OLD MARYLAND HOMES AND WAYS.

THE POSTBOY CUP.

IF one might be frisked by the mere magic of a wish away from the vulgar scrambling and the din and all the heartless impertinence of this impatient time, back to those ways of pleasantness and paths of peace which were the familiar conditions of old Maryland, he might choose to find himself trundling in an antiquated gig through the long, dim stretch of woods, and the double colonnade of locusts and beeches which formed the approach to the "great house," and ended in the graveled drive that belted the noble lawn — from five to seven acres of close, clean sward, dotted with firs and cedars, and terraced from end to end. Here stood the sturdy domicile, broad and square, built of bricks brought over from England in the ships that came for tobacco. It was flanked on each hand with offices, and strung out to the very edge of the woods with outbuildings—kitchen, dairy, ice-house, overseer's lodge, and the "quarter" for the dusky colony of slaves. This latter might be either a group of cabins or a single, spacious tenement of logs or stone, affording one big sitting-room below, floored with earth, and rude dormitories, bunked and blanketed, above. On the ground floor the negroes loved to lie around the great hearth, with their feet to the fire, and to sleep that sleep of insouciant beatitude which was broken only by the familiar cry of warning: "Some fool-nigger's heel a-burning!"

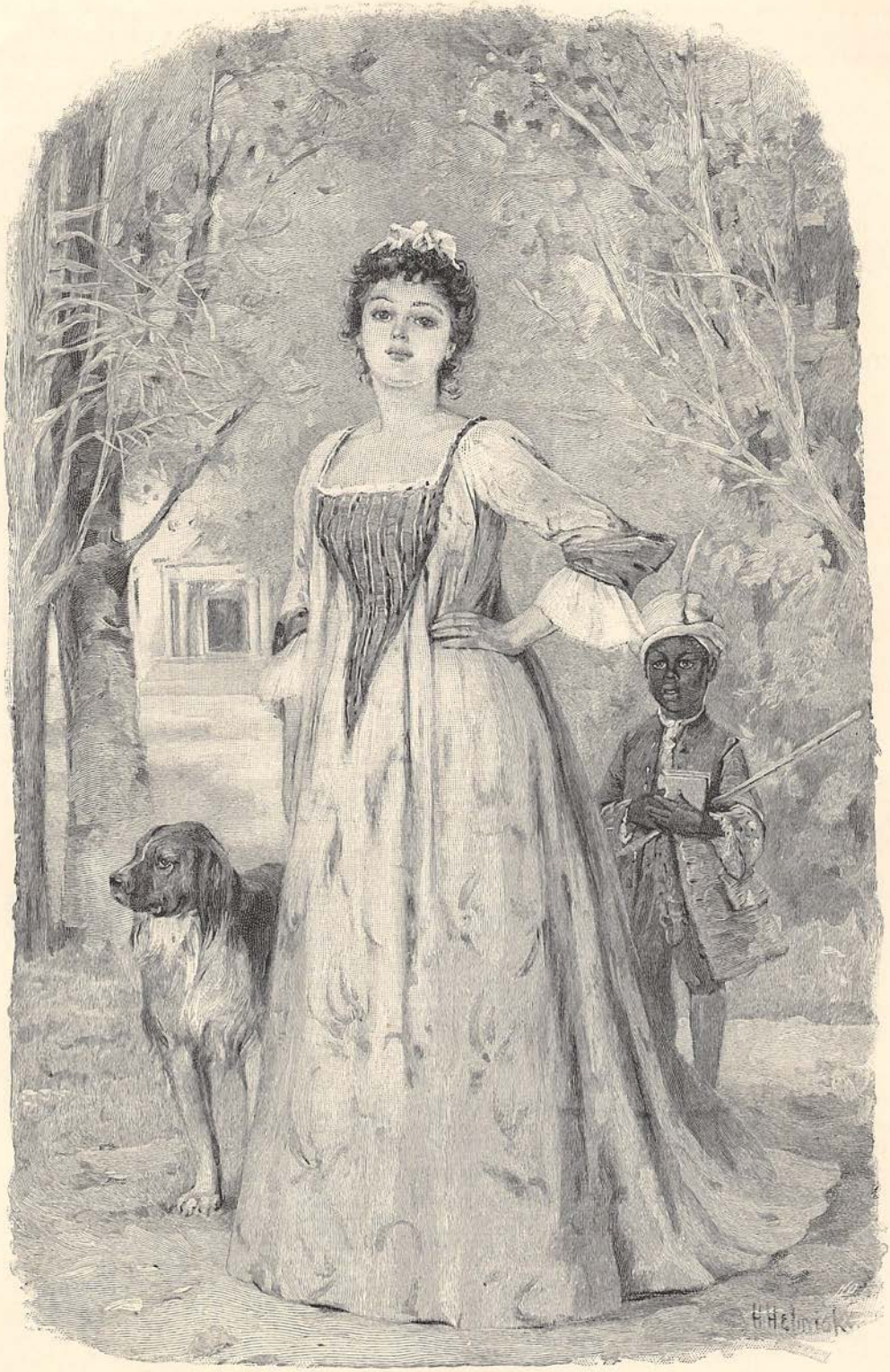
In the distance was the clumsy windmill for the grinding of the maze which was presently to find itself transformed and famous in coquetries of johnny-cake and pone, and flapjacks flattered with golden butter; and beyond, between the willows by the creek, glimpsed and glanced the rippling silver of the bay, with its sleepy coves and inlets dotted with canoes and barges, and with the slender spars of pungies in among the cuddling little isles, where Sambo tonged for "eyesheters" in the sun, and the larger fisher took his finny treasures from the weir.

Here was a land flowing with mint-juleps and blooming with delectable damsels. Mistress Rebecca Lloyd, beautiful and gracious, greeted the new-comer with a winsome courtesy on the broad piazza, and the grizzled butler, who had "toted" his young missus around so long that there were still times when he forgot himself and called her "honey," brought you the beguiling beverage on a silver salver engraved with the family arms, and was distressed if your straw refused to draw.

That broad piazza was burned, with the rest of the noble house of Wye, on March 13, 1781, when a British marauding party looted the plantation and the mansion, and carried off plate, jewelry, and watches, swords, spurs, sashes, and cocked beavers, muffs, turbans, and tippets, wigs and embroidered waistcoats, plumed hats and cardinals — the whole splendid plunder of brave apparel and dainty bedeckings. The fair Rebecca has long since been choired among the angels, and the grizzled butler sleeps with his toes turned up to the mint; but when I crossed the lawn one kindly day in last December, I was greeted as graciously by Rebecca's later kinswoman, and conducted into the great hall, which never yet, whether in the parent house or in this, was big enough for the hospitalities it has harbored. The grand old manor-house gave its body to the flames, but its soul survives in the later mansion, where its traditions of courtesy and kindness are piously cherished.

Near the site of the historic domicile, a fragment of which still remains, stands the beautiful structure, impressive by its proud simplicity, which invites the wayfarer to-day in the name of eight generations of Maryland worthies who have kept house there since Edward Lloyd I., the Puritan, in 1668, set up his son Philemon to be Lord of the Manor of Wye and Master of Wye House—*incunabula majorum*. The main building of two lofty stories, including the hall, drawing-room, parlor, dining-room, and chambers, all of noble proportions, is connected by corridors with one-storied wings, in which are the library on one side and the domestic offices on the other, presenting a pleasing façade of two hundred feet, looking out upon the lawn and the leafy avenue, and over the woods to Wye River and the bay.

In the rear of the mansion is the garden with its extensive conservatories, once a gayer paradise of shrubs and flowers; and behind that is the family cemetery, where is gathered



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR.

the dust of many notable worthies and dames of the gentle blood of the Lloyds, marked by monuments and somber tablets that are crumbling now.

Above a battered shield supported by mortuary emblems one may read this notable inscription:

Henrietta Maria Lloyd.

Shee who now takes her Rest within this Tomb
Had Rachel's Face and Leah's fruitful Womb,
Abigail's Wisdom, Lydia's faithful Heart,
With Martha's Care and Mary's Better part.

Who died the 21st day of May,
(Anno) Dom. 1697, aged 50 Years,
— months, 23 days.

To whose Memory Richard Bennett dedicates this Tomb.

