

BY THE WATERS OF CHESAPEAKE.



N Hans Christian Andersen's story, the exalted Counselor Knapp of Copenhagen puts on the "goloshes of happiness," and steps out into the middle ages. The average American of today, who abides serenely in the safer obscurity of private station, can do his spiriting as gently by buying a ticket for the Eastern Shore boat on the steamboat dock in Baltimore,

and taking a hypnotic excursion to Choptank River on a moonlight night in October. If he has scored fifty years on the back door of his memory since last he sailed by Federal Hill and the Fort and the Lazaretto, and ran down the river to North Point and the Bodkin Light, his illusions will be none the less complete and pleasant because he turns on an electric jet in his state-room, or touches a button for a bottle of Apollinaris; for the grizzled old steward can remember when John Randolph of Roanoke came down with Juba and the guns to hunt with Judge Goldsborough in Talbot and with Colonel Ringgold in Kent, and the deck-hands are singing even now, as they stow the freight for the river landings, abaft the beam :

O Canaan, sweet Canaan !
My heart 's in de fields o' Canaan ;
For Canaan 't is my happy home,
I 'm bound for de land o' Canaan.

And truly these lands of the Chesapeake were long a land of promise to the world's children of failure, opprobrium, and oppression, as they gazed with yearning eyes across a sea of uncertainty and fear to where the twin capes beckoned to them at the open gates of the great bay—"Mother of Waters," and foster-mother of freemen. And they came, a motley multitude of divers nationalities and infinitely diverse conditions, powers, purposes, and enthusiasms, to find in her hospitable estuaries, her cunning, coaxing creeks and coves, places of peace and hope, where conscience might find breathing-room, and handiness and thrift acquire the holdings and erect the homes that go to the making of a free state. "Pleasant," says Alsop, "in respect of the multitude of Navigable Rivers and Creeks that conveniently and most profitably lodge within the

Arms of her green-spreading and delightful Woods. . . . So that had Nature made it her Business, on purpose to have found out a Situation for the Soul of Profitable Ingenuity, she could not have fitted herself better in the traverse of the whole Universe."¹

And the soul of profitable ingenuity came sailing in, parted among the persons of adventurers and refugees, Cavaliers and Round-heads, Churchmen, Puritans and Quakers, cits and gentry and tradespeople, merchants and factors, indentured servants, "redemptioners," and convicts; and they dispersed themselves through all the coasts of that Canaan, taking up fat land at less than a dollar an acre, from the Potomac to the Susquehanna, from Pocomoke Sound to Palmer's Island, but always fondly hugging the bay, and leaving the "backwoods" (as they styled the wilderness, which was but a short canter away from tide-water) to the wolf, the fox, and the panther, the deer and the wild turkey, the possum and the coon, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the muskrat. For in front, and lapping at their very thresholds, were creeks and cunning coves populous with all manner of finny denizens, oysters, clams, and crabs, and harboring in their oozy sedges innumerable water-fowl—the swan, the goose, the dipper, and the wild duck.

Jaspar Dankers and Peter Sluyter, writing in 1680 of a plantation in Kent, tell of the wild geese they saw in the river :

They rose, not in Flocks, of ten, or twelve, or twenty, or thirty, but Continuously, wherever we pushed our way; and, as they made Room for us, there was such an incessant Clattering made with their Wings upon the Water when they rose, and such a Noise of those flying higher up, that it was all the time as if we were surrounded by a Whirlwind. This proceeded, not only from Geese, but from Ducks and other Water-fowl; and it is not peculiar to this place alone, but it occurred on all the Creeks and Rivers we crossed.

So, too, the land-birds were a "millionous multitude," and the fields, groves, and thickets were alive with pheasants, wild pigeons, quail, woodcock, ortolans, and snipe; while in the clear depths of the bay the bass and the bluefish pirouetted with one another; the drum and the rock-fish, at home and hospitable, greeted as guests the bonito and the shad, and the plebeian perch rudely jostled the fastidious sheepshead. The seine and the weir were in-

¹ George Alsop: "A Character of the Province of Maryland." 1666.



PAINTED BY HENRY SANDHAM. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

LANDING OF LEONARD CALVERT AT ST. MARY'S, 1634.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

dispensable to the equipment of any superior bay-side habitation, and every man, whether master or servant, carried net, rod, and tackle along with his gun. Miraculous draughts were taken without the miracle, and the "Maryland Gazette" for November, 1763, gives an item of fishing in Kent Island Narrows, where 173 bushels of perch and other kinds of fish were taken at one haul of the seine, and that without the special wonder of the natives, who were mainly interested in the "net proceeds"—two shillings and sixpence a bushel. Every bar was an oyster mine; every ducking-point rang with the clamor of the canvasback and the red-head; while *Malaclemmys palustris*, the diamond-backed terrapin, unconscious of her fine name, tumbled and wobbled in the fat marshes, and laughed to think of the yet undiscovered raptures of her own insides. "It was impossible," wrote an ethnological Eastern Shore man, "for such a people not to live well; it was impossible for their sons and daughters not to grow big." He might have added, it was impossible for the stalwart and ruddy yeomen of the Calvert following not to develop, from such fine provender, into the blooded gentlemen who charged and charged again the British squadrons in the battle of Long Island, and "closed up, closed up, closed up," to the cry of Mordecai Gist, to fill the ragged gaps the blue bullets were making in their own thin lines:

When the bare-headed Colonel
Galopped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
When the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

So, too, was it impossible for the buxom Bonnibels of the Patuxent and the Choptank not to arrive by subtle processes of assimilation at the daintiness of a Rebecca Lloyd or a Mary Caton. Such a selection and survival of the fittest was as inevitable as the evolution of the consummate flower of the Maryland waffle from the aboriginal hoe-cake, or the development of the mint-julep from the profane and vulgar "go of rum."

And these waterways of the Chesapeake, how accommodating and pleasant they were for the coming and going of the dwellers on their banks! The redoubtable Captain John Smith was never tired of praising those comely and commodious floods, and rivers of delight. "Here are Mountaines, Hils, Plaines, Valleys, and Brookes, all running most pleasantly



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

"BUXOM BONNIBELS."

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

“PETER WAS A SCHOOLMASTER.”



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

THE CAPTAIN OF A TRAIN-BAND.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

into a faire Bay, compassed, but for the Mouth, with fruitful and delightsome Land." And how fondly he dwells on the goodly brooks, "maintained by an infinite number of small Runnels and pleasant Springs, that disperse themselves for the best service, as do the Veines of a man's Body."

It has been said, not unwisely, of this bountiful and accommodating bay, that it was at once the strength and the weakness of the people whom the fame of its royal largess, its ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, had attracted to habitation on its banks; for while it offered them prosperity and independence as free as grace, it lulled them into habits of insouciance and recklessness, made them improvident in their husbandry, and squandering in their hospitalities. For they were an epitome of all sorts and conditions of men, wherein the gentleman took his heartiness from the yeoman, and the yeoman his free-handedness from the gentleman, and both their pride of class and caste from sturdy British stock, jealous for its traditions and its ways. A robust, bluff folk, who kept their democracy alive among themselves, and impressed it upon all comers of whatsoever nationality who might ask for room and range among them, to make free with the

fowls of the air and the fishes of the bay. For English ideas were dominant, and "the custom of the country" was wholly English from the day that Leonard Calvert set up his standard at St. Mary's, and proclaimed harbor and sanctuary for all creation;¹ and while the theory of government was essentially aristocratic, the strength in the best, the temper of the people was expressed in a sturdy democracy, grounded in common sense and good digestion — such as, by a special adjustment of the alimentary apparatus to the local conditions, could respond to the exactions made upon its forces by such a diet as Volney found:

Hot bread, half-baked, and soaked in melted butter, with the grossest cheese, and salt or hung beef, pickled pork or fish. At dinner, boiled pastes, called absurdly puddings, garnished with the most luscious sauces. Supper with salt meat, and shell-fish in its train. . . . To brace the exhausted stomach, wine, rum, gin, malt spirits or beer, used with dreadful prodigality.

