

# MARYLAND

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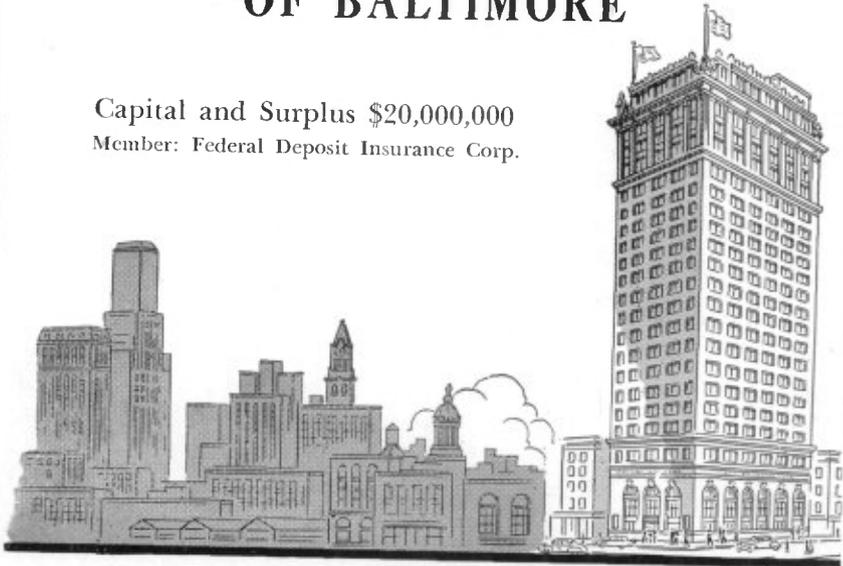
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MARYLAND HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

VOL. 51, No. 2

JUNE, 1956

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Annual Subscription to the Magazine \$4.00. Each issue \$1.00. The Magazine assumes no responsibility for statements or opinions expressed in its pages.

FRANCIS C. HABER, Editor

The Magazine is entered as second class matter, at the post office at Baltimore, Maryland, under Act of August 24, 1912.

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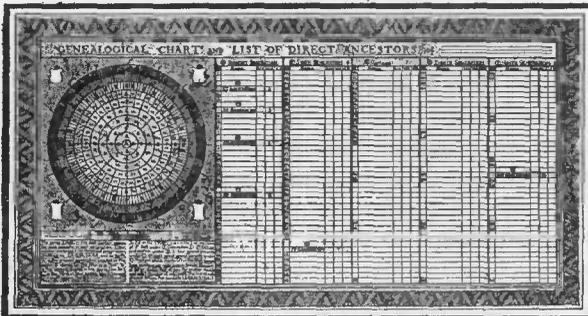
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# MARYLAND HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

*A Quarterly*

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Volume 51

JUNE, 1956

Number 2

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## COUNTERFEITING IN COLONIAL MARYLAND

By KENNETH SCOTT

AS EARLY as 1638 the Maryland Assembly read but did not pass an act making it treason to counterfeit the king's coin.<sup>1</sup> Later, in 1661, when the legislative body provided for the setting up of a mint to strike silver money, it was voted that every offence of clipping, scaling, counterfeiting, washing, or in any way diminishing such coin was to be punishable with death and forfeiture of all lands and goods to the Lord Proprietor,<sup>2</sup> an act which was in 1676 confirmed among the perpetual laws.<sup>3</sup>

The next legislation concerned with counterfeiting was inspired by the activities of Richard Clarke and his followers. On February

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Bacon, *Laws of Maryland at Large* (Annapolis, 1765), 1638, chap. II, 22.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 1661, chap. IV.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 1676, chap. II.

22, 1705, the provincial council, satisfied that "Richard Clarke and Benjamine Celie doe lye out from the Inhabitants and ride armed threatning the Death of Severall of her Majestys good Subjects here and putting the Inhabitants in Terrour of their Lives & Robing their houses," ordered the proclamation of a reward of ten pounds for taking "each or either" of them.<sup>4</sup> Apparently Clarke was to have been seized by the rangers under the command of Lieutenant Charles Beale. The lieutenant, however, was guilty of "mismanagement" and did not do his duty "with any Sort of Discipline or Sence." The council, nevertheless, on April 10, 1705, decided to pass over the lieutenant's failure for the sake of his father, Colonel Beale, but it was ordered that Charles Beale be cautioned "to use more Discretion in the future."

Clarke's companion, Benjamine Celie, was arrested and imprisoned in the jail of Anne Arundel County, from which he broke out, in the company of an Indian and felon, on Sunday, March 25. He was, however, recaptured and by an act of assembly was transported to Barbados. One Humphrye Hernaman was convicted of having aided Celie to escape from jail, and he, too, was transported to Barbados.<sup>6</sup>

At the end of June, 1705, it was discovered that Clarke's success in avoiding the officers of the law was partly due to the help of friends, for one Edward Moriarte admitted he had let Clarke "have horse & boate."<sup>7</sup> For some two years Clarke eluded the authorities and in this period he undertook to counterfeit coin. In a letter written on June 10, 1707, by Governor Seymour to the Lords of Trade is found this paragraph:<sup>8</sup>

Richard Clarke and his prodigall Companions lately sett an Expedient on foote to retrieve Some of their Shatter'd fortunes, and carry on their base designs which was forging and counterfeiting a considerable Quantity of false money like unto peices of the Eight of Spaine and the Dollars of the Low Countrys which they made of pewter glass and other mixt Mettall but the Cheate being presently detected, the Assembly made An Act to punish Such like Offenders, & the Utterers of Such false moneys.

And among those involved in the counterfeiting were doubtless one Harrison and certainly Captain Silvester Welch. On August

<sup>4</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, XXV, 185.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 186-187.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 188, 207.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 190.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 265-266.

12, 1707, Governor Seymour and the members of the provincial council informed Welch that "they have Account of all his Vilanous Transactions and how Often he has harboured and abetted Rich<sup>d</sup> Clarke and of his Coyning of Dolears and how he had entertained him and his Accomplices. And the Revelling at his house & firing pistols on S<sup>t</sup> Stevens day last with Clarke and Harrison."<sup>9</sup>

To cope with such counterfeiting the previously mentioned act of assembly was passed and signed by Governor Seymour on April 15, 1707. It read:<sup>10</sup>

Forasmuch as Diverse Evill Disposed Persons have of late forged and Counterfeited Severall Forreigne Coyns Comonly Received amongst her Maj<sup>ty</sup>s Subjects of this Province for Curr<sup>t</sup> in paym<sup>t</sup> to the great Damage of her Maj<sup>ty</sup>s s<sup>d</sup> Subjects being thereunto Encouraged for th<sup>t</sup> there has not heretofore been any Condigne punishm<sup>t</sup> by Law Pvided for such offenders wherefore & in order to Deterr such Like Offenders for the future from such Evill & pnitious practices:

Be it Enacted by the Queens most Excellent Majesty by and with the advice and Consent of her Maj<sup>ty</sup>s Governour Councill & Assembly and the Authority of the same that if any Pson or Psons after the Publication of this Act falsely forge Counterfeit or Clip any such kind of Coyn of Gold or Silver as is not the Pper Coyn of the Kingdom of England or shall aid assist or Abett any offender or offenders doing the same Either by Concealing them or by any other ways or means Countenance such offenders in their said offences Every such offender his aiders abettors and Countenancers therein for the first offence shall be Whip<sup>t</sup> Pilloured and Crop<sup>t</sup> in both Ears and for the second offence shall be Branded on the Cheek and banished upon due Conviction in any of her Maj<sup>ty</sup>s Courts of Record within this Province.

In 1729, however, the assembly repealed the part of the act relating to clipping, "foreasmuch as such Coins, both of Gold and Silver, do at this Time pass current by Weight, and not by Tale, as heretofore, whereby the Mischiefs of Clipping of Foreign Coins is now in some Measure necessary for the making of Change."<sup>11</sup>

Richard Clarke, whose coining had brought about the passing of the act, made a gesture to yield himself to the authorities, for on January 30, 1707, he wrote a letter to Governor Seymour, which he dropped at David Bell's mill. In it he expressed "a deep sence

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 222.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVII, 144-145 and *Laws of Maryland*, 1707, chap. IV.

<sup>11</sup> *Laws of Maryland*, 1729, chap. II.

of the Horrour and detestation of his Crimes and that he lyes under the Denomination of a Traytor to her Majesty and Offers to Submitt himself to his Excy<sup>s</sup> Mercy." <sup>12</sup> His deeds, unfortunately, did not accord with his words, for on June 10, 1707, Seymour wrote to the Board of Trade in these terms: <sup>13</sup>

Upon a new discovered peice of Villany that Richard Clarke with his Gange of Runaway Rogues had concerted to Seize on our Magazine, and burne this Towne and Port of Annapolis, & then Steale a Vessell and turne pyrates, where they thought it most Feasable: All means having prov'd ineffectual to apprehend and bringe the said Clarke to Justice, The Assembly, for the better Security of the province, and to deterr any from associating with him past An Act to attaint him of high Treason: And this province has already and is Still like to be no little Charge and trouble upon his Account. For altho' he is one of the Greatest of Villains, Yet (especially in this County of Ann Arundell) he has So many neare Relations that Wee find it very difficult to discover his haunts. And what is worse out of a foolish Concept of his being a Stout Fellow, and Country borne, the Natives being now growne up, and most of them in Offices, are very backward, if not altogether unwilling to bring him in, could they conveniently meet with him.

Some of Clarke's friends and associates are known: Joseph Hill, a member of the house of delegates, was expelled "for adhering to, assisting; & corresponding with the said Clarke." <sup>14</sup> Captain Silvester Welch, who told how at about ten o'clock on a Sunday night in July, 1707, in John Jacob's pasture, he "mett with Richard Clarke upon a Lusty Gray Horse" and who stated that Clarke "had a pistoll Stuffd within his Jackett on his left Side a naked Rapier hanging on his wrist & a good lusty Stick," <sup>15</sup> was really one of Clarke's associates. <sup>16</sup> On August 12, 1707, the sheriff brought before the provincial council a certain Richard Snowden, who "tould of his harbouring Entertaining and Concealing Richard Clarke in his house" and who said he was "very sorry for it." Snowden admitted that one Thomas Winter had put Clarke's sails in his house and that several women had visited Clarke at his, Snowden's, home. Finally, he said, "Clarke's wife came and told him that the Sloop was Seized. He immediately rusht out and bad God bless them all and went away." <sup>17</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Archives*, XXV, 236. This letter was read at a meeting of the court at St. James's on Apr. 29, 1707.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 262-263.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 263.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 218-219.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 222.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 221-222.

The government intensified its efforts in the spring of 1708, and, despite such threats as that of William Chew of Baltimore County that there were 300 men in that county who would "stand by" Clarke,<sup>18</sup> the outlaw was taken and brought before the council on March 27, 1708. His confession justified no further consideration and it was not such as to induce the council to seek a royal pardon for him, so on April 3 it was ordered that Clarke, "attainted of high Treason and Fellony," be executed on Friday next.<sup>19</sup>

In 1731, an act was passed, subject to the approval of the Lord Proprietor, for the emission of the first paper bills of credit, to the amount of £36,000. As the approval was not secured, no money was issued.<sup>20</sup> Two years later, however, an act for issuing £90,000 in bills was passed, and it contained a clause providing death without benefit of clergy for counterfeiters, their aiders or abettors, or knowing passers of counterfeits of these bills.<sup>21</sup> The government displayed zeal in protecting this emission, for, on March 19, 1734, Governor Samuel Ogle, in a speech to the upper and lower houses, praised the care Lord Baltimore "has taken to prevent the counterfeiting of our Paper Money," while two days later John Mackall, speaker of the lower house, remarked: "The Difficulty, if not Impossibility, of Counterfeiting these Bills, cannot fail of adding to their real Worth."<sup>22</sup>

The authorities, however, were overly optimistic about their money. At the October term of the provincial court, held in Annapolis in 1734, the jurors presented a certain person unknown, who "did feloniously forge and Counterfeit" five bills of twenty shillings each. At the same time a grand jury also indicted John Malcom, alias Malcolm, late of Charles County, laborer, for having knowingly passed the bills in question on August 27, 1743. Malcom plead not guilty, was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged in Anne Arundel County.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 238.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV, 238, 240.

<sup>20</sup> *Laws of Maryland*, 1731, chap. XXI and *Archives*, XXXVII, 347.

<sup>21</sup> *Laws of Maryland*, 1733, chap. VI; *Archives*, XXXIX, 110; *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Mar. 20, 1735.

<sup>22</sup> *American Weekly Mercury*, April 4, 1734; *Archives*, XXXIX, 144, 145, 153.

<sup>23</sup> Judgments 30 A. E. I. No. 7, 1742-1744. J. J. h. Com., pp. 316-317, Hall of Records, Annapolis; cf. *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Nov. 3, 1743, where in a dispatch from Annapolis, dated Oct. 27, it is stated that in the provincial court two men had been condemned for passing counterfeit money and that the bills were forged with a pen by persons unknown.

In the course of this session the jurors likewise presented a person unknown for counterfeiting four Maryland ten shilling bills and also Robert Basnett, of Anne Arundel County, laborer, for knowingly passing those notes on September 30. Basnett, like Malcom, pleaded not guilty but was convicted and sentenced to die on the gallows.<sup>24</sup> Aaron Liddenburgh (or Lidenburgh) of Queen Anne's County, a schoolmaster, was presently indicted as the counterfeiter of the four bills, and Joseph Elliott, planter, of the same county, was presented as Liddenburgh's aider and abettor. Elliott was released under bail of £200, half of which he provided and half of which was furnished by James Sodler and John Elliott.<sup>25</sup> At the session of court in April, 1744, Elliott appeared, but, when nothing was objected to him, he and his securities were discharged. The schoolmaster, less fortunate, was put on trial, and the witnesses against him were Robert Basnett, Lewis Delaroochbroome, Robert Gordon, Jacob Lusby, Mary Stewart, Charles Basnett, Samuel Blunt and Thomas Spears. Liddenburgh was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.<sup>26</sup> John Malcom had already been executed toward the end of December, 1743.<sup>27</sup>

The death penalty did not deter persons from counterfeiting foreign coin, for the *Maryland Gazette* of March 22, 1749, warned that three sorts of false milled dollars, two dated 1741 and the other 1744, were in circulation. In those dated 1744 in the word VTRAQUE the R and A were too far apart, so that the one word looked like two. In one variety of those dated 1741 the A in HISPAN. was much too small for the rest; in the other type the space where the date was placed was much broader than in true coins, while the left side of the crown on the left hand pillar was directly under the A in VTRAQUE, but in genuine pieces it fell between the R and the A. The bad money was well milled, though the letters were not as well done and regular as in the true ones. There was but two shillings eight pence worth of silver in them and the rest was copper. If a little of the silvered surface were scraped away and the spot then sullied by being rubbed on the short hair of a man's head, the brassy complexion

<sup>24</sup> Judgments, *op. cit.*, pp. 317-318.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 319.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 477-478.

<sup>27</sup> *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Jan. 11, 1744.

would appear. When placed on the end of a finger and struck with a small key, the false coins yielded a shriller sound than the genuine. Several Germans were jailed for coining and passing them but the principal workman fled, presumably with his tools.

The *Maryland Gazette* of October 25, 1749, reported that a man upon whom a plate and some very poorly made counterfeit Maryland bills, unsigned, had been found was in jail in Newcastle. From the November 1 number of the same newspaper<sup>28</sup> it is clear that the prisoner was Joseph Wilson, who, with Isaac Wright, had been brought to Annapolis. Both men, however, were remanded back to Cecil County for trial before a special court of oyer and terminer. Some twenty shilling bills, unsigned, and one signed, had been discovered in Wilson's pocketbook, together with the plate. The few five shilling bills which had been passed were poorly done throughout, especially the motto, in which ED was printed instead of the correct ET. The other denomination, though better executed, revealed the fraud in every line and almost every word.

After a short trial on November 15, when his accomplice, Wright, turned evidence against him, Wilson was convicted and sentenced to death. The plates for both the twenty and five shilling bills had been found, and it appeared that the counterfeiters had passed eight of the five shilling bills but none of the others. Before the sentence had been carried out, on the night of November 17, Wilson broke out of the Cecil County jail at the courthouse on Elk River and made his escape.<sup>29</sup> The following day Thomas Colvill proclaimed a hue and cry after the escaped felon, and Sheriff Michael Earle offered a reward of ten pounds for the fugitive, who was described<sup>30</sup> as remarkably tall, pale, strong-featured and middle-aged. Usually he wore a cap under his hat and he was clothed in a blue coat with a red lining and brass buttons, old red plush breeches, thread stockings and pumps with brass buckles. He was very audacious and talkative and good at many trades, such as those of watchmaker and saddler, but when taken he was a schoolmaster in Newcastle County, Pennsylvania. This old offender, who was well acquainted with most parts of North America, had also been at sea and might pretend to be a sailor, the public was warned.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Nov. 30, 1749.

<sup>29</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Nov. 22, 1749; cf. *New-York Evening Post*, Jan. 8, 1750.

<sup>30</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Nov. 29, 1749.

On March 14, 1750, the *Maryland Gazette* printed the news that Wilson was "again taken up and secured: being among a gang of People in *New Jersey*, where there happened a Fray (a Thing very common in those Parts) it fell to his Lot to get wounded, by which means he was discovered and taken." Wilson, however, again slipped through the fingers of the law and the last heard of him was the report published in the same newspaper of March 28, 1750, that he had "made his Escape out of the Goal of *Bucks County*, in *Pennsylvania*, where he was confined for being concerned in a late Fray."

In mid-August, 1750, Thomas Lee, president of the council of Virginia, issued a proclamation for the arrest of a gang of coiners consisting of a silversmith of Nansemond County, Low Jackson, his brothers, John and James, and one Edward Rumney. Low Jackson was eventually captured, tried, convicted and hanged.<sup>31</sup> Rumney is of interest for this study because he had been a tavern-keeper in Annapolis. He was described as about forty years of age, of a middle size, of a black complexion, and much addicted to playing billiards and gaming. About July 15, 1750, he had ridden away from Virginia towards Maryland on a small gray horse about thirteen hands high, which he valued as a racer. When he left Virginia he wore a fine Janes coat and breeches of a lead color, with gilt buttons; his coat was made frock fashion, with slash sleeves. As a rule he wore a cap, but he also owned a pale bob wig.<sup>32</sup>

On August 20 Lee wrote to Governor Samuel Ogle of Maryland, requesting that proper measures be taken to send back to Virginia Edward Rumney, who was accused of coining, together with Low Jackson, a great number of false double doubloons. Lee added: "It is a Practice of Mischievous Consequence to the Community, and very proper measures here will be taken to Prevent its Progress."<sup>33</sup> The next day Lee sent a second note to Ogle, enclosing all the proclamations and depositions concerned with the affair. "Rumney," he concluded, "is I Suppose gone by Land to Maryland the Jacksons Escaped in a boat in the Night while their house was beset in order to take them."<sup>34</sup> Rumney had been

<sup>31</sup> See Kenneth Scott, "Counterfeiting in Colonial Virginia," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, LXI (1953), 5-10, where the story is given in detail.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 5.

<sup>33</sup> *Archives*, XXVIII, 486.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVIII, 486.

confined in the Annapolis jail on or before September 27, when Governor Ogle ordered Sheriff John Gassaway to deliver the prisoner to the sheriff of Prince George's County, who was to hand over Rumney to one or more magistrates of Virginia.<sup>35</sup> At the same time Ogle dispatched a letter to President Lee to inform him of what had been done and to point out certain doubts and difficulties in the matter. Rumney was in prison in Maryland for debt, and in order that neither the creditors might suffer nor the sheriffs of that province be made liable for the prisoner's debts in case of an escape, Governor Ogle requested the aid of Lee and especially sought that the criminal should be returned to custody in Maryland if by any chance he were acquitted, pardoned or otherwise discharged.<sup>36</sup>

Ogle's misgivings were justified, for sometime before October 20 Rumney broke out of the jail of Fairfax County. The council of Virginia on November 6, 1750, instructed its clerk to write to the justices of that county to enquire how the prisoner managed to escape, and, if they found any person or persons who assisted in the escape, such person or persons were to be apprehended and sent to Williamsburg for prosecution.<sup>37</sup> As there is no record of Rumney's recapture, it is probable that he made good his escape.

Henceforth no counterfeiting is recorded until February 27, 1752, when the *Maryland Gazette* noted that several false pieces of eight, cast with good pewter or hard metal, had appeared but might readily be recognized as false.<sup>38</sup> The next year, as the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of December 6, 1753, informed its readers, a German "Newlander" named Daniel Jeffron was arrested in Philadelphia for passing false Maryland ten shilling bills and was committed to prison. In a chest at his lodgings were found nearly one thousand of them, all numbered with the same number, 4452, but not all signed. Jeffron, who had lived for some years near Frederick, said that the currency was printed in Germany. The

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVIII, 286-287.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVIII, 488.

<sup>37</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Nov. 7, 1750, and *Executive Journals of the Council of Colonial Virginia* (Richmond, 1945), V, 344.

<sup>38</sup> Reprinted in *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Mar. 10, 1752, and *New-York Gazette, revived in the Weekly Post-Boy*, Mar. 16, 1752. It is possible that the coiner was William Kerr (see *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Feb. 11, 25, 1752) or Francis Huff (see *Pennsylvania Gazette*, June 4, 1752). Both were tried and convicted in Philadelphia and sentenced to be set in the pillory and whipped. Kerr also had one ear cut off and was fined.

engraving was not as neatly done as in the true bills and the word *Maryland* was wanting in the paper.<sup>39</sup>

The news of this threat to Maryland currency soon reached Annapolis, where the *Maryland Gazette* of December 20 carried a summary of the notice from the Pennsylvania paper. Jeffron, it appeared, came during the summer of 1753 with a woman confederate from Amsterdam to Broad Bay in New England, where they separated. The woman, it was believed, went to Boston, where it was thought probable that she would offer some of the counterfeit ten shilling bills to those who traded in Maryland.<sup>40</sup> In February, 1754, Jeffron was tried and convicted in the mayor's court in Philadelphia on two indictments. He was whipped twice, once for each indictment, stood one hour in the pillory, to which the tip of his right ear was nailed and then cut off. Next he was brought to Annapolis in April and there committed to jail.<sup>41</sup>

As Governor Sharpe, in a letter written to Calvert on May 11, 1754,<sup>42</sup> explained, Maryland could not take cognizance of Jeffron's action, as the crime had been committed outside the province, while in Pennsylvania he could only be punished as a cheat because he was passing the currency of another province. As a result Sharpe requested legislation to remedy the situation, and in 1754 a law was passed in Maryland making it illegal to counterfeit bills of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and the three lower counties of Delaware, or knowingly to pass such false currency. The law was to be in effect for three years.<sup>43</sup> In May, 1758, the act was continued in force for three years and also extended to cover the bills of Virginia, but it expired on April 24, 1762.<sup>44</sup>

During the summer of 1753 quantities of counterfeit British halfpence were made in Birmingham, England. The authorities soon took drastic measures and prevented their being used in England, whereupon large parcels of the false coins were collected and shipped to the colonies in North America. Their circulation caused concern and distress there, especially in New York.<sup>45</sup> Maryland did not escape this plague, for the *Maryland Gazette*

<sup>39</sup> Reprinted in *New-York Mercury*, Dec. 10, 1753.

<sup>40</sup> *The Boston Weekly News-Letter*, Jan. 3, 1754.

<sup>41</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Mar. 28, April 11, 1754.

<sup>42</sup> *Archives*, VI, 65-66.

<sup>43</sup> *Laws of Maryland*, 1754, chap. IV.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, 1758, chap. III and *Maryland Gazette*, May 18, 1758.

<sup>45</sup> See Kenneth Scott, *Counterfeiting in Colonial New York* (New York, 1953), chap. IX.

of February 28, 1754, commented: "There is nothing more easy to be observed, than that great Numbers of Copper Pence, or English Half pence, are crowding in upon us, and many of them Counterfeits, by which some must sooner or later suffer Loss, in Proportion to the Number they possess." It was proposed to accept good English halfpence at fifteen for a shilling, while, as the newspaper stated, "the bad Ones . . . are not worth Three Pence a Dozen, if any Thing at all." In any event, the annoyance was not of long duration and caused, in Maryland at least, no serious repercussions.

In 1755 and for some years thereafter Maryland was plagued by counterfeit twenty shilling bills, warning of which was first given through a notice inserted in the *Maryland Gazette* of August 21, 1755, by Richard Dorsey, clerk of the paper currency office in Annapolis. In the false bills the strokes in the coat of arms were much coarser, the boots on the fisherman much whiter, the shading strokes much more distant from one another, and the letters in general larger and coarser than in the genuine currency. Furthermore in the counterfeits the motto was hardly intelligible, the letter Y in TWENTY at the top was shallower in the opening and longer in the lower part, there was more white in all the letters of the word TWENTY, the asterism after XX.S at the bottom was much larger, and the paper was both thicker and coarser than in authentic bills. The names of the signers were fairly well executed, but MARYLAND at the bottom of the notes was marked on the back instead of being stamped as in all true bills.

About the time that the above caution appeared, Edward James was committed to the Baltimore jail on the charge of counterfeiting the twenty shilling bills and the first week in September, 1754, was tried at the Baltimore assizes but was acquitted. The authorities intended to have him indicted at the next court for having knowingly passed the money,<sup>46</sup> but there is no record of what transpired.