This lady, honored above many honorable women, whose praise, like the burden of an old ballad, runs through the records of her descendants with happy iteration, was the daughter of Captain James Neale, who, before coming to Maryland in 1666, "Had lived divers yeares in Spain and Portugall, following the trade of Merchandize, and likewise was there employed by his Majesty of Great Britain (Charles I.) and his Royal Highness the Duke of Yorke, in several emergent Affairs, as by the Commissions herewith presented may appear."

Henrietta Maria was born while her father was in foreign service, and was named in honor of the queen of Charles I. There is a not improbable tradition that her mother had been one of the maids of honor to her Majesty, whose ill-fated consort was, at the time of the birth of this child, at the mercy of his enemies.

After the regicide of Charles, seven rings were distributed among as many friends of the queen — those who had been nearest and dearest to her and to the king. These rings were set with a stone which presented on one side the profile of the king, and on the other a death's-head surmounting a crown and wearing a pointed and stellated diadem between the words *Gloria* and *Vanitas*, while on the inner side of the circlet was traced the legend, *Gloria Angl. Emigravit, Ja. the 30, 1649*. One of these rings was in the possession of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, a gift to him from Lady Murray Elliott. Another has come down to the Earles of Easton, in Maryland, by a succession of inheritances through the families of Lloyd and Tilghman, from Anna Neale, mother of Henrietta Maria Lloyd.

The present mistress of Wye is the granddaughter of Colonel John Eager Howard of Revolutionary fame, and of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner"; and under her gracious administration Wye House retains all its external stateliness and beauty, all its social graces, and the renown of its ancient hospitality. The traditions of other such noble domains have found distinguished representatives in the Carrolls of My Lady's Manor and Doughoregan, the Calverts of Mount Airy, the Goldsboroughs of Myrtle Grove, the Tilghmans of The Hermitage, the Ridgelys of Hampton, the Hansons of Belmont, and the De Courcys of Cheston.

In Governor Lloyd's time there was a certain steward, or bailiff, at Wye, one Captain Anthony of St. Michael's, at one time master of a bay craft in the service of the governor. This man was the owner of a likely negro boy who escaped from bondage, and by his remarkable powers, acquirements, and address became known to the world as Frederick Douglass. In 1881 Mr. Douglass, being then marshal of the District of Columbia, was moved to revisit the scenes of his childhood and his thrall, and one day found himself on the porch of Wye House, where he was received by the sons of Colonel Lloyd, their father being absent, with that courtesy which is extended to every stranger who finds his way thither. When he had made known the motive of his visit, he was conducted over the estate, from spot to spot that he remembered and described with all their childish associations; here a spring, there a hedge, a lane, a field, a tree. He called them by their names, or recalled them by some simple incident, and all the glowing heart of the man seemed to go out to the place as he passed from ghost to ghost as in a dream. And then a strange thing happened; standing mute and musing for a while, he said slowly and low, as one who talks in his sleep, "Over in them woods was whar me and Mars Dan useter trap rabbits." "Mars Dan" was the governor's son. Was it the man's half-playful, half-pathetic sense of the grotesque incongruity of the situation? Or was it glamour?—all the tremendous significance of a phenomenal life compacted into the homely reflection and phrase of a barefoot "darky."

He plucked flowers from the graves of dead Lloyds he had known, and at the table drank to the health of the master of the old house and of his children, "that they and their descendants may worthily maintain the character and the fame of their ancestors."[1]

On a tongue of wooded land formed by the Glebe and Goldsborough creeks in Talbot County, there is a house with a romantic story. When, in 1661, Wenlock Christison the Quaker was seized by a Puritan mob headed by the Rev. Seaborn Cotton, tried, and condemned by Governor Endicott to die, pardoned by the king, and let off with a flogging at the cart's tail on the highway, he found sanctuary in Maryland,

[1] The Hon. John L. Thomas, in the "Baltimore American," June, 1881.

where Lord Baltimore granted him asylum on the tongue of land that cools itself in the pleasant waters of St. Michael's River — Miles they call it now. Here the indomitable Quaker abode and prospered, wearing his hat in the presence of governors and magistrates, and testifying for "the Truth and the Light" without fear of clubs or cart-tails. Those easy-going Eastern-shoremen actually made him a burgess, and he and his descendants long dwelt in peace in the old brick manor-house, of which a fragment still survives.

In time, by lapse of heirs, the place fell to the possession of Richard France, the famous "lottery king" of Maryland, who built the turreted "Villa" there, and adorned the grounds with fountains and winding walks, conservatories and garden gods, to the effusive wonder and admiration of the natives. But Maryland, taking up scruples, set her face against lotteries, and France for a time coquetted with Delaware, until Delaware in like manner turned prudish; and the last we hear of the "lottery king" is that he had died in a debtor's prison.

Then the garden gods fell on their faces, and thorns sprang up and choked them, and all was desolation and respectability. Again the "Villa" waited not in vain; for one day the windows were opened, exposing all the ghastly gaps in their panes, and a strange man, untidy and shock-headed, pottered about in the weedy, seedy garden, a grim and churlish recluse. But negro curiosity, once sharply piqued, is persistent and penetrating, and forthwith Ethiopia began to gossip about the strange man, how that he was a blacksmith from Connecticut, and an oracle in local political clubs, one to whom "Big Six" was a spell to conjure with. And presently the disheveled interloper was joined by a bearded and venerable companion, with a head like a pear, who lurked and waited behind the close gates and the screen of shrubbery. Then a furtive yacht, at night in St. Michael's River, took the bearded mystery aboard, and was off to the bay and the sea; and the police, who went poking about the place a day or two later, looked foolish and asked one another inane conundrums about the cunning flitting of Boss Tweed.[1]

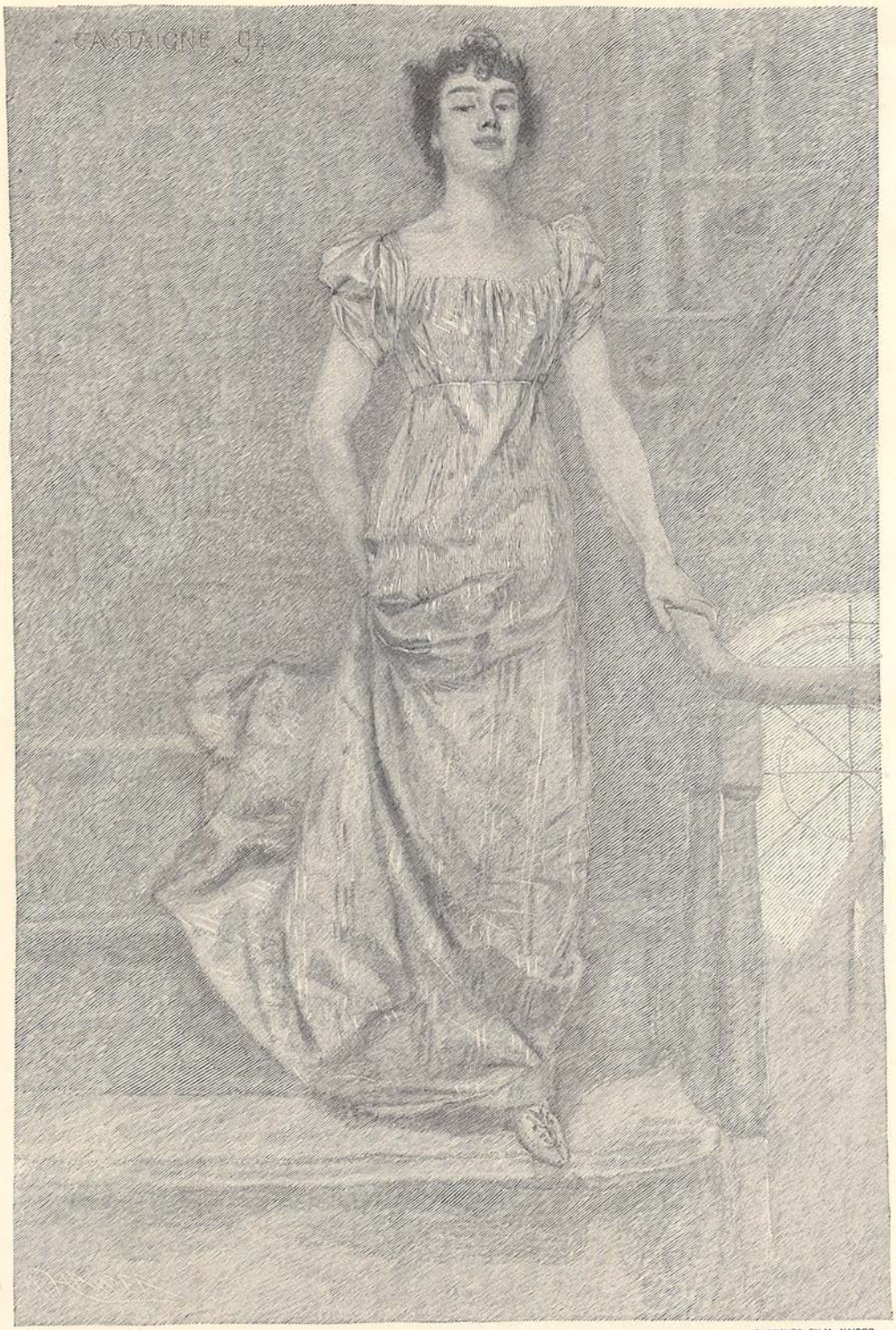
The gentry of colonial Maryland, under the rule of the earlier Calverts, lived on the great plantations in dwellings that were accessible by water. The bay and rivers were almost their only highways, and the obliterated little thorp of St. Mary's, founded on the site of an Indian village whereof the memory is dear to every son of the soil, was their only city. At home they sat on stools and forms, and dined without forks, cutting their meat with their rapiers. But their walls were wainscoted, and their chambers comfortably bedded. Tea and coffee they rarely tasted, and sugar was a luxury, but sack and cider and punch flowed free. Witness the facetious instructions of Governor Calvert to Colonel Price, to bring certain articles to Fort St. Inigoe's for the use of the soldiers: "And upon motion of sack, the said governor bade him bring sack, *if he found any*." In the early records of the province there is more sack than Falstaff's drawer ever scored. The colonial gentry dispensed ardent spirits at funerals, and clinked the sack-cup at christenings; and they affected signet-rings with their leather breeches and boot-hose. Cattle-stealing was not in fashion; only a sheriff of Kent was once charged with that offense, while a governor of Virginia was convicted; neither was there ever an execution for witchcraft in the province of Maryland.

