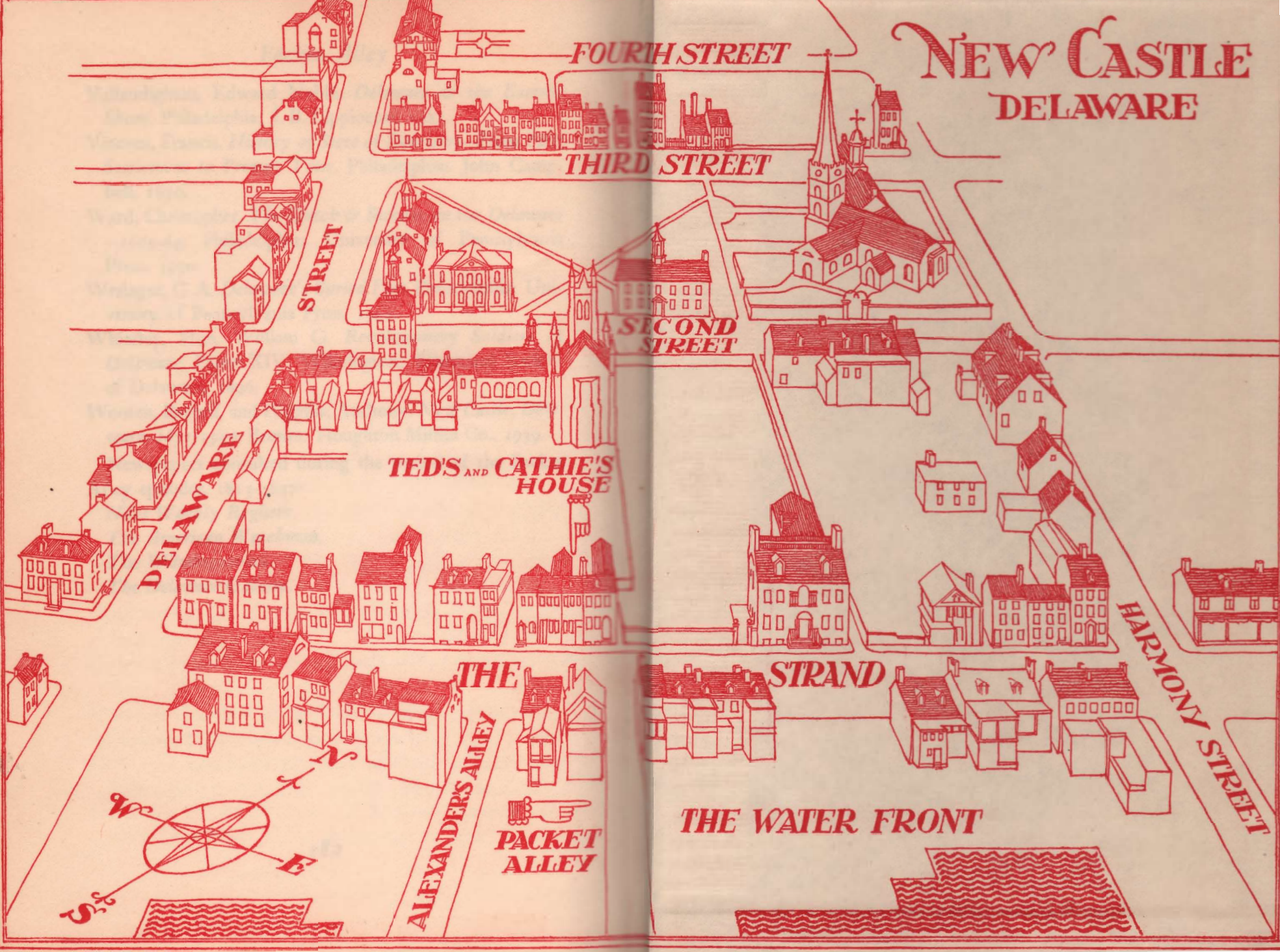
Packet Alley

A MAGIC STORY OF NOW
AND LONG AGO

BY

Elisabeth Meg

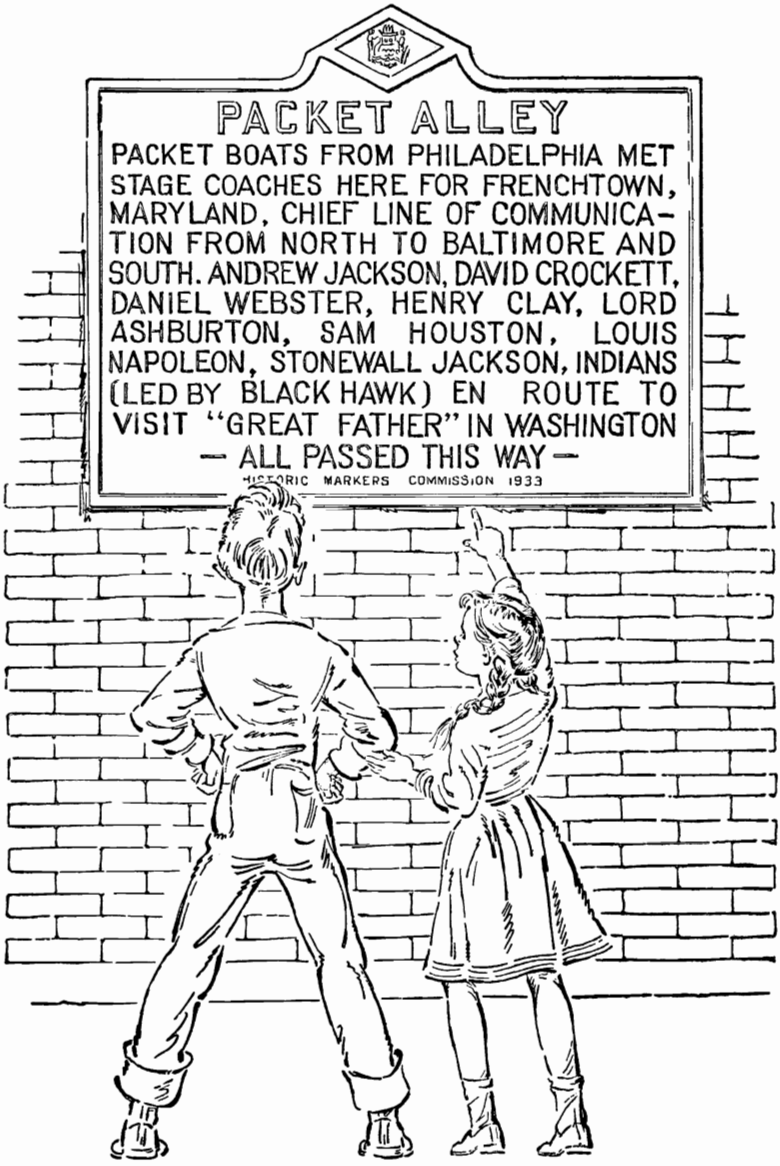
illustrated by
BRUNO FROST


NEW CASTLE
DELAWARE
FOURTH STREET
THIRD STREET
SECOND STREET
DELAWARE STREET
TED'S AND CATHIE'S HOUSE
THE STRAND
HARMONY STREET
THE WATER FRONT
ALEXANDER'S ALLEY
PACKET ALLEY
N
W
E
S

PACKET ALLEY

Also by Elisabeth Meg

A CHEESE FOR LAFAYETTE


PACKET ALLEY
PACKET BOATS FROM PHILADELPHIA MET STAGE COACHES HERE FOR FRENCHTOWN, MARYLAND, CHIEF LINE OF COMMUNICATION FROM NORTH TO BALTIMORE AND SOUTH. ANDREW JACKSON, DAVID CROCKETT, DANIEL WEBSTER, HENRY CLAY, LORD ASHBURTON, SAM HOUSTON, LOUIS NAPOLEON, STONEWALL JACKSON, INDIANS (LED BY BLACK HAWK) EN ROUTE TO VISIT "GREAT FATHER" IN WASHINGTON
— ALL PASSED THIS WAY —
HISTORIC MARKERS COMMISSION 1933

Packet Alley

A MAGIC STORY OF NOW
AND LONG AGO

by

Elisabeth Meg

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York

Manufactured in the United States of America

VAN REES PRESS

CONTENTS

ABOUT NEW CASTLE AND PACKET ALLEY

ON THE BANKS of the Delaware River, not far from the busy city of Wilmington, lies the little old town of New Castle, Delaware. New Castle is one of the oldest cities in America. In 1951, it celebrates its three-hundredth birthday, and all the stories of people and happenings in the little town during those years would fill a very big book indeed.

In its earliest days, the Dutch, the Swedes, and the English fought for it. The English won, and kept it until the War of Independence, when our own United States began. In the last hundred and fifty years, New Castle has changed so little that anyone who lived there in 1800 could still find his way about the cobblestoned streets. He might even find the very same house he used to live in.

In New Castle the red-brick houses stand close upon the pavements like city houses; but unlike most city houses, they have lovely secret gardens tucked away behind them. Many of the doors are shuttered and many have fanlight windows above them. Here is a little church with a tall, graceful spire. It stands in a walled

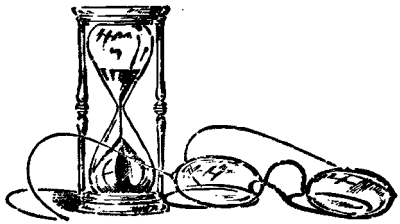
churchyard where, in April, the blue violets grow thick on the grave mounds. Here are a market house, an old schoolhouse, another little church, and a courthouse with real dungeons under it. On the green stand tall paulownia trees that in springtime have great purple blooms. New Castle people say these trees grew from seeds that came from the wood shavings packed around Canton china, carried halfway around the world in sailing ships, long ago.

If we walk along The Strand, the old street that stretches along the river, we can easily imagine ourselves back in the days when George Washington was President. Now we come to an open space between two Strand houses. A Historical Society marker says that this is Packet Alley. Today it is only a path, and yet between 1810 and 1850, hardly an important person traveled in America who did not at some time walk along Packet Alley, for then it was an important link in the route of travel between New York and Washington.

Children live in these houses on The Strand. Children play in Packet Alley, too, and sometimes ask questions about the famous people who once walked along Packet Alley. It was for these children—and for you, too—that this book was written.

ELISABETH MEG

PACKET ALLEY



1. THE LETTER

IN THE LITTLE old, old city of New Castle, Delaware, where the streets look like paintings of Revolutionary times, children still go to school, just as they do everywhere else in America. And, like all children of whatever time and place since grown-ups first invented education, they are never happier than on the day that school "lets out." For on the last day of school, as you very well know, even the air you breathe seems different.

Cathie Brandon, on her way home, felt as if she had just exploded out of a tight little shell. Her schoolbag hung empty except for her pencil box and a good report card. No composition to finish by Friday, no music lesson to have ready by Tuesday afternoon! Her face was alight, her brown eyes dancing. First she skipped, although she was almost eleven and knew that was a little childish; then she slowed down to a stroll; and finally she stopped stock-still, while visions of summertime flashed through her head.

