterwards her wont to demand payment in advance "in case of fire!"

Some of the believers in signs send their painted devices abroad in search of customers, not content with leaving the customers to come to their signs. These people mount great sheets of painted canvass upon wheels, and send them around, heralded, perhaps, by a band of music; or they blazon off their business attractions on huge boards, which are carried abroad by lines of colored individuals.

After all, these sign displayers are only trying their hands at advertising. We say trying their hands at it, for unless they spread to the world the name and fame of their wares through the newspaper press, they are only novices at the art. Signs are very well in their way; but the most attractive of them are often passed unheeded. Upon

the other hand the newspaper is generally read when the reader is at leisure to look at the signs that are placed in its advertising columns. It goes into every street and into every house, in search of readers and in quest of customers for the advertiser, and it carries abroad a knowledge of what he has to sell, wherever a railroad track runs, a steamboat plies, or a pack horse tramps. Painted signs may cover a house in a single location—printed signs in newspaper columns are scattered broadcast all over the country.

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**Third and Walnut Streets.**—A great change has taken place in this locality within a few years past. The old buildings are nearly all removed, or are rapidly coming down, and new and handsome structures supply their places. Insurance offices and railroad companies are centering in the neighborhood, as a consequence the price of ground has advanced to a rate that would have been deemed impossible a few years since. On Tuesday evening, the Chauncey property, Walnut above Third, 80 ft. front by 120 deep, was offered for sale by M. Thomas & Sons, and was bid up to \$1575 a foot, and then withdrawn. This shows that the property is regarded as worth more than \$126,000.

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**THE FIRST WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—**LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.**—The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the First Welsh Presbyterian Church, in Lombard street above Fifteenth, was performed yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of persons.

The Rev. Mr. Watts read the fourth chapter of Zachariah, after which an earnest and impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. John McDowell, D. D. An interesting history of the First Welsh Church was then read by Robert H. Jones, Esq. The speaker told of the efforts of the Welsh people to obtain a permanent place of worship and congratulated them that after long struggling their object was about to be accomplished.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jones' address, the corner-stone was laid by Matthew Newkirk, Esq., of the Church Extension Committee. He read the list of articles which were deposited in the box. They consisted of the daily newspapers and such other matters as are usually deposited in corner-stones.

The fifteenth Psalm was then read in English, by Mr. Jones, and sung in Welsh by the congregation.

The Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D., delivered an eloquent and able address, in which he fully set forth the claims of the Welsh people in this community to the consideration of their fellow-citizens.

Dr. West, in the course of his remarks, in speaking of the patriotism of the Welsh people, said there were seventeen of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence in whose veins Welsh blood coursed. He enumerated them as follows:

Massachusetts—Samuel Adams, John Adams. Rhode Island—Stephen Hopkins. Connecticut—Wm. Williams. New York—Wm. Floyd, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris. Pennsylvania—Francis Hopkinson, Robert Morris, George Clymer. North Carolina—John Penn. South Carolina—Arthur Middleton. Georgia—Button Gwinnett. Virginia—Thomas Jefferson. Benjamin Harrison, Richard H. Lee, Francis H. L. Lee.

One of these, Button Gwinnett, was born in Wales. The speaker also gave the names of 14 generals, 7 colonels, 6 captains and 1 lieutenant of Welsh descent, who figured in the Revolution, as follows:

GENERALS.—Anthony Wayne, Isaac Shelby, Morgan Lewis, W. R. Davies, Edward Stephens, Charles Lee, Richard Winn, Daniel Morgan, John Cadwallader, Andrew Lewis, C. H. Williams, John Thomas, Joseph Williams, James Reese.

COLONELS.—David Humphreys, L. Cadwallader, Richard Howell, Henry Lee, Thomas Marshall, Ethan Allen, James Williams, killed at Bennington.

CAPTAINS.—John Marshall, — Rogers, Isaac Daviss, G. R. Clark, Anthony Morris, David Davis.

The speaker asserted that the following Presidents were of Welsh origin:—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Wm. Henry Harrison and James Buchanan. He also gave the names of a number of prominent and devout ministers of the gospel of Welsh origin who took a part in bidding "God speed" to the friends of freedom during the Revolutionary struggle.

Mr. West also stated that Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, was of Welsh descent. William Penn's progenitors were Welsh. Roger Williams was born in Wales. John Milton's mother was a Welsh lady. Rev. Rich. Baxter had his birth in Wales—so say the Welsh writers. The Duke of Wellington's mother descended from the Welsh Baronet, Sir John Trevor. The famous warriors, Owen Glendower and Sir Rhys Ap. Thomas, were Welshmen. Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Stapleton Cotton, of *Waterloo Fame*, were descended from Wales. The celebrated Griffith Davis, F. R. S., the profound scholar and mathematical tutor of Sir John Franklin, was born in Wales. Milne Edwards, the Paris physiologist, was a native of Wales. Thomas Charles, A. M., the founder of Welsh Sunday schools, was born at Carmarthen, S. W. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, the Rt. Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, belongs to Radnorshire, Wales. Captain Jones, who commanded the *Mayflower*, with her Puritan cargo, as well as Thos. Rogers, Stephen Hopkins, John Alder, and John Howland, who sailed with him, were all of Welsh origin.