While the colonists of New England commonly dispensed with brick and stone in the construction of their snug and friendly domiciles,— those yellow colonial mansions which constitute a feature so characteristic in the Northern landscape,— the planters of Maryland and Virginia built themselves substantial structures of imported brick, and aspired to the architectural distinctions of Queen Anne and the Georges. One to the manor born,[2] who has written with loving knowledge of these solid and sincere old houses, has told of the noble joinery of the roof; of the deep, capacious window-seats and hearthstones, prodigal of space; of great halls that greet you with the largest welcome; of "stairs that glide rather than climb" to the floor above, where is the dancing-hall or assembly-room; of carved chimney-pieces, paneled wainscoting, and Italian cornices; of the later piazzas and porticos that came in after the Revolution; and of the hip-roofed homes of the burghers of Annapolis, with their huddled chimney-stacks and low ceilings, their cornered fireplaces and dormer-windows, with a multitude of little panes in the broad sashes, and the shining faces of the brass knockers, so expressive of homely kindness; and without, the arbor and the dove-cote, and the prim, box-edged garden, with its walks so decorous and Dutch-like, but gorgeous with lilacs and snowballs, hollyhocks and wall-flowers.

On the broad porch of the manor-house, of an afternoon, the planter and his comely dame dozed in their rocking-chairs, and young lovers cooed in the shade of the vine, while the tall clock in the hall ticked with the conscious dignity of leisure, and the sideboard in the dining-room winked and blinked with all its cut-

[1] My acknowledgments are due to a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," who has written entertainingly of the "Villa" and its inmates.

[2] Mr. Frank B. Mayer of Annapolis.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

A YOUNG COLONIAL DAME.

glass decanters. The old tide-water plantation had long been the domain of prosperity and peace: the granary, the meat-house, and the meal-cellar were full; there was a horse and gig for every guest; pipes and juleps were free; old French brandy could be had for eight shillings a gallon, and Madeira, port, and sherry for five shillings; the four-horse coach still jolted and creaked cheerily when the governor was to be met at the landing; and in the ancestral graveyard behind the house the "family" slept comfortable and quiet. When the tall clock in the hall struck the time in its gentle, slow old way, Time turned over drowsily and took another nap, as though he had been kindly patted.

Of Stephen Bordley and John, his younger brother, we are sure to hear as often as we stir the memory of some Eastern-shoreman of colonial stock, and set him to babbling gently of old times.

Stephen Bordley of Annapolis, bachelor and lawyer, was in the best sense "a citizen of credit and renown": wealthy, well educated, conspicuously influential, an ardent lover of the sturdy colony on the Chesapeake, and one whose devotion was expressed in acts more effectual than glib phrases. His patrimony was large, his tastes fastidious, his hospitalities princely. When the judges came to dine with him, they found it expressly entertaining to admire his plate, and his latest acquisitions of Holland linen, fine cambric, and wigs; and he was ever at his best in writing to his London agents for pipes of Madeira and "casks" of champagne and Burgundy. It was fitting and decorous that in due time gout should cut him short.

His younger brother, John Beale Bordley, whilom prothonotary of Baltimore County, inherited the library and the sideboard, and enlarged upon the republican ideas of Stephen. He substituted wheat for tobacco in the tillage of his broad acres, in high scorn of the Stamp Act, and set up a brewery and started a vineyard rather than buy his beer and wines on the London docks. "He ground his own flour in his own hand-mills, fired his own brick in his own kilns, made his own kersey and linsey-woolsey for his servants on his own looms, from wool of his own raising; and hackled, spun, and wove his own flax. He made his own casks to hold his beer and cider, from cedar cut in his own woods, and even made his salt from Chesapeake water."[1] How this self-sufficient protectionist must have growled and groaned when he found himself compelled to send his sons to Eton because a wholesome education was not to be had in the colonies. In 1766 he writes to his London correspondent: "They have a college at Williamsburg that spoils many a man; most of their youth are turned out in a hurry, with a smattering of pretty stuff; and without a solid foundation they pertly set themselves up as the standards of wit, and what is most impudent, of superior judgment."

In 1771 he has grown vainglorious:

> We expect to fall off, more and more, from using your [English] goods; *we are already the best people*, using our old clothes, and new of our own manufacture. They will be coarse, but if we add just resentment to necessity, may not a sheepskin make a jubilee coat?

About that time George Washington was writing to his factor in Bristol for saddles, holsters, and housing; pumps, gaiters, and ruffles, for himself, and salmon-colored tabby velvet, fine flowered lawn aprons, satin shoes, breast-knots, and black masks, for his womenkind.

John Beale Bordley, on his plantation at Joppa, enlarged his estate, cultivated fox-hunting, and kept open house. When his brother-in-law, Philemon Chew, bequeathed to him the half of Wye Island, he set up his home place there, and wintered in Annapolis in the distinguished company of the Dulanys and Carrolls, the Brices and Johnsons. He was an enlightened and prosperous farmer; he had made £900 on a single shipment of wheat to Barcelona; and Miss Betsey, his sister, who was "fond of substantial attire," adhered to the modes of the time, and affected rich silks, brocades, and lace ruffles, broad Spanish hats, and shoes of celestial blue with rose-colored rosettes.

Bordley entertained in the large, bountiful style of an enlightened and independent yeoman. Visitors came, in the free Maryland way, in barges and coaches, from all parts of the colony, and made themselves at home on Wye Island from May to November. There were Pacas and Hindmans, Haywards and Chamberlains, Goldsboroughs, Lloyds, and Tilghmans, and even Brices and Ridouts from the western shore of the bay. There were continual comings and goings of bateaux and canoes with notes of compliment and invitation, and "happy thoughts" of fruits and flowers. One would have found endless hair-dressing and ruffling in chambers, and toying with sangarees and punches in the hall or on the stairs; tea on the lawn, and songs in the porch in the evening; and riding- and boating-parties, and much lunar dalliance, amorous but decorous, in lanes and gardens. Nor did the admiring company of slaves — house-servants, horse-boys, dog-keepers, and boatmen — lack their share of the general joy and junketing.

