

The King of Prussia Gazette

Preserving Upper Merion's Past to Enliven its Future

Volume VI, Number Four

Winter 2017

GHOST-WRITTEN PLEA ABOUT REBEL HILL

Concerning the proposed apartment building at Rebel Hill, many voices from the past speak about what is happening and what may happen to the terrain where we encamped 182 years ago on our way to Valley Forge?

We see historic memorials rising from the ruins of a Williamsburg we never knew; we see the familiar hills of Valley Forge carefully tended in memory of the bitter winter that we spent there; and the story of our Christmas Crossing in 1776 is vividly alive in your December of '59.

But here at Gulph Mills, where we forged the link between these two events, the ominous note of progress is being sounded and the promise of a modern monster building may come true. We, the ragged soldiers of 1777, speak, and ask that our voices be heard above that of progress and that a lovely park be laid out here, where all may come to read the story of what we did here to forge one of the links that gained for you the freedom that you so happily enjoy today!

—Soldiers of 1777.

(From The Evening Bulletin, December 24, 1959 and reprinted in THE PICKET POST, February 1960, the quarterly formerly published by the Valley Forge Historical Society)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Michael Morrison

As we approach the holiday season, I am reminded that it is a time to share stories of hope and redemption, and this year is no exception. This is my wish list for this holiday season:

Wish #1- I wish that in 2018 we would have enough members to sustain society expenses. You know, we survive almost entirely on the generosity of our membership. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the thousands of people who follow us on Facebook each week would take the time to support us and insure that we will continue to be there to keep our rich local history alive.

Wish #2- I wish we had a place for our Archive and Special Collections. Our collection of local history artifacts, manuscripts and photographs is growing rapidly, and to do our job effectively we need a place to keep it. Right now, it is spread far and wide, and will never be curated until such time as we have a place to work on it. I can't believe that there isn't somewhere in Upper Merion that we could call home.

Wish #3- I wish we had volunteers to fill the needs of our society. Right now, we need someone to prepare and send the monthly newsletter and meeting reminders. We also need someone to research and prepare our "Friday History Fact" for Facebook, which reaches thousands of people. We also need someone to maintain and update our membership list. Each job is simple and fun, and we would love to have some help.

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In order to maintain the quality of our monthly presentations, and in order to preserve our meetings as being "free to the public", we need your help. Please take a moment to help grant our wishes.



The Town Crier—

updates from the Society...

OUR 2017 CHARTER MEMBERS

We acknowledge our Charter Members for 2016 and thank them for their support: Emma Carson, Dave and Marianne Furman, John and Shirley Funkhouser, Michael Morrison, Frank Luther.



The Society is also pleased to honor Ed Dybicz (1923-2015) as an honorary member for his many contributions to the Society and for his untiring efforts to preserve the history of Upper Merion.

INTERESTED IN WRITING?

The Society welcomes articles prepared by its members. Contact Frank Luther if you might be interested in writing and sharing an article for our publication.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Check the back page for the listing of our upcoming meeting dates and our special programs.

INFO ABOUT UPPER MERION

Is there a question you have about some aspect of the township's history? You can submit your question to us at info@kophistory.org and we will provide an answer in a future issue.

Check out the King of Prussia Historical Society website at www.kophistory.org. And find us on Facebook at www.facebook.com/kophistory.

MEMBERSHIP

Our membership campaign for 2018 is underway! New memberships and renewals will be accepted at this time. Looking for a unique gift? Why not present a family member or friend with an annual membership for the King of Prussia Historical Society! We supply a gift card for you to present to the recipient.

Student/Senior (65+): \$35.00	Individual: \$40.00
Family Household \$50.00	Patron: \$125.00
Charter: \$250.00	

The Society accepts PayPal for dues and donations.

**OUR MAILING ADDRESS**

Please note that our mailing address is King of Prussia Historical Society, PO Box 60716, King of Prussia, PA 19406-0716.

SPECIAL THANKS

The Society expresses appreciation to David Montalvo, Society Board member, for his excellent presentation on the history of the Upper Merion Area School District at our September meeting and to Matthew Mitchell, Society member, for his excellent presentation on the Eastburn Plantation at our October meeting. The time and effort they put into their preparations were evident and resulted in memorable programs. Both presenters are faculty members at Upper Merion Area High School.

You can view the Timeline of Upper Merion and Bridgeport Schools 1930-2020 on our website, www.kophistory.org, under the History heading.