Sunny mornings of no-work-to-do, or wheeling baby Jock, or bicycling with Ted. Picnics on the river bank,

trips to the shore. Swimming, crabbing, and rowing with Ted and Father in their old tub, Susie. Cathie gave a little sigh of pure happiness.

Ted Brandon, Cathie's brother, was coming home, too, but he was no daydreamer. He was in a hilarious mood. He was coming down Delaware Street on his bicycle, riding hands-off, and shouting at the top of his lungs that ancient freedom song of schoolboys:

> No more lessons, no more books
> No more teachers' dirty looks!
> No more Latin, no more French,
> No more sitting on a hardwood bench!

He interrupted himself to yell at Cathie, "Out of my way, woman!" as he wheeled around the corner into The Strand. He skimmed past her, brushing her dress as he passed and startling her out of her dream.

Cathie uttered an exasperated "Oh, You!" but being used to Ted's violent ways, she let it go at that. He hopped off his bicycle, grinned at her, and they walked companionably down The Strand to No. 12.

Ted and Cathie were twins, a fact that people found hard to believe. She was small and neat, with long, smooth, brown braids framing a rather serious little face that lit up from within when she smiled. All her ways were quiet and gentle. But tall, blond Ted was all independence and restless activity. Even his hair refused to

be tamed and stood up every which way. Of course two such different children could not be expected to agree on everything, and at times battles raged in the Brandon household. But in spite of that, Ted and Cathie were the best of friends and couldn't get along without each other.

Ted parked his bicycle in the Alley by No. 12 and Cathie stopped to stroke Mrs. Dale's gray tiger cat, dozing on the stone step next door. So the two of them converged on their own front door just as Joe, the postman, reached for the big brass knocker. Everybody loved Joe, whose progress down The Strand was usually attended by a retinue of dogs and children.

"Hi, Joe!" Ted greeted him. "Never mind. I'll take it," and he reached for the mail. "Anything for me?" Ted was expecting a badge he'd sent a box top for.

Joe's round, florid face looked apologetic as if it were all his fault.

"Not yet, Ted. I'll try to do better tomorrow, though. I'll try to bring you a letter, too, Cathie. But these are all for your folks. One foreign one for your Daddy."

"Thank you, Joe," said Cathie.

Joe went on, and Ted looked critically at the foreign letter.

"It's nothing but English," he announced. "I already have a stamp like that, and enough traders, too." He promptly forgot the English letter. After all his father got a good many letters from England, and was even

going there this summer to lecture at Oxford University.

The children went into the cool, dim living room. Ted put the mail on the table and set up the shout that always announced his arrival home.

"Moth-er!"

But it was their father, hair rumpled, pen in hand, and looking interrupted, who emerged from the back room.

"Mother's at the store and Jock's asleep—or was before that bellow."

"We got our reports," said Cathie.

"Good enough!" Dr. Brandon came out of his interrupted look and looked interested. "How did the Brandon twins make out?"

"Cathie's left back," said Ted wickedly.

Cathie darted him a look and handed her report, with its Honor Roll star, to her father.

"Very nice," he said. "All A's but one," and he smiled at her. He didn't seem to mind that rather dim mark in arithmetic!

"Mine's all A's but one, too," said Ted.

Dr. Brandon looked at Ted's card. "But a D in history!" he said sternly. "There's no excuse for that, Ted."

Cathie's heart sank. Here was an old difficulty. It was a great trial to Dr. Brandon, who wrote history books, that his son especially abhorred the subject.

"No excuse at all," he repeated.

Ted flushed to the roots of his fair hair, and his face had a stubborn, rebellious look.

"I get good grades in the things I'm interested in," he said sullenly.

Dr. Brandon opened his mouth as if to say something, then shut it again. All of the magic went out of Cathie's wonderful day. These two people she loved were quarreling!

"Here's the mail, Father," she said miserably. "There's a letter from England, too."

"Thank you, Cathie." He took the letters and went back to his study, closing the door behind him.

Ted stood in the same spot, still flushed and angry, and scuffing at a chair leg with the toe of his shoe.

"You didn't get such a good grade in arithmetic," he said accusingly.

"I know, Ted, and that's lots worse. But you know how Father is. He's just one of the people who thinks arithmetic isn't important and history is."

"That's screwy!" exploded Ted, "and Father's screwy, too, about history and a lot of other stuff. Why can't he be like other peoples' fathers and be interested in baseball instead of the moldy old past? Why, Bud Farrow's dad never misses a ball game, and you can always count on his car for the team. A lot of dads help out, but ours isn't even a dad—he's always got to be 'Father,' like royalty or something. . . ."

Cathie was horrified and beginning to feel angry herself.

"Edward Theodore Brandon! You know perfectly well that our father is the dearest, handsomest, most distinguished—"

"Rats!" interrupted Ted rudely, "I'm going out to play ball." Gathering ball and mitt from the closet, and not even remembering to raid the cookie jar, he went out, slamming the door noisily behind him.

Jock, upstairs, cried sleepily. Cathie stood staring at the shut door, tears gathering in her eyes, then turned and went slowly up the stairs to Jock.

It was much later in the day that the English letter began to be important to the twins.

Supper had gone along much as usual. Father and Ted had shown no sign of the recent outburst.

Now it was bedtime. Jock was long asleep. Ted, in his pajamas, was sprawled across his bed, reading about the transatlantic cable in *The Wonders of the World.* Cathie had turned out the light in her room and was half asleep, when she suddenly remembered her little silver chain with the blue-enameled flower on it. A link had broken, and instead of bringing it at once to her jewel box, she had dropped it down between the cushions of the living room sofa for safekeeping. Now she slipped out of bed and padded softly downstairs to retrieve it.

No one was in the living room, but she could hear her mother's light voice from the study.

"Oh, John! How wonderful for the twins! And how good of Stephen and Holly to invite them!" Cathie stood motionless, listening.

Then, her father's voice, "Yes, a month at Oxford would be a privilege for any American child. And the twins are at a good age for it, too. But, Eleanor, I've been thinking about it ever since this letter came, and I've come to a decision. I shall take Cathie, but Ted will be better off in camp."

"Oh, but, John!" her mother's voice was full of protest and surprise, "They've always done everything together. It wouldn't seem fair."

"They are individuals, even if they are twins," her father said. "They must learn to go their separate ways. I do not wish to be unfair; I'm just being reasonable. Cathie would enjoy Oxford; she'd like the historical places and Stephen's tales about them. Ted would be bored and show it."

"But Ted would enjoy other things," her mother was saying uncertainly. "Holly is always fun, and the children . . . "

Cathie came into the room like a rocket. "And oh, Father," she cried, "Ted would love the boat! Please, Father, I couldn't go without Ted."

Both parents looked at her with astonishment and dis-

pleasure. "Cathie! You must never *listen*," her mother began.

"That is called 'eavesdropping,' " her father put in sharply, "and it is a very disagreeable quality." Then he added, more kindly, "It is not worthy of my Cathie, who is always open and honest."

Cathie turned crimson. "I never meant to," she said unhappily. "I came down for my little silver chain, and I couldn't help but hear."

Dr. Brandon could never be displeased with Cathie for long. He put out his hand and drew her down to the arm of his chair.

"It was an accident, then, and we shall say no more about it."

She rubbed her cheek against his sleeve for a moment, secure in his forgiveness. Then she sat up suddenly.

"And may Ted go too?" she asked hopefully.

"Cathie, that is another matter. If I felt that Ted would profit by this trip, I should take him, too. But there is always a good deal of history mixed up with old places, and Ted has no taste for the past. He may be momentarily disappointed in not going, but he will be much happier at camp, swimming, riding, and playing ball with the boys. Ted is a very active lad."

"I know," said Cathie, "But Father—"

Her father put an end to any further protests by setting her kindly but firmly on her feet.

"Just remember, Cathie, this is not a punishment for Ted. It is merely a reasonable plan. And since you burst in accidentally on this plan before Mother and I were ready, I'm sure I can count on you not to talk to Ted or anyone else about it until we *are* ready."

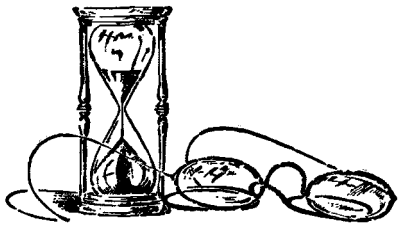
"Yes, Father," Cathie swallowed hard to keep back the disappointment.

"Good night, Cathie."

"Good night."

Cathie kissed them both dutifully and went upstairs, comforted a little by her mother's quick, understanding squeeze. She had completely forgotten the silver chain. In bed again, she snuggled down on the pillow and pulled the sheet over her head, making a little room to house her unhappiness.

England without Ted! It would be like eating potato without salt, or drinking ginger ale that had stood all night unstoppered. Of course, Father had said he would take Ted if he felt that Ted would profit by it. If there were only some way of changing Ted, and then convincing Father. But that, she knew, was hopeless. This lovely summer was ruined. And shedding a few little tears of sorrow for herself, she fell asleep.



2. THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN

DR. BRANDON, before he settled down to the business of writing books, had been a teacher; and Mrs. Brandon sometimes said, with a rueful little smile, that he still had chalk dust in his veins. Surely, with his own children, he was never able to resist the temptation to teach them on every possible occasion. He was especially eager for them to appreciate the history of their own town, New Castle on the Delaware. It was because he had taken a fancy to this ancient little city and thought it a perfect place for a writer that the family had moved here two years ago. He delighted in all the New Castle tales and was determined that his children should do likewise. So he had devised a rather dreadful system of what the twins called "Assignments."

Hardly a holiday passed without its Assignment. ("Every minute valuable" was Dr. Brandon's motto!) Their father, with great gusto and an air of now-this-is-going-to-be-fun, would pass out little typewritten lists of subjects to be investigated. At Christmas, the subject had been the Church on the Green; spring vacation, it

had been the Courthouse and Market Square. Cathie didn't mind the Assignments, although they took time she would have preferred to use otherwise, but to Ted they were pure poison.

It always turned out the same way. Cathie did the work, then told Ted enough of the story to save him from his father's displeasure. But Ted never tried to conceal the fact that he considered the whole business an encroachment upon his liberty and pursuit of happiness. For the duration of the Assignment, he was likely to be belligerent and hard to live with.

The next morning, when Dr. Brandon appeared with some typewritten slips showing in his breast pocket and an exceptionally gay manner, Cathie knew what was coming. Oh, dear! Couldn't Father have waited, just this once, until that D in history blew over? But, no. He was leaning across the table with an eager look in his eyes.

"This time I have a treat for you," he exclaimed, then added, dramatically, "Packet Alley!"