And all this went to the making of the men and women who so vigorously applied their powers to the making of a nation that it becomes interesting to note the possible connection between hot corn and deviled crabs and modified and destroyed, or they were modified and perpetuated; but in either case there is perfect continuity between the institutions of colonial Maryland and those of the older country.) John Johnson, A. B., in "Old Maryland Manors": being No. vii of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in History.

¹ (The history of Maryland owes its interest not so much to striking events as to the continuity of old English institutions and ancient habits of local self-government. When the early colonists came to Maryland they invented no administrative or judicial methods. The old institutions of England were transplanted to Maryland and acclimatized. In the new soil they were



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

“BOUNCED ON A PILLION BEHIND THE LIVERIED FOOTMAN.”

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the red-hot flint-locks at Cowpens. To this day the Marylander to the manner born cherishes with filial piety the associations that cling to johnny-cake and potato pudding; he has never been reconciled to the gas-jet or the register, and fondly insists that an open wood-fire, candles, and a warming-pan are the true symbols of home.

The common people of this motley colony had come by their common sense "naturally," as children come by their mumps or measles; they had found it in vicissitude of fortune, in various hardship, in oppression and contumely, in the lot of the rebel, the convict, and the felon. There were those among them who bore the brand of the malefactor on the palms of their hands, and others with the brand of social out-casting seared in their hearts. The prodigal son jostled his elder brother on the deck of every ship that cleared from the Mersey or the Thames to let go her anchor in the Severn or the Chester; but the Anne Arundel woods were full of fatted calves, and the eyes of the Talbot swine stuck out with pinguid complacency.

Maryland, under the Baltimores, was the only colony that admitted convicts; she even welcomed them, for the labor of their hands, for the outcome of their wits and acquirements, for their possibilities of rehabilitation. The indentured servant, the "redemptioneer," or the "free-willer," saw at the end of his five or six years of servitude, "according to the custom of the country," his fifty acres of land, his ax, his gun, and his two hoes, besides a new suit of kersey, with stockings, "French-fall shoes," and a new hat; and for the women there were a skirt and waistcoat of penistone, a blue apron, a linen smock, two linen caps, shoes and stockings, and three barrels of Indian corn. As for those who were crimped and kidnapped in English ports, and carried away to the Chesapeake to toil in the tobacco-fields, they found themselves from time to time in company as choice as that which once welcomed ladies and gentlemen of quality to the superfine coteries of the Fleet Prison. Witness Mr. Charles Reade's "The Wandering Heir," as well as the following advertisement in the "Maryland Gazette" of September, 1771, concerning the antecedents and misfortunes of a noble redemptioneer:

To be printed by Subscription, for the Benefit of an Injured Unfortunate, Divers Particulars relating to Peter Egerton, the Descendent and Heir of Sir Ralph Egerton, who was Standard-bearer to King Henry the Eighth; elder brother of Sir Thomas Egerton, after Baron Elsmere, Chancellor of Oxford and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England under Queen Elizabeth: from whom Francis Egerton, the present Duke of Bridgewater, is descended.

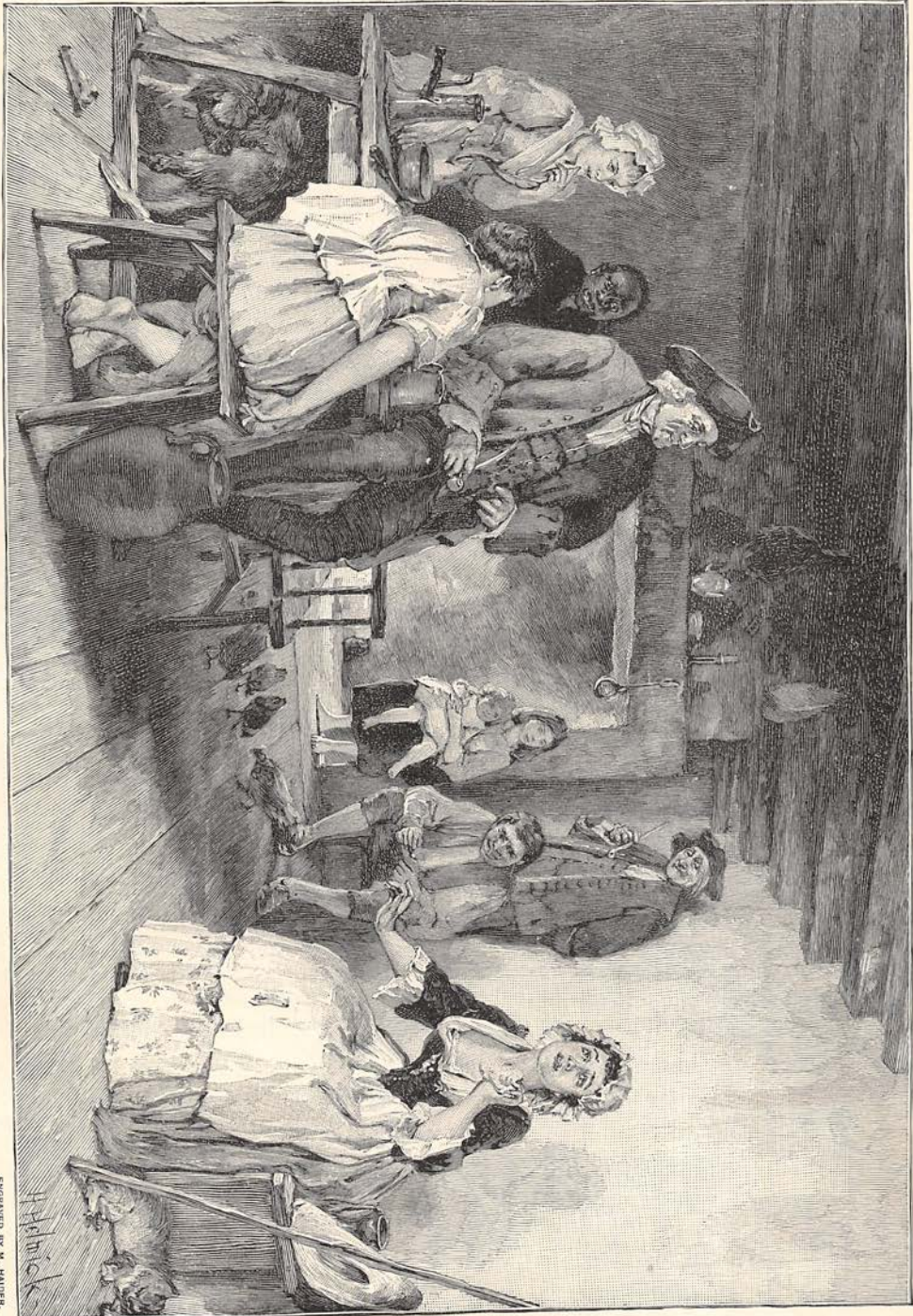
Peter was a schoolmaster at Piscataway, where, probably, in the fashion of his time, he taught "after the most Approved Methods, Reading with Propriety; Writing in various Hands; Extraction of the Square and Cube Roots; Mensuration; and the Inculcation of the Principles of Virtue and Morality, as well as the other Branches of Literature"; and the scion of the haughty Egertons, barons, standard-bearers, seal-keepers, was at all times liable to be advertised, along with the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, as a mere something for sale. But once free (his bond of servitude discharged by his five or six years of stipulated labor), the redemptioneer began to take himself seriously, to live gallantly, and to make himself heard in the company and the councils of his betters. Scharf pictures the redemptioneer just emancipated, with his ax in one hand and his gun in the other, as more inclined to assert his independence than the gentleman on his baronial domain, with his English routine and his prescribed manners.