In September, 1755, a man was imprisoned in Frederick County on a charge of having counterfeited the Pennsylvania ten shilling bills of the emission of August 10, 1739. According to the *Maryland Gazette* of September 25, 1755, these counterfeits were so

<sup>46</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Sept. 4, 11, 1754.

wretchedly done that the fraud might be detected with half an eye, for the crest on the coat of arms looked more like an owl than a demi-lion, the two flowers, one on each side of the coat of arms, resembled apple dumplings more than crowns, while the false bills were pasted on the back to conceal the rose leaf, the sage leaf and the words, *To Counterfeit is DEATH*.

The next year a dispatch from Philadelphia, printed in the *Maryland Gazette* of November 18,<sup>47</sup> warned that counterfeit Maryland twenty shilling and five shilling bills had appeared. The utterers of the higher denomination had cut off the names of the signers from a true small bill, with the figures 48, and pasted them carefully to their counterfeit bills upon a thin piece of paper. The five shilling bills, which were struck from a very badly engraved plate, were not pasted like the twenty shilling notes but had the names of the signers all done by one hand.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of July 21, 1757, described another forgery of the Maryland twenty shilling bills, dated October 1748 and done from a very bad copperplate, while the true bills were most beautifully engraved. In the false notes the S in CRESCITE of the motto appeared to be inverted and the C next to it in the same word was shorter than the other letters.<sup>48</sup>

At about this time or a little later the ten shilling Maryland bills were likewise counterfeited. At the April term of the provincial court held in Annapolis in 1758 Benjamin Stockett of Kent County, a planter, who was charged with passing a false ten shilling note, was released on bail of £200, with two sureties, each in the amount of £100,<sup>49</sup> yet it seems probable that he was never prosecuted. It may be noted that on March 27 of that same year Governor Horatio Sharpe of Maryland sent to Richard Peters, secretary of Pennsylvania, 662 unsigned and 162 signed ten shilling bills of Pennsylvania, all of them counterfeits.<sup>50</sup>

For a few years there is no record of counterfeiting or passing, but, according to the *Maryland Gazette* of September 8, 1763,<sup>51</sup> on the fifth of that month five men appeared in Annapolis who

<sup>47</sup> Cf. Harrold E. Gillingham, *Counterfeiting in Colonial Pennsylvania* (New York, 1939), p. 29.

<sup>48</sup> Reprinted in *Maryland Gazette*, July 28, 1757.

<sup>49</sup> Judgments 43 B. T. 3, 1757-1759, p. 289, Hall of Records.

<sup>50</sup> *Pennsylvania Archives*, First Series, III, 365.

<sup>51</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1763, and *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Oct. 6, 1763. See Kenneth Scott, "Counterfeiting in Colonial Virginia," *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, LXI (1953), 13.

"were very flush" with Virginia paper currency, of which they passed some pounds in five pound, forty shilling and twenty shilling bills, all of which were soon discovered to be false and very indifferently executed. One man took the highway towards Baltimore but the other four set out on the road to Frederick. They were overtaken at a house about eighteen miles from Annapolis at about two or three o'clock in the morning and fled precipitously into the woods. Two of the fugitives left behind them their hats and Indian stockings and all four of their horses. In the saddle of one were found some forty counterfeit Virginia forty shilling bills dated 1762.

The *Maryland Gazette* of June 21, 1763, noted the coming into Patuxent of a steerage passenger, Richard or Richardson, from England in the *Munificence*, commanded by Captain Grundill. He had imported a large quantity of New Jersey six and three shilling bills but "this silly blockhead," as the paper called him, almost as soon as he landed was so lavish with his badly executed bills that he was suspected and was confined in the jail of Calvert County.<sup>52</sup> If the passenger was the Joseph Richardson who later became notorious for his counterfeiting activities,<sup>53</sup> he probably escaped prosecution on this occasion.

Some four years later a new gang of counterfeiters headed by William Depriest (or Dupriest) was discovered by the authorities. The *Maryland Gazette* of September 17, 1767, stated that the eight dollar bills had been forged and that the author of the mischief was taken and lodged in the jail of Charles County, while the next week the newspaper reported that counterfeit Maryland three pound bills had also appeared and that, in addition to the prisoner in Charles County, another counterfeiter had been jailed in Frederick and a third in Virginia.

Michael Rogers, the prisoner in Frederick, who was arrested on September 3, wrote the same day to Joseph Wilcox,<sup>54</sup> informing him that he had been apprehended at Sharpsburgh with a quantity of Maryland money which the authorities claimed was counterfeit. There was, he expected, a gentleman named John Arington at the home of Wilcox who could explain how Rogers came by

<sup>52</sup> Reprinted in Weyman's *New-York Gazette*, July 2, 1764 and *New-York Gazette: or, the Weekly Post-Boy*, July 5, 1764.

<sup>53</sup> Harrold E. Gillingham, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-44.

<sup>54</sup> *Archives*, XXXII, 215.

the money, some of which was unsigned. Wilcox was asked to induce Arington to go to Rogers or otherwise to come himself and fail not on peril of his life.

Depriest, who was probably taken into custody shortly after Rogers, wrote two letters in jail, one of which he signed with his own name and addressed to his wife, Tabitha Depriest, Pittsylvania County, Virginia. He informed her of the "melancholy news" that he was in irons at Frederick and begged her to come to him as soon as possible with all the money she could collect. He proposed that she go first to his friends on Smith's River, then to Amherst County to his brother, to Colonel William Cappel and James Nivils and finally to Captain Thomas Davenport in Cumberland County, who would do more for her than all the rest.<sup>55</sup> In his other letter, addressed to John Vulgamot and signed with the alias of "William Williams," he besought his "dear friend" to come to his aid, as he must find security in the amount of two hundred pounds in order to obtain his release from jail.<sup>56</sup>

The letters of both Rogers and Depriest were intercepted, delivered to Governor Sharpe and laid before the council on October 12, 1767.<sup>57</sup> As for Depriest, when no help arrived, he made, in the presence of Thomas Price, a justice of the peace, a confession,<sup>58</sup> in which he set forth that in May, 1767, Joseph Wilcox and John Cox, both of Frederick County, came to his home on Marrowbone Creek, Smith's River, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, to have him counterfeit the Maryland eight dollar bills, of which they brought a sample. Nathaniel Abney procured the printing types and ink from Williamsburg, David Lyles did the printing and Michael Hill Rogers signed the false bills, of which five hundred were struck. Rogers was to deliver the paper money to William Redman and John Ethrington of Loudoun County, Virginia, who were to pass it. Furthermore Depriest alleged that Rogers, Redman and Ethrington proposed that, in case they could not pass the currency, he should join them in robbing on the highway and in plundering houses on the frontier of Virginia and Maryland, a scheme in which he refused to join them.

A copy of Depriest's confession and the letter addressed to John Vulgamot were sent to the Honorable John Ridout by G.

<sup>55</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXII, 215-216.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXII, 216.

<sup>57</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXII, 215.

<sup>58</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXII, 216.

Scott, probably the sheriff, who in an accompanying note stated that efforts had been made to apprehend the rest of the gang, in consequence of which John Cox had been committed to jail. Since the number of confederates was large, it was feared that they might try to set free their accomplices who were in custody. The note closed with a request for permission to order a guard on the prison at night, "for," he explained, "without orders from his Excellency to that purpose I find the People will not comply."<sup>59</sup> Scott's request was acted upon favorably by the provincial council, and on October 12 a warrant was issued to the sheriff of Frederick County to deliver Depriest and Cox to the sheriff of Anne Arundel County, who was to lodge the prisoners in his jail.<sup>60</sup>

Governor Sharpe on October 30 wrote to Governor Fauquier of Virginia about Depriest's arrest and confession in which Depriest gave "an Account of several Persons in the Western Parts of Virginia that were concerned in the Scheme & who are reported to have counterfeited & passed considerable sums in Virginia." Sharpe enclosed a copy of the confession and of Depriest's letter to his wife, Tabitha, "which will shew what People he is connected with there & perhaps will lead to a Discovery of other Crimes." Sharpe added that Depriest and Cox had been brought to Annapolis but would be remanded in April to Frederick County assizes. He questioned whether there would be sufficient evidence to convict them, however, and asked, "should any discoveries be made in the mean time that subject them to punishment in Virginia you will be pleased to give me timely Notice that an Order might issue for their being delivered up to a Virginia Officer."<sup>61</sup>

A dispatch from Williamsburg, Virginia, dated October 22, which was published in the *Maryland Gazette* of November 19, gave further information about the affair. "Col. Terry," it read, "from Halifax County, informs, that some Time in August last, a Man was taken up, and committed to their Goal, who, upon Examination, confessed himself one of Depriests Gang, and that he, with others, guarded the said Depriest, until he had struck £80,000 Maryland Currency, the Bills mostly of the Dollar Denomination. And some Gentlemen, now in Town, inform, that Depriest himself is now apprehended, and committed to Frederick County Jail in Maryland." Very likely the man taken up in Hali-

<sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXII, 216-217.    <sup>60</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXII, 217-218.    <sup>61</sup> *Ibid.*, XIV, 426-427.

fax County was sent to Williamsburg for trial and was the James Golding, from Loudoun, who was committed to the jail in Williamsburg on October 30 "for passing bad money" and received sentence in November.<sup>62</sup>

Depriest apparently took his own life. The *Maryland Gazette* of March 17, 1768, reported his death in jail in Annapolis on Saturday morning, March 12, and added: "'tis supposed he has been, for some Years, an eminent Artist in that Species of Villainy, as 'tis alleged he counterfeited the Paper Currency of *Virginia* and *Carolina*.—It is generally thought he took a Dose of Laudanum, as he slept from the Tuesday preceding his Death, to the Time above-mentioned." Presumably his other accomplices were not prosecuted, for lack of conclusive evidence.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of March 3, 1768, cautioned the public to beware of the sixth part of a Maryland dollar altered to six dollars. Attempts had been made to pass such altered bills, which, however, were so very poorly made that they might be detected at first sight. The word *One*, the letters *th* in *Sixth* and the words *of a* were erased throughout the bill, while the letter *s* was pasted to the word *Dollar*. On the back of the bill in the words *equal to 9d. Sterling*, there was an unintelligible mark for 27s.<sup>63</sup>

In addition, the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of June 2, 1768, warned the public to beware of counterfeit eight dollar Maryland bills, which in general were fairly well imitated. The counterfeits, however, were not done with printing types, as the true bills were, and the arms and ornaments were not as neatly finished as in the genuine. Further, the false currency was printed on double paper, while the true was on single paper.

Again, on August 31 of the following year, the *Maryland Gazette* reported that some eight dollar bills, supposed to be the work of the late Dupriest, had recently been passed and advised the public to beware, even though the notes were very badly executed. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of May 3, 1770, added a further warning about counterfeit Maryland eight dollar bills, dated January 1, 1767, which were passing in Philadelphia. They were badly cut on copperplate; neither the arms nor the ornaments were as plain as in the true bills and the letters were very irregular,

<sup>62</sup> *Virginia Gazette* (Purdie & Dixon), Nov. 12, 1767.

<sup>63</sup> *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Mar. 13, 1768.

so that with a little inspection the false ones might be readily detected.

By this time there were many hundreds of counterfeiters at work in the British colonies in America, and the situation was made worse by the transportation of convicts. The *Maryland Gazette* of December 6, 1770, noted the arrival from London of the *Trotman*, commanded by Captain Blickenden, with convicted coiners on board and commented that within a short time after their landing some poorly made counterfeit dollars and a false shilling were passed.

At the April, 1773, term of the provincial court held in Annapolis a certain John Brown was presented "for counterfeiting money," and his case appears on the criminal docket of that court for the September terms in 1773, 1774 and 1775,<sup>64</sup> after which there is no further record of his case. At the same April, 1773, term, John Lampley was presented for keeping a disorderly house, selling liquors and passing a counterfeit bill of six dollars. His case appears on the criminal docket of the September, 1773, term of the court with the annotation "tryed in the County Court."<sup>65</sup>

Early in June, 1773, counterfeit Maryland one dollar bills, done on copperplate and dated March 1, 1770, were circulating in Philadelphia. One caution stated that they were badly cut, that the letters, both on the face and back of the bill, stood very irregular, and that the whole was so badly made that anyone acquainted with printing letters could scarcely be deceived by them.<sup>66</sup> Another description of the bills noted that the borders and letters were "much blacker and broader faced, and the paper whiter, thinner, and smoother than the true ones; . . . and the signers names wrote much stiffer."<sup>67</sup>

The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of June 25, 1773,<sup>68</sup> informed its readers that two men, lately arrived from Ireland, had been arrested at Potts Grove and committed to jail in Philadelphia for attempting to pass counterfeit Maryland eight dollar bills. Eighty of these were found upon them, and a search of their chests on the ship that brought them produced 847 more such notes. The

<sup>64</sup> Judgments 63 D. D. No. 19, 1773-1774, pp. 161, 496; Judgments 63A D. D. No. 20, 1774-1776, pp. 111, 419, Hall of Records.

<sup>65</sup> Judgments 63, *op. cit.*, pp. 161, 497.

<sup>66</sup> *Pennsylvania Gazette*, July 9, 1773, and *Maryland Gazette*, June 24, 1773.

<sup>67</sup> *Virginia Gazette* (Rind), July 1, 1773.

<sup>68</sup> Reprinted in *Maryland Gazette*, July 8, 1773.

bills were dated March 1, 1770, and their faces were done with printing types but the arms and ornaments from a copperplate. The backs were very badly executed, the paper was thinner, and the words, Anno Domini, in old English print, were larger than in the true currency.

Early in July one of these two men, Kelly, died of fever in the Philadelphia jail, and at the time his comrade was so ill that it was expected that he would escape the gallows in the same manner as Kelly.<sup>69</sup>

Some, at least, of the counterfeit Maryland bills may have come from the press of Samuel Ford, of Hanover in Morris County, New Jersey. He was arrested in July, 1773, but broke out of jail and made his escape in spite of the energetic pursuit which ensued and the rewards for his capture which amounted to £750.<sup>70</sup> On September 3, 1773, a strict search for printing material was made in the swamp where Ford had kept his presses, and a set of plates for printing the currency of Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York was found, along with types and other materials for counterfeiting the bills of each province.<sup>71</sup> Ford eventually settled in what is now West Virginia and under the name of Baldwin carried on the trade of silversmith.<sup>72</sup>

Maryland had taken measures to protect its paper money by imposing the death penalty for counterfeiting or for passing counterfeits.<sup>73</sup> It had also provided in 1754 and 1758 to make it a penal offence to counterfeit or to pass forged bills of certain other provinces. Finally, in 1773, the assembly passed an act, to be in effect for five years, providing the death penalty without benefit of clergy for all who should prepare, engrave, stamp, print or cause to be so counterfeited or who should pass forged or altered paper bills of any British colony in America. The preface of the act pointed out that evil persons were thought lately to have established presses in some of the colonies for preparing counterfeits

<sup>69</sup> A Philadelphia dispatch, dated July 14, in *New-York Journal; or the General Advertiser*, July 22, 1773, *Massachusetts Gazette*; and the *Boston Weekly News-Letter*, July 29, 1773.

<sup>70</sup> See Kenneth Scott, *Counterfeiting in Colonial New York*, chap. XIV.

<sup>71</sup> *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1773.

<sup>72</sup> Andrew M. Sherman, *Historic Morristown, New Jersey* (Morristown, 1905), pp. 136-137, and Joseph F. Tuttle, *The Early History of Morris County, New Jersey* (Newark, 1870), p. 32.

<sup>73</sup> *Laws of Maryland, 1773* (Annapolis, 1787), chap. XXVI; provisions against counterfeiting in the Act of 1769, chap. XIV, were also adopted in 1773.

of the currency of others, in order that the forged paper might be put into circulation with greater facility and more security to the offenders. It seemed reasonable, therefore, that neighboring provinces, having intercourse in trade, should provide against the debasing of their medium of commerce.<sup>74</sup>

In Philadelphia in March, 1774, the public were cautioned that false Maryland dollar bills were passing. They were dated March 1, 1770, badly cut on copperplate, and printed on a paper which was much smoother and thinner than that used for the genuine bills.<sup>75</sup> In January of the next year counterfeit Maryland eight dollar bills, dated April 10, 1774, were also circulating in that city. They appeared blacker than the true notes and were said to be so badly done that they might be easily detected.<sup>76</sup>

Shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution a plan to forge one of the Maryland bills was afoot abroad. The *Virginia Gazette* (Pinkney) of June 1, 1775, printed the copy of a letter signed Britannophilus sent from Germany to John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London. The mayor had given the copy of it to Arthur Lee, who, apparently, on March 22, 1775, sent it off from London to America. It read in part:

I live in a great city in Germany. Some weeks ago a printer came to me, and shewed two bank notes [i. e. bills of credit] (not knowing the language, nor the contents) which two foreigners brought to him, to re-print them exactly: I found the one to be a bank note of *Annapolis*, in Maryland, and the other of *Pennsylvania*, of 50 and of 5 shillings, both of 1774. I was surprised, and told the printer he should not at all meddle with the rascals who brought these papers. Afterwards I heard that they have been at two engravers, to get two others counterfeited, and they refused likewise. But as I do not doubt they will find out, in another town, some ignorant or hungry engraver, or printer, I beg your lordship to communicate these contents of my letter to the public, in the *London Chronicle*, to prevent any mischief and imposition on the honest Americans, vexed not only by taxes, but also by bad bank notes. It will give me great pleasure to read in this paper my notice, to frustrate the designs of these impostors.

The immediate threat, however, to the paper currency was to come not from German engravers and printers but rather from the British government itself, for on or before January 6, 1776, a

<sup>74</sup> *Ibid.*, 1773, chap. V.

<sup>75</sup> *Maryland Gazette*, Mar. 24, 1774. The dispatch from Philadelphia is dated Mar. 14.

<sup>76</sup> *Ibid.*, Jan. 19, 1775. The Philadelphia dispatch bears the date of Jan. 9.

printing press on board H.M.S. *Phoenix* in New York harbor was turning out counterfeit bills of the Continental Congress and in April, 1777, a notice appeared in a newspaper in New York that counterfeits could be purchased for the price of the paper. The notes of both congress and the individual states were forged by ordinary criminals and at the same time by the British, who found in the Tories ready passers. Unquestionably, counterfeiting contributed in no small degree to the tremendous depreciation of the American currency, which fell so greatly that George Washington wrote to John Jay that "a wagon-load of money will scarcely purchase a wagon-load of provisions."

## A CHILDHOOD AT CLYNMALIRA

By HARRIET WINCHESTER JONES

*The recollections of which Mrs. J. Sparhawk Jones (Harriet Sterett Winchester) writes in her "Memoir" reach back to a vanished age and form an important social document as well as a sprightly and charming narrative. In the series of articles devoted to Maryland houses in this magazine the "Memoir" helps to round out the picture of life on a great plantation. We are indebted to her daughter, Mrs. Bayard Turnbull, one of the descendants for whom the "Memoir" was written, for making it available, and also for the introduction which follows. A few passages have been omitted, and a few minor corrections made, but the original manuscript has been closely followed in all other respects.*

Editor

\* \* \*

The tract of land on which Clynmalira house stands once consisted of five thousand acres, surveyed in 1705 for Charles Carroll, attorney general of the Province of Maryland. The house was built in 1822 by Henry Carroll, great-great-grandson of Charles, who was then living a few miles distant at Sweet Air and must have decided that he needed more space for his growing family. He chose as its location, perhaps because of a great and never failing spring and well-watered fields, a high ridge looking in all directions across a rolling landscape to distant hills, and this became the center of his family's life till 1892. Two generations of children, to the second of which my mother belonged, grew up there and never ceased to think and speak of it as home. It stands on the east side of what is now called Carroll Road, near Phoenix, Baltimore County, and was built of cream colored brick burnt on the place and timbers sawed from the surrounding woods. It was gracefully proportioned, with a lovely recessed entrance porch facing north and terraces sloping to fields and pastures on the south. Slave quarters, barns, and outbuildings lay farther to the east. My mother wrote once, "It was not only the house, but all that it overlooked that was loved—the distant sky line toward

the south, the hills coming around toward the north, the way the shadows fell across the lawn at moonlight, the large sense of home, boundless home, *our earth.*"

Since passing out of the hands of the Carrolls in 1892, it has had a long succession of owners and has suffered many alterations inside and out—among the principal ones, a frame addition which destroyed its original symmetry and a large, open, tiled porch. It is now painted white, and only vestiges of the old trees, the old terraces, the old roads, and the Clynmalira that once was, remain.

MARGARET CARROLL TURNBULL

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### MEMOIR

The mind sits miser in its shell  
 And hoards its stuffs of little worth:  
 The innocent dream in upward flight  
 That time has hawked; the unclaimed love  
 That never spent its warmth and light,  
 Far better trodden in wet earth  
 Than kept for treasure; and grief for what  
 The knuckled hand can never wrench  
 From yesterday. What meagre store  
 The mind selects to hide away  
 As rarity from all the rich  
 Year's gifts! Here is not sustenance  
 Enough for moth or mouse: no more  
 Than what the heart could never own,  
 Than what the hand could never stay.<sup>1</sup>

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE.

I have wished a hundred times that my great-grandmother, Sarah Rogers Carroll of Sweet Air<sup>2</sup> and Clynmalira<sup>3</sup> (she was of

<sup>1</sup> "The Mind Sits Miser, *The Yale Review*, n. s. XXIV (March, 1935), 576. Also reprinted in *Literary Digest* (April 20, 1935), p. 35. Copyrighted by *The Yale Review*, Yale University Press. Quoted with permission.

<sup>2</sup> See Ronald T. Abercrombie, "'Sweet Air' or 'Quinn,' Baltimore County," *Md. Hist. Mag.* XXXVIII (1943), 19-36.

<sup>3</sup> The following is the copy of a letter by Frederick John O'Carroll, A. B., author of "Stemmata Carrollana," in reply to an inquiry as to whether he could throw any light on the origin of the name "Clynmalira." It was dated Foxboro, Bray Co. Wicklow, Ireland, Dec. 29, 1904:

"I am of the opinion that I can with some confidence give you the origin of the name. I think it is a commemorative translation of Clanmalier, the territory in former times of the O'Dempsys, and over which doubtless in some period the O'Carrolls held sway. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that Clanmalier

the same family as the Rogers of Druid Hill <sup>4</sup>—1770-1833) had written the story of her life, her memories of other times and the traditions that had been handed on to her, for our interest and information. Many facts have become too dim now to be discernible. Much private history has been lost just from lack of recorded yesterdays.

I have had from my early childhood a great curiosity concerning our past, how life was conducted inside the family border a hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred years ago, and how things came to be as they were. I have even wanted to know how rooms were furnished in Sweet Air House, from whence possessions were gathered, and their history. For things have a way of out-lasting us and, if they could speak, would have tales to tell. That is the reason why they seem half human and why we grow to have a tender feeling for them.

Some day I may become a great-grandmother, and for that reason I am going to set down a few facts my great-grandchildren may care to know, sketch in a few portraits, draw a few pictures of the little world that was mine once upon a time. If I use the personal pronoun often, I hope they will forgive the seeming egotism, and think of me only as a watch tower with loopholes, from which a country side is viewed, and that has to be referred to.

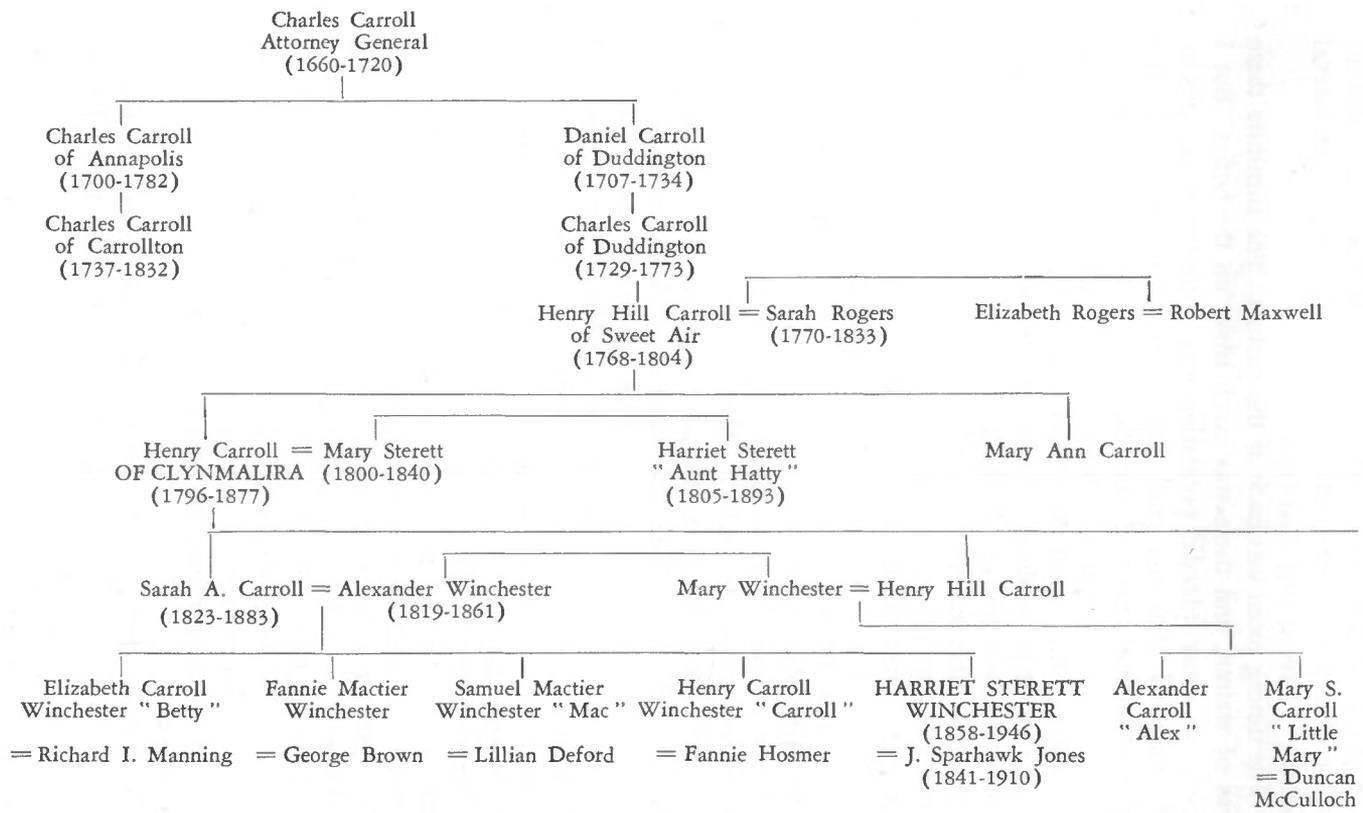
My great-grandmother Carroll died twenty-five years before I was born, but her name and personality were rooted in the land about me and beyond where I could look. She was therefore more of a real person to me than my great-grandmother Winchester, who had lived her life at "Purlevant" on far away Kent Island down the Chesapeake, and concerning whom I had no story and no living link, my grandfather Winchester having died in 1854 and my father when I was only two and a half years old. But on Clynmalira lands Sarah Carroll had been driven when a young widow by her negro coachman in scarlet livery, overseeing the estate she held in trust for her two children, Mary (born 1793) and Henry (born 1796). Those unchanging hills she had known,

immediately adjoins Dy Regan which was the habitat of the O'Dunnes, and after which the estate of Doughoregan belonging to the Carrollton family was called. Both these territories adjoin that part of Ely O'Carroll in which the family of Litterluna was settled."