Nobody said anything, so he went on. "Do you know that for fifty years almost every person who traveled from New York to Washington traveled up Packet Alley? Do you know that in a single year 30,000 people, great and small, rich and poor, traveled up Packet Alley?"

"Really?" murmured Mother, pouring more milk into Jock's cup.

"Goodness!" said Cathie, trying to respond to her father's enthusiasm. She stole a nervous glance at Ted. He was just sitting there, stoically eating toast.

Father went on with the lesson. "Now, this sugar bowl is New York, and the cream pitcher over there is Washington. The jam pot is Philadelphia, the salt is New Castle, and the pepper is a little town on the Chesapeake called Frenchtown which isn't in existence now." He sketched in imaginary lines with a long finger. "It's the year 1816. You are in New York and want to go to Washington. So what do you do? You take the stagecoach from New York to Philadelphia. In Philadelphia you take the packet boat and come down the Delaware to New Castle. There you disembark . . . "

"At the old granite wharf?" interrupted Cathie suddenly.

Her father nodded. "Exactly. You come up Packet Alley and take another stagecoach, or, a few years later, the railroad—sixteen miles across country to Frenchtown, where you take another boat and go down the Chesapeake to Baltimore, then ride the coach again to Washington. Quite a journey. Much more complicated than now, when you can do it in an hour or so by air."

"It sounds interesting," said Cathie politely, and meant it, a little. Ted did not lift his eyes from his plate.

"Now how would it be," went on Father enthusiastically, "if in the next couple of weeks you children

would find out everything you can about Packet Alley? It would be a great adventure!"

"Yes, Father," said Cathie, trying hard to believe that it would. Ted stabbed his scrambled egg.

Then Father added, "I've written down a few little things to help you," and out came the inevitable typewritten Assignments.

"Thank you, Father," said Cathie. Ted took his, and without looking at them or folding them, stuck them into his hip pocket.

"Good luck to you!" cried Father brightly. "Ted, I know that even you are going to find this one fun! And now, Mother, I'm walking up to the post office presently, and if you like, I'll wheel Jock along for a ride." Jock bounced eagerly up and down in Mother's arms. Father rose from the table, and humming a little tune, walked back to his study. Mother went upstairs with Jock, and Mattie came in to clear the dishes. Ted continued to sit there, in a kind of a lump.

"Gotta spoil everything," he said darkly, "always gotta spoil everything."

"It really might be fun," said Cathie coaxingly, "You never can tell. Let's just walk down the Alley this morning, and see if we get any bright ideas about this Assignment."

"No," he returned moodily, "I promised to shine the brass for Mother. I'd rather, anyhow."

It was an hour later that Cathie, her morning duties behind her, opened the door shutters and stepped out into The Strand. It was a lovely day. The air was sweet with June, the sun bright, but not so hot as it would be in high summer. Cathie looked up and down the little street; it looked fresh and new this morning.

The small, sedate red-brick houses set close upon the brick pavement, the tall grace of old trees, the cobbled street, here a house covered with ivy, there a burden of rambler roses in full bloom hanging over a garden wall, the flicker of river water between the houses on the other side of the street, and the whole picture flecked with the green, gold, and gray of leaf, sunlight, and shadow. How she loved it!

When she had first come with her family to New Castle two years ago, The Strand had seemed a funny little street, like scenery in a play, very different from the broad, busy boulevard that had passed their apartment in the city. But now she knew The Strand so well; she had seen it in every sort of weather—sun, rain, snow, and fog. She knew every man, woman, and child who lived in the red-brick houses, every old grandmother, every new baby, every dog, every kitten. She felt as if every brick and cobble belonged to her.

She sniffed the air again. It would be a good day to invite Jane. They could take sandwiches and walk down to the Battery to watch the boats. But the shadow of the

Assignment hung over her. Better ask Jane another time.

She crossed the street and stood looking at the Historical Society marker on Packet Alley. It was a big iron plaque, naming some of the famous people who had passed through this alley long ago. Cathie had read it before, of course, and Ted, too; but while some of the names were familiar enough in the history books, they seemed like only names. Cathie could not imagine them as real, flesh-and-blood people, walking and talking in this very place. In fact, it was almost impossible to imagine this place as ever having been of importance.

It was a narrow alley, almost like a tunnel here at The Strand end, where it was closely walled by the side of the Greens' house on one hand and the Wilberts' house on the other. Long ago, the Wilberts' house had been a ship chandler's shop, and the blind brick wall facing the Alley still bore an ancient soap advertisement, its paint worn and battered by the storms of years. Beyond the back gardens of The Strand houses, the Alley ran past a tennis court, then dwindled to a mere path through the tall grass of an old apple orchard, finally arriving at the stretch of sand between the orchard and an abandoned wharf. Few people came so far—only an occasional artist with his easel.

Cathie wandered down the Alley this morning, so intent upon her own problems that she saw nothing of the familiar scene. She stood for a moment on the bank of

the Delaware River, noting briefly that the Jersey shore was very clear today and that there were no boats in sight except the ferry. Then she sat down on a piece of driftwood, cupped her chin in her hands, and proceeded to think.

If there were just some way of getting Ted excited about this Assignment! If he learned a lot about Packet Alley, maybe Father would change his mind about England. Or if Ted knew about England, he would surely make an effort. But no, she had promised not to tell. There seemed no way out of it except the usual way. She would find out about the Alley and tell Ted. But that wouldn't be good enough. It never was. Father always seemed to know.

"Maybe I could try extra hard," she told herself, not very hopefully. She thought of the names on the marker. A few of these people she knew about—Andrew Jackson, of course, because he was a President; and Black Hawk, the Indian chief, because there was a Black Hawk War; and Davy Crockett, because he was in a frontier story she'd read. But she would have to look them all up in books. And in vacation, too! She heaved such a big sigh that it came out loud with an "Oh, *dear!*"

"Good afternoon, my child. This is a very interesting place in which you live."

The voice, coming so unexpectedly from behind her,

startled Cathie to her feet and whirled her around to encounter the strangest little man.

He must be dressed for a play, she thought, in that queer, Dutch-looking costume with the knickerbockers, leather jerkin, and big-buckled shoes. He was a skinny, small person with a very lively appearance. His face was tanned darker than his flaxen hair and little, sharp-pointed goatee. And out of this thin, dark face blazed a pair of the bluest, sharpest, most quizzical eyes you could imagine.

Cathie saw all this in her first startled glance. Was he a tourist? Most of the strangers who came to New Castle were tourists.

"A most interesting place," he repeated, and with sudden embarrassment, Cathie realized that she had not answered him.

"Yes—yes, sir," she stammered.

"Where else, these days," he went on, "will you see Indians and princes and fine ladies, a blackamoor in a turban, and a sailor with a red bird chained to his wrist? Sailing ships, coaches-and-four, and Conestoga wagons?"

Cathie involuntarily glanced up and down the empty Alley, then faced him squarely.

"You mean the past?" she demanded. "You mean you imagine all those things?"

"I prefer to say that I see them with the eyes of the mind," he answered.

"I wish I could see them with the eyes of *my* mind," she said wistfully, "or that Ted could." Then she added, "Oh, if Ted only could!" with such vehement longing that the Dutchman looked at her questioningly.

"Ted's my twin brother," she explained, "and he most especially can't see things with the eyes of his mind. Well—somethings, like what makes clocks work—but not long-ago things. And that's why he and Father don't get along and why Ted isn't going to England and—"

Although the little tourist was a complete stranger, such was his compelling friendliness and warmth that she found herself pouring out the whole story. He listened in silence, occasionally nodding with understanding, to the end. Then he said wisely, "The whole trouble is that Ted needs glasses. Doesn't he have some?"

Cathie stared at him. "No-o. We didn't know he needed them. Why, he can see the littlest things, far away."

"That's not what I mean," replied the little man briskly. "You speak of his regular eyes. It's one thing to see with your regular eyes and quite another to see with the eyes of your mind."

"I know," began Cathie, "but—"

The Little Dutchman went right on. "It's like this. Your regular eyes read in a book. 'In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue,' and see the print plain as day, black on white. But the eyes of your mind see the three

small ships blown by the wind over strange, wild seas, and the scared, angry faces of the crew, and the tired, strong face of Columbus. Or else they don't. Now, that is Ted's trouble."

"But," persisted Cathie, "can you get glasses for that?"

"They're rare," admitted the Dutchman, "very hard to grind, those lenses are, and then you have to rub them up with a bit of magic. And magic's hard to get these days—no demand for it any more. People seem to prefer black and white."

"*I* don't," said Cathie decisively, "and I'm sure Ted wouldn't. But where would you get those glasses?"

He chuckled. "That's where you're lucky! For lens-grinding happens to be my business, and I carry a stock of glasses to cure any sort of eye-of-the-mind trouble. It's my specialty."

"Would they cost a lot?" ventured Cathie cautiously.

"They're worth a king's ransom," he answered.

"Oh." Cathie was disappointed.

The little man twinkled. "But I lend them to special friends."

"Oh." Cathie was disappointed again, because it didn't seem as if she, such a new acquaintance, could qualify. As if to answer her thought, he added, "And all children are my special friends."

He fished in a deep inner pocket and drew out an ancient-looking leather case. He flipped the silver catch,

and she saw that inside, between the purple velvet ridges of its lining, stood a row of spectacles. He lifted out a pair, small and queer.

"I've seen glasses like that!" cried Cathie excitedly, "in the Little Dutch House, beside the big Dutch Bible. They're real old! They're supposed to belong to some Dutchman who lived here in New Castle long ago."

He paid no attention to the interruption. He squinted briefly through the glasses, rubbed them with his large silk handkerchief, and went on.

"Now, since these Assignments are so important at the moment, I think Ted had better have this kind. These are the ones with the backward-looking lenses. When he puts them on, he can see what happened in this very spot years ago."

Cathie was speechless for a moment, then she demanded, "How long ago? All these Assignments are for the 1800's. Suppose he puts on the glasses and just sees Noah's Ark riding by in the Great Flood? *That* won't help!"

"My dear child," said the tourist a little testily, "use your head! Did you ever hear of magic without wishing? You have to *wish* to see the right time." Then he added, "And it works best in rhyme."

Cathie's face clouded. "Im not very good at rhymes. And Ted's worse."

"Well, that's your problem. I provide the glasses—you provide the wish. Fair enough?"

Cathie nodded slowly.

"Then here you are!" said the little man, handing her the glasses. "Ted may keep them for as many days as there are Assignments."

"That's eight," interposed Cathie.

"He must never use them more than once a day, because that's hard on them; he must tell nobody, and he must bring them back safe to me on the ninth day. Promise."

"I promise," said Cathie solemnly. But as he snapped the case shut, a sudden idea struck her. She stood embarrassed, hardly knowing what to say. He looked at her inquiringly, and at last she said in a very small voice, "What about me? I—I don't see so very well, either."