A system of reforming by natural methods seems to have been applied to the convict with an almost phenomenal success, because it was addressed primarily to his stomach and ultimately to his self-love: first it fattened him and then it flattered him; first it made him a comfortable animal, and then it made him a citizen, and captain of a train-band. George Alsop, writing about 1665, says:

Those whose Lives and Conversations have had no other gloss stamp on them in their own Country but the stigmatization of Baseness, were here (by the common Civilities and Departments of the inhabitants of this Province) brought to detest and loathe their former actions. . . For from an antient Custom at the primitive Seating of the place, the Son works as well as the Servant (an excellent cure for untamed youth), so that before they eat their Bread they are commonly taught how to earn it.

And John Hammond, who wrote ten years earlier of "Leah and Rachel" (Virginia and Maryland), assures us that the country was of "such happy Inclination that many who in England had been Lewd and Idle not only grew ashamed of their former Courses, but abhorred to hear of them, and in small time wiped off those Stains they had formerly been tainted with."

This was the tobacco period in the history of the colony—the period which preceded the culture of wheat, when tobacco stood for all that was notable and characteristic in life and manners by the waters of the bay, and along the highways of the great rivers Potomac and Patuxent, Nanticoke, Choptank, and Chester, Severn, Patapsco, and Susquehanna; when



ABIGAIL RELATES HER MISFORTUNES.

DRAWN BY HOWARD HENKICK.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

taxes and customs-duties, salaries and wages, rents and fees, were paid in tobacco; when the heiress to whom you consecrated your disinterested devoirs represented so many hogsheads of the beguiling weed, and the clergyman who saluted your blushing bride took his customary tender in so many pounds of crude nicotine. This was the period when "the planter who had the most hoes at work was the best man"—to every hoe a slave or a convict; when it was cheaper to take up new land than to foster and restore the old and worn-out; when husbandry was slipshod and sluttish, and improvidence hobnobbed with gluttony and guzzling, and called itself hospitality. Then Annapolis was the gay and gallant capital of the kingdom of tobacco, as, under the later régime, Baltimore, more sober and thrifty, was the metropolis of the lordship of wheat. Then the rapiered gentry and the ladies of quality took their airings in coaches, and did their calls of compliment in sedan-chairs. The men made themselves brave with gold hat-bands and feathers, silk stockings, garters, and buckles, buff-coats, belts, and leather breeches, and commonly affected tortoise-shell snuff-boxes and signet- and mourning-rings; while the women gossiped of Chinese silks, brocades, lutestring, taffeta, sarsenet, gingham, and camlets—not forgetting pyramids and turbans, jeweled stomachers, breast-knots, and high-heeled shoes for the minuet; and all played piquet and basset and loo, and "vowed" and "protested" and minced, and were otherwise elegantly inane. Yet it had not been long since their mothers had sat on stools, and dined without forks, and tried to seem quite at home over the exotic dish of tea, and jogged and bounced on a pillion behind the liveried footman on their way to church in Talbot or Kent.

It is a pitiful story of profusion and improvidence, of crops mortgaged and the proceeds squandered in advance, with all the bravado of the prodigal, and without the circumspection of the swine—until the hovering factor, patient and confident, swooped at last, and captured all that the gamester or the usurer or the lawyer had left. The wise and manly warning of John Beale Bordley, addressed in 1771 to his kinsman in London, rings in the ears of his people yet:

Foppery, idleness, and dissipation are striding briskly on, to bring about a general change of proprietors for our land; the increased cargoes of *trash* this year imported is astonishing. We must all, from being plain planters and independent men, turn our eyes to the Court and beg for places.

And all because of the weed that was to be reared in sweat and sighs, and gathered and stored in care and fear, and bartered in riot and ruin. To the planter, that plant of no grace, that "sot-weed," as he called it, was as the prince

of this world, whom earth and sky were commissioned to serve, to whom the seasons were but serfs, and rain and sunshine appointed tributes; for the end and outcome of it all was the coming of the convoys from May to July, when the weed was to find its market in the ships, and the ships were to transform those simple, kindly shores into a blaring, brazen Vanity Fair, with its What d' ye lack? and What d' ye lack?—of the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, and the flesh and the devil.

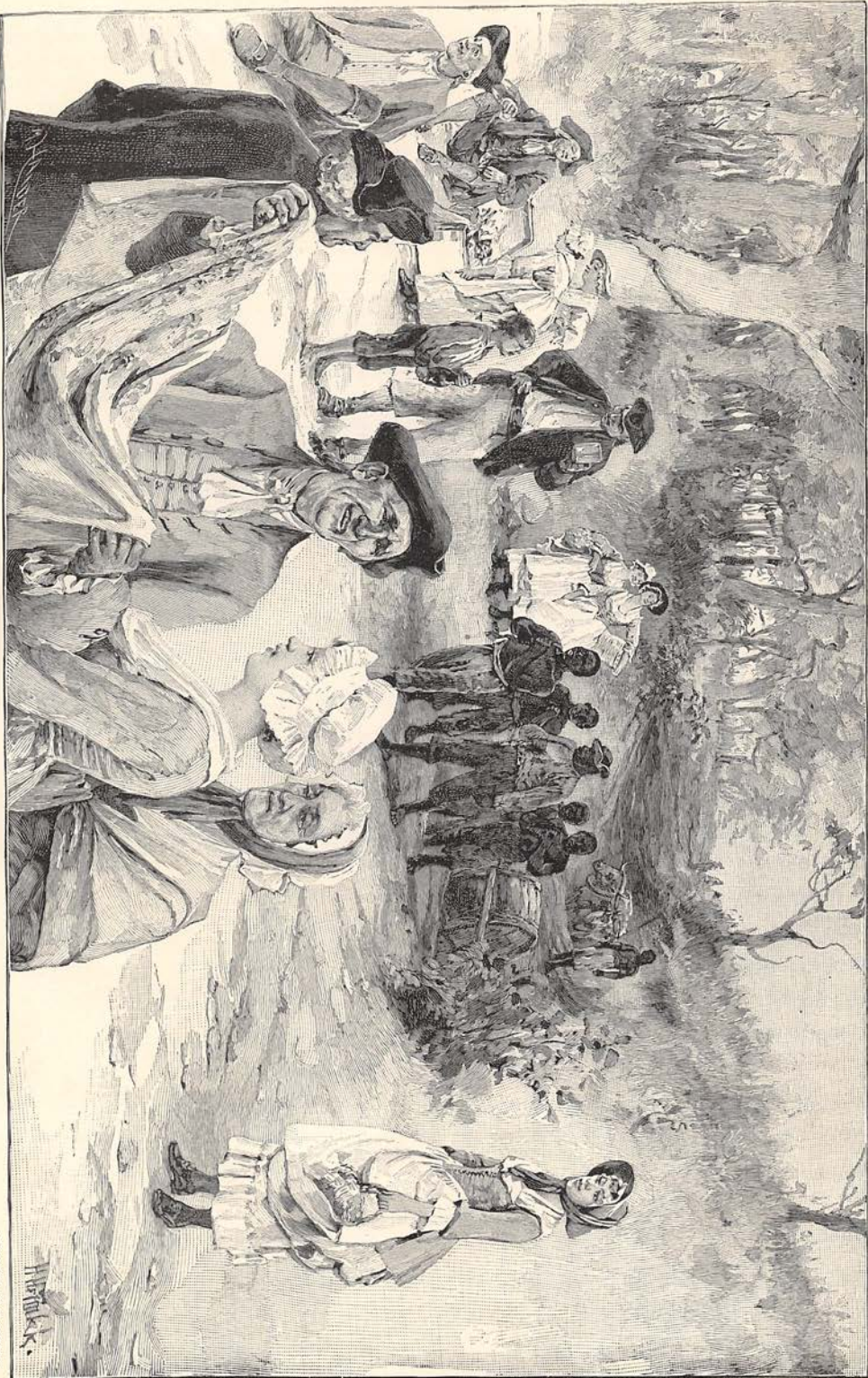
For this they rigged the hogsheads with axles and tongues, and teams of steers or negroes rolled them down to the landings; and the women left the bucket in the well, and the hoe-cake on the griddle, and the pig in the garden, to scramble for the pinnacle or the pungy that should waft them to the annual scene of rapture; and then hey for the rings, the ribbons, and the bonnybreast-knots, the tabby petticoats, the lawn aprons, the calamanco shoes, and the stay-laces, the corking-pins, the starch, and the playing-cards—and one common prayer-book! And hey for the duck and hominy, and the rum-punch and the reel, and the devil to pay the fiddler!