NEW LOOK OF THE WEBSITE

Our thanks to Dave Montalvo and Shirley Funkhouser, Society Board members, for their continuing work to create the new look for our website. Check it out at www.kophistory.org.

*The Officers and
the Members of the Board
of the King of Prussia
Historical Society extend
"Best wishes for
a Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year!"*





1777 240th Anniversary of the Army's March through Upper Merion to Valley Forge 2017

**FROM THE DIARY OF A SURGEON
AT VALLEY FORGE 1777**

as written by Albigence Waldo

December 6

The Enemy forming a Line from towards our right to the extremity of our left upon an opposite long height to ours in a Wood. Our men were under Arms all Day and this Night also, as our Wise General was determined not to be attack'd Napping....

December 8

All at our Several Posts. Provisions and Whiskey very scarce. Were Soldiers to have plenty of Food and Rum, I believe they would Storm Tophet...

December 11

At four o'clock the Whole Army were Order'd to March to Swedes Ford on the River Schuylkill, about 9 miles N.W. of Chestnut Hill, and 6 from White Marsh our present Encampment. At sun an hour high the whole were mov'd from the Lines and on their march with baggage. This Night encamped in a Semi circle nigh the Ford. The enemy had march'd up the West side of Schuylkill - Potter's Brigade if Pennsylvania Militia were already there, and had several skirmishes with them with some loss on this side and considerable on the Enemies....

I am prodigious Sick and cannot get anything comfortable - what in the name of Providence am I to do with a fit of Sickness in this place where nothing appears pleasing to the Sicken'd Eye and nauseating Stomach. But I doubt not Providence will find out a way for my relief. But I cannot eat Beef if I starve, for my stomach positively refuses to entertain such Company, and how can I help that?

December 12

A Bridge of Waggons made across the Schuylkill last Night consisting of 36 waggons, with a bridge of Rails between them each. Some skirmishing over the River. Militia and dragoons brought into Camp several Prisoners. Sun Set - We were order'd to march over the River - It snows - I'm Sick - eat nothing - No Whiskey - No Forage - Lord - Lord - Lord. The Army were 'till Sun Rise crossing the River - some at the Waggon Bridge and some at the Raft Bridge below. Cold and uncomfortable.

December 13

The Army march'd three miles from the West side of the River and encamp'd near a place call'd the Gulph and not an improper name neither, for this Gulph seems well

adapted by its situation to keep us from the pleasures and enjoyments of this World, or being conversant with anybody in it. It is an excellent place to raise the Ideas of a Philosopher beyond the glutted thoughts and Reflexions of an Epicurian. His Reflexions will be as different from the Common Reflexions of Mankind as if he were unconnected with the world, and only conversant with immaterial beings. It cannot be that our Superiors are about to hold consultations with Spirits infinitely beneath their Order, by bringing us into these utmost regions of the Teraqueous Sphere. No, it is, upon consideration for many good purposes since we are to Winter here-
There is plenty of Wood and Water
There are but few families for the soldiery to Steal from - tho' far be it from a Soldier to Steal

There are warm sides of Hill to erect huts on

They will be heavenly Minded like Jonah when in the Belly of a Great Fish

They will not become home Sick as is sometimes the Case when Men live in the Open World - since the reflections which will naturally arise from their present habitation, will lead them into the more noble thoughts of employing their leisure hours in filling their knapsacks with such materials as may be necessary on the Journey to another Home.

December 14

Prisoners and Deserters are continually coming in. The Army which has been surprisngly healthy hitherto, now begins to grow sickly from the continued fatigues they have suffered this Campaign. Yet they still show a spirit of Alacrity and Contentment not to be expected from so young Troops. I am Sick - discontented - and out of humour. Poor food - hard lodging - Cold Weather - fatigue - Nasty Cloaths - nasty Cookery - Vomit half my time - smoak'd out my senses - the Devil's in't - I can't Endure it - Why are we sent here to starve and Freeze - What sweet Felicities have I left at home; A charming Wife - pretty Children - Good Beds - good food - good Cookery - all agreeable - all harmonious. Here all Confusion - smoke and Cold - hunger and filthyness - A pox on my bad luck. There comes a bowl of beef soup - full of burnt leaves and dirt, sickish enough to make a Hector spue - away with it Boys - I'll live like the Chameleon upon Air. Poh! Poh! crys Patience within me - you talk like a fool. Your being sick Covers you mind with a Melancholic Gloom, which makes every thing about you appear gloomy. See the poor Soldier, when in health - with what cheerfulness he meets his foes and encounters every hardship - if barefoot, he labours thro' the Mud and Cold with a Song in his mouth extolling War and Washington - if his food be bad, he eats it notwithstanding with seeming content