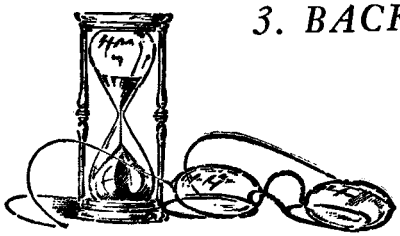
The Little Dutchman laughed, a delighted, childlike sort of laughter. "Well, well! Why didn't you say so? That's easily mended!" He opened his case again and selected another pair. He looked them over, nodded, and handed them to Cathie.

"Not quite so strong," he commented, "but backward-looking, like the others. Same rules, too," he cautioned, "and now, good luck and good day to you!"

Cathie didn't even have time to thank him (which she would have done with her whole heart!) before he

had whisked up Packet Alley and around the corner as if a strong wind had blown him.

She stood amazed. She rubbed her eyes and shook her head, as if to clear it. Had she just imagined him? But no. At least the queer little glasses were real. She slipped them into the pocket of her dress and walked slowly homeward, her hand treasuring them safely as she went.



3. BACKWARD TO 1813

IT WAS CURIOSITY that lured Ted down to Packet Alley the next morning—curiosity about Cathie. She had not yet told him about the little Dutchman and the glasses, but the fact that she knew something secret, mysterious, and delightful was written all over her. He had tried to pry it out of her the night before with a few well-chosen questions.

"What do you know?" and "What are you up to?" and finally a flat demand, "Tell me."

But she had just laughed and shut her lips and shook her head, looking all the time as bright and exciting as a newly lighted Christmas tree.

Only when they were on the riverbank, in the very spot where yesterday she had met the little Dutchman, did she tell him. He listened incredulously and a little angrily.

"You bring me down here just to pull my leg!" he accused her.

"No, Ted, honestly! It's true."

"Let's see those wonderful glasses, then."

"First you'll have to promise, cross your heart and hope to die, to do just as he told me."

"I'm not promising anything until I see the glasses."

Cathie gave in. "Well, then, here they are." She brought them carefully out of her pocket and took them out of a bit of cotton batting she had wrapped them in.

Ted examined them carefully. "They *are* queer," he conceded, "Do they work?"

"I don't know yet," said Cathie, "I haven't tried them. But I don't think that good little man would tell a lie."

Ted believed in action. "Well, then, what are we waiting for? Let's go!"

"Oh, no, Ted! Just a minute! We've got to make a wish, too. About our Assignment." She read aloud, with some distate, "What was happening in Packet Alley on Sunday, May 9th, 1813?"

"That!" Ted made a sour face, then agreed amiably enough. "All right. Let's have it then."

Cathie drew a belabored bit of paper out of her pocket. "It's not very good," she said, "it kind of bumps."

"What's the difference? It rhymes, doesn't it? Let's go!"

So, a little breathlessly, Cathie recited:

> Please, dear magic glasses, show
> Packet Alley long ago.
> Most especially we mean
> In the year eighteen thirteen.

They put on the Dutchman's glasses. Their astonished eyes fell first upon each other. The backward-looking magic had changed the very clothes they wore! Here was Cathie in a high-waisted, puff-sleeved frock of sprigged dimity; Ted in a short, tight-buttoned jacket and long trousers. This was so unexpected and funny that they both burst out laughing. But in a moment, Ted sobered.

"Look! *Everything's* different!"

And indeed, it was. The twins themselves stood in the shadow of a big shed, or warehouse; and the old granite wharf, instead of sprawling, half-crumbling in the water, stood up firm and trim. There were men on the wharf, too, as if a ship were expected. But there was not a ship of any sort on the river—their river, usually so busy with every sort of craft from tugboat to liner. It seemed queer and unnatural. The air was eerily quiet, too. Far off a church bell sounded, and they could hear the lapping of waves and the crying of gulls, but all the usual cheerful bustle of living seemed hushed, as if waiting.

"Golly, it gives you a funny feeling," said Ted, "kind of creepy."

Cathie shivered a little. "Ted, why aren't there any boats? And what are those men waiting for?"

"I don't know. Didn't you look it up in a book? About 1813, I mean."

"No-o," admitted Cathie, "didn't you?"

"No I didn't—and this is a fine pickle. Here we are, in danger maybe, and we don't know a thing about it!"

"Oh, dear!" Cathie bit a fingernail.

"Cathie, think! You're good at history. What happened in 1813?"

Cathie wrinkled her brow. "There was a War of 1812—with the British, about their capturing our sailors. Was it still going on in 1813? I think—I'm not sure—"

At this moment, down Packet Alley (which seemed to have changed from a mere path to a firm, white, oystershell road) strode a fine-looking young man, the cape of his greatcoat blowing out in the brisk breeze. He went directly to the wharf, where the gray group of workmen stood aside respectfully while he scanned the horizon through a long spyglass.

"Not yet," he reported. One of the workmen said, briefly, "Head winds," and the young man turned and went swiftly back up Packet Alley.

"The enemy! They—they must be watching for the enemy!" chattered Cathie, and her vivid imagination conjured up a picture she had once seen of ships in the Spanish Armada, pouring out broadsides of flame. "Oh, Ted!"

But Ted, like most boys of his age, was a keen observer.

"Silly! The man with the spyglass was looking *up* river, and the enemy would be coming from *down* river

—I think." Suddenly he was not so sure of himself. "Cathie, can't you remember more about that war? Where *were* the British, anyhow?"

Cathie shook her head. "I don't know. They burned Washington, and they fought on Lake Erie, but I don't know about here." Suddenly she brightened. "We could ask the men on the dock."

But Ted vetoed this. "And get taken for spies?" he demanded. "A couple of strangers asking quetsions like that in wartime? Use your head, girl! We'd better just walk up to The Strand and keep our eyes and ears open, and see what we can find out without asking."

Cathie, duly rebuked and recognizing the justice of it, walked along meekly with him up this strangely unfamiliar Alley. There were stables where the tennis court had been, and in place of the Wilberts' house stood a fine inn, with a swinging sign that read "Stage Tavern."

The Strand, on first glance, seemed much the same, quiet and sedate, with red-brick houses and trees. But some of the houses were different. Their own had the door in the wrong place! Some were houses they had never seen before. They noticed especially a strange, tall Dutch house with a steep roof. The street was not paved, and there were ruts that carts and carriages had made. The only walks were steppingstones. Every so often along the street there were water pumps, just like

the one at Uncle Roger's farm. Ted could not resist the temptation to see if they worked, so he tried one, and out came a lovely crystal stream of clear cold water!

At the Harmony Street end of The Strand, stood a huge house, on an embankment facing the river. It seemed to be some sort of an inn, but a rambling, shabby place much less polite looking than the one at Packet Alley. The children walked close to read the words on the sign. "The Cave" seemed to be the name of the inn, and there was a verse that read:

> We're all alive that's in this hive.
> Good liquor makes us funny.
> As you come by, come in and try
> The flavor of our honey!

There was a high porch on the river side of The Cave, and under this porch a door. From within came the sound of men's voices, rough and cheerful; and as the twins watched, a couple of sailormen came out and sat down on a wooden bench to smoke their pipes. One of these sailors was a wizened, bowlegged little man, the color of a very old shoe. But the other was a fascinating creature—almost a giant in height and breadth too. He had a great dome of a bald head and a red beard that swung like a fringe around his jaw from ear to ear. His brawny arms, bare below his short shirt sleeves, were a marvel of tatooed flags, ships, and mermaids. Ted and

Cathie stood within six feet of him, staring as hard as they could, which was really very rude, but *you* couldn't have helped it either! The big sailor did not even notice them, so intent was he upon some tale he was telling.

"They caught him right, they did. Ye should a seen it, Jaimie. Him a-sitting here in The Cave half the day buying a drink for this one and that one just as pleasant as you please; and the boys telling him this ship's taking tobacco and molasses into Holland, and how many men we're sending here and there, and all. And him a-salting every word down for His Majesty's spy service!"

"Pleasant enough he was," observed the wizened one, "but he had a mean, shifty eye. I mistrusted him from the start."

"Well, there he was, along with the boys," went on the big sailor, "when two of our regimentals step up behind him, quick and quiet, and lay hold of him. He hadn't a chance, he hadn't. They dragged him off to the Arsenal —all the boys sitting here in The Cave kind of stunned, wishing they'd held their loose tongues."

"Find anything on him?" inquired the other, taking a long draw on his pipe.

"Papers aplenty, information about our troops and ships, packed away tidy in his boot heels."

"Boot heels, eh?" said the wizened one. " 'Minds me about what my pappy used to tell—how a Britisher spy

in the last war carried messages in a silver bullet. Caught him too, they did—"

Ted and Cathie did not hear the rest. They were walking away from The Cave, slowly, trying to keep their legs from running. Their hearts bumped against their ribs.

"We *are* strangers," said Cathie, "it would be awful if somebody took us for spies."

"It might be kind of hard to convince them that we were just good Americans who hadn't been born yet, in 1813," agreed Ted.

"Of course," said Cathie suddenly, "I suppose if it got *too* dangerous we could just take our glasses off." She put up her hand, but Ted almost yelled at her.

"Don't you dare, Cathie Brandon!" Then he added, rather lamely, "Not yet, anyhow. Not till we find out about the fellow with the spyglass and what he's looking for."

They walked on down The Strand in silence.

A door across the street opened, and a boy, perhaps in his late teens, ran down the steps of his house. He had a pack on his back, and a rifle slung across his shoulder, and his whole family, mother and father, grandmother and little sisters, trooped out after him to see him off. It was not a gay farewell.

"Soldier?" Cathie's lips formed the question.

"No uniform," Ted muttered back.

The boy drew himself up straight and marched off. The twins followed along on the opposite side of the street, wondering. They sat down on a long wooden settle before the Stage Tavern, swinging their legs and still watching the boy. He was not getting along very fast, because so many neighbors came out of their houses to shake hands with him, or just to call, "Good-by, Johnny!" "Good luck, Johnny!"

A well-dressed gentleman with a newspaper came out of the inn, gave the children a friendly "Good morning," and sat down at the other end of the settle. Presently he spoke.

"Another brave lad going off to fight for his country."

"He has no uniform," said Cathie suddenly, although after the talk about spies, she had resolved not to say a word to a soul!

The gentleman shook his head. "No, poor lad, nor is he likely to have one for many a day. With the country poor as it is, and materials so scarce because of the blockade, many of our boys will fight this war in their own old clothes."

"Blockade!" The twins sat thinking this over. The gentleman opened his newspaper and read silently for a few minutes. Then he spoke again.

"More raids on the Maryland shore! The British are firing cannons at the coast towns—they've destroyed sev-

eral houses and killed a citizen. And at night their crews come ashore and steal sheep and burn down houses."

"Do you think they'll come here?" asked Cathie, wide eyed.