These were the revels of the common people, a boisterous and jovial folk, to whom large feeding was the obvious expression of prosperity and content, and who found their way to the robust enjoyments of life by the route of the alimentary canal. The woods and the waters had piled their boards with every toothsome delectation, and had said to them, "Dress, and cook, and eat!" And they have been dressing and cooking ever since, to the end that the rest of the world may smack its lips, and sigh for another appetite.

These had their faithful chronicler in Master Eben Cook, "Gent.," who came to the colony in the very first years of the last century in the character of a "sot-weed factor," as he styled himself. Not having Alsop's timely warning before his eyes, he failed to detect in the hunters and seine-haulers, the "cockerouses"¹ and overseers, of the Chesapeake those shrewd, sly rusticals who "by their crafty and sure Bargaining do often overreach the raw and unexperienced Merchant." So they sent him back shorn, a sadder and sulkier man; whereupon he had recourse to "satyr," and avenged himself in coarse but vigorous Hudibrastic verse, wherein he handles with expressive spitefulness the feasts, frolics, and boozy humors of the natives, with an occasional shot at "the laws, courts, and constitutions" of the country.

Master Cook was manifestly a "gent" of considerable cleverness, and if his entertainers from Pomunky to Annapolis contrived to extract much fun from his accommodating cockneyism,

¹ Country gentlemen.



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMBICK.

“WHEN THE SHIP CAME IN.”

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

it is but due to his memory to acknowledge that he has had the mother-wit to entertain several generations of readers at the expense of his entertainers. His pictures of the planters and their servants and apprentices living on terms of homely intercourse, and hobnobbing, crony-like, across a pipkin of cider or a tankard of sack (for sack was a Falstaffian familiarity from the Patuxent to the Severn), have a quality of

Abigail; but we feel that her demure recital of that tender confidence must have kept the kitchen in a roar, until the Revolutionary War came in, and sot-weed factors went out.

Then Master Cook jogged to the county-town on a court-day, where he saw

Roaming planters on the ground,
Drinking of healths in circles round;



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

A VISITING PARTY.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

genuineness which atones for the malice by the verisimilitude. His free-hand sketches are of low-raftered sitting-rooms, and homely fare of pork and hominy and mush in wooden trenchers, and cider-pap with fried bacon and molasses, topped off with rum in a runlet, drunk from the bung; of a chamber on the ground floor which he shared with dogs, poultry, and pigeons; of a disheveled Abigail who played upon his heartstrings with her tale of woe; that how, in better times, ere to this land she was unhappily trepanned, her clothes were fashionably new, nor were her smocks of linen blue.

But things are changed; now at the hoe
I daily work, and barefoot go.
In weeding corn, or feeding swine,
I spend my melancholy time.
Kidnapped and fooled, I hither fled
To shun a hateful nuptial bed;
And to my cost already find
Worse plagues than those I left behind.

When Master Eben Cook, Gent., had got safely back to Marylebone, he pretended to laugh at

and judges, lawyers, jurymen, and bailiffs, mixed in a storm of fists and sticks, cocked hats and wigs. Happy to escape with his life, he "tript it to the Eastern Shoar," where at last he found a timely Friend.

While riding near a Sandy Bay,
I met a Quaker, Yea and Nay;
A Pious, Conscientious Rogue
As ere wore Bonnet or a Brogue;
Who neither swore nor kept his Word,
But Cheated in the Fear of God.
With this sly Zealot soon I struck
A Bargain for my English truck,
Agreeing for Ten Thousand weight
Of Sot-weed good and fit for freight,
Broad Oronooka, bright and sound,
The growth and product of his ground.

The Contract thus between us made,
Not well acquainted with the Trade,
My Goods I trusted to the Cheat,
Whose crop was then aboard the Fleet,
And Going to receive my Own,
I found the Bird was newly flown.

It is plain that this badgered and plucked adventurer, who at home might write "Gent." after his name, was not of the gentry while he sojourned in the colony. For he was unduly familiar with leather breeches, aprons, osnaburg shirts, and shag jackets, with drugget, fustian, and the like; and at best he got only as far as bob-wigs and brass buckles on his way to the curled and powdered perukes, small swords and tall canes, knee-breeches of black satin or red plush, paste buckles, lace cravats and ruffles, long embroidered waistcoats and cocked hats, of the superfine gallants and macaronis. These were to be encountered even in his time, although they had not yet become so aggressively and oppressively gorgeous as the respectable and prudent Eddis¹ found them seventy years later, when he was persuaded that "the people of quality too frequently mistake profuseness for generosity, and impair their health and their fortunes by splendor of appearance and magnificence of entertainment." Those fortunes had been erected on a foundation of land and slaves, and constituted the credentials of a set socially aristocratic, and taboo to all but their own caste, which included representatives of the Crown—such as Eddis, who sat at the receipt of customs. But it was a house built upon sand; the rains fell, and the winds blew; tobacco flagged and failed, and wheat began to rear its head; and the planter relapsed into sot-weed ways—cider-pap, pewter, and the hedge fiddler. In Maryland the yeoman has ever held his own against the fine gentleman, the buckskin against the silk stocking; and so long as there were quail in the cover and clams in the creek, the Virginia reel would ask no odds of the minuet, nor the pillion of the sedan-chair. Luxury and elegant leisure might have the high seats in the synagogue, and the long epitaphs in the family burying-ground, if only sturdy yeomanry and bluff independence might have the weather-gage on the bay, and the run of the ducking-grounds, and the dugout was not required to take back-water from the ten-oared barge.

The gentleman was an actual entity, a thing well ascertained and defined, with the right to write "Esquire" after his name; the small householder, or the tenant on a manor, was styled "Master"; and the only landless folk were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, who served like Jacob seven years for the Leah or the Rachel of a freehold. But there was no servility, no crooking of "the pregnant hinges of the knee," that thrift might follow fawning. A shrewd and impartial observer wrote of these people: "There are few who do not seem perfectly conversant with the