The Ringgolds of Kent, for more than two hundred years conspicuous among the county

[1] Scharf: "History of Maryland."

DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

SUNDAY MORNING AT ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, GARRISON FOREST.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

families of Maryland, distinguished in colonial history, and active in the early commerce on the Chester, founders of New Yarmouth, patriots, soldiers, and councilors,—the Ringgolds of Chestertown, Huntingfield, and Fountain Rock,— maintained with signal pride and prodigality the social traditions of the Eastern shore. Their several homes were scenes of continual and delightful entertainment; and in race week, when the course at Chestertown competed for the honors with those of Marlborough and Annapolis, enthusiastic horsemen of the Ringgold name entertained the "gentlemen breeders" of Kent, Queen Anne's, and Talbot, and discussed pedigrees and "events" and coming matches for purses and cups. On November 24, 1766, "Yorick" of Virginia and "Selim" of Maryland, "the two best horses on the continent," ran on the Chestertown course for a purse of one hundred pistoles, subscribed by gentlemen of Kent. Yorick had won seven races, and Selim had never been beaten. The race attracted a gallant concourse of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of Maryland, Virginia, and Delaware, and was won by Selim.[1]

From 1720 to the breaking out of the Revolution one might have found bad spelling, bad manners, and bad language in the conduct, conversation, and correspondence of the colonists. Education was little better than a tramp, and religion, in the garb of the Establishment, was a slattern sadly given to drink. The schoolmasters were mainly derived from the class of redemptioners and convict servants, for the most part a disreputable lot of the hedge-priest sort, who had more of Latin and Greek than of the humanities or the Ten Commandments. In February, 1774, John Hammond advertises: "To be sold, a Schoolmaster, an indented servant that hath got two years to serve"; and among the possible Eugene Arams of Prince George's County in 1754 were "Jeremiah Barry's indented servant, Enoch Magruder's, Samuel Selby's, and Daniel Wallahorn's convict servants & Thomas Harrison, a convict." Education was restricted to classes, and young women and girls had but small share in it. The wealthy planters sent their sons to England to be educated, knowing that honors and profits, under proprietary patronage, were first of all for graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, who were familiar with Epsom and Newmarket, and confident of the favor of an English governor.

The gross and groveling pedagogue was the natural confrère and crony of the bibulous and licentious parson. The former was the creature of the vestry, and might be removed, but the latter held under the lord proprietary; the vestry might denounce him, the commissary of the province under the Bishop of London might convict him, but still he held on, for his holding was an advowson.

The clergy of England at that time figured as courtiers, political pamphleteers, lawyers, usurers, police magistrates, Fleet parsons, fox-hunters, umpires at dog-fights and wrestling-matches, stewards of county squires, and tools of the place-holders — everything but gentlemen or decent citizens. Even so early as 1656, John Hammond, in his "Leah and Rachel" (Maryland and Virginia), writes: "Virginia savoring not handsomely in England, very few [clergymen] of good conversation would adventure thither, as thinking it a Place wherein surely the fear of God was not; yet many came, such as wore Black Coats and could babble in a pulpit, roar in a tavern, exact from their parishioners, and by their dissoluteness rather destroy than feed their flocks." This indictment applies with even more force to the imported clergymen of Maryland, where the holder of an advowson under Lord Baltimore was amenable to nothing short of the criminal law. Any one was thought good enough to serve the church in Maryland, so that a priest's willingness to emigrate to "the Plantations" was even regarded as a slur upon his character. In 1714 Governor Hart wrote to the Bishop of London: "There are some rectors in Maryland whose education and morals are a scandal to their profession, and I am amazed how such illiterate men came to be in Holy Orders"; and Dr. Chandler wrote to the bishop in 1753: "It would really, my lord, make the ears of a sober heathen tingle to hear the stories that were told me by many serious people of several clergymen in the neighborhood of the parish where I visited."

One of the rarely devout and earnest rectors of the colony entertains his bishop with a pungent story of an erratic shepherd who had just been appointed to the care of a flock: "An Irish vagrant, who has strolled from place to place on this continent, now in the army, now school-teaching, now keeping a public house, now marrying, and presently abandoning his wife, always in debt, always drunk, always absconding, he is yet, without any change of heart or manners, inducted into holy orders, and sent to this province, where he is drunk in the pulpit, and behaving otherwise so disgracefully that finally he flees of his own free will."

Once, after a wedding at Wye House, a servant presented to the officiating priest a silver tray containing a goodly number of bright guineas, that he might help himself to *two* of them, the customary fee. But much generous Madeira and Burgundy had enlarged the parson's conception of his own need and the sur-

[1] Scharf: "History of Maryland."

rounding bounty; so he emptied the sparkling platter into the poke of his black coat. "Let your light shine *so*," said he; and everybody cried, "Amen!"

The people of Maryland, led by those able and honorable lawyers Stephen Bordley and Daniel Dulany, set their faces against "clericalism," and against the vestry system, which exacted fees for marrying and fined a man for not marrying, which taxed Catholics and Quakers to build chapels, buy glebes, fence churchyards, and support lazy parsons who seldom scrupled to keep a baptism waiting for a run with the hounds, or a death-bed for a cockpit. The people dodged and truckled, juggled and lied, to evade the "forty per poll"[1] which went to the clergy; and, giving the slip to the mumbled service and the droned sermon, gathered gladly to hear those dissenters the Asburys and Strawbridges, "who prayed without book and preached without notes, who went on horseback to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to them"; who lived on £60 a year, and scorned fat glebes and advowsons.

To such exemplary and beneficent worthies as Cradock, erudite and earnest among teachers, and Boucher, devout and intrepid in the ranks of the clergy, it must indeed have been a thankless task to stem the tidal wave of vice and venality that surged into Chesapeake Bay from the shores of Britain.

When Mr. John Weems contracted to build a certain church in Anne Arundel County, the vestry published in an Annapolis paper the following notice, which may be accepted as sufficient refutation to any charge of libel upon the works and ways of the colonial schoolmaster:

> Likewise Mr. John Weems has undertaken the building of a Breek Church in the sd. Parrish according to the draft of the Plan that was this day layd before the Vestry, and is to build the sd. Church att fourteen hundred pounds cur. without any further Charges to the sd. Parrish in any Shape whatever, in case that the Vestry git ann Act of Assembly for what Tob. will be wanting of the sum that is to build the sd. Church; for as they hant Tob. enufe in hand for the finnishing of the sd. Church.

And later, in the recorded proceedings of the vestry, we are told of

> The tarring of the ruff of the Church with Tarr and red oaker, and painting the head of the Church three times over with Clouded Blew, covering the Ruff of the new vestry house with Cypress shyngles, and having new spike-head Gatts and tarred Posts and Rales about the Churchyard; also causing diel Posts to be sot up.

[1] The poll-tax, forty pounds of tobacco, for the support of the church.

