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THREE CENTS.

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The last few architectural relics of the days of William Penn, in Philadelphia, are gradually disappearing. We know of but three that still remain: The "Swedes' Church, in Southwark," a relic of the days when the Swedes pushed their settlement up the Delaware from Christians, in Delaware, and being contemporary with the English "Friends," who came hither under the authority of the Duke of York; afterwards James II., of kicked-out-memo. ry. Then, there is the old Letitia House, on Letitia street, between Chestnut and Market, and Front and Second streets. The latter was built, as our chroniclers tell us, for the daughter of the Quaker Founder of the State and city, was occupied by Penn himself, and was located upon a court that was named in honor of the lady for whose use the house was built. Tradition tells of how the cottage of the heiress of the Penn honors and estates was built with a view to a lookout upon the Delaware, and the convenience of certain great lanes reaching to the "great meeting house," the Court House, &c., at Second and Market streets; but time has changed all that, and if Letitia Penn could reassume the flesh and revisit the neighborhood of her old home, in the year of grace 1866, she would find the lingering odors of defunct Market houses, with the present realities of big and little stores, lager beer saloons, crowded wharves, and stir and excitement generally, so different to scatter to the winds all ideas of the fulfillment of her illustrious father's pet plan of a "green country town" with a sylvan retreat for his daughter.

The "Old Slate Roof House." Third in our list of architectural relics of the days of the Founder, comes the "Old Slate Roof House," at the corner of Second and Gothic streets, formerly Norris' alley. The name of the thoroughfare last named was changed a few years since, under our reformed street nomenclature; but we protest against the name of "Gothic," which has been applied to it, just as we discard and repudiate the Frenchified, red-headed, tight-girdled and light-headed Sir John Falstaff, as an opera troupe presented him other night. What fitness there is in the name of "Gothic" in such a locality, passes our understanding. The old house, one of the only two still standing in Philadelphia, "tis tottering to its fall." It has long since outlived its usefulness, and it has stood in the way of the progress of the locality in which it stands, and whether rightfully or wrongfully, reverently or irreverently, its doom is sealed, and it must, within a few weeks, come down, to make way for the nineteenth century and for the Corn Exchange Association.

History of the Old Mansion. Few buildings in Philadelphia have more interesting historical associations clustering around them than the primitive structure, the past condition of which we illustrate in our columns to-day. The State House and Carpenter's Hall, come next themselves to notice, from the fact that the Continental Congress first assembled within their walls, and that events of great historical importance, and of vast interest to the cause of liberty and humanity, occurred within their precincts. But the Slate Roof House is a type of a much earlier period of the history of the city, and was a prominent feature of an exceedingly interesting era nearly a century prior to the events which gave importance to the sacred spots reverently preserved as the places where the patriots of the revolution first met to deliberate upon the great events which marked that epoch.

The house was built before the close of the seventeenth century, by Samuel Carpenter, a wealthy Friend, who was conspicuous among the first citizens of Philadelphia for his enterprise and public spirit. We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Carpenter resided in the building after its completion, but judging from the fact that it would have been difficult at that early day to rent so splendid a mansion to advantage, it is probable it was intended for his own residence. On the second visit of Wm. Penn to his infant city, in 1689, the slate roof house was taken possession of by him, for his quarters, and he remained there during his stay upon this side of the Atlantic. The house was noted at that time as the finest in the town, and as the residence of the Governor; it was the subject of no little interest, and the scene of several important events. In September, 1701, Wm. Penn, in obedience to the wish of his home-sick wife, and despite the conviction that his interests would be promoted by remaining in the colony, left his slate-roof house and started in the good ship Messenger for England, taking with him his infant son John, who was the first and only son of the house ever born in America. John Penn was born soon after the arrival of his parents in Philadelphia, and first saw the light in the Slate-Roof House.