THANKSGIVING IN THE GULPH

from the diary of Joseph Plumb Martin

Joseph Plumb Martin was born in western Massachusetts in 1760. His father was a pastor who often got in trouble for speaking his mind too freely. At the age of seven, Joseph was sent to live with his affluent grandfather. When the war started in 1775, Martin was eager to enlist, but he was too young. Many of Martin's friends had enlisted and Martin was under peer pressure to join his friends.

At a time when less than half of all Americans were literate, Joseph "Plumb" Martin, was an exception. Though young and penniless, Private Plumb could read and write. Very well, in fact, having received a free education while growing up in Massachusetts, the most progressive of the colonies.

In June of 1776, at the age of 15, Martin, though wary of a long enlistment, decided "to take a priming before I took upon me the whole coat of paint for a soldier." Thus, much to the chagrin of his grandparents, Martin enlisted for six months as a private in the Connecticut state troops. After serving at the Battles of Brooklyn and White Plains on the side of the Patriots, the farm boy decided not to reenlist in December 1776. But a long winter at home proved too dull for the teenage veteran. He enlisted again in 1777, this time in Washington's Continental army, and served for the duration of the war, seeing action at a number of major battles.

At the age of 70, the venerated veteran then living in Maine published **A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE ADVENTURES, DANGER AND SUFFERING OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, INTERSPERSED WITH ANECDOTES OF INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED WITHIN HIS OWN OBSERVATION.** The book which did not sell particularly well fell into obscurity until rediscovered in the 1960s when it was republished with the title *Private Yankee Doodle*. Martin recorded his observations of the First National Thanksgiving at Gulph Mills.

On December 12, the troops began the move from Whitmarsh to the west bank of the Schuylkill River at Valley Forge. It was a thirteen mile march that was delayed and took eight days.

The troops had crossed the Schuylkill on a wobbly, make-shift bridge in an area called the Gulph. They were forced to bivouac at the Gulph for several days after a snow-storm and several days of icy rain made roads impassable. On December 18, the soaked and miserable troops observed a Day of Thanksgiving declared by Congress for the American victory in October at Saratoga, N.Y.

Private Plumb's journal entry, written on Thanksgiving Day, 1777 was timely and poignant. In plainspoken but penetrating prose, the eighteen-year-old Martin conveyed in stark detail what the common soldier faced, endured, and, sometimes, survived.

While we lay here there was a Continental thanksgiving ordered by Congress; and as the army had all the cause in the world to be particularly thankful, if not for being well off, at least, that it was no worse, we were ordered to participate in it. We had nothing to eat for two or three days previous, except what the trees of the fields and forests afforded us. But we must now have what Congress said, a sumptuous Thanksgiving to close the year of high living we had now nearly seen brought to a close." Our country, ever mindful of its suffering army, opened her sympathizing heart so wide upon this occasion as to give us something to make the world stare. And what do you think it was, reader?" Guess. You cannot guess, be you as much of a Yankee as you will. I will tell you: It gave each and every man half a gill of rice and a table-spoonful of vinegar!" With this extraordinary superabundant donation, we were ordered out to attend a meeting and hear a sermon delivered upon the happy occasion.

We accordingly went, for we could not help it. I heard a sermon, a "thanksgiving sermon", what sort of one I do not know now, nor did I at the time I heard it. I had something else to think upon. My belly put me in remembrance of the fine Thanksgiving dinner I was to partake of when I could get it. Well, we had got through the services of the day and had nothing to do but to return in good order to our tents and fare as we could. As we returned to our camp, we passed by our commissary's quarters. All his stores, consisting of a barrel about two-thirds full of hocks of fresh beef, stood directl in our way, but there was a sentinel guarding even that.

However, one of my messmates purloined a piece of it, four or five pounds perhaps. I was exceeding glad to see him take it; I thoghut it mught help to eke out our Thanksgiving supper, but alas! How soon my expectations were blasted! The sentinel saw him have it as soon as I did and obliged him to return it ot the barel again. So I had nothing esle to do but to go home and meke out my supper as susual, upon a log of nothing and no turnips.