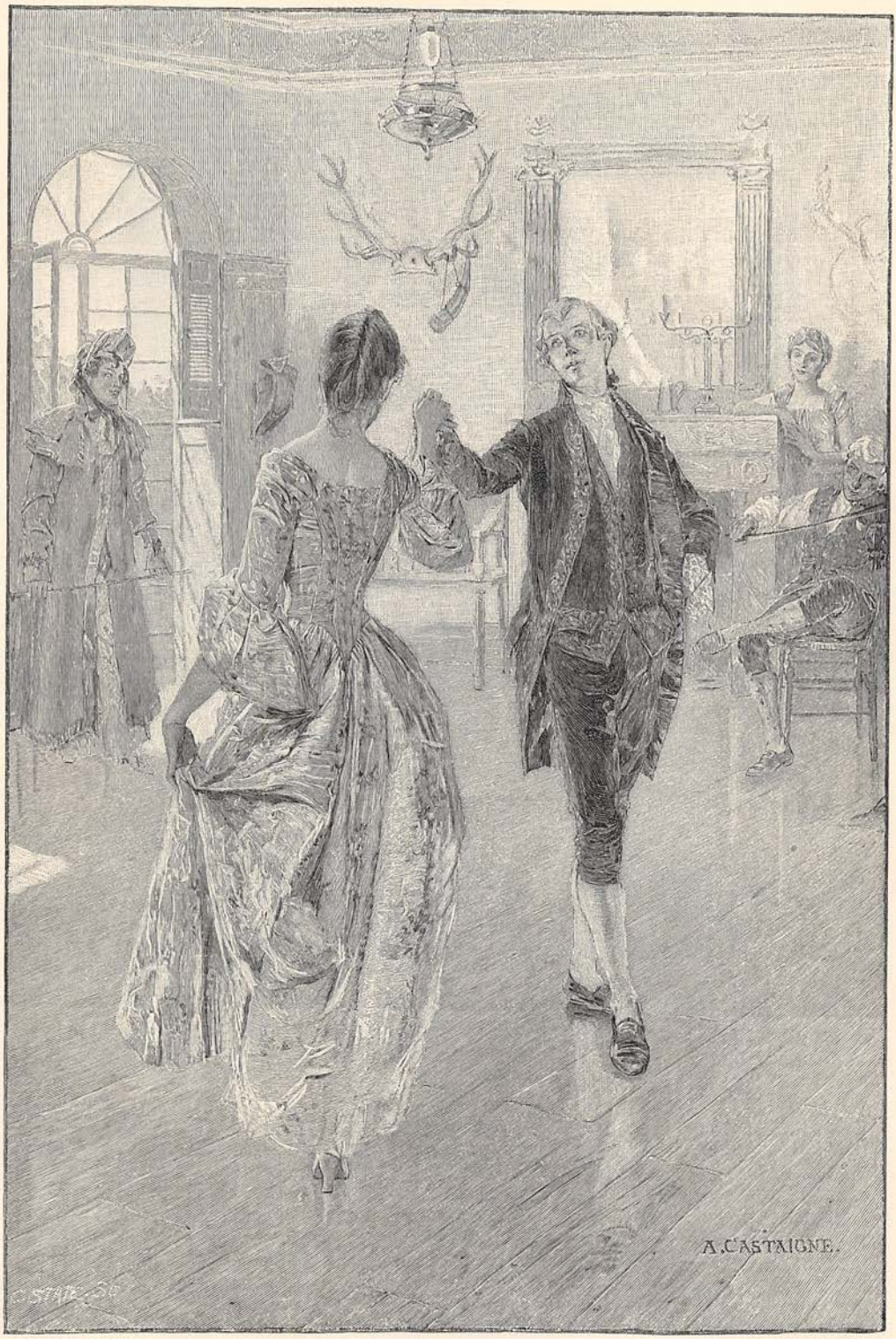
These churches were not warmed in winter. The worshipers sat through the long service and sermon, and shivered, after jogging over roads unspeakably bad the penitential miles that grew longer every Sunday. In the vestry-house a glorious fire of logs from the forest roared up the great chimney; but the vestry-house was detached from the church, and during the service all access to the hospitable blaze was forbidden, the key was turned in the lock, and no shivering sinner might warm himself. An order, posted by the vestry of St. James, Anne Arundel County, on January 14, 1737, provides that

> Whereas sundry persons in time of Divine Service do make a practice of running in and out of the church to the fire in the vestry house, to the Great Disturbance of the rest of the Congregation; for prevention whereof have ordered the Sexton that before he tolls the Bell he shall lock the vestry house door and desire all to go out.

The mincing "exclusiveness" upon which the colonial gentry plumed themselves, that fine-drawn distinction of classes which sent the tradesman and his wife to the tavern kitchen, while the landed gentleman lounged and toped in the club-room and the parlor, was not more distinctly expressed in wig, knee-buckles, and sword, on the one hand, and leather breeches, shag jacket, and staff, on the other, than in the man's place in the congregation and the rank of miserable sinners in which he ventured to parade himself. There were the rector's, the wardens', and the vestrymen's pews, which none but those dignitaries or their guests might enter, and there were the "hanging pews," erected by families at their own charge. There were free pews for men and for women, and there were the appointed places for the slaves. The doors of these high-backed pens were locked, and intrusion into the seats of others was a misdemeanor with corporal punishment attached. In December, 1765, the vestry of St. James parish took summary measures for the protection of pew-holders:

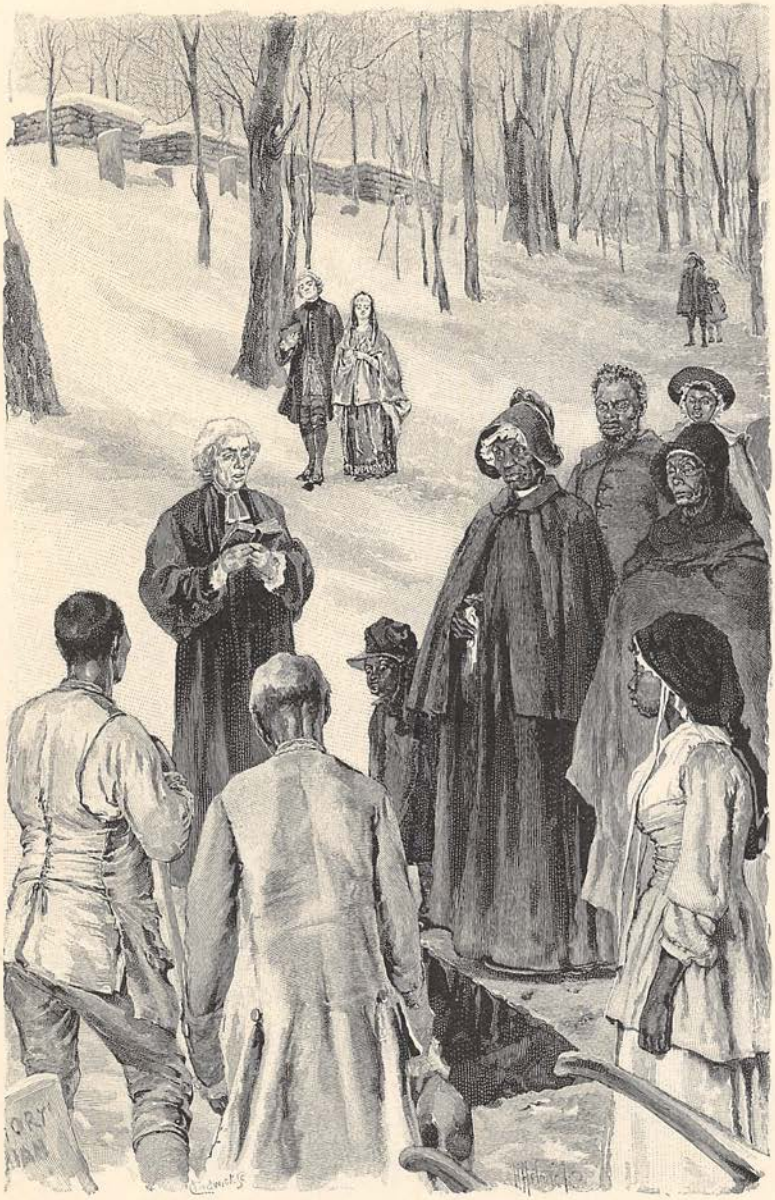
> If any Person shall come into any person's Pew without being asked, such person applying to the Churchwardens or Vestrymen, they are to take such person who shall so intrude who shall be put in the Stocks, which the Vestry agrees that a pare of Stocks shall be erected at the church for that Purpus.

The somewhat promiscuous character of the company who took lease of their long homes in the churchyard did not recommend that style of sepulture to persons of quality. These preferred the family burial-ground, which was to be found on every considerable estate — an inclosed plot within sight of the "great house," sometimes a corner of the garden or



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

REHEARSING FOR THE MINUET.