<sup>4</sup> See Edith Rossiter Bevan, "Druid Hill, Country Seat of the Rogers and Buchanan Families," *Md. Hist. Mag.*, XLIV (1949), 190-199.

and they were "the hills of home" for my double first cousin, Mary Sterett Carroll, for my brother Carroll Winchester, and for me. We loved them with intensity. We knew the banks of every stream that flowed between them, and every great chestnut tree on their tops—trees that have now disappeared from field and fence row in the Atlantic States, noble trees, generous trees that gave glad hours to hundreds of American children for generations.

But now I will turn back and begin at my beginning. I was born in Baltimore on Mount Vernon Place, second door from the corner of Cathedral Street, north side, December 18th, 1858, the only child of my parents born there, the other four having come when they were living on St. Paul Street. To this hour I hold in mind every room and passage in that house from the attic to the kitchen. I remember how the rooms were furnished. I remember the yard, and what grew in it, the one big tree at the far end where I thought the baby was rocked that I was sung to about. There was a shrub out there that had a yellow bloom growing close to the stem. It was called a Dutch rose, though I know now it had no relation to a rose. I mention it because it was the first flower I can recall. It was a poor thing, however, and I was not attached to it. Indeed, to be perfectly truthful, I was not attached to any portion of that house inside or out. I felt cribbed and confined by it though it was so ample in its proportions; I felt lonely and apart in it. It was owned by my grandfather Carroll, but my parents lived in it and my father furnished it. He was thought to have beautiful taste, and though the 1850's may not have been the best period for expressing it, I remember the lines of our rosewood as more simple and graceful, its ornament more controlled, than any I have seen since. Even the large mantel mirrors were free from elaborate decoration. In the two drawing rooms the carpets were of soft velvet with large bunches of roses for pattern, and the oil paintings, though copies, gave warmth to the high walls. It was the gas jet era, with gilded chandeliers and sealed fireplaces. The library was at the top of the first flight of steps. In there it amused me to look at old copies of the *Illustrated London News* with pictures of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort when they were driving around Paris with Napoleon III and his Empress. Also a book



SOME FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS OF MRS. J. SPARHAWK JONES

of engravings, *The Castles and Abbeys of England*, fascinated me and probably was responsible for my early love of mediaeval history. I have it still, that book.

The dining room was back of the parlors. The furniture there was of walnut, and there was much silver on the buffet. But I think our most splendid possession was a double dinner service of enameled blue and gold from China that my grandfather Winchester had imported years before. I have heard he liked to say, "When my wife (Frances Mactier) entered my home as its mistress, she found everything in order to receive her even to pins in the pin cushion." Certainly she must have been pleased with that dinner service and the Winchester silver. I will say here that my brother Carroll inherited the china, and that it is now scattered; that my Aunt Mary Winchester Carroll inherited the silver (tea service), and that it is still intact in her line, but that all the furniture in my first home perished in two fires later. Much of it was in storage at the time of the great Baltimore fire and went then. My brother owned it.

But what was the human side of the first home I can remember? There was my small, perfectly formed and lovely mother, with the lovely line to her nose, and dark gray-blue eyes. She was the first born of nine children that came in quick succession at Clynmalira and when she grew up had the choice of many suitors, but I never heard her say she had been in love but with one, Alexander Winchester, tall, with straight features, a sense of humor, and a lover of music, adored by his sisters and trusted eventually by his father-in-law whose advisor he became. . . .

My mother's wedding, April 15th, 1845, was something of a fairy tale as told to me in my childhood. The festivities lasted a week, and the time was full of merrymaking and colour. Every room at Clynmalira was packed. Beds were even set up in the carriage house loft, and guests from the city came and went. Baltimore's chief confectioner, Lemar, came out and served up dainty dishes, drives were taken over the rough roads, and fiddlers fiddled. Even nature took part in the gayeties, for on the 15th of April that year shrubs came into bloom three weeks in advance of time.

My earliest memory of my mother was when she was in mourning for my father. He died in that fateful April, 1861. I have

one memory of him, no more. He was lying on his bed, and I was in my nurse's arms in front of the mantel opposite. It may be that he was dead. Mourning was deep and long then, and as a very little child I was conscious of sadness near me. I must have felt it in my mother, for there was plenty of young life about—turbulent young life in my brothers Mac and Carroll. They were older than I, one by eight years, the other by three. Each had a dozen companions around as many corners to keep him company. My sisters, Betty and Fanny Winchester, were older still than my brothers. They were my seniors by thirteen and eleven years and were just grown in 1864, at least Betty was. They were very beautiful girls and naturally filled the foreground. I have pictures in my mind of voluminous tarlatans, flowing organdies, bright ribbons, round bouquets of camellias and rosebuds framed in by circles of paper lace, and of Baltimore beaux and belles of the period, with the occasional appearance of some young man attached to a legation in Washington. Kirkpatric was one of them—homely, I have been told, but exceedingly well connected. He fell madly in love with Betty and urged her again and again to become his wife. "I would like you to meet our Queen," he said, "that she may see what beautiful women grow in America." To the very last hour before he sailed for his next post, Spain, he tried to win her. But she saw the union as impossible. There was already about her more of spirit than substance, and she was not in love.

There was much talk of dinners and Germans in our house in 1864-5. I watched my sisters dressing before mirrors that reflected them from waterfalls to slippers, and it was about this time that a children's ball was given by Mrs. White, our next door neighbor, who was a sister of Charles Ridgely of Hampton. Her eldest son, Henry White, went into our diplomatic service; her son by her second marriage to Thomas Buckler, Willie Buckler, is still living, and he and his English wife are great favorites when they visit Baltimore. They make their home in England.<sup>5</sup> I was

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Thomas H. Buckler (1812-1901) married Mrs. Eliza Ridgely White (1828-1894), widow of John Campbell White and daughter of John Ridgely of Hampton, in 1865. Henry White (1850-1927) was the secretary to the American Legation at London for many years, was Ambassador to Italy and France and held many other important positions. See Allan Nevins, *Henry White: Thirty Years of American Diplomacy* (1930). Willie Buckler, Dr. William Hepburn Buckler

invited to that children's ball, but firmly declined to go. Why? I do not know. I looked with delight, however, upon my sister Fanny, sixteen, when she was dressed in scarlet and white to attend it. Carroll, a handsome little dog, went as a Scotch Highlander. I have a picture of him in that costume still. If I did not go to the party I enjoyed having a hand in the creation of pretty things. In the nursery, turned into a sewing room, I threaded needles—dozens and dozens of needles that stitched fluffy skirts, all puffs and flounces that girls wore then. Hundreds of pins got scattered about the floor, and Carroll and I would crawl around on our hands and knees and gather them into little bundles to send out to Mammy Rose at Clynmalira. They were lawful gleanings and an expression of our affection and respect for that old negress. Clynmalira must have been well set in our minds by that time as a paradise occasionally obtainable. We spent our summers there. Knowing those ample spaces made Mount Vernon Square and our own back yard seem limited.

There were four servants in our house: my nurse Ann Collins; Margaret Joseph, superior, Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian; Robert Dennis, our negro waiter, ever faithful and greatly trusted, but of whom we children stood a little in awe; and old Eve Clark, our cook, who once gave me two little china vases about four inches high that then sold for a penny each, but now are collected. It was to the latter in the Spring of 1864 that I confided a great fact. "Eve," I said, "I am going to the country on the three o'clock train." I walked up and down the kitchen repeating, "I am going to the country with Aunt Hatty on the three o'clock train!" I walked up and down singing it. The words stood for liberation and adventure. Gone would be the city streets. No more would the heads of Juno and vine-crowned Ariadne, standing sentinel in the hall, frighten the wits out of me when I ran past them on an errand. Their sightless cold marble eyes were for me the eyes of death.

What of farewells, what of my arrival at my grandfather Carroll's door? I do not recall. I next find myself under a snowball

(1867-1952), professor at the Johns Hopkins and Oxford Universities, was a world recognized archaeologist and historian. His wife, Mrs. Georgina Walrond Buckler, was a noted scholar in her own right and was decorated by King George V as a commander of the Order of the British Empire for her services in World War I. She died in 1953.



HARRIET WINCHESTER JONES  
Photograph taken about 1912



FANNIE MACTIER WINCHESTER BROWN  
(Mrs. George Brown)  
Sister of Harriet Winchester Jones



HARRIET WINCHESTER JONES  
as a child



SARAH CARPOLL WINCHESTER  
Mother of Harriet Winchester Jones



REAR VIEW OF CLYNMALIRA HOUSE

WITH ADDITIONS MADE AFTER 1892.



BARNs AT CLYNMALIRA

*Photographs by Frances B. Johnston  
Courtesy of Library of Congress*

tree on the first garden terrace with colored Rose, Mammy Rose's granddaughter, a clever and amusing little mulatto, and my senior by a few years. Then I am in the outer attic sitting in a great basket of many colored wools, and then and there one delight succeeds another, and blends and fades, and new forms come to light. I am established, I am at home in my henceforth beloved Clynmalira, with its broad lands, meadows, hills, roads and streams; with its wheat barn and hay barns, its cow stable, horse stable, mule stable and steer stable, piggery, smoke house and dairy, carriage house and icehouse, each with its distinct odor. Especially has the carriage house loft its own peculiar smell, for there hung herbs and okra, and red peppers and other pods with seeds drying in them, and there stood a huge spinning wheel, once kept whirling by Mammy Tan. But that was before my day. I do, however, have memories of flails, and cradles swung in unison in wheat fields.

I do not think my mother had any idea when I left the city that spring afternoon in 1864 that she was sending me to the country for more than the summer. I had been sick, and Dr. Buckler advised the change. As it turned out, I spent twelve radiant years there.

I found in my adopted home, beside my great Aunt Harriet Sterett in whose care I was, and for whom I was named (she was grandmother Carroll's younger sister), my grandfather, Henry Carroll, my uncle, Henry Hill Carroll, and Aunt Mary, his wife, my father's sister. At that time they had but one child, "Little Mary" of the golden locks, my double first cousin, who became my sister-friend. It could not have been otherwise; we grew up side by side, and only two and a half years divided us in time. Today we are rich in the same memories—what have been called "rare and delightful melancholies."

Clynmalira, only twenty miles out from town, and two and a half miles from the station, was, owing to the slowness of the trains and the roughness of the roads, double that distance then; so, going to town was an event and not frequently undertaken. When Aunt Hatty and I did go in, it was to see my mother, and members of the family, and to shop. What funny little shops they were! Simon's on Howard Street, Miss Martha Cowman's on Lexington Street and Mrs. Broadbent's on Charles. Old

customers were old friends. The early rising made the start for town exciting. In winter, when dressed, I would stand at the east window in Aunt Hatty's room and watch for the rising of the sun, watch too, on the far horizon, the Conestoga wagons creep along the Old York Road. Where did they come from? Whither were they bound?

Events were moving in my city home in 1866. My sisters were about to marry—Betty, to Major Richard Irving Manning of South Carolina, oldest son, by his first marriage, of old Governor Manning of that State. Dark and handsome, he had all the glamour about him of the Lost Cause. He had been on General Joe Johnson's staff during the war. Fanny's wedding came first by three days. She married George Brown of "Brooklandwood" in the Green Spring Valley. The bride was eighteen and the groom twenty-one. A dark bride, the sugar bride on her wedding cake was dark. It was all a magic scene for a child of eight. Mrs. Alexander Brown, my sister's mother-in-law, gowned in blue satin with flounces of point lace, the pretty bridesmaids, the groomsmen, the feast below stairs (my mother had moved now from the square, across to Cathedral Street) and our supremely beautiful Betty as she looked that day. I can remember her dress, a white organdie, bordered with puffs run through with blue ribbon, a long lace cape lined with blue, and dull gold beads wound round her gold-brown hair. Years later there were those who would speak of her beauty then as they would of some great event of other days. Thirteen months later, the day before her twenty-second birthday, she lay dead, and camellias, those white waxen flowers that had gone with her to so many balls, rested under her still white hands. Dick Manning continued to make his home with my mother for the succeeding eleven years. I loved him as a brother, and he was one of us.

It was at this time, the Autumn of '67, some two months before Betty's death, that I began to hear my elders speak of a young man, just out of Princeton Seminary, who had come to be assistant to Dr. Backus<sup>6</sup> at the First Presbyterian Church, my mother's church. His name was John Sparhawk Jones, and his preaching was taking the town by storm; a new manner, a new voice, and

<sup>6</sup> Rev. John C. Backus (1811-1884) was appointed Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in 1836.

though his sermons were scholarly, they were at the same time lighted by flashes of humor. It was said that he was shy, and not very easy to approach. My mother never met him, and at the end of three winters he was called to the new church on Park Avenue that old Mrs. George Brown had built as a memorial to her husband. The Church was spoken of as "way out Park Ave." "Way out" meant about a mile from Franklin Street. We all drove there the day the Church was dedicated in 1870, and at the same time John Sparhawk Jones was ordained to the full ministry. I remember his thick, rather tumbled, wavy auburn hair, dark eyes, set with a slight suggestion of a tilt downwards, and the remarkable mobility of his countenance. His vigorous manner and rapid utterance were in marked contrast to Dr. Backus's pulpit manner that one of his parishioners described as "so confidential." But Dr. Backus was beautiful! Indeed, he would have probably been picked out of any gathering and named as the most remarkable man present. He was a highbred gentleman, strong in Presbytery, a church builder, admired and loved by his people, and he had the respect of the town. Men at the Maryland Club used to say they felt like rising and lifting their hats when Dr. Backus passed down the street. His ministry lasted forty years. He married my parents, he baptized all of their children, and he buried all our dead for that long period. That he had not the art of preaching brought no criticism upon him. In other days people went to church with the same regularity that they ate their meals. It mattered not how uninspired the discourses were, provided they unfolded "the plan of Salvation" in familiar phraseology. It had been said by some at the First Church that Dr. Backus's young assistant was not spiritual. They were startled and made suspicious by the absence in his sermons of the old stilted forms of expression that had grown as conventionalized as Egyptian art. It was even whispered about that he was not orthodox. To be interesting and orthodox at the same time was like a contradiction in terms.

But how did it happen that we went to the Presbyterian Church when the Carrolls were a Catholic family and the Winchesters Episcopalians, members of old St. Paul's? It was all because of a quick decision made by my grandmother Mary. Life turns on just such hinges. Marriages and births for generations are affected

by them. The Steretts were Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian. Grandpa Carroll was educated at St. Mary's College under the Jesuits, and his mother was fervently Catholic. My grandmother had made no confession of faith at the time of her marriage. Then came the day when my mother, their eldest child, was to be baptized, and it was to be a Catholic baptism, and her name was to be Sarah. It was at this moment that the young mother made up her mind to remain Protestant. Grandpa said the mother was the one to bring up the children and he never interfered in what he considered her province. Then, I think he was naturally agnostic and did not care very much.

My mother once told me a rather pretty story. It was the first Sunday after her marriage, and she and my father, closing the door of their new home behind them, started to church. At a certain place on the way my father said, "Of course you are coming to St. Paul's with me." "No," answered the little bride very firmly, "I am going to my own church." So they parted. But at the next corner she was joined by her young husband, and the question of which church never came up again.

But I was living and growing up in the country where we all went to Old St. James's on My Lady's Manor.

Before my sisters married, we, as a family, were much involved emotionally in the War between the States. What an ardent little Confederate I was at six! Northern soldiers came and carried away the horses and cattle at Clynmalira. Harry Gilmor for the South came on a raid and got as near as Cockeysville.<sup>7</sup> There was a day when I seem to see a number of us under the fringe tree on the south lawn, kneeling, with our ears close to the ground that we might catch the thunder of the cannon at Gettysburg. Northern soldiers were picketed on the road outside our gate. Then came the fall of Richmond, and after that the death of Lincoln. As bitter as the feeling was with us then, I heard my mother say, "This is the most unfortunate thing that could have happened for the South." I was in town when Richmond fell, and I sat on Margaret Joseph's lap at a third-story window of the Mount Vernon Place house and watched the flickering lights that were the illumination.

<sup>7</sup> See "Gilmor's Field Report on His Raid in Baltimore County," *Md. Hist. Mag.*, XLVII (1952), 234-240.

It was in 1863 that the negroes were freed. I can see now Rose Johnson tripping down the west staircase at Clynmalira and calling back, "I am free, I am free." I shook hands with her sister Lottie on the long path beyond the arbor vitae hedge. "Good-bye," we cried cheerfully. We never met again, but Rose later became my sister Fanny's personal maid, so she was never lost sight of. Old John, a valuable servant in the house, died, I think, just before the others left, and Mammy Rose went before he did. I have two memories of John: one, with a salt glazed pitcher on his head bringing drinking water up to the house from the dairy spring (grandpa fancied it); the other, a final one, was when he came into the drawing room after some entertainment and asked permission to go home. His wife, Matilda, was a free woman and lived two or three miles away on the pike. As I recall them I have very warm feelings toward these negroes. Mary and I are the only ones living today that can name them. Sometimes, in recent years, when I myself have polished the round Carroll waiter, I have thought of the many faithful black hands that had done that very thing in the long ago.

Both John and Mammy Rose must have belonged to the Sweet Air staff of servants. As the old negroes died off, grandpa did not replace them. A number lived to hear of the Emancipation Proclamation. There was a certain spot in a field, marked by a single tree and perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house, that was the burying ground of the colored folk. It has now long since been ploughed over, but was preserved untouched through grandpa's life, and I think during Uncle Henry's ownership of the place.

One of the questions I might have asked grandpa Carroll in the summer of 1876, and didn't, was, "Did your father, Sir, build Sweet Air House, or did he buy it, and how did it happen that he did either?" For Sweet Air was way to one side of the Clynmalira tract, just touching it on the east, and when it was owned by Thomas Macnamarra [Macnemara] was called "Quinn." There was some connection between the Carrolls and the Macnamarras, or had been in the past, which may have had something to do with Henry Hill Carroll's decision to settle there. Then Long Green Valley was not far away, where he must have had friends. Clynmalira was an original grant to the first Charles Carroll, who

arrived in the Province of Maryland in 1688 as its Attorney General. It contained 5000 acres. "Litterluna," a smaller tract near the Green Spring Valley, was also an original grant. These lands were left by the first Charles Carroll to his younger son Daniel, sometimes known as Daniel Carroll of Ely O'Carroll (part of Ely O'Carroll later became the site of Baltimore City) and passed through the hands of his son, Charles Carroll of Duddington Manor, to my great-grandfather Henry Hill Carroll of Sweet Air. I might mention here that Duddington came into the Carroll family through the marriage of Daniel of Ely O'Carroll with the heiress Ann Rozier, whose father, Notley Rozier of Notley Hall, Prince George's County, was left it by his godfather, old Governor Thomas Notley. A certain hill on this land was leased to a man by the name of Jenkins. Jenkins Hill it grew to be called.<sup>8</sup> On it the Capitol of Washington now stands, and it has become, perhaps, the most noted hill in the world after the hill of Zion and the seven hills of Rome.

As the law of primogeniture still held in Maryland, the bulk of the estate of Charles the Attorney General went to his eldest son, Charles of Annapolis. He was the inheritor of Doughoregan Manor, 10,000 acres, the future home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. It is still owned by that branch of the family. The marriage of John Lee Carroll, Governor of Maryland in the seventies, to a daughter of Royal Phelps of New York, saved it, for very large estates ceased to be an asset in Maryland after the Civil War.

My great-great-grandfather, Charles of Duddington, divided his estate rather evenly I think between his three sons. The eldest, Daniel, became Daniel of Duddington; the second, Charles, was known as Charles of Bellevue, and he had a handsome house for a time by that name in Georgetown, D. C. Later he moved to the Genesee Valley, New York, along with the Fitzhughs and Rochesters. Henry built, or bought, in Baltimore County, as I have said, having inherited the Clynmalira hills and woods. (It

<sup>8</sup> L'Enfant in a report on the plans for the Capitol in June 22, 1791, wrote: "After much menutial search for an elligible situation, . . . I could discover no one so advantageously to greet the congressional building as is that on the west of Jenkins heights which stands as a pedestal waiting for a monument. . . ." H. Paul Caemmerer, *The Life of Pierre Charles L'Enfant* (Wash., D. C., 1950), p. 152.

seems he got Sweet Air as a payment of a debt owned by Macnamarra.)

If I could select a date today for entering Sweet Air House out of all the years of its life, I would choose the year 1800. That was four years before my great-grandfather's death. He and his Sally were still young, with a little daughter and son in their nursery, and with all their lovely possessions about them. That home held treasures. I have known some of them, and have either seen, or had described to me, others that went down Aunt Carroll's line. Some, of course, were lost in the years. The silver, following the southern tradition, was imported from England and bears the hallmark 1798. There was a great deal of it. I know of three sets of salt cellars. I have one of them. I have wondered why so many. Then there were the beautiful old Rogers pieces dated 1742. The china that came from there that I have known was really lovely, an old Spode set of gold-and-white bordered with stars, probably in honor of our flag, and Lowestoft dinner plates of pale eggshell blue with enameled tulips for decoration. I own six. I know today where many of the Sweet Air furnishings are, but things get divided and subdivided with each generation, till just one remains here and there to say "once we were seven or seventy." I sometimes think they must be lonely; and as for things in museums! Museums have to be, but they are places of the dead. A beautiful object in a glass case is different from one in use by a fireside, or on a table, handled lovingly, a part of the family life.

I saw Sweet Air first when I was nineteen. One Spring afternoon in 1879, Uncle Henry, Aunt Mary, Mary, Jr. and I drove over there from Clynmalira. The interior was then little changed from what it had been. I saw it, and loved it. One entered a hall of fair size. The large and well proportioned drawing room was on the right, an equally large dining room on the left. Each had four windows, opening north and south, and high mantels of good design, only in the drawing room the mantel was flanked by arches. The sweep of the staircase I still thought excellent when I last saw it only a year or two ago, but the dear little kitchen wing, so quaint, had been pulled down by the present owners of the house.<sup>9</sup> The patterned brick work on the outer west wall

<sup>9</sup> Sweet Air was later restored by Bayard Turnbull, son-in-law of Mrs. Sparhawk

was still there, however, and two noble old box bushes marked the spot where the lawn once fell away into terraces. When I saw Sweet Air in 1879, traces of the terraces still remained, and jonquils were in bloom that great-grandmother Sarah had probably planted. The handle on the drawing room door was a garland in brass and I thought of it as having been turned by baby hands, eighty years before—hands that had grown old when I remembered them. Sweet Air was never a house in the grand style, like great-great-uncle Daniel's "Dudington" in Washington, but it was a darling, lovable, homey place, and when it was surrounded by its own pasture lands and woods, its own lawn and garden, its lack of view was probably not so much missed. . . .

Grandpa was only eight when his father died, so he could have had few memories concerning him, but he was brought up with traditions, and I could have gone to him with questions that summer of '76. I could have and didn't; yet I was conscious he was taking me more seriously now that I was seventeen. He never suffered children's chatter gladly, and probably some of the shyness of childhood held me back. I am sorry that it did, sorry that I missed this last opportunity of growing closer, if only for a few brief hours, to the man who, though perhaps unknowingly, had given me a happy childhood. He was not easy of approach, but Aunt Louisa knew no fear of him, and she was his favorite daughter-in-law. Grandpa was only forty-four when his deeply loved wife died. There were six young Carrolls about; there had been nine. My mother was seventeen, Uncle Willie two and a half years. He naturally turned to his children's unmarried aunt for help. So it happened that Aunt Hatty sat at the head of his table for the remainder of his life.