He looked at her kindly. "I hope not. So far they've been content to bottle us up. They have their gunboats down there in Delaware Bay, blockading us, and won't let our ocean-going ships in or out if they can help it. Just few weeks ago they captured the fine ship *Montesquieu,* homeward bound for Philadelphia from Canton, China. Captured crew and cargo too, and right now Mr. Girard, the ship's owner, is dickering with them to ransom her."

"Say! that's not fair!" Ted burst out, "what right have they got—"

"The right a bully always has," replied the gentleman, "the right of being bigger. England doesn't seem to know who won the War of Independence. She's trying to use us to help her fight the French, and when we won't be used, she captures our ships and takes our seamen prisoner and carries them off to die in English prisons."

"Oh, the poor men!" Cathie looked so distressed that the gentleman said comfortingly,

"There, there, my child! Such troubles are not for a little maid like you. Doubtless, by the time you are grown, all this will be forgot. Think now of something

else." And to turn her mind from the subject of war, he said gaily, "How now! What's this good smell?" and he sniffed the air with pleasure.

"Bread!" pronounced Ted, "fresh bread. It smells just like the bakery on Delaware Street." Then he stopped suddenly, wondering if there had been a bakery on Delaware Street in 1813.

A farm cart turned into The Strand from Harmony Street and stopped in the middle of the block. As if waiting for this very thing, people flocked out of the houses. And every one was carrying food to load into the wagon. Men carried bags of potatoes, onions, and turnips, smoked hams, and sides of bacons. Women brought hampers of fresh bread and pies.

"What is all the food for?" asked Ted, "It looks like enough to feed an army."

"It *is* food for an army," replied the gentleman, "Though it is only enough for their own regiment, and for only a day or so at that. Army rations are short, and these good people are sending food to camp with their boys. And many a dinner table here on The Strand, this Sunday, will have slim fare because of it."

The lively shrilling of fife music filled the air, a drum rumbled, and the wagon rattled on down The Strand.

"They must be about ready to leave," observed the gentleman, "They're mustering at the Courthouse."

"Let's go!" cried Ted, and off went the twins, leaving their new friend to his newspaper.

But when they got to the Courthouse, the little band of recruits was already marching off, the commissary wagon following.

Small groups of people, just come from church, stood on the sidewalks to see them go, and called or waved good-byes.

The twins walked slowly back toward the inn. The young man with the spyglass was again hurrying up Packet Alley. He stopped to answer a question from the man on the settle.

"Yes, sir, she is coming in—should dock in ten minutes or so. I must inform the gentlemen at once."

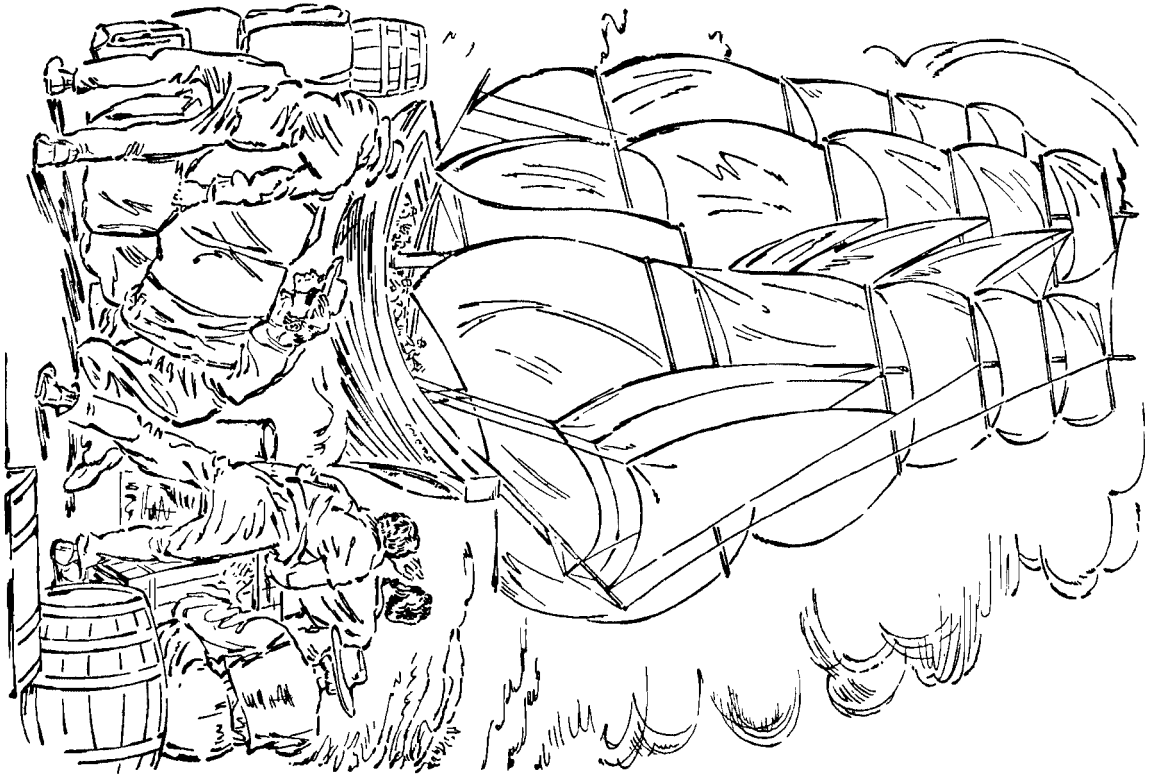
"Good for the *Neptune!*" cried their friend. "She is in good time, but there are head winds. I fear she will never make the Delaware Capes by dark." Both men went hastily up the steps and into the inn.

"It can't be the enemy," said Ted to Cathie. "She must be a friendly ship, and she's called the *Neptune,* and she's coming in right now! Let's go!"

"You're sure?" asked Cathie, still a bit worried; but Ted did not even hear her. He was already halfway down Packet Alley and she had to run to catch up.

The *Neptune* was already in the harbor.

"Oh, Ted!" Cathie stopped stock-still, her hands



clasped, and both mouth and eyes wide with astonishment.

"Jeepers!" breathed Ted.

To children accustomed to modern river traffic—tanker, freighter, and pleasure steamer—the sight of this three-masted, full-rigged sailing ship, moving toward them with majestic grace, was almost overpowering.

"It is so tall!" cried Cathie, "I never dreamed it would be so tall!"

Ted recovered himself enough to remember something he had read in a story, and to show off this little bit of knowledge.

"Sure!" he said, "Don't you know they used to call those top sails skyscrapers and moonrakers?"

They stood entranced as the ship came on, tacking, toward the dock. The men there, who this morning had seemed so silent and motionless, as if waiting, were now in a ferment of activity. Some stood alert at the granite bollards, waiting to catch the heaving line and make the bow line fast. Others were readying the gangplank and bringing the baggage, several locked chests, and some horsehair trunks into a convenient position.

Apparently the news of the ship's arrival had gotten around, for now it seemed as if all New Castle was hurrying down Packet Alley. There was an air of excitement and a hum of conversation.

"Ah! the fine ship!" said someone, "and it's a long trip she has before her, all the way to Russia. Ten weeks with good fortune."

"Russia?" The twins looked at each other, completely mystified. Then Ted, forgetting all about the dangers of asking questions in wartime, blurted out, "How'll she get out? What about the English gunboats, sitting there waiting?"

Several people looked at him as if he were a very stupid child indeed, but a dapper, school-teacherly looking man took the trouble to answer him.

"The *Neptune* sails under a flag of truce, lad. The Czar of Russia has offered to help make peace between us and the English, and the *Neptune* sails for St. Petersburg with our peacemakers. The Russian Secretary at Washington made a trip to the Capes to arrange with the commander of the British ships. The *Neptune* is to carry a white flag, and the British have promised to let her pass."

"Then the war will really end soon?" asked Cathie eagerly.

"That we cannot say. We can only pray for it. The war is a sorrowful thing with its hardships and suffering. But it is saddest of all to think that man, God's noblest work, must settle his quarrels in anger and hatred, using claw and fang, like a beast."

Ted squinted his eyes in a thoughtful sort of way.

"You mean that guns and cannon are something like a tiger's claws and teeth?" he asked.

The school-teacherly person nodded. "Yes." Then he said more cheerfully, "But at least, instead of fighting it out to the end, as the beast does, until one adversary lies dead, we are going to talk it over with our enemy, and see if we can settle this quarrel without further bloodshed."

"And that's where the peacemakers come in?" asked Cathie.

"Yes," he nodded again, "and may God go with them."

There was a sudden murmur in the crowd, and the onlookers stood by respectfully as a new group made their way down Packet Alley and up on the dock. A number of dignitaries in wigs, high hats, and frock coats surrounded two elderly-looking gentlemen. Also in the party was the young man of the spyglass.

"Who are they?" whispered Cathie.

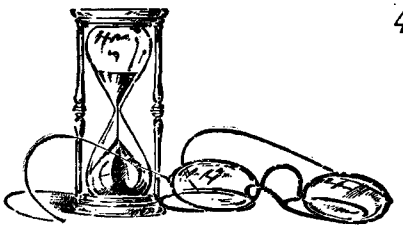
"The one with the beak nose, the sharp eyes, and the fringe of white hair is Mr. Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the young fellow is his son. The very tall thin gentleman is our own Delaware man, Mr. Bayard. A fine gentleman he is, but in fragile health. It is very brave of him to undertake this long and dangerous journey for his country."

The trunks and boxes had already been carried aboard

the ship, there had been a final round of handshaking among the gentlemen, and now the peace party went aboard. The ship's bell rang a warning signal and the gangplank was withdrawn. The sailors slacked up on the mooring lines, the shore hands cast them off. The crowd set up a cheer. There were cries of "There she goes!" "Good luck, Mr. Bayard!" "Success to you, Mr. Gallatin!" and the ship eased away from the wharf. The skillful sailors trimmed the sails, and there was the chatter of the lines in the blocks. In a few minutes the *Neptune* was in the channel, heading toward the Capes. The townspeople turned slowly back up Packet Alley.

When the *Neptune* was only a fluttering wing in the distance, the children, with one accord, took off the magic spectacles. They looked down the river, almost expecting to see the *Neptune* against the horizon. But no! instead there was a white fruit boat, coming up from South America with the usual cargo of bananas.

Ted drew a long breath, then let it out explosively. "Well!" he said, regarding the queer little spectacles in his hand with something like awe, "You certainly work!" He wrapped them carefully in his handkerchief and stowed them in his shirt pocket. Then he said, "I wonder how those fellows got along at that peace conference. I guess I'll go look it up, right now!" And he started briskly up Packet Alley.



4. *"FIRE! FIRE!"*

"I KNOW WHAT this Assignment's about," announced Cathie, as she and Ted came out of No. 12, glasses in hand.

"What?" asked Ted. "Sounds mysterious. 'Why was April 23, 1824, a bad day of New Castle?' Why was it?"