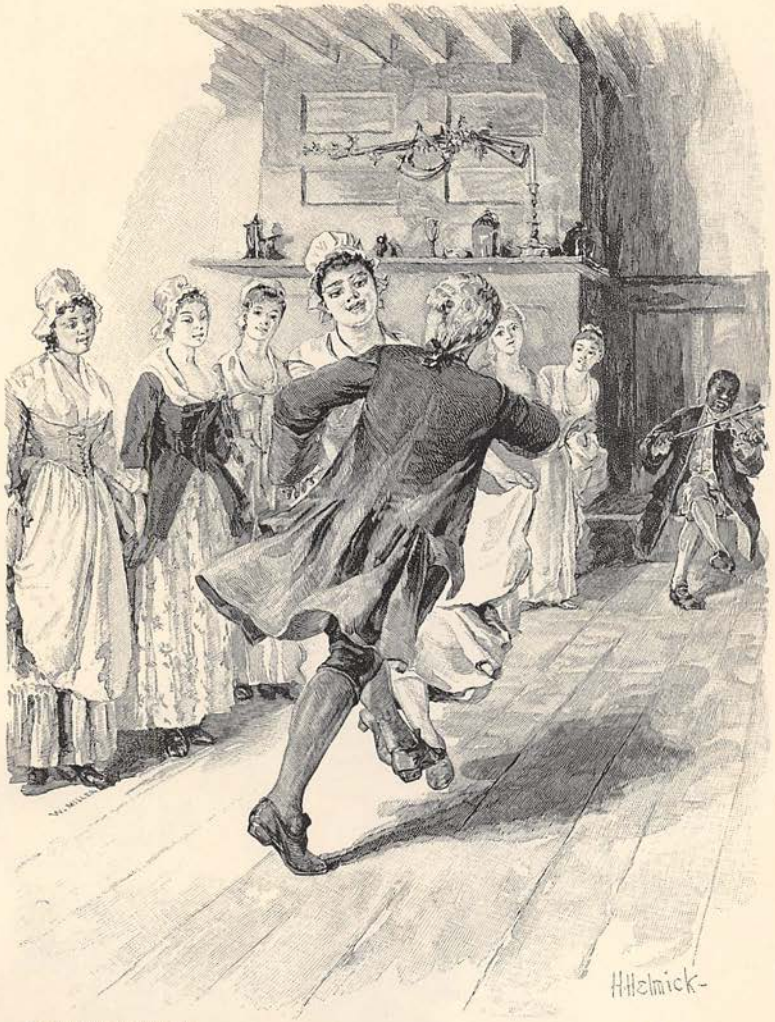


DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE BURIAL OF A FAMILY SERVANT.

a grove in the angle of a field. Such is the small God's-acre which lodges the generations of the Croxalls, hard by the frontier block-house of Captain John Risteau the Huguenot, and the colonial church of St. Thomas, in Garrison Forest and "Soldiers' Delight." Here, on the brow of a wooded eminence, a group of altar-tombs marks the resting-places of a race whose first American progenitor came from the "Shakspere country" two centuries ago, and who numbered in the roll of his English kinfolk that Samuel Croxall, chancellor, canon, archdeacon, and unblushing pluralist, who first "Englished" the "Fables" of Æsop, as well as that Mary Curzon of Croxall Hall, Countess of Dorset, and governess to the children of Charles I., upon whom a Roundhead parliament conferred the rare distinction of entombment in Westminster Abbey, in recognition of her exemplary virtue, prudence, and sagacity, although the earl, her husband, was an ardent royalist.

At the foot of that quiet slope, and among the trees, sleep the good and faithful servants



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

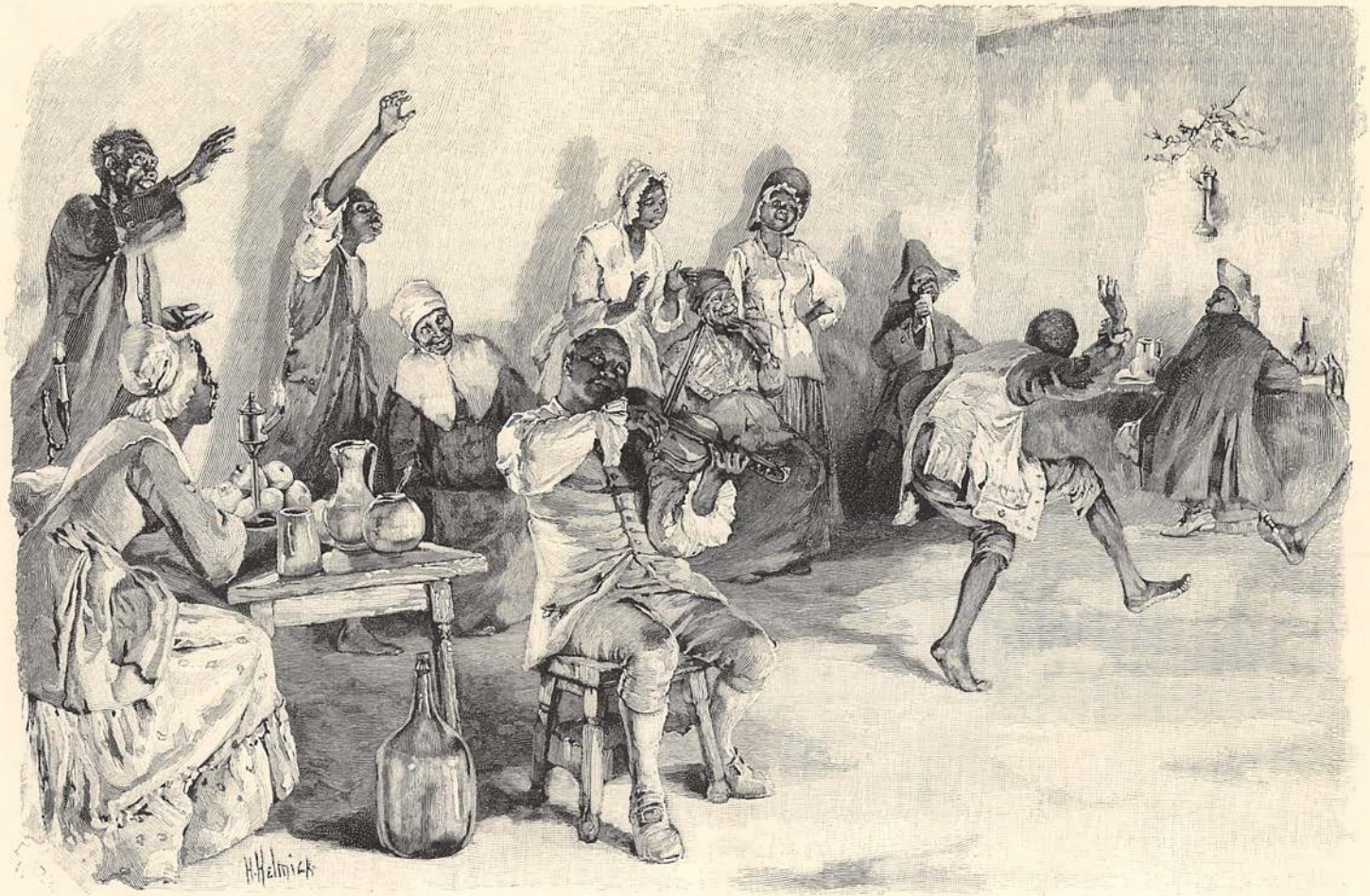
THE VIRGINIA REEL.

of the house, a simple slab of wood recording here and there their homely names.

Funerals were expensive; the hearsing and inearthing of a person of quality in the middle of the eighteenth century was a proceeding commonly characterized by features eminently social, if not convivial. For the obsequies of a gentleman of Baltimore in 1758 the "outfit" called for a coffin at £6 16*s.*; 4 yards of crape at £7 3*s.* 6*d.*; 32 yards of black tiffany, £4 16*s.*; 5½ yards of broadcloth, £6 11*s.* 3*d.*; 7½ yards of black shalloon, 19*s.* 3*d.*; 6½ yards of linen, £1 13*s.*; 3 dozen pairs of men's black silk gloves, £5 8*s.*; a dozen pairs of women's black silk gloves, £3 12*s.*; black silk handkerchiefs, calamanco, mohair, and buckram ribbon; besides 47½ pounds of loaf-sugar, 14 dozen eggs, 10 dozen nutmegs, 1½ pounds of allspice, 20 gallons of white wine, 12 bottles of red wine, and 10 gallons of rum.

There must be no slacking of good cheer because a gentleman happened to be a little dead; he had known what society expected of him when he was in the quick, and his household knew what he would expect of them on occasions such as this, when the credit of a fine old family was at stake. When persons of quality did him the honor to escort his "rambling remains" to the family mausoleum, it was proper to provide against possible pangs of thirst that might attend the polite exertion, and to lighten the tedium and to cheer the gloom with customary beverage; for would not his tombstone proclaim him a person of quality?