If I did not ask grandpa questions, I put many to Aunt Hatty and my mother from the time I was very young. I had a great curiosity about the past, which I do not notice at all in the children of this generation, or the one behind it, now in middle life. I liked to hear what they had to tell of my two little uncles that died young, Robert Henry and Rogers. I saw them always as children and playmates. Then there was my mother's younger sister, Aunt Betty, who died when she was only eighteen "from

Jones, for Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Abercrombie, members of whose family now occupy it. See Abercrombie, *op. cit.*

having eaten green gooseberries." Of course I know now this gay spirited girl died of appendicitis. Her death came suddenly, shortly after my mother's marriage in '45. My sister Betty was named for her, and she in turn had been named for her Aunt Elizabeth Rogers Maxwell (Mrs. Robert Maxwell) my grandfather's honored aunt. She left him her chief heir, and I have now two lovely pieces of silver that were hers, an urn, and a tray. I did not inherit them; they came to me as gifts. It was Aunt Maxwell who caused to be laid out the terraced garden at Clynmalira. I liked to hear about her, for I loved "the garden hills." Then there were my mother's school days at Cedar Park, Miss Margaret Mercer's place down on West River. In that park there were deer. Think of having lived where there were deer! It was explained to me what a remarkable woman Miss Mercer was.<sup>10</sup> She taught school because she did not approve of slavery. She freed her slaves and sent them out to Liberia. After that, she had to work for her living. That was a grand gesture, and grandmother Carroll, who probably did not approve of slavery either—her father certainly did not, but then he never inherited any negroes—greatly admired Miss Mercer, and, as an expression of her admiration, sent my poor little mother at the age of eight to be under her instruction. I think the living was austere, and I have always believed the foundation of my mother's delicacy was laid during the four years she spent at Cedar Park. She came away finally, ill. . . .

What would have been the family life and connections of our Carrolls and our Winchesters had grandmother Mary Sterett Carroll accepted the faith of the family she married into? I often wonder. As it was, we were all intensely Protestant. Aunt Hatty had her face firmly set that way, and Aunt Mary Winchester Carroll, though an Episcopalian, was just as Protestant. There was strict observance of the Sabbath at Clynmalira all through Mary's childhood and mine. I saw the useful sewing basket become a forbidden thing on Sunday. It was put out of sight, and only a very few books were considered to have the proper religious tone for reading on that day. No games were permitted,

<sup>10</sup> Miss Margaret Mercer (1791-1846). See Caspar Morris, *Memoir of Miss Margaret Mercer* (Philadelphia, 1848) for a contemporary appreciation of this outstanding woman.

and I remember an awful moment when Carroll and colored Rose got a spanking from Aunt Hatty for jumping in the hay barrack on Sunday. That was before the War between the States ended. We were read to out of *Line upon Line* and *Precept upon Precept*, simplified versions of Old Testament Stories, and while Mary was learning the vows taken for her in baptism in one room, I was learning of Justification, Sanctification and Adoption in another. I was perfectly aware that Mary had the easier task, but bore up under my heavier one, aided by a certain pride in my difficulties and the long words I was learning. As a special treat, Aunt Hatty would read to me in the afternoon *The Wide Wide World* by Miss Warner, Miss Sewell's *Lanton Parsonage*, *Amy Herbert* and *The Schönberg-Cotta Family* with Martin Luther for hero.

The old Puritan and Evangelical Sabbath is much mocked at and derided today, but I, for one, have no resentful feelings toward it. It was a discipline, and of moral worth just for that reason; and I think it had some religious value; it taught us to look up.

Sunday morning, weather permitting, we drove to St. James's on My Lady's Manor, three miles distant, for service—Aunt Mary, Aunt Hatty, "Little Mary," her brother Alex and I. The coach came up to the door with a magnificent swing around the circle, Pat Butler in the high driver's seat, and away we went, we children stiff with starch, my aunts in camel's hair shawls with bonnets tied under their chins. We liked going to the Manor Church. But then who didn't go to church? Every one in the world we knew went to church except grandpa. Grandpa was apart. He was overlord of our world, a power to be respected, but not too literally obeyed. This avoidance of commands gave us children all the excitement we needed. We were strictly forbidden to go to the stables and barns. I see now the old gentleman was probably right in not wanting us around down there with the animals and hands, but as a matter of fact, we never got the least harm from these contacts. On the rare occasions when grandpa did discover us, and ordered us back to the house, we were properly scared, but never permanently deterred from another venture. Henry Carroll was not a large man, about medium height, and well formed, a nose slightly aquiline—which seems to have been a

Carroll feature—and blue eyes with a flash in them that neither man nor child lightly provoked. His feet and hands were perfectly formed. Not the hands of toil; he ordered. I see perfectly those hands, with brown patches under the skin and narrow nails.

In looking back, it seems to me that just as currant jelly was made on the hottest day in the summer, so pigs were killed on the coldest day in the winter. No one at the house had anything to do with the murders, but we children found the time exciting. Aunt Hatty mixed the seasoning for the sausage at dawn on the second day, and old Barger walked over the hills from somewhere to stuff the sausages—a silent old man, who worked by the light of a dim kitchen lamp. Lard boiled in huge iron pots over logs of full cord length, and some portion of the pig was served up for weeks after that. I loathed a dish called “pudding” that Uncle Henry smacked his lips over. It was a black stew, a witches’ brew, and was served as a relish at breakfast or supper. Then there were chines and jowls and middling and spareribs and fried soused pigs feet. I have seen two six-mule teams bringing butchered pigs up to the smoke house. They were very big and stiff and pink. I had no revulsion when regarding them. They seemed a part of the natural order, pigs for the meat house. I only got very tired of eating them from their heads to their tails and particularly disliked that portion called chine. I have not so much as heard of it for years. Yet, as pigs are still pigs, chines must be incorporated in their structure, but probably under another name. One does not hear of middling any more either. It may be bacon, only with us it was boiled, then baked with sugar on top as beans are baked. Excellent with roast chicken when cut thin! Food has its interest. At Clynmalira we had plenty of it, but after the negroes left, the cooking may not have been very good for a time. In winter for breakfast there were always buckwheat cakes, and in summer there was always hot rye loaf and egg pone (a corn bread, like Virginia spoon bread). Great crocks of bonny-clabber, ice cold and creamy on top, and curd in addition came on with the evening meal in summer, and of course there was fruit then. Sometimes a fruit supper would be served at nine—peaches, pears, cantaloupe, and watermelon after it had spent a week in the ice house. But we children went to the garden and had fruit at all times of the day, and when

cherries were ripe we were as much in the trees as the robins and blackbirds. Usually on Sundays wine was served at dinner, sherry or Madeira, and we children were given a glass as a matter of course. It was considered good for us, as was ale in winter. My mother in town always had good cooks. Old Eliza's soups I have not forgotten—crab gumbo, and calves' head. Then Cassy's breads—her Maryland biscuits, rolls, waffles and English muffins! Old Robert's terrapin and canvasback ducks! The Browns had a ducking shore called Marshy Point. That is how we came to have so many wild ducks in season. Why should I mention such things? Well, Pepys did. One of my early memories takes in the period when the cooking at Clynmalira was still done before a great open fire, when saucepans stood on "spiders" and frying pans on live coals, and chickens were roasted on spits in a Dutch oven. After the negroes left a stove was introduced and primitive methods ended, save in the laundry. The size of the laundry was unmerciful in summer. Clothesbaskets would not have held the soiled linen, ruffled petticoats, and lawn dresses. All were tossed into a great bin in the attic, to be boiled later in a mighty iron pot in the kitchen yard, and after that, pressed by old Matilda in a not too well lighted basement room, the irons heated before an open wood fire. The iron andirons there my dear Mary sits beside every winter day now. No doubt they were forged in the blacksmith's shop either at Sweet Air or Clynmalira. All large places South had their own smithies.

I can't remember the time when Johnny Melville was not a familiar figure at Clynmalira. In winter he did nothing but chop wood at the woodpile and bring it up in armsful to the bedrooms and into the kitchen, and in summer he turned gardener and planter and brought in the vegetables and fruits. He was an Irishman as were the Butlers, and later the Hanleys. I might call them the head employees on the estate. Old Mrs. Hanley was the dairy woman. The dairy was some distance from the house, but not too far for Mary and me to be constant visitors to it. The walled-in dairy spring held a speckled trout that we liked to watch dart in and out of his hiding place. Then there was a crayfish or two lumbering about. But best of all I liked to see the pans lifted out of the water troughs and the thick yellow cream roll up on the skimmer. Everything that went on

at the dairy was of interest—the curd draining in pointed bags from trees, the crocks and pans boiling over their own oven, the wooden paddles turning in the wooden churns. The buttermilk, gold dotted, I did not enjoy then as I would now.

It was a busy life we children were in the midst of. Just as city men went to their offices, grandpa and Uncle Henry mounted their horses after breakfast and rode to the fields to oversee "the hands" at work in them. They were out all day, save for the hour allowed for dinner, after which Uncle Henry would walk down the gravel path to the near end of the long hedge, blow a horn and call, "Come boys!" and work would start again. The life of a gentleman farmer was an independent one, and comfortable fortunes were made by it for many a year, but I doubt if it yielded much profit after the sixties. I am glad I was privileged to see something of what may be called the romantic period of farming in Maryland before it passed off the scene. It taught me to love the land, and to know a little about what comes out of the earth. I like those words of Lord Morley: "We lose a proper sense of richness of life if we do not look back on scenes of our youth with imaginative warmth." Well, I think those early scenes, and their kind and enduring associations so far off, yet so close, deserve this exquisite recall.

We had a huge family in summer at Clynmalira, often sitting down twelve and fourteen at table, so there could not be much entertaining of neighbors near or far, but old Dr. Thompson was always a welcome guest—a tall, rather large-boned man, with mild, kindly, light gray eyes, a long nose and mouth somewhat depressed. He had a high colour due probably to his outdoor life, and he dealt in powders and pills in which he had implicit faith, so he cured us of many minor ills. He liked to talk of his garden, for he was a keen lover of flowers, especially of roses, and he would discuss with grandpa, at planting time, the merits of the "Early Rose" and Bermuda potato.

Sometimes, but after all, rarely, Miss Ann Nisbet would drive up from her place near Ashland and dine with us. Grandpa liked her. She amused him. She was a farmer and could discuss crops and breeds of cattle with him. I have a pretty picture of Aunt Mary in my mind on one of these occasions. The day was hot, the shutters in the drawing room were bowed, and she entered

dressed in a lavender silk, wearing over it a mull jacket exquisitely embroidered with sprays of wheat—the colors and softness very becoming to her pale red hair and fair skin. By nature, Aunt Mary was very gay, but I never realized this till later in life when we became as intimate as two sisters. My husband was very fond of both her and Uncle Henry. I like to remember this. And Aunt Hatty, the guardian of my childhood! I was asked once what was her history. I answered, "I can't say that she had any." She lost herself in other's lives. To quote old Sir Thomas Browne, "The great part among us must be content to be as though they had not been." Especially was this true of the unmarried woman of the past, giving all, receiving little in return. Aunt Hatty was no disciplinarian, perhaps because she had to do always with other people's children. I loved her, and there is no memory out of childhood more radiant than that I have of winter evenings by her fire and she reading aloud to me the *Waverly Novels*. They awakened for me past centuries and set my imagination throbbing in sympathy with the sorrows of an older time, or dancing with its joys. . . .

I think I was scarcely in my teens when Mary and I heard with a thrill of excitement that Cousin Jennie Carroll of Duddington was coming up from Washington to see grandpa, who was her first cousin. When she arrived every one welcomed her, and she by her sweetness made a place for herself in our affections. Later our elders conceived the idea that she had come on this visit hoping to revive in grandpa an ancient loyalty. He had never ceased to speak of himself as a Catholic; then why should he not actively return to the faith of his fathers? We never knew if any word on this subject passed between Cousin Jennie and grandpa, but if it did, she met with no encouragement. He was simply not interested. Mary and I, however, were deeply interested in Cousin Jennie's conversion, and we thought this might be brought about by our singing loudly in the room next to hers "From Greenland's icy mountains." There was that telling line in it, "The heathen in their blindness bow down to wood and stone." But no turning towards the light in Catholicism, or in Protestantism, occurred downstairs or up. . . .

Now must have vanished the Christmas days of childhood when Carroll, my brother, would come out from town for the holidays,

and he and I would hang our stockings at the top of Aunt Hatty's high post bed, make candy in the frying pan over her fire, spend mornings on the ice pond, and evenings with raisins and nuts and apples by the same cheerful hearth—dear Aunt Hatty enduring the disorder with only an occasional remonstrance.

By the time I was fifteen I had ceased to be a little barbarian. The ground floor west end room was not occupied that summer at Clynmalira, as Carroll had gone to work in the City, so I used it to sit in. I think Mary and Aunt Mary were away. I sat in it with my books. I smile to think what they were: Hanna's *Life of Dr. Thomas Chalmers* in three volumes—having a passion for Scotland I could absorb them—and Guizot's *History of Civilization*. I decorated the room with ferns and some of the cut ones I put in an old powder horn and hung it by the window—my first attempt at homemaking. Even now the smell of ferns takes me back to that shaded room and the summer of 1874.

One evening in the autumn of the same year when I was spending a few days with my mother in town (she was then living on Franklin Street), by appointment, Duncan McCulloch called for me, and we went up to the Brown Memorial Church to hear Dr. Sparhawk Jones preach. His text was, "The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope." From that hour nothing has moved my spirit more deeply than a great sermon, great in conception, great in vision, great in the power of words. Ten years later, August 28, 1884, John Sparhawk Jones and I were married in my sister's home in Green Spring Valley. The succeeding twenty-six years held all the deepest experiences of life for me, and "I shall remember while the light yet lives, and in the darkness I shall not forget." . . .

I have felt, writing along, that all being recorded was dead wood. Why not let it moulder? Then there came to me the picture of dead cypress trees on the skyline of the Tamiami Trail that I once saw in Florida, and how the sunlight fell upon them and turned them into molten silver. I suppose some of the love I have in my heart for the place and the friends of my childhood silver my memories for me. There were shadows and heartbreaks. Where has life ever been without them? But in the last days, when the ingathering of memory comes, let there be more smiles

than tears, more commendation than criticism, more gratitude than unthankfulness.

May 1935. Lilacs bloom against old stone walls in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and many a forsaken door step in New England is shaded by their purple. . . . Let us rise and call them blessed who left us these gifts in purple and white. "A plant to set," as Thoreau said. And sitting here under a tree, only yesterday, made free at last by sunshine, I looked out over the pastures, and let my thoughts drift as the little clouds above me drifted, and I found coming to me flowers out of childhood, bleeding hearts, and cowslips, bridal wreath and laburnum. Were the lilacs still blooming where I first learned to know them? I rather hoped those lilacs were not. They should be spirits and dreams today.

Yes, I sat there in the sun, and a sandy mockingbird came three times and sang in the branches above me. Young calves were being led one by one to a new pasture. They went contending and struggling. They had no faith in their drivers, no belief in the greater good ahead. There goes a parable, I thought.

It was sweet to be out with the scarcely unfolded leaves, so good to be one with the common things of earth and sky, and to feel "the green leaf of America" printed on my heart. My country, the homeland of all those whom I had known and loved! Immortal love that pardons all!

Goodbye to the life I used to live  
And the world I used to know  
And kiss the hills for me just once  
Now I am ready to go.

## NEWTOWN HUNDRED

By EDWIN W. BEITZELL

THE record of the boundaries of Newtown Hundred in St. Mary's County, Maryland, appears to have been lost and investigation reveals that the area of the Hundred takes in considerably more territory than Newtown Neck, which is commonly regarded as the area of the Hundred. While the boundaries are unknown, we do know that they extended from the east shore of St. Clement's Bay considerably beyond the east shore of Bretton Bay, with the Potomac River forming the natural southern boundary. Medley's Neck on the east shore of Bretton Bay was the plantation of John Medley, who was designated as being of "Newtowne."<sup>1</sup> Posey's Bluff, on the southeast side of Bretton Bay, along the Potomac, was the home of Francis Posey of "Newtowne" and his estate was administered by Walter Hall in 1658, also of "Newtowne."<sup>2</sup> John Hammond of Newtown, who agreed to build a "Courthouse at his own Cost and Charges" for St. Mary's County, also was located on the east side of Bretton Bay, about a mile east of Leonardtown. He purchased this land from Walter Peake (Pakes), whose plantation, "St. Lawrence," and adjoining land, "St. Peter's Hill," was at this location.<sup>3</sup> This would place the scene of the county court activities in the vicinity of the present Court House at Leonardtown rather than down on Newtown Neck as many have supposed.

The St. Mary's County court was established first in Newtown Hundred on August 26, 1644, when Giles Brent, Lieutenant General of the Province, appointed William Braithwait, Thomas

<sup>1</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, X, 244.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, XLI, 46.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, X, 321, 345, 385, 410; XLI, 266, 453; XLIX, 168, 224, 277, 354; LI, 270; LVII, 322, 325. The writer is indebted to Mr. Charles Fenwick, President, St. Mary's Historical Society, who pointed out the approximate boundaries of "St. Lawrence" and "St. Peter's Hill." "St. Lawrence" is now the site of Camp Calvert operated by the Xavierian Brothers. St. Lawrence Creek and Run is now called Town Run and when it reaches St. Mary's Academy, on St. Peter's Hill, it is called "The Sisters Run."

Green and Cuthbert Fenwick "to heare & determine all civil causes, & likewise all criminall causes not extending to life or member. . . ." <sup>4</sup> On October 20, 1654, the Assembly passed another act again establishing the St. Mary's County court, apparently designed to remove it somewhat from the domination of the provincial court. <sup>5</sup>

There were many people living on Newtown Neck at this time because the agreement with John Hammond on December 5, 1654, to provide a court house also provided that he would furnish "a ferry for the Convenient passage of people over Newtowne River." <sup>6</sup> Apparently the intent of this agreement was that the ferry would operate between the east shore of Bretton Bay and the west shore, which was Newtowne Neck, as there is no Newtown River. It is difficult to understand the use of the words Newtowne River because the body of water between the east and west shores has been known since 1640 as Brittain (Bretton) Bay. <sup>7</sup> The agreement, incidentally, also provided "that Licence be granted to the Said Hammond for retayling of wine and Strong Liquors. . . ."

The scene in Newtown Hundred must have been picturesque during this period. Along the shores could be seen cabins and huts while in scattered clearings stood the more pretentious brick homes of the planters. Both St. Clement and Bretton Bays were dotted with the sails of small boats plying up and down the Potomac River and across its eight-mile width to Virginia, for water, at this time, was still the chief means of transportation. At the port anchorage <sup>8</sup> the great square-rigged ships of England loaded hogsheads of tobacco to be exchanged for products needed by the colonists. After loading, they sailed down the river to the Chesapeake Bay for a rendezvous with their sister ships to form a flotilla for protection against pirates or enemy fleets lurking about the Capes. <sup>9</sup>

A narrow road, overshadowed by a forest of virgin pine, oak,

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, III, 150-1; LIII, xii.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 347; XLIX, x.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, X, 410.

<sup>7</sup> Patent for Little Bretton in Newtown Hundred, File 100½ Z, Archives of The Society of Jesus, Maryland Province, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, hereafter cited as Woodstock Archives.

<sup>8</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, VII, 504.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, VII, 430; XVII, 350; XIX, 546; XX, 496-9, 514, 532, 535, 557, 570; XLI, 306.

gum and chestnut, branched at the head of Newtown Neck to lead the traveler to St. Mary's City or the Patuxent River. Bands of wild horses roamed about preying upon the planter's crops,<sup>10</sup> while wolves and other wild animals played havoc with his stock.<sup>11</sup> At the "Quarter" could be seen the bark wigwams of the Indians who dwelt in peace with the settlers, except that on occasion some luckless pig found his way into the communal pot of the redman instead of the smoke house of the colonist.<sup>12</sup> The provincial youngsters skylarked across open field and through shadowy woods to the school at Little Bretton, no doubt envying the freedom of the little redskins who were not bothered by such tiresome doings.

Sundays and court days saw great activity from one end of the Hundred to the other for the settlers poured in from all directions by boat and horse to attend church services and to be present at the court sessions. The inns of John Hammond and Walter Peake were crowded and every home had its contingent of visiting relatives and guests.<sup>13</sup> After the day's court session was over parties were in order and a general spirit of festivity reigned. Since travel was still hazardous and difficult the colonists made the most of these occasions.

In 1677 the Jesuits opened a school for humanities at Newtown.<sup>14</sup> Whether this was a continuation or enlargement of the school founded by Ralph Crouch about 1653 is unknown.<sup>15</sup> Two boys sent from this school in 1681 to St. Omer's were Robert Brooke, the first native-born Marylander to become a Jesuit priest, and Thomas Gardiner, a son of Luke Gardiner. Thomas Hother-sall, S. J., taught "humanities" and grammar at the school from 1683 until his death in 1698.<sup>16</sup> The location of the school is unknown but it is probable that it was in the vicinity of the Newtown Manor House. The church yard of St. Francis Xavier Church, which is near the Manor House, was used as a burial plot for the priests and lay brothers of the parish from 1685 to 1862.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, XIII, 549.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, VII, 292, 296; XIII, 520.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, III, 392.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, LVII, 157, 182; V, 20; LII, xii.

<sup>14</sup> Clayton C. Hall, ed., *Narratives of Early Maryland, 1633-1684* (New York, 1910), p. 115.

<sup>15</sup> Edwin W. Beitzell, "William Bretton of Newtown Neck, St. Mary's County," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, I (1955), 24.

<sup>16</sup> Edward I. Devitt, S. J., "History of the Maryland-New York Province," *Woodstock Letters* (The Society of Jesus, Maryland Province, privately printed and circulated), LXI, 16.

(A handsome monument has been erected to their memory.) It is interesting to note that Protestant church services were held at the home of Robert Joyner of Newtown on January 19, 1661.<sup>17</sup>

Newtown Neck probably reached its greatest importance about 1700. As a result of the Rebellion of 1689, and the Act to Prevent the Growth of Popery<sup>18</sup> which followed, the church and school at Newtown were closed in 1704. With the closing of the church, located in the cemetery grounds some distance from the Manor House, it is evident that a chapel was erected beside the Manor House and connected to it, which was permissible under the Act.<sup>19</sup> Mr. Henry Chandlee Forman has observed that although the ancient square chapel beside the house has disappeared, traces of its foundations are still evident.<sup>20</sup> And Father William P. Treacy, writing in 1884, stated, "Between the present church and the Manor-house, the foundations of some ancient building may still be traced. Those who have examined them carefully say that they were, judging from their form, the foundations of a church which was built anteriorly to the present one."<sup>21</sup> He also stated that "a new bell was lately purchased for Newtown. The old one which was taken down with reverential care, bears the date 1691." This bell is now mounted in the entrance to the present church.<sup>22</sup>

On February 28, 1694/5 the seat of government of the Province was removed from St. Mary's City to Ann Arundel Town (Annapolis) and on May 8, 1695, a bill was passed transferring the St. Mary's County court to St. Mary's City.<sup>23</sup> With the decline of activity at St. Mary's City and the removal of many of the inhabitants, it soon become apparent that a more central location was needed for the county seat. Consequently, about 1708 the St. Mary's County court was removed to Leonardtown, originally

<sup>17</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, XLI, 522.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVI, 340.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVI, 380, 431. The original Church was erected in 1662. See Beitzell, *op. cit.*

<sup>20</sup> *Early Manor and Plantation Houses of Maryland* (Easton, 1934), p. 44.

<sup>21</sup> *Woodstock Letters, op. cit.*, XIII, 74.

<sup>22</sup> There is some inconclusive evidence that the Chapel at St. Mary's City was destroyed in 1689 and afterwards rebuilt. Fathers Robert Brooke and William Hunter, on September 11, 1704, were summoned before the Maryland Council for "dedicating a Popish Chapel" there (*Archives of Maryland*, XXVI, 44). It is possible that the Chapel was rebuilt in 1691 and a new bell obtained in that year. After the Chapel was closed (1704) and torn down, the bell may have been brought by the Jesuits to Newtown, according to Mr. Charles E. Fenwick.

<sup>23</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, XX, 193, 197, 221; XIX, 214.

called Seymour Town.<sup>24</sup> The erection of a new court house was authorized in 1736 to replace the old building.<sup>25</sup> After the transfer of the court to St. Mary's City, Newtown Neck rapidly declined in importance and did not revive when the court was brought to Leonardtown. In a few years it became as it is today, merely another rural farm area with a scattering of fisherman along its shores.

Beginning about 1735 the Jesuit Fathers started raising fine horses at their plantations. In the early days the missionaries visited their parishioners by boat, as there were few roads, but after the people had settled down some distance from the rivers and creeks, the priests traveled about on horseback, taking with them everything that was necessary for services at the various stations. Altar stone, vestments, missal, wine and vessels were put in the saddle bags, and the Fathers were ready to gallop away. As the ordinary farm horse was scarcely suitable for this purpose, necessity compelled them to procure and breed better stock. Father Joseph Zwinge, S. J., has written,<sup>26</sup>

in the times of Father (Henry) Whetenhall (1735) all had first class horses, as you may judge from the list of names found in a certain pig-skin memorandum book of Newtown (now in the Woodstock Archives). Their names are indicative of their good qualities; Thunder, Mischief and Hazzard, Smoaker, Ranter and Snip, Squirrel, Cricket and Spider, and so on; then Tulip, Pansy and Daisy, Rainbow, Philomel and Daphne, and others. There were about twenty of them at Newtown. Thunder was the pride of Father (Arnold) Livers, who took his measure several times during his growth, and when he had acquired a good girth, he was sold for 4,000 lbs. of tobacco; Pansy brought only 2,000, Rainbow was knocked down for 12 pounds Sterling, Daphne was given away for six pistoles and Smoaker was swapped for Blacko. Father (Richard) Ellis first tried Phoenix, and then he was sold to Father (George) Hunter of St. Thomas' for 1,000 lbs. of tobacco; Ranter also found his way to St. Thomas' but there Father (Thomas) Poulton exchanged him for a Roan. Father (Bennet) Neale rode Snip, and Father (James) Carroll bestrode Jett; but Tulip had many masters, first Father Poulton, then Father (John) Diggs and finally Father (James) Ashby; this Father was the Horse Tamer of Newtown, for Mischief and Hazzard were his favorites. . . . On his going down (to Newtown) Father (James) Whitgreave took the pig-skin memorandum book with him, and intended to use it as a Marriage register, for he wrote in it the following item: "Marriages from my

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVII, 569. The official removal date is given as 1710.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXIX, 483.