"Three guesses!"

"Hurricane?"

"No."

"Battle?"

"No."

"Pirates? There *were* pirates once in Delaware."

"No. You're no good guesser. It's something lots commoner than that! A fire. They called it 'The Great Fire.' "

"Good!" said Ted. "Ought to be fun. Not as good as pirates, but pretty good. Let's go!"

"Coal truck in Packet Alley," reported Cathie, "let's try the yacht basin instead."

The yacht basin was halfway up The Strand, and

it had a pleasant green sward before it. But before the twins had reached it, they spied an old friend.

"Mr. Brown!" they shouted, and raced up The Strand. The twins had known Mr. Brown ever since he came to make their storm windows two years ago. He was a slender, stooped man with graying, sandy hair fringing a shiny bald pate. There were a thousand tiny wrinkles on his kindly freckled face. His strong square hands were skillful in every sort of building. He was a carpenter; his father had been a carpenter, and his grandfather and great-grandfather before him. He hadn't had much of a chance at "book larnin'," but he knew and could do everything about houses, and took the greatest pride in good workmanship. He loved to talk about his work, and the twins loved to listen. Today he was busy at a corner of the Read house.

The Read house was the handsomest house in all New Castle. It was a tall, broad, red-brick house with white shutters. It had chimneys at each end and a railed roof-walk on top. The first floor was well above the street level, and to reach the wide, fanlighted front door, you had to go up a flight of broad stone steps with wrought-iron railings on either side. What Cathie had always admired most of all was a charming little ironwork balcony outside the arched window above the front door. In the sunlight, it threw such a lacy shadow—and besides, there is something very romantic about a balcony!

"Hello, Mr. Brown!" the twins hailed him.

He greeted them with a "Look who's here," but kept on working.

"What are you doing?" asked Ted.

"Some mortar loose here," he answered. "I'm just fixin' a few bricks back. Old bricks, they are. Take a look at this one." He held it up.

"I see pebbles in it," said Cathie.

"Sure you do. In the olden days they had no machinery to crush the little stones, nor to sift them out, either. Every one of those bricks was made by hand."

"By hand!" marveled Ted. "Building wasn't so simple in those days, was it, Mr. Brown?"

"No, but it was fun. Makin' things by hand is always fun. 'Specially if you take some pride in it and do it right."

"You take pride in *your* work, don't you, Mr. Brown?"

"Sure I do, Cathie. And the builders of these old houses took pride. Ought to see the joists and beams in some of 'em—solid oak and thick. None of the shoddy stuff you see nowadays."

"The telephone man broke three screw bits on a beam at our house. He said something!" Cathie giggled.

Mr. Brown set the last brick neatly in place, rubbed his hands on his overalls, and fished around in his tool kit for something.

"What do you figure that is, Ted?" he asked.

"It looks like a rusty nail," ventured Ted, "but I guess it's a spike when it's that big."

"This one's just a nail," said Mr. Brown. "It's an old, square, hand-wrought nail—a real granddaddy of a nail. I found it here in the garden. It probably came from the old Read house that used to stand there."

"The *old* Read house?"

"You think this house is old," went on Mr. Brown, "but the other one was older. Belonged to the father of the man that built this one. Burned down in the Great Fire."

Great Fire! Some secret telegraphic message flashed between the twins, and they were off.

"Good-by, Mr. Brown!"

An astonished Mr. Brown put the big nail back into his tool kit. "Them kids," he muttered.

Behind the great oak tree in the garden, Cathie was already reciting:

> Glasses dear, it's our desire
> To see the Great New Castle Fire.

Then she and Ted put on the magic spectacles.

There in the garden, set in a bed of tulips, stood the old Read house, a square, low-set house of red brick. It was not nearly so grand as the other Read house, but it had a homey, comfortable, inviting look. The twins

were gazing in startled amazement when Cathie's upturned nose gave the alarm.

"I smell smoke!" she cried.

"That's it!" shouted Ted. "The fire!"

Big puffs of white smoke were floating into the treetops. Ted rushed into The Strand. Cathie followed, her heart beating rapidly. She and Ted had never really been to a fire, but they had seen the fire chief's little red car and heard the engines clang by, and the long hook-and-ladder trucks with firemen clinging to them, and it had always seemed delightfully exciting. But right here on The Strand!

"Down this way!" yelled Ted.

People were running wildly down The Strand crying, "Fire! Fire!" The twins raced after them.

The Riddle house on the corner of Delaware Street was already aflame. Now the sparks were leaping across to the adjoining Rodmans' lumberyard. There in the sawdust, shingles, and timber, the fire got its real start. Suddenly the flames grew bigger and hotter.

The colors of the fire were beautiful—yellows, reds, blues, and greens leaping into the air in tall, swaying columns. Soon fresh flames jumped into the trees nearby. The wood crackled and the sap popped. As the wind rose higher, the fire swished and the smoke swirled in all directions. The Strand was just a long, black tunnel.

By now, people were running from all directions, and there was an excited babble of voices.

"How did it get started?"

"No one seems to know—maybe the sparks from one of the boats."

"I heard that some boys made a fire in James Riddle's barnyard to warm some puppies, and the straw caught! Young'uns are so careless." The woman who made this speech glared darkly at the poor, innocent twins.

"The fire companies! Where are our fire companies?"

"I heard the horns."

Just then a large fat man, almost as wide as he was tall, rushed out of the sooty tunnel of The Strand. He was all out of breath, as if he had been running a great distance, and was mopping his perspiring brow with a bright red handkerchief.

"On their way! Our engines are on their way! But two engines ain't enough—not with this wind! We'll need help. Has anyone told Sheriff Williams?"

No one seemed to know, so Ted offered, quick as a flash, "I'll go! Where is he?"

"He's usually in his office at the Courthouse. Try there, first. Hurry, son, every minute counts!"

Ted ran up Delaware Street with such speed that it made his ears hum. The Sheriff was not in his office. He was in a supply room in the basement, and had not heard the cry of "Fire" nor seen the townsfolk running.

But Ted found him quickly and gave the message. A look of dismay came over his face.

"Fire! Not The Strand! I must ride to Wilmington at once for help!" He dashed outside. His horse, already saddled, was tied at the water trough. He mounted quickly and off he galloped, shouting, "Tell them I'll be back with help. We have many friends in Wilmington. They will come!" And off he went in a cloud of dust.

Ted ran back, lickety-split, to the fire, which was now a scene of frenzy and confusion. People in the threatened houses were making a desperate effort to save their personal belongings; dragging things out and dumping them into the middle of the street. Ted pitched in and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he was as busy as the rest. Firemen rushed in and out of the smoke and flame, but there were too few of them, and their only equipment seemed to be buckets and axes. Frightened ducks and chickens added to the general hubbub. Cathie, with some wild idea of rescuing them, rushed about trying to round up the frantic creatures.

"Shoo! Shoo! You'd better shoo if you don't want your tail feathers burned!" But the more she shooed, the more they fluttered, squawked, and scattered. Agitated hens were racing here and there, and ducks waddled up Delaware Street, quacking crazily as they went, and bringing momentary smiles to anxious faces.

Cathie gave up. It was plain that she couldn't help. "Poor things!" she said, "I wonder whose they are."

"Belonged in the barnyard behind the Riddle house," some man answered, jerking his thumb in that direction. "Lots of livestock back there—poultry, sheep, and hogs —kept to supply the ocean-going packet boats. Boat sailing for Liverpool, England, due tomorrow. Surprised, her master'll be, to find that barn in ruins and all his supplies scattered to the four winds!"

Cathie felt secretly glad that the ducks had escaped not only the fire, but also the roasting pan in a ship's galley.

"The stagecoach drivers are in for a surprise, too," commented another man, "when they come in tonight on the Frenchtown Pike and find their inn nothing but ashes."

At that moment there was a terrific commotion on Delaware Street. "The Conestoga wagons from the George Washington Tavern!" cried someone, "Hurrah!"

Heavy iron-rimmed wheels ground and rattled against the cobbles; the great wagons creaked; whips cracked. The horses neighed and snorted in protest as the drivers urged them forward into The Strand. The fire was reflected in the horses' eyes and they reared on their hind legs. They whinnied and foamed at the bit and rebelled at the sight of the roaring flames and the smell of smoke.

But they were soon brought under control and all hands went to work, loading household goods into the mammoth wagons. The pile of stuff in the middle of the street disappeared rapidly. The finest furniture was thrown next to iron kettles and kitchenware; a chicken coop and an empty cage topped the heap.

"My!" said Cathie, "don't folks save the funniest things!"

"They do, indeed," agreed a lady sadly, "but who can be wise in a moment of fear and excitement?"

Ted stood admiring the great wagon. "Some boats!" he said to one of the drivers.

"That's what they call 'em, 'ships on wheels,' " replied the man, "The Conestoga wagon is the dry-land freighter." He whipped up his horses and the wagons lumbered off carrying the rescued goods to safety.

But now the wind picked up again. The flames grew bigger and hotter, and a strong gust blew sparks to the west side of the street. Cathie suddenly felt very anxious. "Where are the fire engines?" she demanded.

"We've only got two engines," a despondent-looking old man told her, "and they're down by the river, throwin' water on the backs of houses where the fire started. Now the fire's too big for them. It's out-of-hand. The whole town will burn, and there'll be nary a roof over our heads this night."

But a young woman with a child in her arms was

more courageous. "Nonsense, Pappy Crane!" she said vigorously, "Wilmington should be here any minute now, and their engines are new and very modern."

"Don't get here soon, no use a-comin'," grumbled Pappy Crane.

But even now there was a great ringing of bells and tooting of horns and cheers of "Wilmington! Three cheers for Wilmington! Hurrah!" At last, help had come to The Strand! The twins turned to look.

People on horseback, people on foot, people in farm wagons, all dusty and dirty after the eight-mile race over the rutted road—and then the brave sight of the four fire chiefs, each one standing up on his engine and giving the alarm on a long metal horn—"Toot! Toot-Toot! Toot!" It was a really terrifying racket—almost worse than the dreadful wail of sirens.

And then the engines! When the children saw the engines, they stopped in their tracks and viewed the rescuers with amazement and dismay. Instead of the great, streamlined equipment the twins were used to, were these four little red metal engines flanked with ladders and a wheeled gig with leather hose! Why, these things looked like the wind-up toys they used to get on Christmas! Only these engines didn't even wind up. They had been dragged every inch of the way from Wilmington by firemen, on foot! The twins looked at

each other aghast. Certainly this miniature equipment would be useless in such a fire!

But they were wrong. With haste and efficiency the firemen went to work, and in no time had their engines in position and at work. There were four fire companies, the *Friendship*, the *Reliance*, the *Delaware*, and the *Brandywine*, and they seemed to vie with each other to see which could do the most. The firemen wore blue trousers, white monkey jackets, and round white hats on which were the names of their companies. Every man carried two leather buckets, an ax, and a wicker basket.