... The army was now not only starved but naked. The greatest part were not only shirtless and barefoot but destitute of all other clothing, especially blankets. I procured a small piece of raw cowhide and made myself a pair of moccasins, which kept my feet (while they lasted) from the frozen ground. Though the hard edges of the moccasins galled my ankles, this was better than going barefoot, as hundreds of my companions had to, till they might be tracked by their blood upon the rough frozen ground.

- blesses God for a good Stomach and Whistles it into digestion. But harkee Patience, a moment - There comes a Soldier, his bare feet are seen thro' his worn out Shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tatter'd remains of an only pair of stockings, his Breeches not sufficient to cover his nakedness, his Shirt hanging in Strings, his hair dishevell'd, his face meagre; his whole appearance pictures a person forsaken and discouraged. He comes, and crys with an air of wretchedness and despair, I am Sick, my feet lame, my legs are sore, my body cover'd with this tormenting Itch - my Cloaths are worn out, my Constitution is broken, my former Activity is exhausted by fatigue, hunger and Cold, I fail fast I shall soon be no more! and all the reward I shall get will be - "Poor Will is dead." People who live at home in Luxury and Ease, quietly possessing their habitations, Enjoying their Wives and families in peace, have but a very faint Idea of the unpleasing sensations, and continual Anxiety the Man endures who is in Camp, and is the husband and parent of an agreeable family. These same People are willing we should suffer every thing for their Benefit and advantage, and yet are the first to Condemn us for not doing more!!

December 15

Quiet. Eat Pessimens, found myself better for their Lenient Operation. Went to a house, poor and small, but good food within - eat too much from being so long Abstemious, thro' want of palatables. Mankind are never truly thankfull for the Benefits of life, until they have experienc'd the want of them. The Man who has seen misery knows best how to enjoy good. He who is always at ease and has enough of the Blessings of common life is an Impotent Judge of the feelings of the unfortunate....

December 16

Cold Rainy Day, Baggage ordered over the Gulph of our Division, which were to march at Ten, but the baggage was order'd back and for the first time since we have been here the Tents were pitch'd, to keep the men more comfortable. Good morning Brother Soldier (says one to another) how are you? All wet I thank'e, hope you are so (says the other). The Enemy have been at Chestnut Hill Opposite to us near our last encampment the other side Schuylkill, made some Ravages, kill'd two of our Horsemen, taken some prisoners. We have done the like by them....

December 18

Universal Thanksgiving - a Roasted pig at Night. God be thanked for my health which I have pretty well recovered. How much better should I feel, were I assured my family were in health. But the same good Being who graciously preserves me, is able to preserve them and bring me to the ardently wish'd for enjoyment of them again

December 21

[Valley Forge.] Preparations are made for huts. Provisions Scarce. Mr. Ellis went homeward - sent a Letter to my Wife. Heartily wish myself at home, my Skin and eyes are almost spoil'd with continual smoke. A general cry thro' the Camp this Evening among the Soldiers, "No Meat! No Meat!" - the Distant vales Echo'd back the melancholy sound - "No Meat! No Meat!" Immitating the noise of Crows and Owls, also, made a part of confused Musick.



What have you for your dinner boys? "Nothing but Fire Cake and Water, Sir." At night, "Gentlemen the Supper is ready." What is your Supper Lads? "Fire Cake and Water, Sir." Very poor beef has been drawn in our Camp the greater part of this season. A Butcher bringing a Quarter of this kind of Beef into Camp one day who had white Buttons on the knees of his breeches, a Soldier cries out - "There, there Tom is some more of your fat Beef, by my soul I can see the Butcher's breeches buttons through it."

December 22

Lay excessive Cold and uncomfortable last Night - my eyes started out from their Orbits like a Rabbit's eyes, occasion'd by a great Cold and Smoke.

Our Division are under Marching Orders this morning. I am ashamed to say it, but I am tempted to steal Fowls if I could find them, or even a whole Hog, for I feel as if I could eat one. But the Impoverish'd Country about us, affords but little matter to employ a Thief, or keep a Clever Fellow in good humour. But why do I talk of hunger and hard usage, when so many in the World have not even fire Cake and Water to eat....

It is not in the power of Philosophy...to convince a man he may be happy and Contented if he will, with a *Hungry Belly*. Give me Food, Cloaths, Wife and Children, kind Heaven! and I'll be as contented as my Nature will permit me to be.