<sup>26</sup> *Woodstock Letters*, *op. cit.*, XLI, 62.

arrival in Newtowne Dec. 9, 1734, John Drury and Sus. Hayden, Dec. 10, ye Banns were published." That is the only entry made. In 1739, Father Whitgreave turned all the property over to Father Richard Molyneux, and left for England. Then Father Arnold Livers, the next Superior at Newtown got a hold on the book, put his initials on the cover, ruled it out for a Baptismal Register, wrote down the name of the god-fathers he could call upon, and baptized Elizabeth Millard on September 22, 1740, and after that he used it for a register of horses and stock raised on the farm. . . ."

Father James Ashby, S. J., is credited with having built the present Church of St. Francis Xavier at Newtown in 1766. Father Treacy wrote, "To Father George Fenwick's notes I am indebted for the knowledge that Father Ashby was the builder of the present Church at Newtown."<sup>27</sup> In the old Newtown ledger for the years 1765-1768, in the Woodstock Archives, there is recorded a bill, dated September, 1766, from James Martindale to the Rev. James Ashby which includes items such as getting stone for the chapel and helping to burn bricks, thus bearing out Father Fenwick's notes. The front addition to the Church, completed in 1767, was to provide a vestibule beneath and a choir loft above (referred to by Father Ashby as the "Quire"). In Father James Walton's diary (in the Woodstock Archives) there are recorded contributions to the Newtown Chapel in 1772, which is a good reason to believe that he participated actively in the building of the Church. This, the present Church of St. Francis Xavier at Newtown, is not only the oldest in origin of all the Catholic churches in that section of St. Mary's County, but it also outdates in existence all other Catholic churches in Maryland.

The Fathers at Newtown maintained in the Manor House one of the early circulating libraries in Maryland. Old records in the Provincial Archives at Woodstock show that the books of the library were lent to many people in St. Mary's County, and records were carefully maintained to insure their return. Among the names on the record of the books lent in 1740 are found, Eleanor Millar, Thomas Mattingly, Francis Herbert, B. Thompson, Edward Cole, George Slye and Charles Neale.

Father James Walton, S. J., was the Superior of the Jesuit Residence at Newtown during the Revolutionary War when the area

<sup>27</sup> Rev. Wm. P. Treacy, *Old Catholic Maryland and Its Early Jesuit Missionaries* (Swedesboro, N. J. [1889]), p. 138.

was subjected to the depredations of the British. On April 24, 1781, Colonel Richard Barnes, stationed at Leonardtown, wrote to Governor Lee that "four negroes of Rev'd Mr. Walton have been taken by the British. . . ." <sup>28</sup> Father Treacy in writing about Newtown during the War stated "its peace was often disturbed by red-coated soldiers who sometimes knocked in its doors with the butts of their villainous guns." <sup>29</sup> This statement is based on a letter of the times, also quoted by Father E. A. Ryan, S. J., in his history of St. Aloysius Parish of Leonardtown. <sup>30</sup> Father Zwinge wrote, <sup>31</sup>

I do not in the least doubt of the facts mentioned here; they are most true, except that instead of simply saying "they sometimes knocked in its doors with the butts of their villainous guns," I would have put "they knocked in the cellar door with the butts of their villainous guns," because Newtown had the finest cellar in the whole mission, and in this cellar were stored away the finest dried beef, pickled tongue, smoked hams and barrels of finest pork, middlings, gammons and joles. That the American Army was down there, at least in 1779, is apparent from the good price the Superior of Newtown received for some bacon. In his memorandum book he marked down; "Sold 200 lbs. of bacon to the army at 3.6d."

In the old Newtown ledger for 1788 at Woodstock there are many entries for expenditures indicating that extensive building operations or repairs were necessary on the plantation following the war. There is little doubt that Newtown suffered its full share of the ravages visited on the waterfront plantations by the British.

Father Walton while at Newtown from 1765 to 1768 and again from 1769 to 1784 kept a diary in which he recorded a number of baptisms and marriages (see Appendix). Many marriages among the Negroes were recorded by Father Walton during these years. Also included are the names of some of the donors to Newtown Chapel with the amount of their contributions. Eleanor Cecil on her deathbed, December 11, 1772, left five pounds which was paid by her brother James, who also contributed ten shillings of his own. Philip Greenwell gave one pound, fifteen shillings, on February 9, 1773, and Ignatius Taylor gave five shillings in

<sup>28</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, XLV, 204.

<sup>29</sup> *Woodstock Letters*, *op. cit.*, XIV, 67.

<sup>30</sup> *Pages From the Story of an Ancient Parish*.

<sup>31</sup> *Woodstock Letters*, *op. cit.*, XLII, 147.

May or June of this same year. In 1776 John Cecil gave five pounds to Newtown for his deceased brother, and three pounds were given for Joseph Spink by his friend Neddy.

Father Leonard Edelen, S. J., was Superior of the Jesuit Residence at Newtown during the War of 1812. There is little surviving evidence on British depredations at Newtown during this war. A newspaper of the time<sup>32</sup> reports that on July 21, 1813, several British ships had taken possession of Blackistone's (St. Clement's) and Cheseldine's (St. Catherine's) Islands, where they sank wells for water. They probably continued to use these islands as watering places during the war and harassed the waterfront plantations as they had in the Revolutionary War. Because of its exposed situation Newtown undoubtedly was raided on occasion. In the raid on Leonardtown, July 19, 1814, a heavy force was landed near Newtown which marched by land up Newtown Neck to approach the town to the west.<sup>33</sup> Another force marched up Medley's Neck from the east and a fleet of barges, commanded by Admiral Cockburn, approached the town by going up Bretton Bay. The British force could hardly have missed Captain Joseph Ford's shipyard on the creek in the back of the Newtown Manor House. In a Newtown ledger in the Woodstock Archives there is an entry by Father Ignatius Baker Brooke dated December 8, 1809, debiting Captain Ford for \$1,000 worth of "Timber for Ship Yard." A later entry in the same ledger discloses that the Fathers lost a "battew" built in April, 1799, and were forced to have another built in 1816 at a cost of fifteen dollars. Admiral Cockburn had ordered that all boats that could be found were to be confiscated or destroyed.<sup>34</sup> Father Treacy wrote the following account in 1885,<sup>35</sup>

the British soldiers who sailed around the Potomac and the waters of Brittons Bay and St. Clement's made Newtown a place of insecurity and unrest. For months, such was the unsettled and troubled state of things that no public service could be held at the Newtown church. As an example, I have been told that on a certain Sunday when the people had gathered into the church to hear mass the alarm was given that a British sloop of war had entered Brittons Bay. Great was the consternation of the Congregation. The Priest who was in the act of preaching finished

<sup>32</sup> [Washington] *Daily National Intelligencer*, July 21, 1813.

<sup>33</sup> *Niles Weekly Register*, VII, 80.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, V, 206.

<sup>35</sup> *Woodstock Letters, op. cit.*, XIV, 82.

his discourse immediately and urged the people to fly at once to their homes. They reluctantly abandoned him, and he went on to finish the Holy Sacrifice of the mass. At St. Inigo's which was certainly in a most unsettled state, Sunday services were not omitted.

The interruption of services at St. Francis Xavier's may have occurred on August 27, 1814, when, according to a newspaper report, "Admiral Cockburn with 1200 marines, and about 40 sailors, landed on the farm of John Kilgour, esq., at the mouth of St. Clement's Bay."<sup>36</sup> The article goes on to relate that they took much stock, but notified the people that private buildings would be respected unless the troops were fired upon. With a force of this size there seems little likelihood that they would be fired upon and less likelihood that much of value escaped the raiders. It is quite understandable why Father Edelen urged his people "to fly" homeward. A great many who attended services at St. Francis Xavier's came from across the two bays by sailboat, and these boats would certainly have been lost unless securely hidden in the many creeks in the area. The newspaper article goes on to relate,

on last Wednesday week, a detachment from the enemy's shipping in the Patuxent, in pursuit of stock landed at Mr. Benedict Heard's in St. Mary's. Lt. Col. Ashton immediately detached in pursuit of them Capt. Blackstone's rifle corps and Capt. Brown's company of infantry. The enemy discovered them and retreated with great precipitation to their barges. On the next day they burnt every house on the land, all of which had been recently repaired, his loss is estimated at upwards of four thousand dollars.

Another newspaper reports that on July 27, 1814, the enemy was around Blackistone's Island and at the head of St. Clement's Bay pillaging and plundering the water front farms.<sup>37</sup> On August 4th they were in possession of Chaptico, where they desecrated the Episcopal Church, ruined the tile floor with their horses, smashed windows, opened and robbed graves and used some of the old sunken graves for barbecue pits.

Newtown could hardly have escaped without suffering and damage. Indeed, at the end of the war, Father Edelen immediately plunged into a great building and repair program. There are many entries in the ledger for this time including one for

<sup>36</sup> *Niles Weekly Register*, VII, 50.

<sup>37</sup> [Washington] *Daily National Intelligencer*, July 27, Aug. 4, Oct. 21, 1814.

glazing 120 window lights. The Newtown ledgers also disclose that the slaves were sent to Frederick in 1814 to prevent their falling into the hands of the British, and it was necessary for Father Edelen to secure sheep from the Jesuit plantation at White Marsh in May, 1815, in order to restock Newtown. There is a tradition in the "Neck" that the British desecrated the ancient cemetery at Newtown. It is said that the redcoats in their march up the Neck to Leonardtown (or more likely on their return journey) camped near the cemetery to prepare a meal and used the gravestones for field ovens. Father Treacy reported in 1884 that many of the stones were piled under an old cherry tree in the field of Mr. Dent Jarboe which adjoined the cemetery.<sup>38</sup> The oldest stone that can be found in the cemetery now is dated 1788.

In 1868 the Jesuit residence was removed from Newtown to Leonardtown. Since that time the old Manor House has been occupied by the overseer or farms manager. Father Zwinge in writing about this transfer stated,<sup>39</sup>

since the removal of the Fathers from Newtown to Leonardtown, the old church has decreased considerably in the number of parishioners as also in the splendor of church services. The priest visits the place every second Sunday, reads out his well considered announcements, and preaches with fiery eloquence, and the pews are, except on grand occasions, only half filled, the galleries half empty, the choir is deserted, the harmonium silent, and the poor church mouse nibbles at the leather of the bellows. The bell too which in olden days made the Angelus reecho o'er both bays from shore to shore, has nigh ceased its cheerful sound and hangs almost mute in the little steeple, except to ring for mass in mournful notes, but faith and devotion and love of God are as humble and fervent as of yore. The early missionaries lie beneath the sod in the shadow of the church; their graves are forgot, not their deeds; no human hand has chiselled their names in marble stone, but the angels have writ their works on the everlasting scroll of life. Some years ago the good pastor set up a new cross to their memory, and there it stands over the dead, a silent preacher unto the living, of poverty, humility and contempt of fame.

In recent years the members of the Society of Jesus have "chiselled" the names of these great soldiers of St. Ignatius and illustrious sons of the church in marble and their Monument stands near the entrance to St. Francis Xavier's Church. Father Zwinge would be happy, too, to know that now mass is said at

<sup>38</sup> *Woodstock Letters, op. cit.*, XIII, 116.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, XI, 194.

8:00 and 10:00 a. m. each Sunday, and after the usual announcements are read, the priest preaches with the same fiery eloquence. The old harmonium has been rescued from the mouse, and the choir sings sweetly as of yore. Newtown is well launched into her fourth century.

APPENDIX

BAPTISMS AND MARRIAGES RECORDED IN THE DIARY OF REV. JAMES WALTON, S. J.,  
WHILE AT NEWTOWN <sup>40</sup>

<i>Baptisms</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Name of Parents</i>	<i>Sponsors</i>
<i>Date</i>			
Dec. 26, 1766	Stephen	Sarah Williams	Dick Joy & John Drury
Feb. 8, 1767	Thomas	Mary Dyne	Nick Sellikton & Susan Pyke
" " "	Ignatius	Elizabeth Thompson	Phil Brewer & Ann Seford
" " "	Abram	Anna Lord	Jos. Greenwell & Mrs. Slye
Feb. 25, 1767	Mary	Lyena Joy	Michael & Mary Drury
Apr. 5, "	Ignatius	Anna Joy	Joan & Monica Riley
Apr. 11, "	Ralph	Jos. & Ann Mattingly	Mary Ann Brown & Thos. Jones
Apr. 12, "	Benjamin	Anna Bradburn	Mat Pakini & Lucy Ford
Apr. 12, "	William	H. Jarboe	Fra Ford & Ann Wimsatt
Apr. 19, "	Jac	Basil & Mary Knot	Fra & Monica Drury
May 28, "	Rebecca	——— Brown	Susan Brown
" 31, "	Christina	Henry & Ann Lucas	Jos. Millard & Eleanor Campbell
June 14, "	Dorothy	Jos. & Mary Nalls	

<i>Marriages</i>	<i>Names</i>
<i>Date</i>	
Dec. 4, 1769	Jack. Murrein & Mary Johnson
" 11, "	Jos. Peak & Susan Yets (Yates)
" " "	Ignatius Drury & Anastasia French
Dec. 11, 1769	Jos. Payn & Binnie Stuart
" " "	Bernaar Newton & Mary Payn
Jan. 20, 1770	Zachar. Barnes & Susan Thompson
" 28, "	Harry Sewall & Sarah Roach
" " "	Jos. Simpson & Mary Jarboe
Feb. 27, "	Edw. Stone & Anna Joy
Mar. 22, "	Ignatuis Norris & Lucia Pike
Aug. 18, "	John Baptist Norris & M. Woodward
" 25, "	Stephen Wimsatt & Mary Low
Sept. 3, "	Philip Fenwick & Rebecca Greenwell
" 4, "	Phillip Drury & Ann Newton
" 6, "	John Russell & Susan French
" 30, "	Jos. & Ann Digges
Nov. 3, "	Michael Drury & Ann Yets (Yates)
Dec. 3, "	Roger & Maria Brooke (3rd cousins)
" 4, "	Jos. Dean & Joan Stone
" 21, "	Geo. Collins & Ann Lucas
Jan. 20, 1771	Raphael Ford & Anne Spalden
Feb. 5, "	Jos. Williams & Ann Heard (dau of Jac Heard)
" 7, "	Richard Poily & Susan Hayden

<sup>40</sup> File 6.3, Woodstock Archives.

<i>Marriages</i>		<i>Names</i>
<i>Date</i>		
Apr. 20,	"	Bennet Hodgkins & Susan Gatten
" 21,	"	Jac. Malohone & Maria Langley
June 17,	"	Francis Wheatley & Anastasia Cecil
* " 25,	"	Michael Taney & Monica Brooke
July 22,	"	Ben Cusack & Ann Jones
Aug. 5,	1771	Ignatius Carroll & Winifred Contsidur
Sept. 19,	"	Jac Vowels & Priscilla Payn
" 23,	"	Francis Roberts & Mary Pillsbrough
Dec. 30,	"	Enoch Campbell & Eliz. Hall
Feb. 11,	1772	Luke Mattingly & Eliz. Thompson
" 18,	"	Joseph Shanks & Susanna Goldsmith
" 25,	"	Thomas Thompson & Henrietta Abel
May 29,	"	Thomas Carbery & Monica Reily
July 18,	"	Richard Tarleton & Eliz. Tiford
Sept. 16,	"	Joshua Clark & Mary Bowles
Oct. 15,	"	Zacharia Abell & Mary Strong
" 19,	"	Chas. Jarboe & Eliz. Stone
Nov. 10,	"	Joshua Melton & Sara Molohorn
" 11,	"	John Fenwick & Mary Thompson
" 17,	"	Rod Jarboe & Monica Williams
" 28,	"	Thos. Jarboe & Ann Lucas
Dec. 22,	"	Aquilla Hall & Mary Davis
" " "	"	Jos. Thornhill & Monica Brown
" 23,	"	Ignatius Goddard & Ann Payn
" 29,	"	Jos. Stone & Dorothy Spink
" 31,	"	Ignatius Wimsatt & Mary Medley
Jan. 4,	1773	Geo. Ford & Dominica Plowden
Feb. 14,	"	Jeremy Gatten & Eliz. Drury
Mar. 6,	"	Jac. Norris & Monica Greenwell
" 21,	"	Hugo Williams & Lydia Stone
" 30,	"	Alban Newton & Marion Pike
May 25,	"	Jac. French & Susan Melton
" 26,	"	Edmund Jenkins & Eliz. Milborn
July 9,	"	Patrick Hogan & Eliz. Engleton
" 27,	"	Thos. Riswicke & Mary Nottingham
Sept. 7,	"	Sylvester Wheatley & Eliz. Fraiser
" 27,	"	Thos. Brewer & Minta Dawsey
" 28,	"	Ricard Wathan & Eleanor Mattingly
Nov. 8,	"	Ignatius Abel & Mary Abel
" 11,	"	Enoch Stone & Monica Goldsberry
" 13,	"	Jos. Smith & Joanna Manning
Dec. 21,	"	Pelham Brown & Susan Low
Jan. 31,	1774	Anton Brown & Ann Brewer
" " "	"	Joshua Greenwell & Eliz. Newton
" " "	"	Leonard Johnson & Mary Malohorn
Apr. 10,	"	Raphael Greenwell & Cloe Tarlton
May 27,	"	G. Russell & Ann Draden Abell
June 19,	"	Cuthbert Clark & Mary Ann Brown
July 3,	"	Thos. Fenwick & Eliz. Thomas
" 12,	"	Jos. Drudge & Ann Howard
Sept. 12,	"	John Dean & Mary More
Oct. 1,	"	John Smith & Eliz. Ford
" 11,	"	Wilford Thompson & Ann Shircliff

\* Got dispensation.

<i>Marriages</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Names</i>
	Nov. 5, "	Jesse Floyd & Eliz. Swales
	Dec. 31, "	Basil Nottingham & Joanna Stone
	Feb. 8, 1775	Bernard Newton & Mary Pike
	" 16, "	Thos. Joy & Sara Fields
	" 28, "	Richard Pilketon & Anna Hutchings
	July 10, "	John Reed & Rebecca Latham
	" 25, "	John Hardesty & Catherine Thompson
	Aug. 8, "	Daniel Friend & Cloe Sayr
	Sept. 30, "	Phillip Ford & Eliz. Spalden
	Oct. 24, "	Gabriel Newton & Henrietta Wheatley
	Nov. —, "	Ignatius Shirly & Mary Norris
	Dec. 14, "	Benedict More & Susan Peacock
	" 19, "	Francis Wheeler & Anna Birchmore
	Jan. 11, 1776	John Bowles & Eliz. Payn
	Feb. 19, "	Wm. Fowler & Mary Mattingly
	May 4, "	Jacob More & Ann Dorsey
	June 1, "	Thos. Norris & Catherine Mattingly
	" 12, "	Jacob Fenwick & Henrietta Howard
	July 4, "	Wm. Howard & Eleanora Thompson
	" 16, "	Phillip Reed & Ann Smith
	Nov. 27, "	Wm. Heard & Susan Abell
	Dec. 1, "	Thos. Leach & Eliz. Spalden
	Jan. 21, 1777	Ignatius Bowles & Catherine Gough
	Mar. 16, "	Jac. Dyne & Eleanora More
	" 18, "	Jesse Floyd & Mary Carey Reed
	June 20, "	Basil Brown & Ann Mattingly
	Aug. 22, "	Jac Fish & Ann Wheatley
	Nov. 3, "	Robt. Abell & Margarita Miles
	" 20, "	Ignatius Low & Priscilla Norris
	Dec. 1, "	Thos. Bryan & Maria Mattingly
	Jan. 19, 1778	John Reynolds & Ann French
	" 26, "	Zachariah Brewer & Dorothy Cecil
	Mar. 23, "	Jas. Wimsatt & Sara Howard
	Apr. 19, "	Wm. Clark & Mary Hopewell
	" " "	Samuel Derike & Ann Whitfield
	Oct. 12, "	Arthur McGill & Ann Stone
	Nov. 20, "	Stephen Adams & Henrietta Low
	" " "	Jos. Ford & Henrietta Spinks
	" " "	Jacob Fenwick & Catherine Ford
	Dec. 22, "	Wm. Bradburn & Eliz. Edelen
	Feb. 7, 1779	Henry Medley & Margaret Ford
	" 21, "	Joseph Stone & Eliz. More
	Oct. —, "	Peter Ford & Maria Sewell
	" 21, "	Jacob Yets (Yates) & Ann Thompson
	Nov. —, "	John Daft & Anna Spalden
	Dec. 21, "	Benedict Spalden & Anna Stone
	Mar. 5, 1780	Basil Thompson & Cloe Brown
	Mar. 9, "	Basil Booth & Eliz. Henry
	Nov. 5, 1784	Joseph Stone & Eliz. Swales

BAPTISMS AND MARRIAGES PERFORMED BY REV. IGNIATIUS BAKER BROOKE  
AT NEWTOWN <sup>41</sup>

<i>Baptisms</i>		<i>Name</i>	<i>Name of Parents</i>
<i>Date</i>			
— — 1794		Charles	Edm. & Jane Hamersly Plowden
— — "		Francis	Henry & Nelly Hamersly
June — "		Robert	Francis & ——— Hamersly
— — 1795		Philip Henry Digges	Raphael & Mary Neale
July 10, 1796		Whifford James	Wm. & Anne Neal Roach
— — 1797		Elizabeth	Wm. & Ann Neal Roach
Oct. 20, 1799		Anthony	Anthony & Sarah Carter
— — 1799		Elizabeth	Edw. & ——— Ferrell
— — "		Susanna	Rhode & Elizabeth Gibson
Nov. 1, "		George	Matthew & Ann Norris
— — "		Margaret	James Senerd
— — "		Clement	Slave of Monica Greenwell
Nov. 17, "		John Alexander	Ignatius & Susanna Jarboe
Dec. 8, "		John Alexander	John & Mary Wise
Jan. 2, 1800		Mary	George Hayden
" 5, "		Juliana	Jos. & Ann Thompson
" 6, "		Ann	John & Monica Norris
" 7, "		Lewis Nicolas	Lloyd & Ann Murray

<i>Marriages</i>	<i>Name</i>
<i>Date</i>	
Aug. 18, 1799	Elisha Tarlton & Ann Greenwell
Dec. 8, "	George Neale & Mary Lee
Jan. 2, 1800	John Nevit & Susanna Milton
" 22, 1801	Aaron Brinnum & Eleanor Peake

William Medley was buried April 13, 1801, at Newtown. He died on April 12th. at the age of 45 and was the son of Clement and Mary Williams Medley.

LIST OF NAMES FROM THE NEWTOWN LEDGERS

1746-1750

William Digges	Richard Key	Edward Cole
William Neale	John Reily	Basil Brook
John Cecil	James Thompson	Joseph Pile
George Thompson	William Roach	Ignatius Ford
Abram Barns	George Slye	Ignatius Wheeler
Raphael Neale		

1765-1768

Henry Howard	John Brewer	John Boone
Sam'l Abell	George Slye	Dr. Henry Jernejen
Mark Heard	Capt. John Stell	Thos. Drury
James Heard	Wm. Williams	J. Fenwick
Richard Heard	Eliz. Wheatley	Benj. Young
Peter Gough	John Hesse	Wm. Homersley
Stephen Gough	Necy Ford	James Jordan
Thos. Key	Raphael Lancaster	Jere Hilton
Wm. Gibson	Thos. McWilliams	Nanny Fletcher
Clement Mattingly	Geo. Medley	Mathias Nothingham
Leonard Mattingly	Josue Mills	John Moreman
Robert Mattingly	Joseph Martindale	Esq. Younge
Ralph Neale	Capt. Perry	Cornelius Brothers
Henry Neale	Leonard Pain	Jas. Carter
Thos. Thompson	Wm. Dennis	Wm. Fletcher
Raphael Thompson		

<sup>41</sup> Newtown ledger, Woodstock Archives.