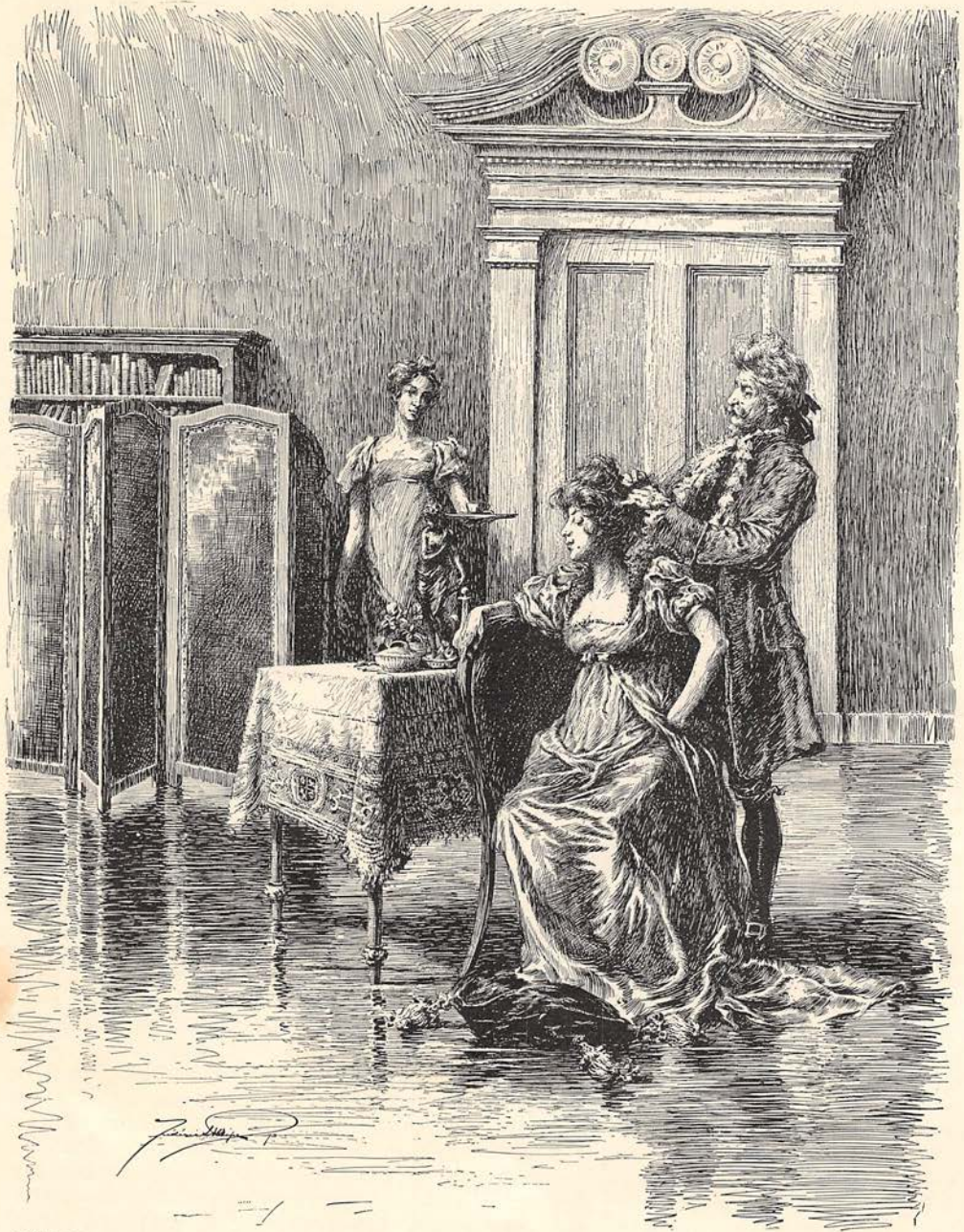
general and particular interests of the community. An idea of equality also seems to prevail, and the inferior order of people pay but little external respect to those who occupy superior stations."

In course of time the encroaching overseer, and the patient redeptioner who had served his time, planted his savings in brand-new acres, and waxed fat on tobacco, came to jostling the easy-going cockerouse, with his depleted lands and his plethora of debt, standing in his sunshine, giving him their dust on the road and their back-water on the bay, outshouting him on court-days, distracting him with lawsuits, out-betting and out-brawling him at the races and the hazard clubs, and making him the game and butt of an offensive pack of parasites and adventurers, broken rooks and harpies of London, cadets of Bridewell and the Fleet.

The baronial system of the Baltimores, which contemplated the establishment of a landed aristocracy, was in the strictest sense the rule of the landlord. Tracts of from one thousand to five thousand acres, bordering on the bay, were erected into manors, with the right to the lords to hold courts-leet and courts-baron, as on the manors of St. Clement's and St. Gabriel's. In this class we find the germ of a nobility, and next below it the body of gentlemen planters, "citizens of credit and renown," from whose ranks were chosen the justices and commissioners. Last of all, the tenants on the small manors, styled freeholders and suitors, and addressed as "Mr." by courtesy. Davis² describes the plantations as "the most striking feature on the face of society." Hardly a home or a tenement that was not approached by water. Here were held the earliest courts and councils; governors, privy councilors, judges, all were planters. There were the merchants, too, trading with London, Liverpool, and other English ports. "And the large plantations, with their groups of storehouses, assumed the aspect and discharged the functions of little towns." But the spirit of the age was knightly. The progenitors of the manorial barons of Maryland had been gentlemen by virtue of their swords and spurs; letters were in slight request among them. Macaulay tells us that in England many lords of manors had hardly learning enough to sign a *mittimus*. And so our Maryland lords of the manor, a hundred years before the Revolutionary War, were commonly gentlemen who made their marks on deeds and records, when their scribes and servants had done the vulgar writing. The sword was the symbol of distinction, not the purse or the

¹ William Eddis: "Letters from America" (1769 to 1777).

² George Lynn-Lachlan Davis: "The Day-Star of American Freedom." 1855.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

THE FRENCH HAIR-DRESSER.

pen; and those unlettered gentlemen were not the less conspicuous in council, or courtly in the assembly of dames, because they could not pen a nimble compliment or write themselves "Esquire."

Two or three generations later we find this same class educated, and solicitous for intellectual acquirement, proud of their imported li-

braries (for the most part comprehensive and judiciously selected), and sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge. Nor has their influence been at any time superseded by that of the *nouveaux riches*. In no American city is a man's bank-book more lightly esteemed, or more grudgingly accepted as a social passport, than in Baltimore or Annapolis.

In 1770 almost every man was a farmer or a field-hand; the exceptions were to be looked for among the officials, lawyers, petty dealers, country mechanics, bay-sailors, and fishermen; and even these took their turn at planting, hoeing, or husking. Only the people of quality, says Scharf, trundled around in their coaches, while restless young squires chased the fox through brake and brier, or stood up to their waists in water on bleak November days when the birds flew low, bringing down canvasbacks with their long ducking-guns. "And then, hey for royal suppers of duck and hominy, and rum punch, and old Madeira from the wood"; long pipes smoked by blazing log fires; card-parties of basset and loo, and to bed long after midnight — if there were beds to spare; if not, a sofa and a blanket, or a bearskin on the hearth, while the piccaninnies snored, and the great dogs whined in dreams, or edged up closer to the fire.

A hard-swearing, hard-drinking, hard-driving, — aye, and a hard-working generation, when the humor was on them, — who took to the forest or the bay with an ardor as natural as if their fathers had twanged bows with Robin Hood or flourished cutlasses with Captain Kidd. These were the lads who gaily volunteered for Canada in 1740, or donned leggings, moccasins, and the fringed hunting-shirt, with even the pipe and hatchet, to follow Michael Cresap on the trail of the Susquehannas or the Senecas; and it was their sons and grandsons who made the privateers of the Chesapeake so formidable as to compel from the British admiralty that inverted compliment to Baltimore, "a nest of pirates."

The wives, sisters, and sweethearts of these men were their comrades and competitors in the saddle or the dugout. They were at home on the bridle-path and comfortable on the pillow; they rode to hounds, and were clever in the handling of a tiller or the trimming of a sail. Irving describes them as going to balls on their side-saddles, with the scarlet cloth of the riding-habit drawn over the white satin gown. In the flashing canoe, ticklish and fascinating, they maintained the equilibrium of their bodies and their tempers with an expertness that was not ungraceful, and with a graciousness in which long training had made them expert. The dugout, dancing in the creek, waited upon their freaks and caprices with uses as frequent and familiar as those which pertained to the wagon or the gig — to race in a ladies' regatta, or to run out to the old-country ship in the offing, bringing blood-stirring news of fashions and revolutions, battles and brocades, cloaks, cardinals, and convicts, sultana plumes, French falls, and the fate of nations.

The correspondence of the Lloyds of Tal-

bot, "Masters of Wye," with their English agents, is a revelation of promiscuous luxury such as would have moved the admiration of Pall Mall, and rebuked the tawdry gorgeousness of a Beau Nash. The Lloyds (original Puritans bewitched) were typical of all that was bravest and best in the colonial life, of all that was most sumptuous in equipment, most profuse and gracious in entertainment, most instructed and judicious in the intellectual diversions and embellishments of their time. I am indebted to the courtesy of the present master of Wye House, the Hon. Edward Lloyd, seventh of his name, and president of the Senate of Maryland, for the privilege of making certain interesting extracts from the letters of one of his ancestors in the province to his London agents.