After Penn's departure, James Logan continued the mansion as the government house until 1704, when the public concerns

were cared for at Clark's Hall, at Third and Chestnut streets. The tide of business and fashion was then beginning to move westward, and the latter had already ventured out as far as Third street and Chestnut street. It was many years after that time, however, before dwellings were numerous as far east as Third street.

Before the removal of James Logan from the Slate Roof House, the property had been sold to William Trent, the founder of Trenton, N. J., for the sum of £850, Pennsylvania currency, less than \$2,300. In addition to the present building there was then a fine garden, extending nearly to Front street on the east, and down Second street nearly to Walnut. It was filled with fine pines and shrubbery. This beautiful garden, through which the leading men men of the early days of the colony wandered so often, is now covered with shops and lumber.

In 1702 Lord Cornbury, then Governor of New York and New Jersey, was invited to Philadelphia by James Logan, and entertained in splendid style at the Slate-Roof House. The distinguished guest was accompanied by a retinue of nearly thirty persons.

In 1709 the house was sold by William Trent to Isaac Norris, the great grandfather of Miss Sally Norris Dickinson, the late owner. This circumstance was a source of great annoyance to the Governor's friend, Logan, who wrote to Penn, saying, in reference to the house, "I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a Governor."

For a long period preceding the Revolution the Slate-Roof House was occupied as a first-class boarding-house, and many persons of high distinction made their homes within its walls.

In 1764 the property was leased to the widow Graydon, and a humorous description of many of the persons who lodged there, as well as some account of the house itself, is furnished by Captain Graydon, the son of the proprietor, in his entertaining "Memoirs." The Captain describes the house as "a singular, old-fashioned structure, with abundance of angles, both salient and re-entering. Its two wings projected to the street in the manner of bastions, to which the main building retreated from sixteen to eighteen feet, served for a curtain."

This description will be found to compare accurately with our picture of the original condition of the building. Graydon gives a most entertaining account of the persons who lodged at the old house during the time it was occupied by his mother, among other guests the names of Washington, Hancock and the elder Adams are mentioned.

Soon after the period of the Revolution the Slate-Roof House lost its prestige. The march of improvement left the ancient mansion in the back ground, it speedily fell from its high estate and became insignificant in contrast with many of the mansions of the rising city. Its various apartments were rented out to different tenants, and these were not at all times of the most respectable class of society. The court yard in front was filled up with the miserable wooden structures which still disgrace it, and the northern wing was converted into a shop long since. The slate-roof which was its distinguishing mark, disappeared many years ago, and wooden shingles have taken its place upon the ancient rafters. The old building has in fact been tottering to its final fall for half a century or more.

The ancient structure has a world of interesting reminiscences clustering about it. As the city residence of the first Governor and proprietor of the State, it would command attention and excite an interest which would strengthen as its age grew greater, and its contrast with surrounding structures became more marked could it remain intact; but the necessities of the times demand its removal, and the doom of any thing that stands in the way of progress is sooner or later fixed in this utilitarian age.