1784-1797

Edward Stone  
James Jordan  
Matthew Blair  
Joseph Mattingly  
Ignatius Mattingly  
Vincent Payne  
Clement Sewall  
Barbara Fenwick  
David Clarke  
Henry Medley  
John Stone  
Nicholas Green  
Henry Miles

Daniel Rogers  
Charles Jenkins  
Wm. Bowles  
Zach. Forrest  
Joshua Millard  
Robert Ford  
Wm. Spink  
James Paterson  
Ignatius Drury  
Bennet Clarke  
Robert Price  
Hudson Warthing  
Joseph Gough

Cuthbert Heard  
James Ford  
Ralph Neale  
Ralph Cecil  
John Foxwell  
Bazil Howard  
Wm. Bowling  
Ignatius Hayden  
George Leigh  
Gerard Ford  
Susan Reeves  
Jos. Donaldson  
Wm. Knott

1805-1816

Dr. Walter Brooke  
Polly Carbery  
Peter Carbery  
Thomas Carbery  
Wm. Hammett  
Jas. Hayden  
John Leigh  
Enoch Millard  
Jerry Morgan  
James Morgan  
Col. Henry Plowden  
Chas. Plowden  
Neale Plowden  
Mary Plowden  
John Langley

Chas. Bowling  
Joseph Ford  
Benj. Gough  
Sam Greenwell  
Leonard Howard  
Elijah Jackson  
Bernard Medley  
Geo. McWilliams  
Joa. Mattingly  
Zach. Mattingly  
Edw. C. Smith  
Richard Smith  
E. Taylor  
Helen Wathen  
Joshua Stewart

Ethelbert Cissel  
Mary Clements  
John Clements  
Mary Griffin  
Francis Herbert  
Eliz. Llewelin  
Ignatius Manning  
Richard Merryman  
Dr. Wm. Roach  
Ignatius Stone  
Janet Thompson  
Maj. Bennet  
Jas. Walker  
Chas. Sewall

# JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE BAY ON A FISHING EXPEDITION, 1824

By HORATIO RIDOUT

SEPTEMBER 15<sup>th</sup> Set sail in the Sloop *Sea Gull* from Whitehall. John Gibson, Master. Thomas Moss, Mate. Joseph Quay, Pilot. William Hemsly, Steward. John Hall, Cook. Jessy, Ezekial, and Henry, Seamen. Horatio Ridout and John Ridout of H. Passengers.<sup>1</sup>

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We crossed over to Kent Island, and landed at John Ridout's to Breakfast, the wind blowing a strong gale all day, from Southward were obliged to send the Sloop round Love Point into *Chester River* for a Harbour.

17<sup>th</sup> At half after 9 o'clock in the morning hoisted sail with a fine wind from North and by East, and made no Stop untill 5 minutes after 3 o'clock the next morning when we anchored under shelter of New Point Comfort, having run about 155 miles. This place was a Point of *some comfort* to me, as the wind, in the course of the Night, had blown most tremendously hard, and tho the Sloops mainsail was double Reefed, and the Jib Haul'd down, the Boom was constantly dipping in the water and every now and then, a wave would break over the Stern, and drench the Steersman. There was neither Moon Star or

<sup>1</sup> Horatio Ridout (1769-1834), son of the John Ridout who was given Whitehall by Governor Horatio Sharpe, married Rachael Goldsborough and by this marriage had a son John (1793-1868), called John Ridout of H. to distinguish him from his cousin John Ridout. John of H. lived at Belle View on Kent Island. John Gibson was Horatio's brother-in-law and neighbor.

The journal was made available through the generosity of its owner, Mr. Ogle Ridout Singleton, a great-grandson of John Ridout of H. The original text has been followed as closely as possible to preserve the flavor of the journal.

Land to be seen. The Pilot went entirely by the Compass and Lead Line. *I did not like it at all.* I stood all night upon the Cabin Steps, for to Sleep, with me, was impossible.

How different was the famous Prince Dolgoruki of Russia<sup>2</sup> who being on board a Ship and asleep when a violent tempest arose, that by the bravest of the Ship's Company was considered as the Signal of their inevitable destruction, and being awaked by an officer, who expressed his surprise at the Prince being asleep at such a crisis, and told him that must all perish in a short time. "If that be the case replied the Prince, what did you wake me for? I would advise you all to follow my example." He then went to sleep again.

18<sup>th</sup> It continued blowing hard all this day, after Breakfast we landed on the Point and went up to the Lanthorn in the Light house—but feeling my head giddy—I did not remain there more than five or six minutes. There are 53 Stone Steps leading up to the Light, besides a Short Wooden Step Ladder, from whence I conjecture, the height of the Tower, inclusive of the Land Mound on which it stands, to be about Seventy feet above the level of the water in the Bay. While we were on shore the wind and waves rose so high that the little Yawl, or Tow Boat could not carry us all back to the Sloop. John Ridout and myself remained on the Beach, and saw that it was with difficulty and a good wetting that the others reached the Sloop, and when the Boat afterwards returned for us, I refused going in her, upon which they ran the Sloop into a little Creek or Inlet that divides the Island on which the Light House stands, from the Main, and there we remained until next morning. At this place I caught 2 Black Fish 2 Silver Perch 1 Crocus and 1 *Pig Fish* which by the by, had lost its tail. Whether cut off by some prior owner as a mark I cannot say. I also shot a Couple of snipes. The rest of the party were not much more successful. Henry caught about half a Bushel of oysters, large, high relished and with little crabs in them.

The soil on New Point Island exclusive of some marshes, consists entirely of very fine white sand mounds—which, at a distance, has precisely the appearance of Ground covered with

<sup>2</sup> Count Vasily Lukich Dolgoruki (1672-1739) Russian diplomat who was beheaded for forging the will of Peter II.

Snow—and actually deceived some of our people when they first saw it in the morning after our arrival. The Island is owned by a M<sup>r</sup>. Pritchett (a Roman Catholick, and whose family are the only persons of that religious sect in the whole County of Matthews as he informed us) except a few acres on which the Light House stands. Pritchett told us, that he had to pay twice over for his Land before he could get a good title to it besides the expences of a Law Suit.

He keeps a Seine, and makes a good deal of money, by the Fish he catches. He told us that he sometimes takes an hundred Barrels of Crocurs at a Drafft. They are called Spots in that part of the Country. These he salts, trims and barrels up, and sells at the price of 6 and 8 Dollars a Barrel, according to the quality. The people preferring them to any other kind of Fish, and, in truth, they are very fat and nice. There are only two families on the Island. Pritchett and Johnsons. (the latter is Keeper of the Light House) and altho' their Houses are within call of each other, they have no sort of intercourse, having been, for several years, at variance, yet to strangers they are civil and friendly. On this day we discovered that the only time piece we had on board had got out of order, and was totally useless.

19th. After an early Breakfast, we sailed over to *Severn River* (8 or 9 miles from New Point) and anchored near Col<sup>o</sup>. George Lewis's House. It was the handsomest building we had seen on our passage, and his farm is extensive, but as it rained hard, I did not go on Shore. However towards Night, some of our Young Men—landed at another place, and brought an old man named Thomas Hall on Board, with about a Bushel of Oysters, for which they paid a Quarter of a Dollar, Old Hall gave me much information about the People and Country, while he remained sober—but he soon got intoxicated, and our Pilot was obliged to carry him home, after he had watered in our Cabin. . . .

20<sup>th</sup>—It blew hard this day—However old Hall came on board again and made many apologies for his drunken bout last night, declaring that the like had not happened to him for Seven years before, and never should happen again. He then undertook to show us a place at the mouth of the River, where it was almost certain that we should catch both Drums and

Sheepshead,—accordingly we went a fishing in Company with Capt.<sup>n</sup>. Lattimore of the Brig Venus bound to Key West, and Capt. *Jenny* of the Sch<sup>r</sup> Rising Sun bound to the Island of Cuba. Some of the party who fished with small Lines, had the luck to take Six or Eight Trout and Crocuses, but we who were after great Fish, only got well soaked in a Shower of Rain, and returned Cold and uncomfortable on Board the Sea Gull, Gulls ourselves for believing one word that old Tommy Hall told us. We saw no more of him. As soon as our Young Men had Shifted their Clothes, they went on board the Venus to dine with Capt Lattimore—but as I conjectured, they intended to have a frolic. I remained on board of our own Vessel. Accordingly in the Evening they all rowed up the River to a place they called *Honey Point*, and had a fine Dance and kick up, with the old Virginia Girls. They spoke in high terms of their agility in dancing—and as to their singing, why it seemed as if every shingle on the Roof of the House, was a *Jews Harp*. Some of them stayed on shore, the whole night, verifying the old Distich “Old Virginia never tire, eat parch’d Corn and lay by the fire—”

21<sup>st</sup> It still continued blowing hard, with rain, so that Thirteen Sail of Sea Vessels bound out, were obliged to remain in the River; besides five larger Ships at anchor under New Point. On this day, one Jenkins came on board our Sloop, and having heard him spoken of “as a very Kind Feeder” We had the curiosity to see a specimen of his talent and asked him to take Dinner. He was helped literally to a Benjamin Mess of Pork and Pease, Cold boiled Beef, and Duck Pye—which he discussed in fine Style, washing it down with a Quart of Strong Grog, and three Quarts of Cider—yet he remained quite Sober. It seemed too that he had just before taken a damper on Board some of the other Vessels, that he had been visiting.

We received an invitation to drink tea with a M<sup>r</sup>. Carey Jones; a Gentleman of the Law, and a considerable Land owner residing at the Mouth of Severn. John Ridout and myself accepted the invitation, and found M<sup>r</sup>. Jones and his Lady, very polite People. They asked us to remain at their house all night, but we declined it. M<sup>r</sup>. Jones is an Advocate for M<sup>r</sup>. Crawford as President—But his Father an old Revolutionary Officer, whom they call

Major, is a warm Jacksonite. He was on a visit to his Son and as the term of his visit had expired, asked us to give him a passage in our Sloop to *Old Point Comfort*, now called *Fortress Monroe* which is not far distant from Hampton, his place of residence. The Major told us that he was in his 76<sup>th</sup> year, that he was present at both the Sieges of Savannah, and had been wounded each time. He appears to be a very singular old Fellow, but carries his age well not looking to be more than Sixty. Our Young Men paid another Visit this evening to Honey Point, but did not stay very late. Perhaps they began to find Bee Bread mixed with the Honey, which rendered it a little Bitter. If so, they kept it to themselves. However they managed to leave half a dollar due for some kind of Liquor, to one Kimble, a Tall, thin, gawky looking man, a sort of man that Tom Moss swore he could make a better looking one out of a Clap board.

22<sup>nd</sup> Just after sun rise in company with the whole Fleet, we set sail and had an agreeable run to within a couple of miles of Old Point. The old Major was very entertaining, and told us many odd tales, and incidents, that had befallen him in his youthful days. I did not, however give implicit credit to all he said, for I could't help suspecting that he sometimes spun a tough yarn.

We anchored near the Beach about two miles above Old Point and went on shore, where there were Three Seine Hauling Establishmnts. Saw the Seine hauled and purchased some Fish on very reasonable terms. We bought three fine mackerel for 12½ cents four large Trout for 18¾ cents and other fish at similar rates. Captain Sheldon, the Owner of one of the Seins, made us a present of a couple of fine Taylors, as many crabs, as we chose to take. Their mode of Hauling the Seine is different from ours, only one rope is required, as one end of the Net is fastened to the Shore, the other is carried straight out and there anchored, for an hour or two when it is drawn in so as to meet the Tide whether Flood or Ebb, and abundance of Fish are taken. The kinds I saw were Trout, Mackerel, Taylors, Flounders, Rocks, Crocuses, Pig Fish and Porgies—Black Fish, Silver Perch and Ale Wives—But I did not see any White or Yellow Perch, such as are common up the Bay and I only met with one *Virginia Sun Fish* which they said, was a small one, but which was five times larger than any of what are called Sun Fish in Maryland, but in fact, they are different sort

of Fish. The Virginia Sun Fish is very highly esteemed, I also saw a *Moon Fish* which is very white and shining, but I believe, is unfit to be eaten. Our *Diamond Fish* are very common in the vicinity of the Capes, but they are known by a different name, which has escaped my memory.

After satisfying our curiosity, respecting Seine Hawling, we walked into the Town at Old Point, and for several hours viewed the Fortifications and other Military works now erecting on a grand scale.<sup>3</sup> Considering the short space of time since their commencement, it is surprizing what progress has been made in covering a large space of barren Land Mounds (now almost levelled) with extensive Barricks, Forts, Magazines, Handsome dwellings Houses &c. besides a Canal dug nearly round Fortress Monroe. There are about Two Thousand Persons of all descriptions in the place amongst whom are three or four hundred United States Soldiers employed on Fatigue duty. Great Exactness and regularity are observed as to the hours of their work, and they march in double file, to and from the place of their employment to their dieting places at meal times. And at night all their tools are carefully deposited in proper places for them just as their muskets are. We observed some of them with *Iron Collars* round their necks, and a chain and Ball fastened to one Leg. It was not an agreeable sight—but it is rendered necessary as a punishment for desertion. We had a good deal of conversation with one of the Soldiers at the Barracks and found them well satisfied with their situation. They are well fed, well clothed, and comfortably lodged. They seemed pleased in shewing us their accommodations. Everything in the Barracks, especially the cooking apartments bore the marks of extreme cleanness; while walking down the Main Street, two Sentinels passed us, with a Soldier under guard, who from the Blood on his face, seemed to have been fighting. Soon afterwards we met a clean dressed fresh shaven man, and asked him what would be done with the Person under guard "Put into the Black Hole, Gentlemen from whence, I have just come myself" Are there any Moschettors there? asked one of our Company. "Lord love your Soul, Sir answered the man, the Moschettors in the Black Hole, are as big as *Wild Geese*" So saying he bowed and passed on. We thought the man had been

<sup>3</sup> Construction on Fortress Monroe was commenced by the Federal Government in 1819 and was not completed until 1834.

quizzing us, but a negro man informed us, that the Person, we had been talking with, was one of the musicians of the Band belonging to the Fortress, and was pretty regularly once or twice a week, sent to the *Black Hole*, for getting Drunk—but that his services were so necessary, as to make his confinement last only until he became sobered. Having drank a little good Punch and seen all that was worth looking at in the Town, and Fortress, we returned to our Vessel and set Sail for York River—but the wind rose again with so strong an Ebb tide and heavy Sea that we were compelled to turn Poop to it, and run round the Point, and come to, at one of the wharves, where we found Eighty or Ninety Sail of Bay Craft laying—most of them employed in delivering Stone at Old Point, and the *Rip Raps* (now called Fort Calhoun) distant about two miles. They do not permit any Vessel to remain at night, at the *Rip Raps* for fear of their cheating Government, by taking in Stone at night, which they have been delivering during the Day. I suppose some such Yankee or *John Quincy Adams* tricks have heretofore been played off by which the United States have been made to pay twice for the same article—And God knows, by the time the works are finished *once* paying will come to some millions of dollars. However when the Defences are once completed no Enemies Fleet will be able to Shelter in Hampton Roads— while to our own ships it will prove a perfect Harbour of safety.

23<sup>rd</sup> The first thing that aroused us from Sleep this morning about Day break was the yelling and screaming of a little Urchin of a Cabin Boy on board a large Schooner close by us. The Mate, (one M<sup>r</sup> Thomas) was giving him the Rope's End to some purpose and the poor Boy jumping and hopping about the Deck, like a Pea in an oven. We thought the flogging double of what any little offence could deserve, and pitied the Boy very much. However in half an hour afterwards he went to cooking Breakfast and soon began singing and Dancing, as if nothing out of the common routine of business had happened to him. And such, I dare say, was the case. There is no telling, what use or habit will enable people to bear—If it causes *Irishmen* to bear hanging so well, why not have the same effect as to a sound drubbing on the Back of a Sailor Boy?

Soon after Sunrise, I went to the Market House, but did not see much Butchers Meat—There were plenty of Fish, Sweet

Potatoes, Apples, Chinquapins and Cabbages &c. The Hucksters too keep tables, and sell cakes, Pies, Sausages &c. We bought 2 Bushels of Oysters—at 25 cents per Bushel, which was the uniform price wherever we enquired for them. The wind still continuing adverse to our return homeward, we determined to visit *Norfolk* and arrived there between 10 and 11 o'clock. I believe Norfolk is about 18 or 20 miles distant from Old Point. It lies on *Elizabeth River*.

John Ridout, our Pilot and myself soon went on shore, and traversed the principal Streets. They are narrow, crooked and dirty. I should suppose the Town to be about *Three times* the size of Annapolis. There are some very handsome private houses, but too much interspersed amongst mean looking framed Buildings, and almost every Quarter of the Town, exhibits the melancholy spectacle of Houses having been destroyed by fire<sup>4</sup>—The ruins still remain and void spaces appear very frequently in the rows. It did not appear, that many new Houses were building in place of those that have been burnt. The Public Edifices are not remarkable. It seems that the course of Trade which once flowed into Norfolk has taken a different Channel up James River; and Norfolk would decline more rapidly still, were it not upheld in some degree by the Naval Establishments at Portsmouth and Gosport, on the opposite side of the River. A merchant ship had lately arrived at Norfolk from France, laden with Wine and Silks, but could not dispose of her Cargo, and had proceeded up to City Point, near Richmond, and if disappointed in a market there, meant to return and proceed up the Bay to Baltimore. At Portsmouth we saw the United States Ship North Carolina of 74 Guns, fitting up for a Cruize. She is a noble Vessel. The Hospital at Gosport is a splendid structure, indeed all the public structures are grand and worthy of a great nation. This evening our Pilot and myself drank Tea with a Mr. Freeman, a very respectable Cabinet Maker, who is in good business, and executes elegant work in his line, our Young men went to an Oyster House, where they met with good fare at 50 cents a head. During the night, I was first disturbed by our man Jerry, who got Drunk and made a

<sup>4</sup> On March 25, 1814, a fire destroyed the market-house and surrounding tenements. On February 2, 1823, a fire took place on the west side of Market Square and a year later a fire on Main Street destroyed the old court-house and jail buildings, being used as shops and dwellings, at the head of Market Square.

great noise, and was afterwards kept awake by the sounds of Fiddling and Dancing in several Places, till a very late hour—and also by the practising of a Band of Musick, who were as we were told, perfecting themselves, against the Review at York Town on the 19<sup>th</sup> of October, in honour of General Lafayette.

24<sup>th</sup>—Went to Market—Perhaps few markets are better supplied with Fish—But the Butcher's meat was not good, and yet very dear. It is said that later in the season, very fine Beef and mutton are carried to Norfolk from a considerable distance—Baltimore for instance—but at the time we were there the Beef was very indifferent. Poultry in plenty—good and cheap. I bought some Sausages, and John Ridout purchased a few pounds of Beef Steaks. Upon the whole, I think Norfolk must be an unpleasant place to live in. It is low, dirty, dissipated and swarms with Dogs, Moschettoes and negroes. However, I find, the Constables keep this latter nuisance pretty well under. They are less insolent than those in Baltimore, tho' more numerous in relation to the size of the two places. No night Dancings or other meetings are tolerated, as M<sup>r</sup>. Freeman informed me.

After Breakfast we started for Old Point once more, passing by *Craney Island*, which seemed a much more pleasant place, than it's name would lead one to conjecture. There are a few Buildings upon the Island which make a neat appearance from the water, but to what use they are applied I did not learn, probably they are Lazarettoes. About noon we reached Old Point, and attempted to run up the Bay, but were once more obliged to return by the wind being too adverse. We then ran up to *Hampton* landed and walked over the Town, which was soon accomplished, it being but a small place and not likely speedily to increase. It is, however the County Town, and contains the *Court House*, *Jail* &c.—and some Pilot Boats are occasionally built in it. The water is the best in all the Region round about it for many miles. The Boats of a French Squadron consisting of the *Eylan* of 90 guns a Frigate and a Corvette, riding in the Roads were taking in their water at the time we were in the Town. We here once more fell in with our old Major Jones, who escorted us about the Town, and invited us to drink some *Brandy* and water. There are two Taverns in the Town, one of them at the Water's edge, and kept by *Major General Pryor* of the Virginia Militia—and to judge by externals

for we did not enter it, a very indifferent House of entertainment it must be, notwithstanding the high sounding Title of its Landlord. But every thing showed high in the *Ancient Dominion*, except *Hoe-Cake* and *Homney*, and bless our stars, we saw or heard little of them. The most melancholy object that met our sight in Hampton was the ruin of a Brick Church. It was formerly a large and splendid Fabrick, surrounded by a Brick Wall inclosing the Burying Ground, but nothing now remains, except the Bare Walls and decayed Roof. Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs make it their common shelter, and feed unmolested amidst Tomb Stones and obelisks. In a few more years, it is likely that any Descendant of persons buried there, who may wish to read the Inscriptions on the Tombs of his ancestors will have to search for them among the Hearth Stones in the Town of Hampton or its environs. The valuable Glebe Land that was given, in the olden time by pious beneficence, for the support of a Minister of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour has been sold according to Law (encouraged and sanctioned, if not first proposed by M<sup>r</sup> Jefferson) and the Money turned into a *Free School Fund*—where it may be, some infidel Foreigner put *Pains Age of Reason*, into the hands of his Pupils, instead of the New Testament. One circumstance surprised me very much. Our old Major told us that his wife and two or three of his Children were buried in the Church Yard—and he seemed no ways concerned at the unseemly sight of Hogs rooting the Turf from off the Graves. No doubt he had seen it a thousand times and use has habituated him to it. Having finished our Survey of Hampton we descended the Creek on which it stands, to the Roads and fell in with a Couple of Negro Men from whom we purchased some very good Oysters. One of the men was an Intelligent Fellow. I asked him several questions respecting the outrages said to have been perpetrated by the British, when they took possession of Hampton. He said he was a Shoemaker by Trade and was working in Town, when the Enemy landed, and that he remained in it during the whole time, that the British kept possession—that only *one Woman* was violated, who was a decent tho' poor widow, and that was done by Frenchman. That as soon as the fact came to the knowledge of the Commander in Chief—, he ordered every Frenchman back to the Ships, when they, who had committed the enormity, were severely punished. The negro further told us, that one half of the plundering

was not done by the British. It was true, he said, that they took from the Stores whatever they wanted—but they did not personally illtreat the inhabitants, and when they left the place, the Militia who came from the upper part of the Country, together with the Coloured People, pillaged more than the British had done. This was previous to the return of those Inhabitants who had fled from their houses on the approach of the Enemy. He also related to us this Anecdote—A wild dissipated Young man (I think he called him Painter) said to him a few days before, that he wished the British would land and either let him put a Bullet through some of their darnn'd Hearts, or they put one through his, for he was tired of waiting for them, that when the British did land and fire on the Militia, the only man who fell was *Painter*. This he solemnly assured us was an absolute fact.

We found on enquiry at all the places we stopped at, that no Tobacco is cultivated immediately on the Bay in Virginia. The principal articles of Culture are Wheat, Barley, Indian Corn, Sweet Potatoes and Cotton. The Crops have been pretty good this season. Corn can be had for 125 cents per barrel. Sweet Potatoes from 37½ to 50 cents a Bushel. Wheat and Barley are sent to Baltimore and Richmond and some to New York. The Cotton is Chiefly manufactured at Home for domestic use—At Col<sup>o</sup>. Lewis's on Severn River, we saw a large lot set thick with Jerusalem Artichokes in full bloom which his neighbour M<sup>r</sup> Jones, told us, were permanent; that once a year, just before it was time to put up Hogs to fatten, the Col<sup>o</sup>. turned his into this lot and kept them there until he supposed they had eaten up the fruit, at least the large ones. He then removed them, much improved into his Pens and fed them with Corn. The small artichoke Roots left by the Hogs, come up and produce the next year as many as before. But no hog is suffered to run in the Lot during the intermediate time.

The Country generally appears to be thickly inhabited, and the People healthy, though not inclined to be corpulent. I met with none that I could call really fat. They live much on Fish and other aquatic productions. There are many Wild Geese and Ducks in Winter, but no Swans below the mouth of Potomac. We were told of a man who a few Winters ago, went out a Duck Shooting *in the Night* near the mouth of Back River (on this side of Old Point) without a water dog—every time he shot, he waded in for

his Ducks, and was found next morning frozen to Death on the Beach, with forty two Brace of Ducks lying by him.

Moschettoes abound every where down the Bay, but the People complain very little about them. John Ridout, on one occasion got his throat full of them and coughed lustily.

In the market at Norfolk, we saw a Horse Cart loaded and another half loaded with *Prawn*. They sell at 3 and 4 cents a quart. I enquired how they were caught, and was informed that it was done by stretching Straw or Marsh Grass mattlings across the mouths of Coves at high water, and when the Tide was out, they picked them up, the Hedging having intercepted their retreat.

25<sup>th</sup> Having reached Old Point once more in the course of last night, from Hampton, we sailed early this morning on our way home, having relinquished the plan of visiting York Town— Though we heard much of the preparations making there for the reception of General La Fayette, and felt great curiosity to see the *far famed* Cave of Lord Cornwallis. Apropos, I learned a Negro Pun, about this commander, that was not so bad. It seems that after his surrender, Cornwallis was riding out, and one Negro, who knew his person, pointed him out to another, and said " There goes *Cornwallis*," no, replied the other, he no name *Cornwallis* he name *Cob Wallis*, for General Washington done shell all his Corn off and left only the Cob "

We had a light wind, tolerably fair as far as the *Egg Islands* (a Group or Cluster of little Sandy Islets, sometimes overflowed, on which they say, the Sea Gulls, Pill Willets, Snipes and such kind of Birds breed in great numbers,) when it fell calm and we cast anchor. John Gibson, our Pilot, John Ridout and myself went on Shore to Shoot, but met with no Game, it not being the right season. There is a smell of lymblin or Gourd growing amongst the old sea wave, heretofore cast up, in such numbers, that a vessel might be laden with them, if they were of value. They resemble what in Maryland are called *May Gourds*. We picked up about 150 Clams, and I was surprised, at their position in the sand under the water. I always supposed that like oysters, their mouths were out of the sand, and the thick part, where the hinge is, downwards, but exactly the reverse is the fact.

We now returned to our Sloop, and as soon as the Flood Tide made, weighed Anchor, for New Point. Wind very light, and not

fair. However as the Tide flowed at the rate of 5 or 6 Knots an hour, what with it and sweeping with four little oars, we reached New Point, in the course of the Night, our Pilot and Mate having enlivened us by singing a number of Songs, some Sea, some amatory, and others burlesque.