The fire chiefs now made public announcements. "Only busy hands are needed today! Every man is welcome to the bucket brigade! Just grab a bucket, men! Welcome one and all! Lines forming near the river!"

Grabbing a bucket, Ted joined the line. Two lines were formed to pass the buckets to the fire from the river. Ted soon discovered that the empty buckets went down the left side then came, brimming full, up the right. The water was either thrown directly on the fire or poured into the trough of the fire engine.

The fire engines had metal bars on both side that worked up and down, seesaw fashion. This pumping forced the water from the troughs into the hose. Up and down, up and down, went the bars, faster and faster. The water came streaming out. One hose was a hundred

feet long and threw a terrific stream. Soon everything was drenched.

There were many ladders and many firemen who seemed to be everywhere. Some placed the ladders. Some directed the hose. Some used fire hatchets to chop away scorched or burning parts. Some toted wicker baskets, full of valuables, away from danger.

In less than an hour the fire was under control. The wind had died down somewhat. Things had started to sizzle and steam. The townspeople looked over the blackened ruins.

"Such a serious blow to a town of this size," one man remarked despairingly. "An inn, eight stores! And about twenty families homeless! New Castle can never recover from this fire."

"In don't believe that for a minute," objected an important-looking gentleman. "Part of The Strand has been saved, and the rest we can rebuild."

"That is true." The discouraged man brightened. "Boston might help us. I remember my father telling how New Castle helped them back in 1774."

A pale-faced woman spoke up. "The Good Book says, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' "

This sober talk saddened Cathie. She began to feel very sorry about The Strand, its people, and its houses. The fire had ceased to be fun.

It had been an unseasonably hot day—even without the fire it had been as hot as mid-July. Now that it was over, everyone looked completely woebegone. Townspeople and firemen alike were besmudged, drenched, and dead tired. They dropped where they were, sitting, or even stretched prone, in The Strand, on Packet Alley, on the river bank.

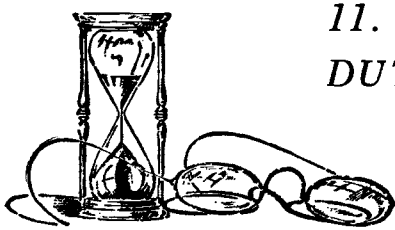
Suddenly there was a shout from the wharf. "The *Superior!* Here comes the steamboat *Superior* from Wilmington!"

Everyone cheered wildly as the boat pulled up to the Packet Alley wharf. Weary as they were, the prospect of a ride home acted as a tonic to the Wilmington firemen. They dragged their equipment aboard, and shouted and sang happily as the *Superior* headed out toward the channel.

Ted and Cathie waved with the other New Castle people from the dock. But as they turned up Packet Alley toward home, a sudden panic struck them.

"Our house!" cried Cathie, "Mother! Father! Jock!"

They raced all the way up the Alley before Ted remembered and yelled, "The glasses!" They snatched off the magic spectacles. And there was home, peaceful in the sunlight, the shadow of maple leaves making pretty patterns on the bricks. Mother was talking to a neighbor, and Jock and the Fields' cat were sitting together companionably on the front steps.



11. THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN AGAIN

OVERNIGHT, the golden June weather vanished and left in its place a chilly, dark, Novemberish kind of day. It was so dark that the twins wakened late, to see sheets of water driving against the windows. And it was one of those unlucky days that are as dismal inside as out—not a jolly rainy day at all! From the beginning, everything was at sixes and sevens.

Cathie lost a shoe and accused Ted of having hidden it. He really didn't know a thing about it, but was in a tormenting mood and pretended he did. Then he found the key to Cathie's diary and wouldn't give it to her. Cathie's diary was very precious and private, and she always kept the key hidden, so that Ted would not learn her secrets. To tell the truth, there was nothing in it much more exciting than "April 7. Got up. Had breakfast. Foggy day. Had lunch. Had supper. Went to bed." For while many things happened to Cathie, she was usually too sleepy by bedtime to write them down. However, it was her very own diary and Ted had no right to the key. So presently, when she found her shoe, she

threw it at him, and hit him squarely, too. Then he forgot all about how a boy never strikes a girl, and the whole business turned into a perfectly devastating quarrel, and such a noisy one, too, that Father came upstairs two steps at a time to settle it.

Father was not in an especially happy mood himself, because he was on the committee for the Wilmington celebration, and felt that the weatherman was not cooperating with the plans. So he was sharper than usual with the twins. He did not even recite his customary little verse about

> Birds in their little nests agree
> And 'tis a shameful sight
> When children of one family
> Begin to quarrel and fight.

He just said briefly, "No more nonsense. Both of you come downstairs to breakfast in two minutes," and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that he meant it!

Breakfast wasn't a very cheerful meal. The twins had resolved never to speak to each other again as long as they lived, so that cut down the conversation quite a bit. Father was preoccupied with his thoughts. Jock was teething and felt whimpery. Even Mother seemed unable to radiate her usual sunshine. And from the way Mattie set down the porridge bowls, it was plain that this was going to be one of her waspy days.

Father and Mother departed for Wilmington shortly, something about Tercentenary preparations; Jock was left in the charge of Mattie and Cathie; and Ted went down to the cellar on some project of his own. They could hear him pounding and hammering all morning. Cathie spent the morning picking up things Jock threw down and singing him rhymes he wouldn't listen to. Mattie was busy about the housework. All in all, it was a thoroughly dreary day, and by lunchtime the twins were so bored with themselves that they were willing to call it quits and associate with each other again.

They stood idly by the front window, looking out into the weather. The wind was lashing the trees, and the rain, slanting down, made silver diagonal lines against the houses across the street.

"What about the glasses?" asked Ted suddenly. "When are we going to take them back?"

"Do you think he'd really *want* us to take them back in this weather?" answered Cathie uncertainly.

"I don't know why not. We're neither sugar nor salt. Besides, you promised."

"I know," Cathie sighed. "I suppose we'll have to. But I just hate to give them back. The Assignments have been such fun; and now, when Father gives us more, they'll just be stupid old things again."

"Well, *I* want to see that Little Dutchman of yours," said Ted, "and do you know what? I'll bet we can talk

him into letting us keep the glasses—maybe not for good, but for a while, anyhow."

"He was an awfully kind little man. He might let us." Cathie suddenly felt quite hopeful. "But, Ted, we can't go until the folks get back from Wilmington, because I have to take care of Jock after he wakes up from his nap."

"Shucks. Well, all right. Let's play parcheesi for a while."

The afternoon droned on. It was after five before an opportunity for escape came. Preparations had to be made on the quiet, but Ted got into his yellow slicker, hip boots, and sou'wester. Cathie put on her red raincoat—her braids inside, her fisherman's hat, and her Russian-looking boots. They managed to let themselves out without squeaking the door or bumping the knocker, and without even stirring up Tarberry their pet dog. They were very sure this excursion would not be approved by Mother and Father—but, then, Mother and Father did not know about the promise to the Little Dutchman. So there was no help for it.

Once outside, they scooted across The Strand, around the corner of the Greens' house, and were safely out of view of the home windows. The rain was teeming now and it was wonderful. Everything smelled good, too. The trees in their light June foliage dripped a delicious perfume. The wind buffeted them with little shoves

this way and that. All at once, they both felt hilariously lighthearted. They laughed and ran and yelled and jumped in puddles with reckless abandon. Almost down to the riverbank, Ted slipped and went down in an especially big puddle with a loud splash. Cathie laughed, but Ted got up looking scowlingly at his hand.

"I hit something sharp," he said.

"Did it cut you?" she asked.

"No–o, I guess not." He looked around the ground for a moment for the offending object, then made a sudden dive and came up holding something. "Jeepers!" he said. "Guess what!"

"What?"

"A piece of a clay pipe!" he said. "Look–part of the bowl, and that little place to stick the pipe stem in! Wait till I show Father!"

"Do you think it is Dutch?" asked Cathie.

And that reminded them of the Little Dutchman, whom they had almost forgotten.

But suddenly, there he was! Not where Cathie had met him before, here in the familiar, friendly part of the Alley, but far out on the old stone pier, where the children had never dreamed of going. He had on a greatcoat today and it whipped madly in the wind. He beckoned them with a sweep of his arm.

It was a high step from the sand to the pier, but Cathie made it, with Ted shoving, and they ran toward

him. Halfway, several great stones were misplaced because the bronze straps that had held them together had broken, and allowed the stones to slip down below the level of the pier. But Ted jumped over these gaps, and then helped Cathie over; and finally, in spite of the difficult going, there they were, at the very end of the pier, beside the Little Dutchman.

The twins stood together against one of the old granite bollards, the wind and rain whipping against them. It was wonderful out there! There was river all about them; all you could hear was water slapping the rocks and the singing sound of rain.

"Well, here we are!" The Little Dutchman's eyes twinkled at them like two little blue lights in the rain.

"This—this is my brother," said Cathie, still a little breathless from all the rock hopping.

"A pleasure to meet you, sir!" The Little Dutchman bowed deeply.

This so flustered Ted that he couldn't think of a thing to say but "Yes, sir." And since that didn't seem quite the thing, he made two or three bows in swift succession, like a mechanical toy.

"We brought the glasses," said Cathie, and slipping her hand into her raincoat pocket, she brought out both pairs.

The Dutchman smiled at her. "You brought them

back safe, as you promised. You are a good, dependable child, just as I thought when I first saw you."

"I–I wished we could keep them." Cathie looked at Ted for help. After all, he was the one who had said, "I'll bet we could talk him into it." But Ted was still standing there flushed and tongue-tied, looking as if he had never had a thought in his life.

The Little Dutchman nodded. "So they really worked, did they? You saw the Packet Alley of long ago?"

"Yes, yes!" Cathie nodded. "The boats and the houses and the people and the little train—"

Ted suddenly came to life and laughed out loud. "That old white horse! He could run as fast as the train could!"

"And dear, funny Davy Crockett," went on Cathie eagerly, "and Andrew Jackson who always remembered what his mother said—"

"And the old soldier," interrupted Ted, "and Lafayette and Mr. Clay and the shad fishermen—"

"And the lady who made the big cookies—" it was Cathie's turn to interrupt.

Then Ted, all unexpectedly, put in his plea for keeping the glasses. "But we haven't seen them all, sir. There are more names on the marker—and lots of other people not on the marker who've been in Packet Alley. We'd

like it very much, sir, if you'd let us keep the glasses a little longer."

"Oh, please!" begged Cathie, "just a little longer!"

The Little Dutchman shook his head slowly.

"We'd be awfully careful," she coaxed.

This time he stroked his little pointed beard and looked at them a minute before answering. Then he said firmly and with finality, "No."

Ted's face fell, but Cathie felt hurt as well as disappointed. The tears rushed to her eyes and spilled over, but her face was already so wet with rain that tears did not matter.