In the churchyard of St. Thomas at Garrison



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

THE JUBA DANCE.

Forest a mortuary tablet sacred to the memory of a gentleman who was born in Topsham, Devonshire, in 1776, celebrates his virtues in polite phraseology: "Sincere in friendship, and amiable in disposition, he enjoyed the respect and esteem of a select acquaintance."

A custom which deserved to be perpetuated for its possible influence in abating the necrology of a neighborhood required the attending physician to march in the funeral procession behind the clergyman and in front of the defunct.

A winsome descendant of that Rev. Thomas Cradock, brother of the Archbishop of Dublin, who was the first rector of this church in the forest, and whose school there became an honored seat of learning at which several conspicuous worthies of the province were educated, has supplied me with some entertaining passages of colonial gossip.

My grandfather and grandmother were born in the same room, married in the same house, and died in the room in which they were born.

At Kingston, in Somerset county, the ancestral home of the Kings, descendants of Sir Robert King, who emigrated from Ireland, all the servants and slaves wore livery. They drove a coach and four with outriders, and my great-grandfather took his wife in that style to the White Sulphur springs every summer.

My great-grandfather Carroll was a cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and educated with him in France. He became affianced to one of the ladies of the King family, who were blue Presbyterians. Then there was great outcry throughout the county, and bills were posted denouncing the marriage of a King with a Roman Catholic. They were wedded in spite of the uproar, but the children were reared in the mother's faith.

Here is a letter of January, 1769, written by a grand-aunt of my father, and addressed to her brother in London. She says he must bring her "a riding-hat with a gold band and a brister-stone buckle; a cardinal cloak, with ermine skin on it; a pattern for a sack of yellow damask; eight yards of broad thread lace; a pair of furred gloves and a couple of pair of goloshes."

"Susanna West desires that you will bring her a seal-skin to her chair [sedan?], and some pewter bassins, and likewise not to forget her copper kettle. Catey requests that you will bring her a beaver hat like mine—large and stiff in the brim."

And there is a postscript from another sister: "You must bring me a deep blue hunting saddle, and four yards and a half of red frieze to make me a joseph; and I want a red cloth cardinal, with ermine down before."

From another source I have a prim little letter from a school-girl to her father—a touching expression of decorous conflict between filial devotion and fashionable deportment.

To Mr. Richard Grafton, at Newcastle,

These:

Honored Sir: Since my coming up, I have entered with Mr. Hacket to improve my Dancing, and hope to make such Progress therein as may answer the Expence and enable me to appear in every Polite Company.

The Great Desire I have of pleasing you will make me the more Assiduous in my undertakings, and should I arrive to any degree of Perfection, it must be attributed to the Liberal Education you bestow upon me.

I am, with the greatest Respect
Dear Pappa,
Your most Dutiful Daughter
Mary Grafton.

In June, 1746, Mary Grafton married the Hon. Walter Dulany, brother of Daniel Dulany the younger, that most accomplished jurist and advocate, one of his lordship's council, commissary-general, and judge of the Court of Admiralty in the province of Maryland.

Mr. William Eddis, who wrote from Annapolis at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, describes the quick importation of modes from the mother-country as "astonishing," and is inclined to believe "that a new fashion is adopted earlier by the polished and affluent American than by many opulent persons in the great metropolis"; he finds but little difference in the manners of the wealthy colonist and the wealthy Briton. Annapolis, especially, was nothing if not modish; and the newest topknot competed with the newest play for the raptures of the Carrolls and the Dulanys, the Bordleys, the Brices, and the Ringgolds.

But after the Revolution, Annapolis suffered a collapse, attended with conditions more or less comatose. Repose became the approved attitude of "good form," and weariness and scorn the expression of the highest distinction. Society said to the aspirant for the honors of the club and the assembly: "Go to the clam, thou wriggler! Consider her ways, and be wise."

The dwellers by the bayside made the water their highway, and went from place to place in the canoe, the bateau, and the pinnace; but for land travel the saddle was most in request, and next to that the coach, especially the coach with four horses for "people of condition." Long journeys were made in this way, as when General Washington came from New York to Annapolis to attend the grand ball in his honor after the peace. "He left New York on the 4th of December," says Scharf, "and was thirteen days on the road." The English-built coach or chariot was comparatively common, and fifty of them were often in attendance at the races of Chestertown or Marlborough. But the roads were narrow and bad, and the saddle

on a pacing horse afforded the quickest and most commodious transit. Brissot de Warville, the Girondist, who saw the country after the Revolution, scolded at the vile roads and springless public wagons, while he praised the packet-boats. Especially had his churlish republicanism no grace of gallantry for the luxury of the ladies, or for their gorgeous gowns, that were not only costly, but "scandalous."

Speech and manners were formal and courtly, compliments were elaborate, and attire was a sort of heraldry, whereby his or her prerogative and precedence were proclaimed. Costly plate and wines, mourning-rings and snuff-boxes, swords, cocked hats, wigs, aigrets, and breast-knots, were but as bearings and blazonry appertaining to the social escutcheon.

When, in April, 1781, the troops of Lafayette straggled through Baltimore, destitute of all proper supplies or equipment, and discontented almost to the point of general desertion, the marquis gave his bond to certain merchants of Baltimore for the sum of two thousand guineas, to be expended for hats, overalls, shirts, and shoes for his men. "He is also bent," writes the president of the Baltimore Board of War, "upon giving the march the air of a frolic. His troops will ride on wagons and carts from Elkridge Landing to the limits of this State." This very Gallic "happy thought" was enlarged upon by the ladies of Baltimore, who gave a grand ball in honor of the marquis at the assembly-rooms, and next morning turned the ball-room into a workshop, where wives and daughters cut out and made up for the troops the materials with which their husbands and fathers supplied them. The courtly Frenchman, in expressing his thanks to these ladies, wrote: "I am proud of my obligations to them, not only from a general respect to the fair sex, but more particularly because I know the accomplishments of those to whom I am indebted. I am happy in the tie of gratitude that binds me to them."

These were the daughters of the pinnace, the barge, the sedan-chair and the side-saddle, the whist-table and the minuet. Forty years later, Mr. John Pendleton Kennedy (he of "Swallow Barn" and "Horseshoe Robinson") addressed himself in complacent banter to a new generation, breathing the atmosphere of trade, social competition, and uncertainty.

In Baltimore, before the Revolution, manners were artless and sincere: the young men were manly and constant, and their sweethearts ingenuous and confiding; Dick and Cousin Betty sat in the front porch in the evening, and did their cooing frankly. Old maids were regarded as sad accidents, although weddings were prolonged and expensive raptures; the company who came to the wedding dinner stayed to the late supper; punch flowed in rivulets, and every gentleman kissed the bride. Ladies wore large pockets under their gowns, and veils were discountenanced except for mourning. Stoves were unknown in dwellings and churches, four-wheeled coaches were rare, and the favorite saddle-nag was a pacer. As yet folding doors, marble mantels, sofas, sideboards, and girandoles were not. Pewter plates and dishes were eminently respectable; "China" first came in the form of tea-sets, when ladies spoke of "a dish of tea," and is not mentioned in the earlier records; but massive trays, bowls, and tankards of silver, glorified with heraldic embellishment, were found in the cupboards of every good old family. Greetings of compliment were written or printed on playing-cards. Scharf tells of an invitation from the "Juvenile Amicable Society" printed on the back of the deuce of diamonds, requesting the pleasure of Miss Cox's company "at a ball to be held at six o'clock P. M. at the room formerly occupied by the Social Society in Lovely lane." The same fair lady is invited to Mr. Curley's ball on the back of the four of spades, and a swell of the period craves "the honor of escorting her" on the appropriate surface of the ace of hearts. Gentlemen and ladies often rode to balls in full dress on horseback, and a favorite place of assembly was the hall that adjoined the Methodist Church in Light street, opposite the Fountain Inn, where it was not unusual for the voice of a Wesleyan hymn to struggle for a hearing above the profane strains of a waltz.