26<sup>th</sup> Some of our Party landed at the Point for the purpose of getting a supply of water. It is none of the best for the well is only a hole 5 or 6 feet deep, dug in the sand. They went up to our Acquaintance Pritchets, and found his Daughter sick with a Bilious Fever. Her mother applied to them for some whiskey, to *steep her with*, but as that article was getting scarce on board our vessel, her want could not be supplied. But John Ridout, who took the Physician upon himself, gave her a powerful dose of Calomel and Jalap, and left another of the same medicine to be given next day—which, I dare say, after its operation left the Patients bowels as clean as a *Flute*. We now left New Point, and about 9 o'clock at night, came close to the *Light Boat* floating on *Wind Mill Point*, at the mouth of the Rappahannock River, having been becalmed, a great part of the day, and drifted over to the Eastern Shore Virginia. We now determined to make harbour for the night, and had just got into the mouth of the River (having gone 8 or 10 miles out of our direct course) when a Strong Easterly Wind arose, and as John Ridout was extremely anxious to get home on account of a Battalion Meeting, that was to take place on the 29<sup>th</sup>. instant, we proceeded on, and at Sun rise the next morning were directly opposite the mouth of Patuxent River.

27<sup>th</sup>—At Sun Rise this morning, the wind slackened, and by the time we reached Sharps Island it was quite calm, with an Ebb Tide, which drifted us considerably down the Bay, to our great Mortification. I had a smart touch of the Ague and Fever and lay in my berth for several hours. However, about night fall, both wind and tide became more favourable, and about 2 o'clock in the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> to our Joy and not to our Sorrow, we cast anchor at *Crabbing Point*, the place we first started from, and felt more *Comfort* than at all the other Points or Places, we had touched at, in the course of our voyage—

And now let us consider how the account of Pleasure and pain stands, for our Voyage was in search of Pleasure.

1<sup>st</sup>. There was some Pleasure in Sailing while the wind was fair and moderate, but the Pain was greater, when it blew a storm in the night, and was dead calm in the Day, or when it blew hard and rained at the same time.

2<sup>nd</sup>. I got acquainted with many Towns, Rivers, Points and other Places, that I never expected to see, but then I lost my rest, and was well bitten by the Moschettoes.

3<sup>rd</sup>.—I eat some excellent Fish, and a few very fine oysters, but then I had *to pay* for them, when by staying at home I might have had them (though not quite so good) merely for the catching.

4<sup>th</sup>.—During 12 Days, I caught *only six* small Fish. At home I might have taken more Dozens, and I also shot two Snipes on New Point—At Sandy Point close to home, I could have shot Twenty, having often done it.

5<sup>th</sup>.—I drank Tea with two agreeable Families with whom I became acquainted. True, that was some pleasure; but it was diminished by the thoughts and anxiety about my own family, from whom I was so far seperated.

6<sup>th</sup>.—I caught the Ague & Fever, have had two slight, and one hearty shake of it, which has obliged me to take *Physick* a thing I never could find pleasure in.

But it may be said, I went chiefly in quest of Drums and Sheepheads, and that peradventure, I met with plenty of them. All the *Drums* I saw, were the *Military Ones* at Old Point and Norfolk, and all the *Sheepheads* were those, which we carried *on our own Shoulders*.

Truly speaketh the old proverb “ Many go abroad seeking wool, and come home, shorn themselves.”

Thus ends my first and *last* voyage to the Capes of Old Virginia. Heaven Help her! I am no Columbus or Sir Walter Rawleigh, and never shall be, that is certain.

## SIDELIGHTS

### TREASON ON THE SASSAFRAS

ELIZABETH CONNOR

Sunday, July 11, 1686, was a warm day on the Eastern Shore, pleasant for sitting out of doors, waiting for any breeze that might be wafted in from Chesapeake Bay. This day was also almost exactly the first anniversary of the disastrous battle of Sedgemoor and the capture of the Duke of Monmouth and his beheading in the Tower of London. Perhaps Giles Porter, Francis Child, Ralph Chiffem, and Philip Bergen remembered the significance of the day; perhaps it was only by chance that they gathered early at Philip Bergen's house on Turney's Creek, a deep inlet on the south side of SassafRAS River, at that time a part of Cecil County.

"A little before the door" of "a kind of kitchen," Philip Bergen and his companions sat "round about a table with a Bowl of Punch." In the kitchen, on a bed, lay another young man, Peter Dermott, a planter, about twenty-six years old, who "by a mischance" had a "sore legg" and was "in a very bad condition." Although he could not "goe upon his feet,"<sup>1</sup> he could hear, and he found the conversation of the other young men exceedingly interesting.

Because he was "very weak," more than the statutory fifteen days passed before Peter Dermott could appear before Mr. Nicholas Allom, a justice of the peace for Cecil County, to complain about the talk he had heard. The accusation seemed so important, however, that Mr. Allom immediately issued a warrant to "apprehend" the four young men and "have them" before his Lordship's Commissioners for "libellous and scandelous words spoken against our Sovereign Lord King James the Second."<sup>2</sup>

When the Cecil County court met on August 10th, the commissioners, William Dare, Richard Pullen, Nicholas Allom, Edward Blay, Gideon Gundry, Edward Jones, George Warner, and James Wroth, were all present. At the appointed hour the sheriff called Porter, Bergen, Child, and Chiffem into the court room, but, strange to say, no Peter Dermott was there to prosecute although earlier in the day he had been seen about the court house. Finally the jury could wait no longer; they wrote on the back of the indictment "Ignoramus for want of evidence" and were about to clear the four young men "by Proclamation" when Com-

<sup>1</sup> *Archives of Maryland*, V, 507, 509.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 507.

missioner Dare "withstood."<sup>3</sup> Then the sheriff and constables made "diligent Search" for the missing Peter. At last Thomas Yerbury, Constable of Bohemia Hundred, found him not far from the court house "behind a shady bush," where, Peter said, he had been sleeping. Haled before the court, Peter "gave in" his testimony, entitled in the records "A Memorandum of High Treason spoken against the late [sic] King James."<sup>4</sup>

In his deposition Peter Dermott related that when he was in the kitchen at Philip Bergen's on the 11th of July and the four young men were sitting before the door, they began discoursing about the Duke of Monmouth. He was, they were sure, still alive, and they "swore damn them but they would drink [his] health." Then Giles Porter "rising up said he would drink the Duke of Monmouth's health for York [James II] hath been a Bloody Rogue for he hath poisoned his Brother the late King Charles and began the first Invention of the burning of London." On the truth of his testimony Peter avowed he could take his oath "before God and the world to all well disposed Magistrates & good Christians" and bound himself to Lord Baltimore in the sum of fifty pounds sterling to prosecute Porter and his friends.<sup>5</sup>

For some unexplained reason the trial was not held in Cecil County in November as ordered, but was transferred to the City of St. Mary's, still in 1686 the capital of the Province, where the provincial council met on September 8th with Colonel Henry Darnall, Colonel William Digges, Major Nicholas Sewell and Mr. Clement Hill presiding. At this meeting Peter Dermott was on hand to give his information, much dissatisfied by now with the action of the Cecil County commissioners, who "had took bayle for the appearance of the said 4 persons at the nexte County Court" and let them go.<sup>6</sup> After Peter's deposition, the justices commanded the sheriff of Cecil County to bring Porter, Bergen, Chiffem, and Child to St. Mary's City. In the meantime, since Peter Dermott was "a poor man and obliged to attend here until the return of the Sheriff," Thomas Beale of St. Mary's was ordered to give him "reasonable entertainment for dyett and lodging."<sup>7</sup>

By September 16, the sheriff had returned with the accused men, and the proceedings began. Peter once more gave his deposition, which this time differed from his earlier statements in an important amplification: when Giles Porter had declared "he would drink the Duke of Monmouth's health for York had been a bloody rogue," Philip Bergen had cried, "Hold your tongue for you speak treason," and Giles Porter had replied, "I knew I did speak treason."<sup>8</sup>

After hearing this additional evidence, the council decided that only Giles Porter was guilty of speaking treason against His Majesty although the others should be brought in as evidence against him.

Ralph Chiffem was called first. "After much obstinacy and refusall"

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 507-508.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 509.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 509.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 490.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 491.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 507.

he answered the "severall Interrogations proposed to him" by the Justices, but in every case his reply was "Noe." Francis Child was examined next. His evidence in great part contradicted Chiffem's. "Yes, there was a health drank to the Duke of Monmouth"; "Yes, all four of us drank itt." Francis Child also heard some one say that the Duke of Monmouth was still alive, and to the best of his remembrance it was Giles Porter. But he denied hearing any one say "York was a Bloody Rogue" or speak of the burning of London.<sup>9</sup>

Philip Bergen was the next witness. When he was asked whether he had heard any of the company at his house drink the Duke of Monmouth's health, he replied: "I cannot say butt that itt might be drank butt I know nothing of itt nor did I hear itt drank." In further examination, like Francis Child he denied that any one said "York was a Bloody Rogue" who poisoned his brother and was the "Invention of the Burning of London."<sup>10</sup>

Ralph Chiffem was recalled. After much humming and hesitation he said he knew nothing of anything that was said about the Duke of Monmouth and "appeared very obstinate and unwilling to make answers to any question." He did, however, tell the court three other men had been in their company—Edward Blay, Abraham Strand (also his wife, now dead), and Edward Lademore, "who stayd all the day till Night." And questioned about the "discourse" when they were sailing down the Bay from Cecil County, he replied: "Wee thought itt would goe hard with us but hoped you would be favourable to us & not give creditt to such a person [Peter Dermott]."<sup>11</sup>

Then Francis Child was questioned about these other three men. His answer was explicit: "Blay stayd not long, Strand and his wife stayd till duskish, and Lademore went away presently after dinner." And in regard to any recent conversation he had had with Giles Porter, he replied: "We onely wished that the innocent might be cleared."<sup>12</sup>

The provincial council ordered the sheriff of St. Mary's County forthwith to take Giles Porter into custody and "him a close Prisoner in Irons keep untill he shall be delivered by due course of Law." Bergen, Child, and Chiffem were ordered to enter into "recognizance" to appear in person at the next provincial court at St. Mary's the last Tuesday in November. They also had to acknowledge that they owed the Lord Proprietary the sum of £100 sterling apiece, "to be levyed . . . of their goods and chattles, lands and tenements," the recognizance to be void if they appeared as ordered.<sup>13</sup>

In November the court appointed for the last Tuesday in the month was postponed to February, 1687. On February 22, when Giles Porter was "brought to the Barr to answer for several high misdemeanors," the court expressed willingness to "further advise" before proceeding with the trial. Phillip Lynes and Michael Miller become Porter's "suretyes" and bound themselves to the extent of £100 sterling for Porter and £50

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 510.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 510-511.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 511.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 511.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 512.

apiece for themselves for his appearance at September (1687) court. Thereupon Porter was discharged from custody of the sheriff until autumn.<sup>14</sup>

A few days later Edward Lademore (Larramore) and Edward Blay were called as witnesses in the case. Edward Lademore, about thirty years old, testified that he had been with the company on July 11th from ten in the morning "till about an hour before sunne setting butt not continually" and "heard not any health drank that he remembers nor heard one word spoke concerning the Duke of Monmouth nor his present Majesty."<sup>15</sup> Edward Blay, aged about thirty-three years, informed the Council that he had been at Bergen's house from their "first meeting until a little before sunne setting" and as far as he knew, no healths were "drank." There was, however, some discourse about the Duke of Monmouth, and some of the company said the Duke was still alive although Abraham Strand was sure that he had been beheaded. In addition, Blay did not remember any talk about the Duke of York.<sup>16</sup>

On March 5, 1687, the papers in the case were sent to Lord Baltimore in London. Months passed; the year 1687 departed and a new year came in. At last, on April 3, 1688, at a council meeting at St. Mary's, a letter was "produced and read." Written in London on November 2, 1687, and signed by Baltimore, the letter disposed of "Treason on the Sassafras": "It is now time I should acknowledge my haveing received your Letter dated the 5th of March last in which you desire to be satisfied whether it would be safe for me to try there that Giles Porter, who, you mention, had spoken several ill things of his present Majestie. I have had the opinions of several lawyers about it, and doe find that some of them speak doubtfully as to my power of trying him there and for this reason it was that I sent not an answer to you sooner; therefore untill I have further satisfaction herein you may doe well to take good Bayle for the said Porters appearance from Court to Court until you hear next from me which will be perhaps punishment enough for him in case the evidence be not of good repute, as you seem to write he is not."<sup>17</sup>

The records of the provincial council do not mention Giles Porter again. In November, 1688, William of Orange arrived in England; the following month James II left London and his throne for France, never to return; early in 1689 William and Mary became the sovereigns of England. Among these important events and the subsequent changes in Maryland, Giles Porter and his treason passed into obscurity. Even when the Assembly met at St. Mary's on December 6, 1688, the case seems to have already fallen into oblivion for an entry in the *Proceedings* states "that they inquire for what reason the Article of Allowance to Mrs. Baker for Peter Dermott was made because this house cannot understand . . . nor can the Members of that Committee inform them."<sup>18</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Provincial Court Judgments, 1682-1702, Liber T. G., II, 70-71, Hall of Records, Annapolis.

<sup>15</sup> *Archives*, V, 532-533.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, VIII, 14-15.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 533.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, XIII, 204.

Thus ended a promising, or threatening, case involving freedom of speech and treason in the young colony.

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## AN OLD LETTER AND AN EPITAPH

J. A. CAMPBELL COLSTON

Not long ago it was my good fortune to find in an old scrapbook a letter written by my uncle, William E. Colston. Uncle Willie was born in Washington, March 24, 1839, but his early years were spent in Virginia. He and my father, Frederick Morgan Colston (1835-1922), grew up at Locust Hill, Loudoun County, Virginia. The Colston family moved to Washington in 1847, and in 1853 my father came to Baltimore seeking employment. Uncle Willie followed in 1857. My father entered the Ordnance Department of the Confederate States when the Civil War began and served with distinction in General Alexander's Battalion of Artillery until the surrender at Appomattox Court House. Uncle Willie on June 1, 1861, joined Company B, Maryland Guard, attached to the 21st Virginia Infantry. Goldsborough says that this Company was one of the finest to enter the Confederate service from Maryland and that it "was certainly one of the best drilled companies in the Army of Virginia, and General Lee upon two occasions stated that it was the best drilled infantry company he ever saw, not excepting the regulars."<sup>1</sup> Uncle Willie's letter to my father was written just a few days after joining Company B.

Barracks Balto. Batt[a]l[io]n,  
Suffolk, Va. June 4, '61

Dear Fred,

I have joined J. L.C.S.<sup>2</sup> Company temporarily. I've not yet regularly enlisted, but expect to do so shortly in a Co about to be formed with W H Murray as Capt. The members of Clarkes Co are almost without exception gentlemen, & most of them are my acquaintances. We have comfortable quarters in the C[ourt]. H[ouse] and the life as yet is not nearly so hard as I expected to find it. I hear though, that we are now living better than customary. The great difficulty with us is about our Commandg officer. A drunken fellow fellow [sic] from Balto. named Thomas,<sup>3</sup> who was our Col. has just been gotten rid of, and I believe that we are now under Hugers<sup>4</sup> orders, who is at Norfolk. I heard this morning a report of a fight at Newport News, but do not know the extent or particulars. There are rumors of our being sent from here to Richmond and from there to Northern Va. but our Capts can tell nothing about it.

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<sup>1</sup> W. W. Goldsborough, *The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army, 1861-1865* (Baltimore, 1900), p. 160.

<sup>2</sup> J. Lyle Clarke, Captain of Company B. <sup>3</sup> Unidentified.

<sup>4</sup> General Benjamin Huger (1805-1877), in command of the Department of Norfolk.

We have here about 170 men, under Dorsey & C.<sup>5</sup> two companies.

I am very well in health and spirits and certainly as yet do not regret having come. A large majority of the men of my company are quiet, orderly fellows, drunkenness and insubordination extremely rare. The men are all pretty well except Curzin Hoffman who has been sick but is today much better.

I came from Richmond with Capt Ben Anderson who has command of a Ky Company in the 1st La. Regt stationed near Portsmouth, he is looking very well and sends regards to those at home. I send this by private conveyance & would like you to send by anyone coming to Va a letter from home, it might be posted in any office in Va and directed to me in Clarke's care, Suffolk, it may be that we will be here for some time yet.

We are very near the Nansemond river and although the boys complain of the town very much, still I think we might have it much worse.

Among those here well known to you, are Dick Barnes, Geo Gibson, Frank Foss, Wilson[, ] Symington, Bob Lemmon, Jas Close, H & P Dugan[, ] Hudson Snowden[, ] Harry Sullivan & a host of others too numerous to mention.<sup>6</sup>

My musket being the only one brought from Balto that I know of is still an object of attention Our Co is armed with flintlock altered to percussion

Best love to all,  
W. E. C.

When the first Maryland Regiment was formed, Uncle Willie was transferred to Company H of Captain William H. Murray, June 18, 1861. In this Company he served in all the campaigns and battles of the Regiment until at the Battle of Cross Keys in Jackson's Valley Campaign, June 8, 1862, he was severely wounded in the thigh. After a long convalescence, no longer fit for infantry service but able to ride, he was appointed Volunteer Aide to Major General Trimble. When Trimble was wounded at Gettysburg, Colston volunteered into Mosby's Command. The following account from the Baltimore *Sun* describes his last encounter in defense of the Confederacy and serves as an epitaph.

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#### From the Shenandoah Valley

CAMP ON LOUDOUN HEIGHTS, LOUDOUN COUNTY, VA. Jan. 10, 1864. Our new camp on Loudoun Heights was, just before the early dawn this morning, baptized in blood. Precisely at half-past four o'clock this morning, Moseby's rebel battalion, himself in person at their head, avoiding

<sup>5</sup> Captain E. R. Dorsey and J. L. Clarke.

<sup>6</sup> Sergeant Richard M. Barnes, First Sergeant George C. Gibson, Corporal Robert Lemmon, Privates Wilson C. N. Carr, William H. Symington (or Second Lieutenant W. Stuart Symington?), James Close, Hammond Dugan, Pierre C. Dugan, J. H. Snowden and John H. Sullivan are listed by Goldsborough, *op. cit.*, on the roster of Company B, but Frank Foss is not mentioned.

our pickets on the roads, crossed the fields and dashed into our camp with a fiend-like yell. They poured a volley of bullets into the tents where our officers and men lay sleeping, wounding many at the first fire. Many of the tents of officers and men were soon surrounded by mounted and dismounted cavalry, and a demand for instant and unconditional surrender made.

This demand was answered by a shout of defiance from our boys, as they rushed from their tents, half naked, in the midst of their assailants, and with their trusty carbines and revolvers drove back the astonished rebels, who had promised themselves an easy victory over the "sleeping Yankees." The rebels rallied and so did our men, as best they could, and a "rough and tumble" fight of fifteen minutes ensued, when Moseby sung out, "Retreat, boys; they are too many for us!" And the discomfited Major and his midnight assassins made a precipitate flight in the direction of Hillsborough. The rebels fought with the most desperate vindictiveness, which was only equalled by the coolness and undaunted valor of our gallant boys, who fought, I will venture to say, as scarcely ever men fought before, partially surprised, as indeed they were. To show the *animus* of the rebels I will here state a fact which, as a faithful chronicler of events, it pains me to record.

Corporal Henry C. Tritch and others, of Captain Frank Gallagher's company, declare that at the first assault of the rebels Captain William R. Smith cried out to his men, "Give the damned yankees no quarter, but secure the arms and horses." "Horses" was the last word he ever uttered, for at that instant a yankee bullet went whizzing through his heart, and he fell lifeless from the saddle. His dead body now lies in its white winding-sheet of snow in the spot where it fell, a few feet from the tent in which I write. A few yards from Captain Smith lies cold in death, in a pool of his own now frozen blood, the body of Lieut. Cols[t]on, of Baltimore, and one of General Trimble's rebel staff, as will appear from the following pass found upon his person.

"*Culpeper Court-House*, July 27, 1863. Guards and pickets will pass Lieut. Cols[t]on, Major General Trimble's staff, in and out at pleasure. By order of GEN. R. E. LEE

"H. B. Bridg, commanding, major and provost marshal, Army Northern Virginia."

A photograph of a beautiful young lady was also found written in pencil—"For brother Willie, from Florence." . . .

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After the war my father brought Uncle Willie's body back to Baltimore where he is buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Loudon Park with his old comrades of Company H. Father also furnished the William E. Colston Room at the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home. Uncle Willie's all too brief journey in this world might be briefly summarized, from Loudoun County to Loudoun Heights to Loudon Cemetery.

## REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

*David Crockett: the Man and the Legend.* By JAMES ATKINS SHACKFORD, edited by JOHN B. SHACKFORD. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1956. 352 pp. \$6.

Although David Crockett and Andrew Jackson were contemporaries, each represented a different era in American history. Equalitarian in politics and crude in manners, at least by Eastern standards, Jackson, nevertheless, had studied law, was a judge, and became one of the landed gentry of middle Tennessee. As the leader of the western agrarians, he represented a rising political power, organized, formidable, and ambitious. Crockett, on the other hand, was the last representative of the old frontier, colorful and picturesque, and living beyond his time. The East found him grotesque, even useful; but it never had any occasion to fear him. The author of *David Crockett: the Man and the Legend* reveals what should be accepted as the authentic Crockett. The sheer integrity of the research and writing, despite occasional moralizations and a few pious, but futile, attempts to force Crockett into the heroic mold, confirms Parrington's statement about the frontier: "Romantic in spirit and scope, it was meanly picaresque in a thousand unlovely details."

Three aspects of Crockett's political career stand out in this biography: his enduring interest in the West Tennessee lands; his consuming hatred of Andrew Jackson; and his own undoubted complicity in the Whig plot to make him a national hero. When Crockett first entered Congress John Quincy Adams was President. One of the issues before the national legislature was the Vacant Land Bill. On April 18, 1806, Congress had authorized the State of Tennessee to locate and to satisfy the North Carolina land warrants, stipulating that out of every six square miles, 640 acres should be appropriated by the State for the use of common schools. These warrants proved to be so numerous that they could not be satisfied from the lands east of the Congressional Reservation Line, and the western Tennessee lands were levied on. Crockett had no interest in any of these lands being used for educational purposes. However, he supported the bill along with the Jackson forces, apparently because he expected the state to sell the lands cheaply. The next year, in open defiance of the Jackson organization, he offered an amendment to the land bill, proposing that the West Tennessee lands be given outright to the people living on them, for, according to his political philosophy "The rich require but little legislation. We should, at least occasionally, legislate for the poor." In 1833, during his last term in Congress, he was

still advocating the cause of the poor settlers in the West. The cynic may hasten to point out that they were Crockett's constituents, but there seems to be little doubt about the sincerity of his expressed opinions on this matter.

In the words of Charles and Mary Beard, Crockett turned against Jackson "for reasons difficult to fathom." But there were reasons, some honorable, some not. First, it should be noted that there was a real cleavage of interest between the landed gentry of middle Tennessee whom Jackson represented and the poor squatters on the tangled cane lands in Crockett's district. Then there is evidence that Crockett, always impecunious, had borrowed money from the National Bank, one of the victims of Jackson's wrath; and Nicholas Biddle was not one to overlook an opportunity to gain another vote for the Bank. And, finally, there was the not uncommon phenomenon of deposed powers—in this instance the Whigs—to exploit a colorful, but harmless, figure in their efforts to regain control of the government.

In the matter of internal improvements Crockett voted for the Maysville Road Bill, which Jackson vetoed; and he voted to override the veto. "I shall insist upon it that I am still a Jackson man in principles, but General Jackson is not" he declared in the anonymous *Life* of 1833. For his hatred of Jackson, Crockett paid heavily. In 1831 he was defeated by the Jackson forces; and he was re-elected in 1833 only to suffer defeat by a Jackson man in 1835.

It is one of those frequent ironies of history that the most ignominious aspect of Crockett's political career won for him a place in the pantheon of American heroes. The author attempts to exonerate Crockett of any complicity in the Whig campaign to fight "Old Hickory" with a coonskin hero; but the Crockett who crops out here bears a marked similarity to the vain, loquacious, foolish one of Parrington. Furthermore, the author is somewhat inconsistent in his defense: in one place he portrays Crockett as a simple man exploited—"morally it was less to David's discredit than to the everlasting shame of those who knowingly and cynically used this simple man for their own selfish purposes"; but, elsewhere, he leaves the impression that Crockett knew what he was doing—"David's alliance with the Whigs must be seen in terms of his efforts in behalf of his land bill . . . and not merely in terms of a stupid, loquacious fool desiring public attention."

After the re-election of Jackson in 1832 the Whigs became desperate for a candidate, and as the Jackson forces began to build up Martin Van Buren, they began to look around for a candidate, almost any candidate who could win. While it remains incredible that they would have accepted Crockett, they certainly attempted to build him up in the popular imagination. The "Touar [Tour] Through the Eastern States" represents a spectacle rarely seen in American politics. From Baltimore to Boston and back, the beaming, illiterate Crockett, warming up under the pretended friendship of the Lawrences, the Du Ponts, and the Biddles, and responding to the adulation of the crowds, peddled his backwoodswares; and he earnestly asserted that no man was his master.

After his defeat for Congress in 1835, Crockett set out for Texas and obliged the myth makers by getting killed at the Alamo. Moreover, the exact circumstances of his death are unknown, leaving room for the legend. The author refrains nobly from attempting to complete this biography without the facts, and he shows all the impatience of his scholarly craft for the popular legend of this folk-hero. However, he is realistic enough not to write its obituary.