On August 8, 1791, he orders a phaëton, "to be built by the first Maker in London: a fashionable, handsome Carriage with two sets of Poles, wheels, and Harness, for four horses; fitted to drive with or without Postillions." On January 17, 1792, he writes from Wye House to Messrs. Oxley, Hancock & Co., London merchants, concerning a coach they had shipped to him: "We are much pleased with the Coach; the only Objection is its being too high for the Roads and Gates in this Country. The Mares will answer my purpose, but I think them high in Price, considering they are not elegantly formed nor well matched. They were ten Weeks on shipboard. . . . Several were lame on being landed, and two of them still continue lame."

He found the groom who was sent with them addicted to "Strong Liquor," and discharged him. He insists that the phaëton he had ordered on the 8th of August must not be hung too high — "being a Gouty Man," and naturally a good judge of wine. "The Claret Wine is a sound good Wine, but I have had better from London formerly." He must have the best wine that can possibly be procured. Mr. Hancock is requested to purchase for him an "elegant Watch Clock, proper to fix on a Chimney Piece; also a Sett of fashionable elegant Ornaments to place on a Mantel of a Chimney; fashionable Decorations to set off a Dining or Supper Table that will accommodate 20 People — with Sketch, showing how the Images are to be placed on the Table, according to the Vogue; the cost of the ornaments not to exceed 100 guineas."

The mantel ornaments consisted of a mirror in five sections, framed in silver, mounted on silver feet, and decorated with vases and mythological figures in bisque. They are still at Wye House.

The master of Wye keeps step bravely with the march of mind. He calls for Franklin's

works ("if published"), and the "Court Gazette" from January 1, 1792, "to be continued by every opportunity."

Be pleased to subscribe my name for Boydell's Prints of Shakspeare, which have handsomely framed in Glass, and forwarded as published. Send also a Collection of the best Colored and most Approved Prints, in elegant Frames, sufficient for a Withdrawing Room. It is particularly requested that some Person of Judgment be employed in Selecting this Collection, as none but the most Pleasing and best Impressions will answer. The Prints of Werther and Charlotte we have. Subscribe in my name to the Compleat History of England, as proposed to be published in the European Magazine of January, 1792, and forward each Number as published.

The Boydell illustrations are the subscribers' proofs, issued at two guineas each; and the colored prints (many of which still adorn the walls of Wye House) are the choicest examples of their kind, including many of the best plates of Bartolozzi and Ryland, after Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, Mortimer, and others, in rare states.

Later we find him calling for "Aristotle on Government," an abridgment of Gibbon, and the works in English of Emanuel Swedenborg; and these expressions of a nobler craving come in with an odd effect between "10 pounds of Hode's no. 37 Snuff and ½ Doz. best Postillion Whips."

N. B. If there are any new Publications within Twelve Months past, of real merit, either Travels, Voyages, Political, or good Novels, send them by first opportunity.

Much that follows reads like the catalogue of a loan collection projected by the Maryland Society of Colonial Dames. "Four fashionable silver Candlesticks, with Snuffers and Stand, and my Arms thereon." These candlesticks, together with a very beautiful table-top of silver, also embellished with the arms, surrounded by Oriental figures emblematic of the service of tea, were stolen from Wye House by British soldiers, and afterward restored to the family. This colonial nabob sends to London "a Picture of our esteemed Friend Miss Ogle, which is to be set in Gold and small Pearls, with the Hair on the back fashionably, for my Daughter Becky." He describes with much particularity a watch that is wanted for Mrs. Lloyd. It must be

An elegant gold-enameled Repeating Watch, by the most approved Maker in London; with an elegant fashionable Chain, Key, and Trinkets, with a Gold Seal, having my arms and the Letters E. Ll. on the Arms, in small Cipher Elegantly engraved; the Watch to be covered with a Common Case, to be worn occasionally.

There are to be Two Pairs of Gentlemen's silver Shoe-buckles, of the most elegant patterns; sky-blue Cloth sufficient for six servants' Coats, and yellow ditto for Breeches and Waistcoats, besides best Blue and Yellow Livery Lace; fashionable Hatts for the family, by Wagner of Pall Mall; Morning Caps for Mrs. Lloyd; 4 dozen Ladies' best White Kid Gloves, "for a small hand"; 2 Quarts of the finest Milk of Roses, in small Bottles; and 20 Pounds of best Perfumed Hair Powder. In fact, the consignments of imported hair-powder consumed in the household at Wye would suffice in these days to provoke a hysterical gasp of high-tariff horror, and the perfumes were adequate to impart an imperishable fragrance to the fields, woods, and waves from Easton to Annapolis.

Fishing excursions, picnics, and junketings *al fresco*, constituted a conspicuous feature of the summer hospitalities of Wye House. For these occasions tents were in request; not such a tent as a negro might carry on his shoulder, and pitch single-handed, but such a circus-like pavilion as the Master of Wye contemplated when he instructed Thomas Eden & Co., London merchants, to ship to him the caravansary of canvas he describes: A marquee large enough to hold a dozen people, laid off with apartments for lodging half that number; bedsteads and bedding complete in every article; tables and seats to accommodate a dozen guests; all of which to be so constructed as to be capable of packing up into as small a compass as possible. "It is intended to be used occasionally on Fishing Parties on the Shores of the Chesapeake Bay. Nothing to be left out that may add to its Convenience."

This Edward Lloyd 4th, known as "the Patriot," son of Edward "the Councilor," and father of Edward "the Governor," had been a member of the General Assembly and of the Council of Safety, and had represented Maryland in the Provincial, State, and Federal governments down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He was a patriot by heredity and propensity; he was the proprietor of a patrimonial welkin, and knew how to make it ring, regardless of expense, on appropriate occasions. His ideas of a Chesapeake pleasure-boat, for example, were peculiar, and seem to have been formed on the lines of a letter of marque. He writes:

Be pleased to send me a compleat Sett of American Colours, for a Pleasure-Boat of about 60 Tons burthen. Ensign and Pennant with 15 stripes; my arms painted thereon, the Field azure, the Lion Gold; let these Colours be Full-sized. Six Brass Guns, with hammers, screws &c. compleat, to fix on Swivels, and to act in such manner as to give the greatest report; with the letters E. Ll. thereon; fitted to fire with Locks. Pow-

der-horns, pricking-wires, and charges, showing the quantity of Powder for each gun; and 200 Ball, fitted to the size of the Bore. Have the Guns fully proved before purchasing. Send also 200 prepared Cartridges filled with powder.

When the master of Wye House stepped over the gangway of this very warlike pleasure-boat, and was received with a salute from those six brass guns, acting "in such manner as to give the greatest report," it is pleasant to contemplate the gallant, not to say gorgeous, figure he must have cut in the clothes that John Winter of St. James street had shipped to him: "Cloth Breeches lined with Silk Shag and set off with Gold Wire Buttons; six Pair of black Silk Breeches; Two Pair of White Silk ditto; a velvet Suit embroidered with silver; a Macaroni Waistcoat laced with Gold-spangled Lace and lined with Silk Shag; a plain Buff Waistcoat Lapelled; and a flannell powdering Gown." Mr. Winter is particular to express his professional approval of the velvet suit, which is "a fine Garnett Colour, lined with Pea-green Sattin, and embroidered with a very Genteel silver Embroidery, not *very* rich, but Handsome, and quite a new pattern, and which I dare say you will approve of. I have also sent an embroidered Sword-Knot to match it."

Taking leave, for the present, of Wye House and its storied precincts, so conspicuously representative of all that was bravest and most bountiful in the social outcome of colonial conditions, let us turn to the mixed multitude of the fields and towns, and consider them as we find them, in their graver or their gayer moods, in those aspects, often contradictory but always characteristic, which are remembered so kindly as the "old Maryland ways."