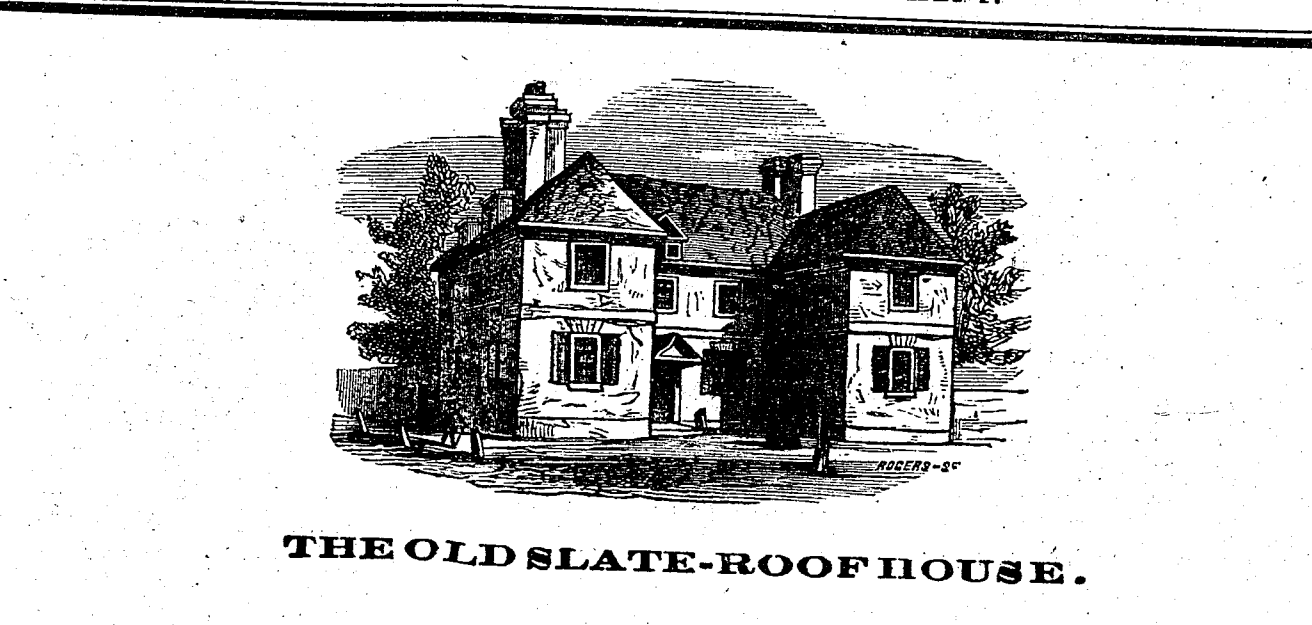
About twelve or thirteen years ago Mr. Elliot Cresson, an earnest Philadelphian, died. He loved the old landmarks of the city, and having made his Will about the time of the era of Consolidation, he provided as follows:

"I give and bequeath to the Pennsylvania Historical Society the sum of \$10,000, provided they shall apply the same to the purchase of Penn's Mansion, on Second street, and preserve the same as a monument of love and regard for the memory and services of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania."

We are under the impression that Mr. Cresson's estate was not entirely equal to the drain that he imposed upon it; but at all events, Miss Dickinson died, her success-bought it, and the shops still lingering in the old structure, and which now look as forlorn as Shakespeare in Romeo and Juliet, will soon be among the things that were.

The Corn Exchange Association, with characteristic liberality, proposed to give the building to the city, with a view to its translation as a whole, to Fairmount Park, or to some other spot where it could be preserved as a relic of the infant Philadelphia. The Mayor and the City Councils have duly considered the matter, and consulted the skillful architects, and the decision arrived at is that the shabby old structure be neither removed bodily, nor taken to pieces and transferred piecemeal, with a view to its reconstruction. So the Old Slate Roof House is doomed to disintegration and annihilation.

The Corn Exchange Building. We were about to say, as the full-grown creature takes the place of the grub, and the chrysalis is developed into the mature animal, so the Slate Roof House is to be transferred from brick into stone, and from an uncouth old structure into a stately new one. But it means something more. It means the ascendancy of the nineteenth over the seventeenth century, the triumph of modern skill, capital and enterprise over



THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.



THE NEW CORN EXCHANGE BUILDING.

the slowness of our great-grandfathers; it means, in short, the Progress of PHILADELPHIA.

The size of the building which is to supersede the old slate-roof house, will be ninety-six feet front on Second street, by one hundred and fifty feet deep on Gothic street, including the tower. The height from the pavement to the top of the cornice or eave of the roof will be sixty feet—to the top of the tower eighty feet. It is designed for a two-story building, with its entrance from Second street, by a grand hall eighteen feet wide, floored with marble, and running through the building to the back street. From this hall are entrances to twenty-two offices, each of which is provided with fire proof, wash basins, water closet, and uralinal. Besides having a low down grate in the fire place. Each room has ample ventilation and is well lighted.

