

iar to itself . . . . The dinner was very handsome and the conversation, almost exclusively about farming, intelligent and agreeable. All present were really farmers, practically acquainted with the subject and interested in it, almost all live on their farms, most of them men of fortune and leisure. . . . Came away at 6½ after a very pleasant afternoon. It was brilliant moonlight and I enjoyed my drive home, which I reached at 8½.

The Biddle men seem to have had a penchant for Southern belles. Nicholas Biddle's mother Hannah Shepard, hailed from North Carolina, and Charles Biddle took a bride from Baltimore named Letitia Glenn. Their only son, Charles John, married Katherine Legendre Keep of New Orleans. The custom continues, for James Biddle, son of Charles John, married Louisa Copeland from Wilmington, Delaware.

Charles John joined the Lafayette Escadrille during the first World War. He always said that his boyhood practice with a gun on the river stood him in good stead when shooting at the enemy.

Andalusia descended from the children and grandchildren of Mrs. Nicholas Biddle to Charles Biddle. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Biddle have restored the furnishings of the old mansion to their pristine glory, so that it is once more a show place. They are very generous about sharing their treasure with the public.

One of their sons, James, occupies the cottage adjacent to the mansion with his wife. James is Associate Curator in charge of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Recently they have installed a swimming pool so skillfully that it adds charm and appears as if it had always been there.

The Biddle family through the generations has been outstanding, and the house is filled with mementos of their

travels and gifts from admirers. When he left Bordertown, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, presented the Biddles with his bed, which is now in the cottage.

There was a public wharf between Andalusia and Pen Rhyn with a road leading down to it. As the steamboats no longer ran, Mr. Charles Biddle and Mrs. Seton Henry, then owner of Pen Rhyn, had the road officially closed and the wharf demolished.

### PEN RHYN

Next to Andalusia stands the "Old Bickley Place." When Abraham Bickley purchased the property sometime around 1744, it was known as Belle Voir. Bickley, being of Welsh descent, changed the name to Pen Rhyn. It is pre-Victorian, having been built about 100 years before Queen Victoria was born.

Pen Rhyn has two folklore tales that add to the romance of its history. The first is about the private ghost. The story goes that Robert Bickley married against his father's wishes. One cold Christmas night they quarreled. The old man ordered him out of the house, and told him never to return. Robert "cursed his name and his father," ran down the lawn, and threw himself into the river where he disappeared under the ice. He is supposed to rise on Christmas Eve, all wet and slimy, and stand in front of the great door moaning in the best ghostly manner. Then he taps on the windows for admittance. Promptly on the stroke of twelve, unearthly cries fill the house and the ghost disappears, presumably back to his watery grave.

The second legend bears more truth, since it was related