Very interesting is the first record in Talbot County of the transportation to the colony of a condemned person. His name was Alexander MacQueen, "taken in the late Rebellion against his Majesty, in Lancashire in Great Britain, and submitted to the Royal Pleasure." Whereupon his Majesty, by the Right Honorable James Stanhope, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, has signified to John Hart, governor of Maryland, his royal will and pleasure "that the said Alexander MacQueen, now transported into the Province of Maryland, in the ship *Friendship* of Belfast, is to abide and serve for the full term of Seven Years in the said Province."

And whereas Mr Daniel Sherwood of Talbot county has purchased the said Alexander MacQueen for a valuable Consideration, it is his Majesty's pleasure that the said Alexander shall serve the said Daniel aforesaid for and during the full term and space of time as aforesaid:

Given at ye Citie of Annapolis, this 17th day of September in the third year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord, King George of Great Britain, etc. Anno Dom. 1716.

The records of the colony show that it was not unusual for men to sell themselves into servitude under masters for a term of years, in consideration of the payment of debts previously incurred by the servant. Thus John Steele, in 1675, bound himself to Edward Roe to do all lawful service for four years; Roe to pay 4680 pounds of tobacco (including 2000 pounds due to Roe himself) to the several persons named in the covenant.

Slaves were held by free negroes. A deed of emancipation bearing date December 9, 1793, recites that Negro Tom, late a slave of Christopher Birkhead, being possessed of a negro girl named Grace, about sixteen years old, and held by him in slavery, "thinking in his conscience that all mankind are entitled to equal freedom in this life," hereby declares the said girl Grace free from the date of said deed, and so renounces all right and claim to her person. Similar deeds of emancipation were afterward recorded by free negroes in favor of slaves whom they had purchased or otherwise acquired. Slave-traders, especially those who bought slaves for the Southern market, soon came to be regarded with popular abhorrence. In an Easton paper of June 12, 1804, Thomas Prince, a tavern-keeper, publishes a card in which he repels with indignation, "as a foul aspersion upon his good name and as tending to attach indelible obloquy to his reputation," the report that he was associated with certain persons in the purchase and transportation of negroes to distant States.

In the Maryland "Journal" of February 3, 1792, appears a notice signed by Joseph Townsend, secretary, to the effect that "The Maryland Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery will meet to-morrow evening at Nathan Griffith's at six o'clock." And on December 6, 1806, in the Maryland House of Delegates, leave was asked to bring in a bill entitled "An Act for the gradual Abolition of Slavery." The motion was lost, but the delegation of Talbot (a county having large property in slaves) recorded their emphatic yea.

A touching instance of the relations of love and trust that existed between the old family servants and their masters and mistresses is afforded by a letter addressed to the master of Wye House in April, 1790, by Joanna Lloyd, widow of Richard Bennet Lloyd, afterward married to Francis Beckford of Basing Park. She writes:

Lin, our old Negro Servant, will present you with this. She is so anxious to return to America

that I have put myself to the Expence of paying her Passage, and she now only waits for a fair Wind. I have told her I can not be answerable that she will have her Freedom when she arrives in Maryland. I can only recommend her to your Mercy, as she has behaved herself well while in this Country, and it is her own wish to *return to her Own*.

The inference is that the wish of his gracious and doubtless charming kinswoman must have been as law to the master; for we find her, a twelvemonth later, sending him live hares and rabbits for breeding; "and we have been thinking of sending some Partridge Eggs, which, if they arrive good, you may make a Hen sit on them."

The English love of sport, fostered in the colony by larger license of freedom and leisure and wider scope for exploit and pastime, became an insatiable passion, taking in every form of "fun" that an exuberant vitality joined with folly and conceit could contrive, from steeplechasing and fox-hunting to bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and dueling. Scrub- and quarter-races were the invariable diversion for every gathering of the people on court- and market-days, until the law was invoked to prohibit them, as a nuisance and offense, on Sundays and "at Quaker meetings." There were races for purses and cups at Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Marlborough, as early as 1750, and Maryland and Virginia often contended for the honors on the Chestertown course. Governor Ogle was among the first to import English-bred stallions; and the famous Figaro of the Annapolis meetings in 1767 had been brought over by Dr. Hammond after winning races at Preston and Carlisle.¹

Land and negroes were lost and won on the course. Lady Teazle has a neat little wager with Charles Surface — her cunning mulatto page Puck to a quilted side-saddle; while the sanctimonious Joseph addresses his uncle as "Honoured Sir," and desires his esteemed judgment on the morality of racing.

We read of "a nice Red Fox" that will be let out on Saturday from Mr. Lowe's tavern in Easton; and on Friday, March 4, 1796, of a cock-fight to come off at Newmarket — a main of fifteen cocks on each side. "The bet on the Main is 20 guineas, and one guinea on each Battle. Perhaps it will be the greatest Cockfight that ever was on the Eastern Shore of Maryland."

Among the records of a county court is one of June 5, 1722, "ordering that the Publick Houses in the County shall be hindered from Keeping their Nine Pins on the Streets during the Sitting of the Court; and that no persons whatsoever be suffered to play at them during the term aforesaid."

In March, 1690, Francis Butler is sued by
¹ Scharf: "History of Maryland."

Thomas Bruff on a tavern bill which enumerates a variety of tipples no less alluring than archaic — "Burnt Rum, Canary, Mulled Wine, Sack, Syder, Perry, Punch, Claret, Flipp, Quince Drink, Sampson and Bear [beer]."

In those days a man's tap-room score seems to have run on as long as the chalk lasted; in fact, long credits were the rule in every line of business: even the postmaster finds the operation of the system not wholly free from embarrassment, as appears by his notice in a newspaper of November 14, 1797:

To those Gentlemen who have now open Accounts in the Office, he submits the two following Propositions: That they either pay for their Letters and Papers at the time they shall be taken from the Office, or that they anticipate and deposit in the Office the amount of their quarterly postage.

Early in the present century young gentlemen were expected to engage in duels in the intervals of business. The provision was a salutary one, inasmuch as it served to keep them out of mischief, while it entertained their friends. For this reason it was the practice to take the community into confidence, and to conduct the proceedings with unstinted publicity — a custom which commended itself to the approval of the parties most tragically concerned, because it afforded them the chance to air their valor in the public prints, and at the same time to exercise their wits in the contrivance of new and ingenious forms of scathing sarcasm and intolerable taunt, for "posting" at the court-house or the tavern. Here is a notable example:

TO THE PUBLIC.

WARWICK, 2nd Jany. 1805.

I have stated facts — facts that no equivocation can supercede; and if Mr. K — dare deny them he asserts that which is not truth. If he takes usurage [*sic*] at any expressions I have used, and will call on me, I will give him Satisfaction. If the object of his pursuit is a paper war, I now file my objections to it; and if he pursues such conduct I shall view him, as his friend Mr. S —, a Coward and a Poltroon.

HENRY RINGOLD,

Second and Friend of Alexander Stuart, Jr.

The public press was by no means lacking in those qualities of invention and imagination which still go to the making of a great newspaper. Nothing human or inhuman, mundane or supernatural, was foreign to its office. On October 20, 1795, "A Constant Reader" informs the world through the columns of an Easton paper that the people of Annapolis have been greatly alarmed.

The other day the Coffins in the Old Burial Ground (at least 100) rose full six inches above

the surface of the Earth, from what Cause is not known, but we have been amused with a variety of Reports and Conjectures thereon. The whole City has been a spectator of the Awful Scene, which (with a Report just come to hand from Philadelphia, respecting the appearance of Angels in the streets of that City, and the Conversation they had with the Watchmen) made a very sensible and deep impression upon the Spectators, and which I assure you was very visible in their Countenance.

I am just informed that a Young Lady of this City [Easton] has drawn the Hotel; and that a Young Man lost his Nose in an encounter at a Tavern. His Adversary bit it off.

It is subsequently explained that the accomplished and enterprising young lady drew the hotel with a common lead-pencil, and not with cart-ropes or a lottery ticket, as some had vainly imagined; but we are left to conjecture at what time the spectators were amused by the subsidence of the coffins.