The two principal offices will have their main entrance from Second street; they are in size thirty-five feet wide by thirty-eight feet long, communicating to rooms back for greater depth desired. The height of the tower will be twenty-four feet.

From the first story we ascend by a grand staircase, formed of solid black walnut of massive, imposing design, built in a rotunda or circular hall in the centre of the building. This rotunda is thirty-two feet in diameter, and will be lighted by a dome sky-light in the ceiling at the roof, sixty feet above the first floor, as well as from main entrance hall on the first story. This staircase brings us into the "Chamber of Commerce" (as the new building association will be called), which, carried out as designed by Mr. John Crump, the architect and builder of the new structure, will be one of the finest rooms in the country, being one hundred and thirty-three feet long, ninety-one feet wide and thirty-five feet high, without any columns or obstructions in it; the walls will be handsomely finished, with pilasters and caps supporting the enriched stucco cornice and ornate ceiling; the room, walls and ceiling are to be handemely painted in fresco.

It will be lighted by windows around the room in all four walls, and by three dome skylights placed in the ceiling and roof—two an equal and full light will be obtained in every part of the room. The chamber will be warmed by means of large flues, giving warmth at every twenty feet around the room, as well as by registers in the hall brick walls. By this means the heat will be given at every twenty feet square of the floor surface.

The ventilation is amply provided for, there being no less than twenty-two shafts provided for in the side or outer walls, besides the ceiling ventilation.

Under the entire structure will be deep and extensive cellars, with access to them all around the building, for storage purposes. These, with the twenty-two offices before named, will create an income, and thus provide for the Association a handsome accommodation at a reasonable rate. Externally the building will have a granite base with brown stone elevation. The front on Second street will have a line of columns, ten in number, supporting the entablature

between these columns are large circular-headed windows and doorways, designed in the Roman Doric order of architecture, which is peculiarly appropriate for the location of the structure and the use to which it is to be applied.

The Corn Exchange Association. The spirited Association under whose auspices this fine improvement is about being made, is peculiarly a Philadelphia institution. Before its organization the flour and grain trade of the city was in a disturbed condition. Innovations of various kinds had unsettled charges. Rules and every other essential form for the transaction of business in a satisfactory and remunerative manner had fallen into confusion, and instances were not wanting where unkind feeling and dishonorable competition characterized members of the trade.

To remedy this state of affairs a preliminary meeting was convened in January, 1854, at the house of Henry Budd, Esq., one of the present members of the Association, at which the following merchants were present—Messrs. B. M. Bunker, James Steel, William James, John Wright, Samuel L. Witmer, George L. Buzby, Samuel L. Ward, and Henry Budd.

The primary object of the Association has been more than accomplished. It was intended that the compensation of the bread stuffs merchant should be rendered more adequate for the labor, time and capital devoted to his business, and this was effected by a judicious arrangement of charges, without unreasonably exacting.

The additional advantages flowing from the organization of the trade are those which invariably attend the union of individuals for the promotion of the general welfare. Prominent among these was the gradual extinction of petty jealousies, followed by a generous and growing confidence, and the interests of all were treated as identical. The trade was benefited socially, morally and pecuniarily, and now possesses a strength and character universally acknowledged, which can only be retained by a wise combination of interests.

The influence of the Corn Exchange has extended beyond the barriers of the special trade it was designed to aid. When armed treason raised its head, and this happy and once peaceful land was ravaged by civil war, when forces were required to put down the insurrection, the Corn Exchange nobly coming forward, raised the regiment known as the 118th Pennsylvania, which, under the command of Colonel Provost and Herring, did credit to the military association which sent it to the field. Nor while they dispatched men to the front as evidences of their patriotism, did the members suffer their reputation for humanity to be tarnished by neglecting their wives and families, for they distributed among them about \$30,000. A committee was appointed, which gave much time to this work, and heard petitions, examined into cases of distress, and with the assistance of the ladies of the "Corn Exchange Table," made a very handsome donation to that organization.