The little man looked at her kindly, and spoke with great gentleness. "My little friends, you cannot have them because I think you do not need them any more. Your eyes are cured; I think that never again will they be blind to the fact that there are marvels all about us, if we but look for them."

Ted surprised Cathie. He said soberly, "I know what you mean, sir. I used to be blind to history. I couldn't see how anybody could be interested in all that old dead-and-gone stuff. But it's not like that at all! It's full of people you can never forget once you've really met them. And it's full of things that explain why things are the way they are now because of how they were then—" Ted floundered, "I guess I can't explain it," he finished lamely.

"But we'll never be able to see so well without the glasses," wailed Cathie.

"You'll see," said the Little Dutchman confidently, "now that you've learned to look, you'll see with your own eyes. All your lives those bright eyes are going to see things, some backward looking, some forward looking."

Ted and Cathie seemed doubtful.

"In fact, if you look hard enough," added the Little Dutchman, "you may see something right now—something to remember and tell your grandchildren about."

"What?" The twins questioned. Out here in the wind and the rain, on the lonely old pier, in this dark, late afternoon, it seemed so unlikely.

But he smiled with his quizzical blue eyes. "What about a ship a-sailing, with a royal prince and princess aboard?"

Cathie shot him an unbelievable look. "Without the glasses?" she queried.

He nodded. "Without the glasses. Shut your eyes and count to ten, and God bless you, my little friends!"

The twins shut their eyes obediently, and counted. When they opened them, the Little Dutchman was gone.

But there before them, emerging out of the mists in the river, rode a beautiful slim white ocean liner. Faint music floated from aboard her. Her flags hung limp in the rain, but they were lovely colors, golden yellow and

sky blue. With difficulty, because of the mist, they spelled out the name painted on her prow:

K-U-N-G-S-H-O-L-M

Where had they heard that name before? The twins faced each other with questioning eyes. Then with a shock of delight it came to them both at once. The Tercentenary!

"Of course!" said Ted, "The blue and yellow flags! It's the Swedish boat."

"And there really are a prince and princess aboard!" exclaimed Cathie. "The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, going to the Tercentenary! Oh, Ted! The Little Dutchman told the truth!"

"Jeepers!" said Ted. Then they began to wave like mad, two small figures all alone in the rain on the old stone pier. And suddenly the flags seemed to dip in salute to them—the Brandon twins!

The ship moved swiftly up the river, and was again shrouded with mist. But the twins still stood there trying to catch one more glimpse of her. Their trance was broken by an angry shout from the shore.

"Ted! Cathie!"

"Oh, dear! It's Father!"

"Come here at once!"

They picked their way back across the broken stones of the old pier, jumping down at last onto the sand to face a very stern parent.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" he demanded. "It's suppertime—and in this downpour! And I've hunted all over this end of town for you! And *what* were you doing out on that old stone pier? Get along home with you, at once!"

Two crestfallen children, so happy and excited a moment ago, turned up Packet Alley.

"Oh, Father, we didn't mean to worry you—" began Cathie. But Father was in no mood to listen to any feeble apologies.

"What were you doing out there?" he demanded again. There was nothing for it but a straight answer. Ted spoke up. "We were watching the *Kungsholm* go by."

Father stopped in his tracks. The *Kungsholm.* The ship bringing the royal visitors for tomorrow's celebration. It hadn't occurred to him, but, yes—it *could* have been passing New Castle about now.

Ted, sensing his father's surprise, pressed his advantage. "Isn't it a historical moment, Father—the three hundredth anniversary of something important like the landing of the Swedes?"

His father's anger vanished as air from a pricked balloon. "Why, yes, Ted, it is," he agreed meekly. Then he added with something like pride, "and do you know, I wouldn't be surprised if you children were the only

people in New Castle who ventured out to enjoy that historical moment!"

"Well, of course," said Cathie, making an excuse for the others, "it's kind of rainy." Whereupon the sky opened with a new downpour, and the three, laughing, ran up Packet Alley, the children telling breathlessly about the music and the flags and how they were almost *sure* the ship had saluted them. The rain let up just as they reached the Packet Alley marker, and Ted came to a halt.

"Look, Father, here's something else historical—I think." He reached down into his raincoat pocket and brought out the broken pipe bowl. "Is this Dutch, like the pipe stems?" He put it into his father's hand. Water streamed down his earnest face and his blue eyes were alive with interest as he watched his father examining the fragment.

"Hm'mm. I don't know. It is probably Dutch. But whatever it is, it is old and unusual. Where did you find it, Ted?"

"Down by the river. Jeepers, Father. I hope it *is* historical."

Dr. Brandon stood for a moment, there by the marker, and looked at his son. Then he came to a decision. "Ted, how would you like to go to England with me this summer?"

Cathie shrieked, "Oh, Father!" and hurled her whole dripping self upon him.

Ted looked dazed. "England? Me? On the ship? Boy, would I like it!" Then he asked, "What about Cathie?"

"Cathie, too," smiled her father.

Ted let out one exultant war whoop, which made his father feel so good that he wanted to go on and on making him happy. "And Ted," he added, "since you've been so good about learning your dad's hobby, maybe he should learn a little about yours. I think I'll have to look in on the game the next time your team plays. And maybe we could even see a Big League game in New York before the ship sails."

Ted had to swallow hard several times before he could manage to say, "Thank you—Dad."

Down came another deluge of rain, and three very wet, very happy Brandons darted across The Strand to No. 12.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful appreciation is acknowledged to the following for kind assistance and invaluable information:

Mrs. Florence Bayard Hilles, New Castle, Del., great-granddaughter of James A. Bayard; Mrs. John MacLulich, New Castle, Del.; Mrs. Ruth Nickerson Ross, New Castle, Del.; Mrs. Philip D. Laird, New Castle, Del.; Hon. Richard S. Rodney, New Castle Historical Society; Mr. Nicholas McIntire, *New Castle Gazette;* Miss Jeannette Eckman, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Gertrude Brincklé and Miss Ruthanna Hindes, Historical Society of Delaware; Miss Mary Huse Eastman and Mrs. Carolyn W. Field, Wilmington Institute Free Library; Mr. C. A. Weslager and Mr. H. Geiger Omwake, Archaeological Society of Delaware; and Firechief William J. Lutz, Wilmington, Del.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abbott, John S. C. *History of Napoleon III.* Boston: Russell, 1869.

Arthurs, Stanley. *The American Historical Scene.* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1935.

Bassett, John Spencer. *The Life of Andrew Jackson.* Garden City: Doubleday, Page, & Co., 1911.

Black Hawk, *Life of Black Hawk.* Boston: Odiorne & Metcalf, 1834.

Booth, Elizabeth. *Reminiscences (of New Castle).* Privately printed, New Castle, 1884.

Buell, Augustus C. *History of Andrew Jackson.* New York: Scribners, 1904.

Burton, Alma H. *Four American Patriots.* Chicago: Werner School Book Co., 1898.

Catlin, George. *The North American Indians.* Edinburgh, 1903.

Clay Minstrel, The. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher, 1842.

Cloquet, Jules. *Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette.* New York, 1836.

Colton, Calvin. *Life and Times of Henry Clay.* New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1946.

Conrad, Henry C. *History of the State of Delaware.* Published by the author. Wilmington, 1908.

Cooper, Alexander B. *History of New Castle.* Unpublished. Property of the Historical Society of Delaware. Wilmington.

Crockett, David. *Life of David Crockett.* Philadelphia: Potter, 1865.

Cutter, William. *Life of General Lafayette.* Boston: Philbrick, 1854.

deVallinger, Leon, and Frank, W. P. *Lafayette in Delaware.* Wilmington: Historical Society of Delaware, 1934.

Drake, Ben. *The Life and Adventures of Black Hawk.* 1840.

Eckman, Jeanette. *New Castle on the Delaware, 1651-1951.* New Castle, Delaware: New Castle Historical Society, 1950.

Gallatin, James. *A Great Peace Maker, 1813-1827.* New York: Scribners, 1914.

Janvier, Anne R. *Stories of Old New Castle.* New Castle Historical Society.

Jenkins, John S. *Life & Public Services of General Andrew Jackson.* New York: Miller, Orton & Mulligan, 1856.

Johnston, George. *History of Cecil County, Md.* Elkton, 1881.

Laing, Alexander. *Clipper Ship Men.* New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1944.

Lathrop, Elise. *Historic Houses of Early America.* New York: Tudor Publishing Co., 1936.

Letters of James A. Bayard, 1802-14. Paper XXXI. Wilmington: Historical Society of Delaware, 1901.

Levasseur, Auguste. *Lafayette in America, 1824-25.* New York: White, 1829.

McClellan, Elisabeth. *History of American Costume, 1607-1870.* New York: Tudor Publishing Co., 1937.

Parton, James. *Life of Andrew Jackson.* Boston: Houghton, 1888.

———. *Famous Americans of Recent Times.* Boston: Tichnor and Fields, 1867.

Pascal, Louis. *Histoire Anecdotique de l'Empereur Napoléon III.* Paris: Alphonse Desesserts.

Patterson, J. B. (Ed.) *Life of Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak or Black Hawk.* Cincinnati, 1834.

Quincy, Josiah. *Figures of the Past.* Boston: Little, Brown, 1926.

Reed, H. Clay (Ed.). *Delaware, A History of the First State.* New York: 1947.

Scharf, J. Thomas. *History of Delaware.* Philadelphia: L. J. Richards & Co., 1888.

Scharf, J. Thomas, and Westcott, Thompson. *History of Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: Everts, 1884.

Schurz, Carl. *Life of Henry Clay.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1895.

Scott, Joseph, *Geographical Description of the States of Maryland and Delaware.* Philadelphia: Kimber, 1807.

Simpson, F. A. *The Rise of Louis Napoleon.* Boston: J. Murray, 1909.

Stevens, Frank E. *The Black Hawk War.* Chicago: Stevens, 1903.

Stevens, John Austin. *Albert Gallatin.* Boston, 1887.

Tanner, H. S. *Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States.* New York: Tanner, 1840.

Tuckermann, Bayard. *Marquis de Lafayette.* New York: Dodd, 1889.

Vallandigham, Edward Noble. *Delaware & the Eastern Shore*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1922.

Vincent, Francis. *History of State of Delaware—From First Settlement to Present Time*. Philadelphia: John Campbell, 1870.

Ward, Christopher. *The Dutch & Swedes on the Delaware —1609-64*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1930.

Weslager, C. A. *Delaware's Buried Past*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1944.

Whiteley, Hon. William G. *Revolutionary Soldiers of Delaware*. Paper XIV. Wilmington: Historical Society of Delaware, 1896.

Wooten, Bayard, and Higgins, Anthony. *New Castle, Delaware, 1651-1939*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1939.

Newspapers consulted during the period of the Packet Alley episodes. 1813-1847:

Niles Weekly Register.

The American Watchman.

The Wilmingtonian.

The Delaware Gazette.