There was always a poet's corner, in which from time to time the shrinking Muse took refuge from the world's ignoble strife, to sigh with Dobson, the inspired oysterman of St. Peter's parish, in a "Most Excellent New Song."

It is of a Damsel whom I do write,
And in her sweet company I took Delight,
Her charming Love for to obtain;
And after this it proves a pain.

I promist her my love was free
From any Deceit or Uncevelty,
And hoping she wood pity poor Swains,
And free me of all my pains.

She unto me O then did say,
To grant you Love I must say Na.
Some other man O I do love,
And unto you I should cruel prove.

Then unto my bed O I did go,
My heart was full of Greef and wo;
I still kept musing what I should say
For to gain her Love some other day.

Cupit I do beseech you to be so kind
To send home my heart which is confined.

On May 1, 1792, the "élite" of Easton were treated to an "Elegant Exhibition of Wax Works" at Captain Richard Coward's house.

Mr. Wm. Bowen respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Easton and Vicinity, that his Exhibition is now ready for their Amusement. It would be needless to give a particular Description of all the Figures contained in this much admired Collection. However, among the most Interesting, we shall mention a beautiful Female Figure, lately added, called One of the beauties of Annapolis.

This Exhibition contains about 30 Figures, large as life, and is universally allowed to merit the Patronage and attention of the Public. . . .

As Mr. Bowen intends to close his Exhibition

in the space of a few days, he hopes that all those who wish to gratify themselves in Viewing this great Production of Art, will embrace the present opportunity, as it will undoubtedly be the Last.

For sale, a few Likenesses of the President of the United States, a variety of elegant Prints, and a Guitar.

The theaters produced "Douglas" and "The Roman Father," with hornpipes and patriotic songs between; while the raptures of Ricketts's Circus held our little progenitors in thrall by the spell of those perennial novelties of the sawdust, "the Tinker's Ramble, the Trick Mule, and the Metamorphosis of the Sack, as presented for the astonishment and delight of the Nobility and gentry at Sadler's Wells."

Mr. Robardet respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Easton (July 1, 1793) that he proposes to open a dancing-school in that city. He has taught in Philadelphia, Annapolis, and Baltimore, and has had the honor of the patronage of Mrs. Washington's grandchildren, "and several other of the most respectable characters in the above places." Nevertheless, he has a competitor for the favor of the fashionable in the person of M. Duclaraq, who "will give lessons on the violin and flute, and teach the stately steps of the *minuet de la cour*, and the *Allemands*, besides the *Gavotte de Vestris* and the Russian waltz."

The historians of Annapolis find a tantalizing fascination in the decade preceding the Revolution. Again and again they return to the theme, and dwell upon it as if spellbound by its splendid and picturesque forms of folly and naughtiness. They tell how leisure and culture waited upon wealth with all the allurements of a refined sensuousness. Merry England contributed the latest devices of an artful extravagance for the pampering of opulence and the diverting of ennui and indolence. These people lived in houses built and embellished with costly woods and marbles, and furnished with the choicest productions of Chippendale, Sheraton, and the brothers Adam. When they made the round of visits, or gathered for the minuet, they came in elegant equipages, drawn by gallant steeds and managed by liveried slaves. Many of the residences were distinguished by the superlatives of fastidious taste, while the employment of a French hair-dresser (by one lady at a thousand crowns a year) was prescribed by a censorship of languid voluptuaries, who minced and pranced around the severe stateliness of Colonel George Washington when he came to limber himself at a card-party or a ball.

Life on the bay was ever buoyant and careless: it veered with the rudder and bulged with the sail; it carried a tricky pennant at the peak, and a frolicsome fiddle at the gangway;

it took in the quiet of the creek and the bustle of the steamboat-landing with equal gusto; it lightened business with pleasure, and made a picnic of occupation; and though it might call itself a dinghy, it behaved like a jolly-boat.

The "bugeye" that drowsed at anchor in the cove, lulled by the lapping of ripples, and the pinnacle that danced in the moonlight on the swell off Cedar Point, were craft whose peculiarities of line and rig had been alike determined by local conditions. Beginning in the primitive handiness and spryness of the Indian dugout, to end in the peerless audacity and exploit of the Cape Horn clipper, they were, through all the long process of development, to retain the fine Chesapeake ways which made the canoe a clipper and kept the clipper a canoe, when the bay which had once been an Indian war-path had become a highway of the nations.

Scharf reminds us that the tide in the bay does not ebb or flow with strength enough to check the course of a sailing craft under headway; and the early colonists sailed or paddled from inlet to island in the canoe or the pungy, as, later, the lordly planters careered in their ten-oared barges, pulled by slaves. It was not long before the country bottoms of the Chesapeake controlled the coastwise commerce from New England to the West Indies. They traded with Liverpool and Bristol, and smuggled for Holland and France. Bordeaux wines became plentiful and cheap in the province; our leading merchants conversed in French; our fashionable women dressed in French; "and Antigua rums, Martinique cordials, and Scheidam Schnapps, were found on most sideboards." Old-country ships brought the planter's supplies to his very door, and the barges and lighters that took off his tobacco brought back his dry-goods and groceries.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the smart and handy craft of the Chesapeake proceeded to show that they could fight as well as trade, and the port of Baltimore soon became the center of a system of privateering so formidable that the enemy had hardly learned to respect it before he began to fear it. The records show that between April 1, 1777, and March 14, 1783, two hundred and forty-eight vessels sailed out of the bay under letters of marque—"and this with a British fleet at Hampton Roads and inside the Capes nearly all the time." The gallant *Chasseur*, armed with twelve guns, manned by one hundred officers and men of Maryland, and commanded by Captain Thomas Boyle, made a true viking's record, capturing eighty vessels, of which thirty-two were of equal force with the privateer, and eighteen superior in guns and men. Boyle was born at Marble-

head in 1776, married in Baltimore in 1794, and died at sea in October, 1825. He commanded a ship when he was a lad of sixteen, married at eighteen, and made a dramatic end of a romantic and glorious career at forty-nine.¹

These Chesapeake privateers and letters of marque were as hornets and wasps in the face of the enemy. They fought and captured ships and smaller craft at the very gates of his ports, in the British and Irish channels, off the North Cape, on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, in the East and West Indies, and in the Pacific Ocean.

The ship-builders of St. Michael's in Talbot County, who have plied their honorable craft since the middle of the seventeenth century, hold fast by their hereditary claim that the primal model of the Baltimore clipper, and the later clipper-ship (*White Squall*, *Flying Cloud*, *Trade Wind*, or *Typhoon*) of the California and China trade, was lined in their boat-houses long years before the first scales of the yellow metal had dazzled the eyes and dazed the wits of the diggers in Captain Sutter's mill-race. It is a development, they say, of the light pinnacle, or galley, in which "Claiborne's merry men fought, traded, and frolicked with the Susquehannocks and the Nanticokes," from Kent to Spesutie Island.

In 1832, in Baltimore, a stage started from Barnum's Hotel daily for Philadelphia, via York, Harrisburg, and Lancaster; but the route most approved by people of condition was by the *George Washington* or the *Constitution* steamboat, up the bay to Frenchtown; thence by frisky little coaches on a crazy little railroad to Newcastle on the Delaware; and thence by boat again to Philadelphia—"through in ten hours." This was the route which was especially affected by foreign dignitaries, Federal officials, senators and representatives, flitting between Washington and the North. Those were famous repasts that were served to distinguished men and brilliant women at the captain's table in the saloon of the *George Washington*. Here the great "Expounder of the Constitution" hobnobbed with "Harry of the West," and talked of "compromise" across the deviled crabs; and here, in his last days, John Randolph of Roanoke, weird and pessimistic, shook his long skinny finger at "Old Bullion," between the walnuts and the wine, while Dolly Madison lamented with Nellie Custis the degeneracy of the cream-sauce.

Even as I write, that sauce-boat is before me, my own precious possession. It bears the image and superscription of the dear old barge, and its handle seems still to tingle with the touch of those historic fingers.

¹ Coggeshall: "History of American Privateers."