In the short period of twelve years the

Corn Exchange Association has grown from its original small beginning to a large, wealthy and influential organization, in which are affiliated four hundred and fifty-four firms. At its daily meetings about three hundred merchants assemble for the transaction of business. The hall at present occupied by the Association has been rendered, by its increasing numbers, too limited for its purposes, and it has been determined by the members of the Corn Exchange to occupy the principal hall and necessary rooms of the building to be erected on the model of the engraving given in the BULLETIN of to-day. With so magnificent a Hall the Corn Exchange Association will take a fresh start in its career of prosperity, and more than ever contribute to the interests of its individual members, and to the advantage of the community at large.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle. To have our old and affectionately cherished theories scattered to the winds, to have our established ideas of art confuted and disproved all within the space of a few hours, is an experience unflattering and disagreeable. Yet this was what befel us on witnessing the performance of Mr. Joseph Jefferson in the play of "Rip Van Winkle," at the Chestnut St. Theatre. We have thought, talked and written under which Art labors in the necessity under which Art labors in its efforts to portray nature, of enlarging and coloring its effects, in order to render them apparently real to the senses of the beholder; and in this direction we have even gone so far as to consider a sunset of Turner's or Hamilton's an improvement upon one of Nature's attempts in the same line. There, when we visited the theatre we devoutly believed in those actors who, by heightening the semblance of nature, made it real to their auditors through the medium of their genius. It never seemed quite possible to us that if the actor spoke the speeches of Hamlet in the ordinary tones of passion, he could largely impress our minds with the weird solemnity of Hamlet's character. But the experience of a night has taught us that if the actor who enacts Hamlet should possess the genius of Mr. Jefferson, he could do it, but one with less power must still represent nature through the magnifying glass of enlarged gesture, tone and stride.

Taking the story of Rip Van Winkle as Irving left it, it does not seem to be the best material for either play-wright or actor; but let us do the dramatist simple justice, and say that we prefer his portion of the work to that done by Mr. Irving, always remembering that Irving borrowed the germ of the legend entire from the German.

Whatever Joseph Jefferson does is well and artistically done, and his entrance upon the stage in the first scene of the play gives assurance to the auditor that he is in the presence of a master of art. His dress, step and exquisitely modulated voice—the unparalleled grace of every movement, all unite in showing this. In costume and "make up" he has elaborately studied the fine etchings of Darley, but in every other requirement of the part he has studied only the grand simplicity of nature. Each gesture, word and look are drawn from the same original source, without one particle of exaggeration or color being added thereto.

With the dress and accoutrements of Rip Van Winkle, he assumes the very essence of the man, and so faithfully and entirely does he do this, that all the vulgar, cheap and common accessories of the theatre fade into thin air before the touch of his wonderful power; his fellow actors of the hour, catching the contagion of his genius, gain in dignity and strength while he is among them; his presence fills the scene and the quaint old legend transferred to the stage becomes real and true, and Rip Van Winkle the real, truest feature in it.