This life of David Crockett is based on authentic materials, which have been obtained through prodigious research. The facts are honestly presented, but when they do not confirm the thesis that Crockett's political behavior can be explained by his sincere interest in the poor settlers' lands, a *deus ex machina* frequently appears in the form of a moralizing paragraph. Also, there are analogies that are greatly strained: "Here then is Crockett: symbol both of the pioneer of that old world of physical frontiers, just ended; and of the pioneer of the new spiritual frontier just beginning, attacking those barriers of that separate man from his fellows and that threaten to make of his world a Buchenwald." Unfortunately the writing in the narrative proper is often strange, graceless and awkward, a fact that may be accounted for by the author's illness. However, the presentation of the technical scholarship in the important appendices is adequate, and the whole is vivid and interesting. Whatever its aesthetic deficiencies and despite the grotesqueries of both the subject and style this biography is important in two respects: it increases our confidence in the historical appraisal of Crockett, and it represents a type of research that, if pursued, will add substantially to our knowledge of American history.

JOHN WALTON

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*Ben Franklin's Privateers.* By WILLIAM BELL CLARK. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1956. vii, 198 pp. \$3.75.

Here is a fascinating little book on a facet of American Revolutionary history that has been frequently ignored and certainly misinterpreted. The author, William Bell Clark, is to be congratulated on a piece of good writing and particularly diligent research. The net result is a new insight into the labors of Benjamin Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary to France during the struggle for independence.

The best biography of Franklin is still Carl Van Doren's, and it may not be superseded until long after the grand publishing plan of Yale University is consummated. Certainly a complete and accessible record of Franklin's papers will enormously enhance the prospects for a more accurate and detailed study of the great man of the eighteenth century. Equally certain is it that studies such as William Bell Clark's will also vitally contribute to the enlightenment of some future courageous biographer.

The subject of Franklin's privateers necessarily received scant space in Carl Van Doren's treatment of Franklin's life. According to Van Doren, Franklin did indeed commission privateers "which used French ports as their base for raids against British ships." He also served as judge in deciding on the fate of prizes returned by these privateers, and, adds Van Doren, "This he found troublesome and exhausting, in part because he disapproved of the whole system." There is nothing really wrong with these brief comments, apart from their inadequacy, and erroneous suggestion. For Franklin's privateering activity was exhausting and demanding from the constant official documents to be attended to and in the test it made on Franklin's tact and diplomacy. But as Mr. Clark here makes clear, the purpose of Franklin's privateers was humane and honorable, and only when that fundamental objective proved unattainable did Franklin grow weary of this work.

One of Franklin's continual concerns was the fate of Americans held prisoners in England; he worked arduously for their release by means of exchange for British prisoners held by America. The major difficulty in effecting such an exchange was the shortage of human currency: there was a basic need for more British prisoners! And, as Franklin noted, England "cannot give up the pleasant idea of having at the end of the war one thousand Americans to hang for high treason." Franklin found he had to work alone on this problem, since the Congress was obsessed with the need for French material assistance to the exclusion of all else, and so he turned to his power to commission privateers as a possible solution.

The first privateer commissioned by Franklin was a cutter now named *Black Prince* which went into action in May, 1779. The ship was specifically ordered to bring in as many prisoners from British prizes as possible, "because they serve to relieve so many of our Country-men from their Captivity in England." The moral justification for the commissioning was clear enough; which was as well, since the ship *Black Prince* was the former *Friendship*—an Irish smuggler which had just escaped British revenue officers under circumstances reminiscent of a Hollywood production. The Irish crew of the smuggler had determined on privateering to avoid capture and punishment as pirates. They may have avoided the fate of pirates, but they did not escape a later reputation for piracy due to the plundering of honest Dutch ships, and the robbing of their captains.

This first privateer was shortly joined by another, encouraged by early successes; the second vessel was appropriately named *Black Princess* and was joined by yet a third, the *Fearnot*. The careers of these "converted" Irish smugglers are admirably traced by Mr. Clark, who describes well the charmed lives the daring ships seemed to lead. Altogether these three commissioned privateers accounted for the capture of 114 English ships which were either burned, scuttled, ransomed, or brought into French ports and claimed for prize money. Marine insurance soared in England, and there was widespread unrest at the apparent inability of the Royal Navy to protect the English coast.

However, the activity of these privateers at last proved embarrassing to Franklin's ally and host, France. In June, 1780, there was the complaint of "inconvenience resulting from American privateers fitted out . . . by Frenchmen, and yet not subject to the same forms and laws with our privateers." The occasion for French protest was twofold: the increasing reliance of the American privateers upon Frenchmen to supplement the Irish crews; and the seizure of a Dutch ship whose owners denounced the condemnation of its contraband cargo.

Significantly, Franklin did not offer a vigorous defence, but volunteered to withdraw his commissions. As Mr. Clark explains, the final French cancellation of the commissions was a welcome decision for Franklin: "It relieved the Doctor of duties he had never sought and which were becoming more onerous and daily less useful to the United States." The facts speak for themselves: the net gain in terms of British prisoners taken was only ninety-five—after eighteen months of cruising. Franklin was not interested so much in the prizes as he was in securing prisoners for exchange, and since the exchange system was collapsing in any case, the main justification for his privateers had gone.

Yet, concludes William Bell Clark: "No other raiders, save John Paul Jones, struck heavier blows at British pride as 'Mistress of the Seas' than Dr. Franklin's little privateers, with their hard crews of Irish smugglers."

H. TREVOR COLBURN

*Pennsylvania State University*

*The Colonial American in Britain.* By WILLIAM L. SACHSE. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press. ix, 290 pp. \$5.50.

This "story of an eastward attraction" which drew Americans of six generations to visit the mother country is a broadly based and thorough study bearing appeal for the general reader as well as for the specialist. Very capably, Dr. Sachse has focused upon a single but strong and durable strand among the many which bound the Empire. Until the stirring of rebellion in the 1760's, most Americans passing to and from Britain carried important baggage: good will and mutual understanding.

Professor Sachse shows that from 1640 until 1660 eastbound travelers from America were chiefly New Englanders, doubly attracted by a regime more liberal than that of Massachusetts and by unusual opportunities to participate in English affairs. After the Restoration Year, however, for New Englanders this attraction ended. Thereafter, down through the middle of the eighteenth century, American visitors came chiefly from Virginia, South Carolina and Maryland. In these colonies, for the recognized clergy episcopal ordination was indispensable, such ordination as could be had only in England. In these colonies, moreover, education at every level was regarded very commonly as a matter of private concern; local schools were few and limited. After 1740, but not before, the

representation of commercial Pennsylvania and New York became numerically important.

The total number of colonials visiting England cannot be ascertained, but the author has identified several hundred. Cambridge and Oxford between them accounted for one hundred, an equal number enrolled at Edinburgh, while at least twenty attended at Glasgow. Thirty entered at Eton, and many others went to greater and lesser schools. Nearly two hundred made their bows at the Inns of Court. At least a hundred fifty took Holy Orders. Aside from these ordinands, Quaker ministers—both men and women—were the only individuals who in numbers visited England on religious errands during the eighteenth century.

Two special hazards existed to which visiting colonials were suddenly exposed: smallpox and debauchery. Braving these dangers, Americans made the voyage, to serve as provincial agents, to seek political or ecclesiastical preferment, to claim inheritances, to transact commercial business. They even went for reasons of health. While in England on more serious business they toured the country and many of them—even the scientific and practical Franklin—seized the opportunity to trace ancestors and verify the family claim to a coat of arms. Many Americans also benefited intellectually from sojourn close to the heart of western culture in a most brilliant age. In some cases the benefit was mutual.

After 1689, England was properly revered as the world's freest nation; even so, colonial sojourners such as Franklin, Henry Laurens, Thomas McKean, Ralph Izard and Arthur Lee, came to sense that the established political system of Britain lacked elasticity, that it remained too legalistic and rigid to contain America's growing political consciousness. To study the visits of American colonials is to appreciate not only the powerful eastward attraction but also those American reactions which eventually generated rebellion.

HENRY J. YOUNG

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*King William County, Virginia: From Old Newspapers and Files.* Compiled by ELIZABETH HAWES RYLAND. Richmond: Dietz Press, Inc., 1955. xiii, 137 pp. \$3.75.

*History of Prince Edward County, Virginia, from its Earliest Settlements through its Establishment in 1754 to its Bicentennial Year.* By HERBERT CLARENCE BRADSHAW. Richmond: Dietz Press, Inc. [1955]. xxii, 934 pp. \$10.

Many people who study professionally that far-flung social field coming to be called "American Civilization" are uneasily aware that many of its phases have not yet been written and that a good deal of those which have must be written over again. One reason for this is that the academic

historian is too often neglectful of the output of the local antiquarian. This fond and assiduous creature plies his trade, humbly and unrewardedly, in works ranging in scope from those devoted to an entire region down to abstracts of small-town archives. Most profitably, perhaps, he plies it via the history of an individual county, but there too often what he produces is dreadful beyond expression. Yet good or bad the county history catches that tiny, fugitive, local fact—preserves (often uniquely) those "primary sources"—of which the academic historian must inevitably take cognizance if he wishes his generalizations to have substance. In the two works here under review we are offered fair samples of the extremes in the writing of county history.

To begin with the lower extreme, the late Miss Ryland's little book—she was a professional genealogist living in Richmond—exhibits most of the faults its ilk is heir to. It is limited in scope (September, 1736, through January, 1841) and does not state the fact. Entries are often not reproduced *in toto*, and it is never made clear which Virginia newspaper is being cited for a given entry. The index is of names only, instead of names and topics; and neither the 110 helpful footnotes, nor the Marriage or Death sections, are indexed at all—which at one stroke decimates the volume's usefulness. But the positive side of this picture is very positive indeed; for King William is one of the Commonwealth's "lost" counties, that is, its records have largely vanished through natural or man-made catastrophe. As a result the present compilation automatically becomes a valuable complement to Peyton N. Clarke's *Old King William Homes and Families* (Louisville, Ky., 1897). The data, collected and couched in the lovely eighteenth-century idiom, are varied and informative, notably the accounts of the meteoric shower on November 13th, 1833, and of that Rumford Academy named for physicist Benjamin Thompson. The twenty-three illustrations, nearly all photographs of county residences, are very well reproduced, and the book itself is handsomely printed. All in all, this is a great deal better than nothing.

Where Miss Ryland worked in despite of a paucity of material, Mr. Bradshaw has revelled amid a plethora thereof. What he found or assembled he has exploited wisely, comprehensively, and with the long view: ". . . I have undertaken . . . to show the part that the locality has in contributing to the main stream of events in state and nation." He has done this so effectively that his book is an impressive demonstration of the way wherein local history, properly ascertained, becomes a microcosm of the American whole. To ascertain it, however, incurs an eye-shattering obligation on the part of the researcher. Fortunately for his subject, Mr. Bradshaw did not falter. Book-review editor of the Durham, N. C., *Herald-Sun* Papers, he has utilized every type of documentary and printed sources that demand such attention. In addition, as a native of Prince Edward and alumnus of its college (Hampden-Sydney), he has called upon wide personal knowledge and recollected anecdote to flesh out the bones of his narrative. He has organized this material into 21 chapters of text, 15 specialized appendices, 32 illustrations, and 112 pages of notes.

No significant phase of county life would appear to be neglected; every phase is accorded ample, and objective, discussion. Text and notes are jointly granted the compliment of an index that is just about perfect. What results is local history at a very high pitch.

Since this is a volume "of record," the author has not hesitated to flood it with names. Only once, however, in concluding Chapter XXI: "The Pleasant Life," do we threaten to descend to the level of a newspaper society column, and even here the answer to the query, "How local can you get?" is not easy to adjudicate. Perhaps most memorable is Chapter XII: "The Flowering of a Civilization," a close-packed (82 pages, 481 footnotes) panorama of the Federal and ante-bellum periods. Baltimoreans may wish to learn that the County founded its Paint and Powder Club at the same time as ours, 1894; that a Prince Edward native, Dr. E. H. Richardson, is credited with inaugurating the teaching of gynecology at the Hopkins, 1910; and that a favorite song of Civil War veterans in Farmville was Innes Randolph's "The Good Old Rebel."

Mr. Bradshaw might well have investigated travelers' accounts, he ought to have provided a bibliography of at least his manuscript sources, and he really should have offered a map. These are minor strictures of a major endeavor. His *History of Prince Edward County* not only supersedes Charles E. Burrell's treatment of the same subject (Richmond, 1922) but immediately takes its stand as one of the few wholly competent Virginia county histories in existence.

CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

Baltimore, Md.

*Historic Germantown from the Founding to the Early Part of the Nineteenth Century.* By HARRY M. and MARGARET B. TINKCOM and GRANT MILES SIMON. Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society, 1955. vii, 154 pp. \$5.

*Historic Germantown*, a slender folio volume of 154 pages, is made up of two parts: the history of the erstwhile independent village, now a part of the City of Philadelphia, by Mr. and Mrs. Tinkcom; descriptions by Mrs. Tinkcom and Mr. Simon of eighty-five ancient buildings, nearly all still standing, and of which Cliveden, the Chew Home, is the most important, especially to Marylanders. The historical section is well documented and attractively written. The descriptions of houses, accompanied in each case by an architect's measured drawing of the ground plan, and one or more plates, are terse and accurate. The work may be recommended as a model monograph on a historic area.

But *Historic Germantown* is far more than that. It is a propagandist document not only of value in the effort to save Germantown, but also of great importance in the nation-wide preservation movement. To begin with, its sponsorship by the American Philosophical Society, renowned for two centuries as an enlightened and forward-looking body, forever

refutes the doctrine of the thoughtless that only moss-backed antiquarians, out of touch with the century in which they live, are interested in saving America's architectural heritage.

In addition, *Historic Germantown*, as its all important preface written by Harold D. Saylor, President of the Germantown Historical Society, shows, is the product of the combined activities of The Germantown and Pennsylvania Historical Societies, the City Planning Commission and the Department of Public Works of Philadelphia, the Greater Philadelphia Movement, the Fairmount Park Commission and the Commonwealth Title Company, besides innumerable individuals. The cooperation of these official and other organizations in America's third largest city, demonstrates what is the present, and will be the future, cosmopolitan attitude toward historic preservation.

The Preface, it should be especially noted, declares that, if legislation by the State is needed, "steps will be taken to secure this legislation." In such confident language, speaks the leader of those who are determined to safeguard a great asset of one of America's most magnificent cities.

To the credit of Frederick and Annapolis, they have passed zoning laws to protect their historic treasures. Haphazard destruction of Baltimore's great architecture proceeds apace. Baltimore has lost its village pride without having acquired metropolitan wisdom. Too many of the City's leaders are obsessed with the desire to make money. The possession of wealth is the sole standard by which, being weighed and measured, such leaders would not be found wanting.

DOUGLAS GORDON

*Baltimore, Md.*

*Counterfeiting in Colonial Pennsylvania.* By KENNETH SCOTT. New York: The American Numismatic Society, 1955. xi, 168 pp. \$4.

This book, which appears as No. 132 of *Numismatic Notes and Monographs*, should prove of interest to those who enjoy the author's article on counterfeiting in Maryland in this issue of the *Magazine*. The larger size of the Pennsylvania study is undoubtedly the result of a greater counterfeiting activity in Pennsylvania.

Aside from the inherent interest which attaches to the questionable trade of counterfeiting, this work should prove extremely valuable to museums and collectors possessing Colonial currency. It is not impossible that their collections contain some of the counterfeits described by Mr. Scott.

The old saw about printing your own money was hardly humorous to the authorities of the Colonial period, and the escapades of such scoundrels as the Morristown Gang suggest that the ability of our forefathers to organize their talents was not always expended on patriotic endeavors.

*Kentucky Ante-Bellum Portraiture.* By EDNA TALBOTT WHITLEY. The National Society of The Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, 1956. xii, 848 pp.

Possessing an unusually complete set of photographs of portraits, the National Society of The Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Kentucky has shown admirable foresight in attempting the preservation of the known history of each painting, artist and portrait subject in their photograph collection. The compiling of information was initially undertaken by Miss Katherine Stout Bradley and Mrs. Whitley in 1938. The untimely death of Miss Bradley in 1940 left the completion of the project in the hands of the latter. The published results of this enterprise have been gratifying. The use of a good paper and an attractive type, Linotype Fairfield, has added appreciably to the merit of the work. There are a number of Maryland references included. An extensive bibliography and an intelligent index have also increased the usefulness of this project.

*Journals of the Commissioners of the Indian Trade, September 20, 1710–August 29, 1718.* Edited by W. L. McDOWELL. Columbia: South Carolina Archives Department, 1955. xi, 368 pp. \$8.

The journals printed in this volume of the Colonial Records of South Carolina give the record of a trade which stretched as far west as the Mississippi River. White traders furnished goods imported from London to the Indians, and in the process the Indians were frequently subjected to abuse and extortion. These journals show the attempts of the commissioners to arrest criminal offenders and to forestall the traders from instigating Indian raids designed to secure slaves from one another's tribes to be sold to the white men. The journals themselves are a mine of information on the frontier contacts between the white men and the Indian.

*Governor Tryon and His Palace.* By ALONZO THOMAS DILL. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1955. xiii, 304 pp. \$5.

As Historic Research Consultant for the Tryon Palace Restoration Commission, Mr. Dill has diligently searched the manuscript repositories of the United States and Great Britain for information about North Carolina's colonial capital. He was surprisingly successful in unearthing relevant material. His most startling find was the location of the original plans for the Tryon Palace in Britain's Public Record Office. Architecturally, this was probably the most fortunate discovery for the Commission. However, in writing his book Mr. Dill has gone far beyond a static presentation of his research. He has integrated the career of Governor Tryon, and his palace, with the turbulent era of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The result is an interesting, well-written narrative and a useful chapter in North Carolina history.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

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*Guilford Landscaping*—After speaking of the landscaping at Guilford surrounding the mansion of the McDonalds, later owned by the Abells, Mr. Paul, author of the article on "Guilford" in the last issue of this *Magazine*, remarked, "No record, unfortunately, survives of the skillful man who laid out the grounds to the best advantage of the noble trees . . ."

The name of this landscape gardener has been supplied by Mr. Merrick A. V. Smith, who writes from Albuquerque, New Mexico, of the "stories of my youth as related to me by my Mother who was the daughter of the Landscape Gardener who developed this and other tracts around Baltimore in the 1840's and 50's. . . . The landscaping of Guilford, then owned by William McDonald was done by the late William Waddell, a landscape gardener who came over from Scotland in the late 1830's." Mr. Smith goes on to say that Mr. Waddell developed the property of Johns Hopkins at Clifton, and that of Mr. Broadbent, now the Evergreen Estate, owned by the Johns Hopkins University. "I remember my Mother stating that her father was several years in developing the driveways, lake and greenhouses at Guilford for Mr. McDonald as well as erecting the gates on the York Road and Charles St. with the ornamental lions that were so well known for many years."

The Society's Biographical Index shows that "William Waddell, gardener," died in Baltimore August 13, 1883.

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*Greenough*—In connection with the article by Nathalia Wright on Horatio Greenough and Robert Gilmor in the last issue of the *Magazine* Col. Edward C. Morse has sent us an excerpt from a diary kept by Isaac Edward Morse of New Orleans who at the age of twenty-two went to Europe on a tour. From Florence at the end of March, 1833, he wrote:

"During our stay here, we called to see Mr. Greenough, the American sculptor, who has been here for some years, perfecting himself in his art—He was quite polite to us, showed us his study with several of his works among which we noticed a good bust of Gen Lafayette, one of Fenimore Cooper—also Medora from Lord Byron's *Corsair*; this belongs to R[obert] G[ilmor]. Esq. of Baltimore & will be a splendid ornament to his library—"

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*Portraits of Nancy Hallam*—Nancy Hallam was one of the first glamour girls of the American theatre. A beautiful and talented actress with a thrilling speaking and singing voice, she frequently took part in concerts and played Juliet and Ophelia, Lucia in *Cato*, Arpasia in *Tamerlane*, and Polly in *The Beggars' Opera*. She occasionally played a man's role, and the tight-fitting clothing of the "breeches part" delighted especially the male gallery gods. Two of the ballads she sang were entitled "Vain is Beauty's gawdy Flower" and "The Soldier tired of War's Alarm."

Miss Hallam played in the colonial theatres at Williamsburg, Charleston, Annapolis, Philadelphia and New York with the Old American Company directed in turn by Lewis Hallam, Sr., and David Douglass. She inspired poetry in the colonial press, and in 1771 Charles Willson Peale painted her portrait at Annapolis.

This picture showed her in a scene from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* as the beautiful and unfortunate Imogen disguised as the boy Fidele emerging from a forest cave. Peale first showed the portrait at the Annapolis Theatre and later hung it in his painting room and then in his Museum at Philadelphia. Catalogued as a landscape, Number 246, it was bought by one "Baird" in the sale of 1854 but its location today is unknown.

Peale also painted "Miss Hallam at the Flower Girl" in 1787 at Southwark Theatre in Philadelphia. This signed and dated oil painting, height 33½" width 22" was included in the sale of the collections of Evert Jansen Wendell at the American Art Appreciation, October 15-25, 1919 (Catalogue No. 4865).

Nancy Hallam was probably the daughter of William Hallam, brother of Lewis Hallam, Sr., manager of the Old American Company. She first appeared in Philadelphia in 1759 with these players acting children's roles and other minor parts. She dropped out of sight for several years and may have gone back to England to study singing. She joined the Company at Charleston in the fall of 1765 and then acted constantly in American cities until 1775 when she married John Raynard, organist of the Church at Kingston, Jamaica.

Colonial Williamsburg is trying to locate these portraits and asks that anyone having knowledge of them write John M. Graham, Curator of Colonial Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Virginia.

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*Alexander Hamilton Papers*—Dr. J. E. Fields, Dr. Frank Monaghan and Forest H. Sweet are The Manuscript Society committee to work with Senator Mundt and the Alexander Hamilton Bicentennial Commission in securing copies of letters and documents of, to and about Alexander Hamilton for publication in *The Hamilton Papers* at Columbia, similar to the Jefferson Papers now being published at Princeton. If you have any letters or documents, or know anyone who has, will you write to Dr. Monaghan, Historian for the Commission, at the Alexander Hamilton Bicentennial Commission, 440 H Street, N. W., Washington 25, D. C.

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*Griffin*—I will pay \$10 for the names of the parents of George Griffin, millwright, who lived in Baltimore for 87 years. He married Ann Nichols, Sept. 8, 1808, fought at North Point and Fort McHenry in 1814, and died Apr. 9, 1872. His daughter Hester Ann Griffin married on Dec. 14, 1843, William G. Fletcher.

ROBERT GRIFFIN SMITH

487 Union Avenue, Laconia, New Hampshire.

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*Taylor*—Can anyone tell me if Capt. William Taylor of Westmoreland Co., Va., was the son of Col. George Taylor of Westmoreland Co., Va. (1711-1782) who married (1) Rachel Gibson and (2) Sarah Taliaferro Conway. Capt. William Taylor, whose will was probated in 1816 at Winchester, Va., lived at Green Hill near Berryville, Clarke County, Va. He married Catherine Bushrod, daughter of Col. John and Jane Lane Corbin Bushrod, in 1762. His children were John Bushrod, Griffin, Eben, Bushrod, Catherine, Benjamin and Elizabeth.

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*Bishop*—Thomas Bishop married Elizabeth Barber in 1730 in Anne Arundel County, Md., and joined with his son Thomas John Bishop in May, 1755, in the sale of tobacco—same county. Is this Thomas Jr. the Thomas who was living in Anne Arundel County in 1760 when his son Elisha was born and who enlisted for the war in 1776 while living in Berkeley County, Virginia, and whose wife was Sarah? Family names recurring include Thomas, Sarah, Greenberry, Solomon, Isaac, Elizabeth and Elisha.

*Morris*—Who were the parents of Ann Morris, widow of Walter Morris, who married Ignatius Wheeler in August, 1783, and following his death in 1791 married Alexander Mackie, all of Charles County, Maryland? Did this Ignatius Wheeler, son of Clement Wheeler who died in 1799, serve in the Revolutionary War?

MRS. LEO D. PREWITT

Broadview, Fairfield, Iowa.

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*Pike*—I am endeavoring to trace the parents of one Archibald Pike or Pyke who died in St. Mary's County, Maryland, in the year 1750. His wife's name was Lucy—her maiden name is unknown. I am also interested in any other Pikes prior to 1950.

CALVIN J. PIKE

19938 Blackstone, Detroit 19, Mich.

## CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH SCOTT, Professor of Modern Languages and Head of the Department of Modern Languages at Wagner College, Staten Island, N. Y., is the author of books on counterfeiting in colonial New York (1953) and colonial Pennsylvania (1955). The latter is reviewed in this issue. He is now preparing a book on counterfeiting in colonial America for publication by the Oxford University Press. ☆ EDWIN W. BEITZELL is an official of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. His avocation is the study of St. Mary's County history, about which he has written a number of authoritative articles in various publications. For this *Magazine* he wrote an article on Thomas Gerard in September, 1951. ☆ ELIZABETH CONNOR was librarian of the Mount Wilson Observatory and assistant editor of Observatory publications between 1916 and her retirement in 1950. At present she is preparing a biography of Philip Gatch who lived in Maryland from 1751 to 1776. ☆ Dr. J. A. CAMPBELL COLSTON is an internationally known surgeon specializing in urology at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. In addition to holding many distinguished professional offices, Dr. Campbell is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Lyric Theater, which his father was instrumental in establishing.

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