At the conclusion of the long and interesting address of Dr. West, a liberal collection was taken up. After the singing of the Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the pronouncing of the benediction by the Rev. Charles W. Shields, the assemblage dispersed.

The new church is to be a plain substantial brick edifice, 30 by 64 feet. It will cost between six and nine thousand dollars, and when finished will comfortably seat 350 persons.

**A LOUISIANIAN ON PHILADELPHIA LOCAL HISTORY.**—A travelling correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta*, in discoursing upon the sights he saw in Philadelphia, says:—

"We had some difficulty in finding the house William Penn lived in. I am told half the young men raised in that city are ignorant of its whereabouts. Of course, it was a curiosity. It is a simple little brick house, one story high and only three rooms—diminutive at that. An old Quaker gentleman died in this city recently, and left ten thousand dollars for the preservation of the building. No one lives in the house; the doors were fastened up; it looked quite lonely and humble, crouched at the base of its aristocratic neighbors, whose massive walls shadow it on nearly every side. There is no longer a noble view of the Delaware. Walled in and companionless, people pass and repass daily for years, without knowing aught of its history. The old and highly intelligent Virginian who introduced us to the spot, said that it would have been torn down long ago and destroyed, if it were not that the lot was valueless."

If "half the young men" had no better guide to the locality named than that given by the wandering Louisianian, we fear there would be too much truth in what he asserts about their ignorance of its whereabouts. There are two houses still standing in Philadelphia which are believed to have once sheltered William Penn. One of these structures is the Slate Roof House, at the corner of Second street and Norris' alley, and the other is Penn's cottage in Letitia court.

Mr. Elliot Cresson, who was not "an old Quaker gentleman," but an Episcopalian, left ten thousand dollars for the purchase of the Slate Roof House, but the purchase was never effected. If this building is the one referred to by the *Delta's* correspondent it will be news to Philadelphians that it is but one story in height, that it contains but three rooms, or that the ground upon which it stands is valueless.

The cottage on Letitia Court—or Letitia street, as it has lately become—is also two stories in height. No "Old Quaker Gentleman" has left \$10,000 to preserve the building, nor is the ground valueless by any means. We incline to the opinion that the "highly intelligent Virginian" who piloted the *Delta* man to the spot must have been one of the identical moiety of the young men who know nothing at all about the matter.

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#### The Casts at the Academy.

It is curious that the casts in the basement at the Academy of the Fine Arts do not attract more attention. One would think that nothing could be more interesting to those of us who have never seen fair Florence, Naples, Rome, Paris, Berlin or Vienna, than accurate copies of the world-renowned statues of those galleries which draw the world to them. There is the Laocoon, as mystic, full of power and terror as when it was surrounded by groups of philosophic Athenians in graceful garb, and we have no doubt, discussed in acute and brilliant criticism. There we have Cincinnatus unloosing the latchet of his sandal, and by the way, the sandal itself is curiously interesting. Then there are the Discobolus, the original of which was found at Hadrian's villa, as the catalogue tells; the Venus of Milo; the Antinous; the Niobe and the various casts of her children; the Apollo; the Head of the Horse of Night; the Silenus and Bacchus, and the hundred others. Then there are the copies of the friezes on the Parthenon.

But if you wish to be startled by a very curious illustration of the difference of *race*, do not neglect to look at the small bracket hanging at the end of the upper row on the wall on your left hand as you enter the smaller room. After dreaming and musing among Platos, Venuses, Milos, Hebes, and other manifestations of Greek and Roman modes of thought, you come suddenly upon a small Egyptian head, solemn, stern, and looking as if it was a cold and unimpassioned keeper of secrets of the "elder time." The feeling that what you see belongs to another people, another country, a diverse clime and sky, strikes you at once, and all the mysteries of "hush'd old Egypt and its sands," float into the mind "like some grave thought threading a dream."

There are many other casts in the collection, to which we have not even alluded, but they will be found very interesting, and worth more than one visit.

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**CONSECRATION OF A STATUE.**—A beautiful marble statue of the Madonna is to be consecrated at St. John's Catholic Church, Thirteenth street, above Chestnut, to-morrow afternoon. The statue is exquisitely sculptured in pure white marble. It is six feet in height, and represents the Virgin in a devotional attitude, with her hands clasped. It is exquisitely sculptured. The figure, with the pedestal upon which it stands, has an altitude of ten feet. This beautiful work of art was imported from Italy, expressly for St. John's Church, by Messrs. Vito Viti & Sons, Arch street, below Seventh.

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