This Evening a Party with two field pieces were order'd out. At 12 of the Clock at Night, Providence sent us a little Mutton, with which we immediately had some Broth made, and a fine Stomach for same. Ye who Eat Pumkin Pie and Roast Turkeys, and yet Curse fortune for using you ill, Curse her no more, least she reduce you Allowance of her favours to a bit of Fire Cake, and a draught of Cold Water, and in Cold Weather too.



The army continued at or near the Gulf for some days, after which we marched for the Valley Forge in order to take up winter quarters. We were now in a truly forlorn condition-no clothing, no provisions and as disheartened as need be.

On arriving at Valley Forge at the start of that famously long winter, Martin wrote: "Our prospect was indeed dreary. In our miserable condition, to go into the wild woods and build us habitations to stay (not to live) in, in such a weak, starved and naked condition, was appalling in the highest degree....But dispersion, I believe, was not thought of, at least, I did not think of it. We had engaged in the defense of our injured country and were willing, nay, we were determined to persevere as long as such hardships were not altogether intolerable..."



GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE FIRST MASS MILITARY INOCULATION

from the John W. Kluge Center at the Library of Congress

George Washington's military genius is undisputed. Yet American independence must be partially attributed to a strategy for which history has given the infamous general little credit: his controversial medical actions. Traditionally, the Battle of Saratoga is credited with tipping the revolutionary scales. Yet the health of the Continental regulars involved in battle was a product of the ambitious initiative Washington began earlier that year at Morristown, close on the heels of the victorious Battle of Princeton. Among the Continental regulars in the American Revolution, 90 percent of deaths were caused by disease, and Variola the small pox virus was the most vicious of them all.

On the 6th of January 1777, George Washington wrote to Dr. William Shippen Jr., ordering him to inoculate all of the forces that came through Philadelphia. He explained that: "Necessity not only authorizes but seems to require the measure, for should the disorder infect the Army . . .

JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON TO JABEZ HUNTINGTON.

Camp VALLEY FORGE 16 JAN^y 1778

Dear Sir,

I have none of your Favours since that of the 1st of last Month.

I shall have some Interest due at the Loan Office this Winter payable in Bills agreeable to Resolve of Congress. I suppose it will be best to dispose of y^e Bills for Money as I imagine they will sell to those who are trading to France with great Discount in favour of the holder. I wish to know whether you can receive the Interest for me without a particular Power for the Purpose. I have forgot the Tenor of the Certificates.

The Troops who have not had the **Small Pox** are to receive the Infection in Camp in a few Days. should any Men be coming this Way, on Business to be done in Camp, twill be necessary they should be those who have had that Distemper.

If Elishalet has made any considerable Collections of

we should have more to dread from it, than from the Sword of the Enemy." The urgency was real. Troops were scarce and encampments had turned into nomadic hospitals of festering disease, deterring further recruitment. Both Benedict Arnold and Benjamin Franklin, after surveying the havoc wreaked by Variola in the Canadian campaign, expressed fears that the virus would be the army's ultimate downfall.

At the time, the practice of infecting the individual with a less-deadly form of the disease was widespread throughout Europe. Most British troops were immune to Variola, giving them an enormous advantage against the vulnerable colonists. Conversely, the history of inoculation in America (beginning with the efforts of the Reverend Cotton Mather in 1720) was pocked by the fear of the contamination potential of the process. Such fears led the Continental Congress to issue a proclamation in 1776 prohibiting Surgeons of the Army to inoculate.

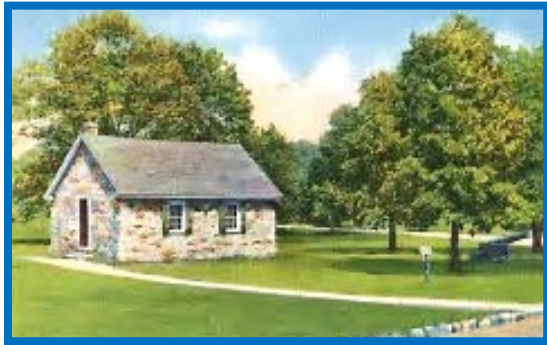
Washington suspected the only available recourse was inoculation, yet contagion risks aside, he knew that a mass inoculation put the entire army in a precarious position should the British hear of his plans. Moreover, Historians estimate that less than a quarter of the Continental Army had ever had the virus; inoculating the remaining three quarters and every new recruit must have seemed daunting. Yet the high prevalence of disease among the army regulars was a significant deterrent to desperately needed recruits, and a dramatic reform was needed to allay their fears.