What will most elicit the admiration of the auditor is the consistency of conception and execution maintained throughout the whole performance. From Rip's first entrance upon the scene until the fall of the curtain, he is the same good-tempered, humorous, but often displaying rare depth of feeling and tenderness. But where the whole performance is alike beautiful and faithful, it is difficult for the critic to point out particular excellencies of situation or reading. Yet it is impossible to pass over without remark the last scene of the first act. We have seen all the great actors of our day, from Macready to Booth the younger, including Rachel, but we have never seen acting of a kind so impressive and real as that of Mr. Jefferson in this scene. In the earlier passages, when he returns home drunk and unsteady in every muscle, his gait is bag empty, and thus meets the anger of his vixenish dame with good-natured raillery and kindly attempts to stem the torrent of ill temper, he displays an exuberance of humor irresistible. In the same spirit where he is driven from his home. When in words of bitterest anger his wife tells him to begone, he is sitting by his hearth, his back toward the audience, his face hidden. What follows shows the auditor how finely Mr. Jefferson has conceived the force of the situation. No face could express the doubt, pain and anguish of his heart at that moment—the agony is even too intense for words—he wisely turns his face away from his audience and is silent, leaving to their imaginations to conceive how his heart is torn by conflicting passion and tortures. There is a long pause following his wife's bitter tirade, during which she stands holding open the door. He breaks the silence with the question, "Would you drive me out like a dog?" The tones in which he has spoken thrill and startle us with their grave passion. Then he rises up from his chair all traces of his debauchery are gone; he stands erect in his manhood, sublime in his grief and pain, deeply stricken, but a man in the meanest sense for all that. He gropes his way to the table, sits upon the edge, and pointing to the open door, again says, "Would you drive me out like a dog?" He does not raise his voice, uses no violent gesture, but is calm as the granite, while the rending engine is in his heart. Again the angry woman bids him go, and with leaving eyes fixed upon every object of his home, he goes to the open door. Dear as his wife is to his heart, he dears to his heart—his daughter, Memento. His foot is on the threshold, outside the lightning flash, the rains pour down, the thunders roll, and with a passionate cry he turns, not to his wife, but to his child. But it is too late, and, with his hand upon the lintel, he says to her, "Go away from me. Do not touch me. You have opened your door for me to go out, you will never open it for me to come in." These words, little these words out of which the highest art could produce a very decided effect; but the actor's tones were modulated to the saddest rhythm, the voice was so low, sweet and tender, the dignity was so simple and profound, the grace so infinite, the pathos so deep and true, that it all yet lingers in our memory like the words of some heroic poem set to the heroic measure of song.

After a scene in which the feelings of the spectator are wrought up to the intensest pitch the task of maintaining the interest of the story to the end is one of the greatest difficulty that the actor can encounter. But here Mr. Jefferson showed himself entirely equal to all the difficulties of his position. The interest he never flags; one scene was enacted well as another, and triumph succeeded triumph. In each new scene he gave his audience startling proofs of his power; everywhere he displayed the mind of a master; in everything he was always equal unto himself.

A wonderful display of excellence was made by him in the apparent change of his whole physical life from the moment he wakes from his sleep in the Katskill, his voice was subdued to a childlike treble, his form was shrunken and attenuated, and his efforts to reconcile the present with the past, his dream with the reality—cast a cloud over his mind that curiously affected all he said or did.

The scene in which he returns to his native village is very pitiful in its rendition; his home is a ruin, his old cronies of the tavern are long ago dead, his wife is married to his ancient enemy, and he is regarded as an imbecile pauper—even his dog Schneider is dead. He is quite alone, and Mr. Forrest, as Lear, "every inch a king," is never so pathetic a figure as poor old Rip abandoned from his twenty years' sleep, and driven from his old home by those who once had loved him and been beloved of him when they were children. By what exquisite touches of his art, delicate strokes of genius, and with what rare beauties he eliminates all these salient points of the character, must be seen; their sense cannot be clearly conveyed by words.

Perhaps the finest scene of all, and that which best conveys a notion of the actor's power, is the last of all, where old Rip recognizes and is recognized by his daughter

With the dress and accoutrements of Rip Van Winkle, he assumes the very essence of the man, and so faithfully and entirely does he do this, that all the vulgar, cheap and common accessories of the theatre fade into thin air before the touch of his wonderful power; his fellow actors of the hour, catching the contagion of his genius, gain in dignity and strength while he is among them; his presence fills the scene and the quaint old legend transferred to the stage becomes real and true, and Rip Van Winkle the real, truest feature in it.

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