Weighing the risks, on February 5th of 1777, Washington finally committed to the unpopular policy of mass inoculation by writing to inform Congress of his plan. Throughout February, Washington, with no precedent for the operation he was about to undertake, covertly communicated to his commanding officers, orders to oversee mass inoculations of their troops in the model of Morristown and Philadelphia (Dr. Shippen's Hospital). At least eleven hospitals had been constructed by the year's end.

Variola raged throughout the war, devastating the Native American population and slaves who had chosen to fight for the British in exchange for freedom. Yet the isolated infections that sprung up among Continental regulars during the southern campaign failed to incapacitate a



single regiment. With few surgeons, fewer medical supplies, and no experience, Washington conducted the first mass inoculation of an army at the height of a war that immeasurably transformed the international system. Defeating the British was impressive, but simultaneously taking on Variola was a risky stroke of genius.



The Letitia Penn schoolhouse in Valley Forge served as a camp hospital.



SIX DAYS IN DECEMBER: GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE CONTINENTAL ARMY'S ENCAMPMENT AT REBEL HILL, DECEMBER 13 – 19, 1777

by Sheilah Vance and reprinted with her permission.

My next novel is called *BECOMING VALLEY FORGE* (February 2013). In short, it's about how people in the Valley Forge area reacted when the Revolutionary War came to their backyard. It's also about the different types of people who came together to become a part of and to support the Valley Forge encampment. The novel covers the period from September 11, 1777--the Battle of Brandywine-- to the Paoli Massacre later in September, to the Battle of Germantown in October, to the Valley Forge Encampment, beginning in December, and to the Battle of Barren Hill, on May 20, 1778.

One of the reasons I became interested in writing this novel is because everywhere I've lived in Pennsylvania as a child growing up and since I returned to Pennsylvania in 1984 after graduating from law school, has a connection to Valley Forge and the Revolutionary War

activities called the Philadelphia campaign.

One of the places I've lived has special significance to me and to Valley Forge--it's my home, where I grew up, a place called Rebel Hill. Rebel Hill is part of a larger community called Gulph Mills, and it is a part of Upper Merion Township. It is about six miles southeast of Valley Forge.

Rebel Hill today is a large hill that rises about 400 feet high and that is near the Gulph Mills exit on Rt. 76, the Schuylkill Expressway, about 45 minutes west of Philadelphia. Today, Rebel Hill is just thought of as that street called Rebel Hill Road, where I grew up, and the various streets that intersect it and that are on the Hill. Those streets are Supplee Lane, Lincoln Avenue, Gulph Avenue, and the various streets in the Rebel Hill townhouses at the top of the hill. Rebel Hill Road forms an arch that runs from Matson's Ford Road on one end to Upper Gulph Road on the other.

Growing up, my Mother always told us that George Washington and his army were on Rebel Hill during the Revolutionary War and that the only reason they left the hill to go to Valley Forge was because Rebel Hill was too close to Philadelphia, which the British had captured. As usual, Mom was right. George Washington and his Continental Army came to Rebel Hill and the area surrounding it, called Gulph Mills, or "the Gulf" in Washington's daily journal, on December 13, 1777. They stayed there until the morning of December 19, when the army made its famous march to Valley Forge, past the Hanging Rock, down Gulph Road.

The army was cold, tired, and barely clothed when they got to Rebel Hill. They had just skirmished with the British at the Battle of Whitemarsh on December 11, and they were marching to the Rebel Hill area for what some historians thought would be the army's winter quarters. But, while there, the decision was made to make Valley Forge the winter quarters.

There are several versions of how Rebel Hill got its name. One is that British General Cornwallis, who led the British in the nearby Battle of Whitemarsh, called it Rebel Hill because the British Army found that the hill was full of rebels—or what we call patriots. Another is that it was called Rebel Hill because Continental Army General William Alexander "Lord Stirling" commanded an outpost on the hill during the Valley Forge encampment. While on Rebel Hill, General Lord Stirling stayed at the home of Jonathan Rees. Joining General Stirling on Rebel Hill was his aide-de-camp, James Monroe, who later went on to become the 5th President of the United States. No matter how Rebel Hill got its name, it has a proud history in the founding of this nation. As one historian noted, "These grounds were the threshold to Valley Forge, and the story of that winter—a story of endurance, forbearance, and patriotism which will never grow old—had its beginnings here, at the six days encampment by the old Gulph Mill."





est. 1953

**KING OF PRUSSIA
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**



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A Commitment to Preservation