When, in 1790, that bluff and jovial squire, Captain Charles Ridgely, completed, in the beautiful Dulany valley, his imposing and picturesque mansion of Hampton (in whose air of "sedate repose, stateliness, and regulated order" the Marquis of Hartington discerned all the charm of an old English manor-house, and which competes with Doughoregan, the seigniorial seat of the Carrolls, for the honor of being the show-place of Maryland), the convivial captain called in a company of congenial spirits to his house-warming, and there were punch and long whist in the attic, led by the host, and prayers in the parlor, led by the lady of the manor — a conflict of entertainments characteristic of the social spirit of the times.

Within a twelvemonth the captain died, and Hampton was inherited by his nephew, Charles Carman, who, in compliance with the requirements of the will, adopted the name of Ridgely, and became Charles Carman Ridgely — General, by virtue of his services in the War of 1812, and three times governor of the State by choice of the people. He married a younger sister of the captain's wife, and became the proud parent of eight delectable daughters and three

gallant sons, who easily attracted to Hampton all that was most admirable in the social life of the time, and made the fine old place the center of a gay and good-looking bevy of Howards, Carrolls, Catons, Dorseys, and Chews. This was the time of the "Cotton-Cambric Club," a half-serious, half-playful coterie of ladies, who eschewed silks and satins, and intrepidly faced the most fashionable entertainments in simple white muslin — short-waisted gowns with long puffed sleeves, partly covering the hand. A muslin kerchief, embroidered or lace-edged, which might be laid aside when plump, fair necks refused to blush unseen, completed the capricious costume. Those were the dainty damsels who posed at the harp with a delicate air, sang the sentimentally insipid ditties of the time, and cultivated a taste for literary "Keepsakes," "Wreaths," and "Annuals," in a thin soil of "Spectator," "Rasselas," "Evelina," and Hannah More.

Governor Ridgely was ever a fastidious fancier of horse-flesh, and had a race-track of his own at Timonium on the York road, where the county fairs are now held. When he died, his adjoining plantation of "Epsom" fell to the share of his daughter, Mrs. Chew; and a tract called "Cowpens," in honor of Colonel John Eager Howard, who won the field at Eutaw Springs, became the possession of another daughter, Mrs. Sophia Howard, who had married a son of the fighting colonel. It is said to have been wholly due to the influence of this most admirable lady that the governor, at his death, manumitted his slaves, excepting only those who were too old or too young to provide for themselves.

When the gaffers and gammers of Baltimore County entertain one with reminiscences of the doughty old governor and the palmy days of Hampton, they do not fail to recall the exploits of the famous horse "Postboy," and to celebrate with fine local pride his last illustrious achievement, when in a steeplechase he broke his leg at the bars, and "won on three legs, sir." They had to shoot the plucky fellow where he lay; but not the least among the cherished heirlooms at Hampton is the trophy he bequeathed to the governor — the handsome cup, with its serpent handles and its domed cover, surmounted by a truncated Pegasus.

At the death of the governor, the homeplace fell to his second son, John, who stoutly maintained its sporting traditions, its fox-hunting, racing, and cock-fighting, and the gallant four-in-hand. Under the administration of his second wife (beautiful, accomplished, and mistress of the arts of society, whose full-length portrait by Sully, representing her at the age of fifteen, in Empire gown, standing at her harp, is the pride of the noble hall) Hampton became a rendezvous for cavaliers and ladies whose names are most conspicuous in the social annals of Maryland — such inspiring names as may still be seen scratched with the diamond of a ring on the quaint panes of the drawing-room windows.

The kitchen of the Eastern-shoreman who farmed five hundred or a thousand acres was equipped with a fireplace capable of accommodating a stick of oak or hickory four or five feet long, a few large and small pots and pans, the indispensable Dutch oven for baking the famous Maryland biscuit, a biscuit-block on which the dough was pounded and kneaded, a hominy-mortar, hollowed from a gum log, and several boards, two feet long by nine inches wide, split from white oak, and shaved thin and smooth for the toasting of johnny-cake in front of a roaring fire.

From October to April those easy-going gentry turned their backs on tillage, and found all their joy in hunting and gunning. By the single-barreled flint-locks hung on wooden hooks in the walls of the hall or the dining-room, one might tell off the men and boys in a family, while the fox-hounds, water-dogs, and pointers that romped in the courtyard were to be reckoned with the horses and the guns. When the young master mounted his nag and called his dogs for a week's sport in the woods or along the watercourses, he took but small thought for the roof that should lodge him at nightfall, or the supper that might be spread, for he knew there was a light in the window for him in every house in the county.

The time-honored usages of the Church and the traditions of English rural life outweighed the later suggestions of piety or patriotism. Thanksgiving Day was unknown, and the Fourth of July but lightly regarded; but Easter and Whitsuntide were fondly greeted, especially by the negro, to whose recreation and entertainment they were expressly devoted. These were the only dates in the calendar the field-hand cared to know or to remember, except that most glorious of all the inventions of Church or society, the Christmas holidays. For these he waited the whole round year in faith and hope; for these he prayed for the coming of the harvest, which brought with it those two golden days when the cradler, the binder, and the carrier, man, woman, and boy, were paid in beautiful money; for these he cultivated broom-corn in his little garden-patch, made brooms, braided wheat-straw, and wove it into hats, trapped the otter, the fox, or the musk-rat, and saved the "net proceeds" from the sale of all these at the cross-roads store, with the foregone conclusion that every penny must be spent to make a rousing Christmas in the quarter. With extraordinary diligence and

cheerfulness he prepared the stacks of Christmas firing; with unerring judgment he selected the burly backlog, and solemnly soaked it in the creek, that in the great chimney-place of the dining-room it might show a brave front of glowing coals to the merry company, while its back remained unscorched for a week at least — that rapture-laden sennight of a slave's appointed holiday, which no grudging overseer might gainsay.

At midnight on Christmas-eve there was much noisy jubilation, with fusillade of shotguns, in fields and roads; but the day itself was kept at home, with general jollification of the family, to which the negroes were admitted. Those of the old family servants who might be absent for any reason came (long distances, perhaps) to wish their masters and mistresses a merry Christmas, and to receive in the kitchen their gifts of clothing or money, as well as the black-glazed jug of rum or gin for their own merrymakings in the quarter, and the mug of egg-nog or apple-toddy for themselves.

Every evening of the happy week that followed, those rollicking darkies made the round of the plantations, dancing, and singing the corn-songs among the cabins and around the great house.

Hooray, hooray, ho!
Round de corn, Sally!
Hooray for all de lubly ladies;
Round de corn, Sally!
Dere 's Master Howard lub Miss Betty;
Round de corn, Sally!
I tell you what, she 's mighty pretty;
Round de corn, Sally!
And den dey mean to lib so lordly;
Round de corn, Sally!
Up at de manor-house at Audley;
Round de corn, Sally!
Dere 's Master Brent, he lub Miss Susan;
Round de corn, Sally!
He 'clar' she is de pick and choosin';
Round de corn, Sally!
And when dey gains de married station;
Round de corn, Sally!
He take her to de old plantation;
Round de corn, Sally!

When Remus, Saul, and Cæsar, with Dinah, Phillis, and Chloe, made the circuit of the quarters at Christmastide, they were regaled with various succulent viands — chine and spare-rib, sausage and crackling, savory souvenirs of the fine art of hog-killing; besides coon and corn-pone, possum fat and hominy, all consecrated to their comfort and cheer, with lusty drafts of cider. Gingerbread and boiled chestnuts were dispensed to the dusky company, and there was much cracking of walnuts and roasting of apples. Then the cabin floor was cleared for the dance — jig and breakdown, pigeon-wing and juba, the latter a characteristic survival of the aboriginal barbarism, delivered with vigorous shouts and cries and shuffling of feet to a rhythmic accompaniment of hand-clapping and patting of knees, in melodious deference to the jigging of a fiddle by the light of flaming pine-knots.

Juba up and juba down,
Juba all aroun' de town;
Sift de meal, and gimme de husk;
Bake de cake, and gimme de crus';
Fry de pork, and gimme de skin;
Ax me when I 'm comin' ag'in;
Juba! hi, juba!

Juba in and juba out,
Juba, juba, all about;
Dinah, stir de possum fat;
Can't you hear de juba pat?
Juba!

Meanwhile, in the great ball-room of the manor-house the people of quality, "personages of the politest gentility," are demurely gliding and teetering in the stately minuet, with much courtly curveting and coquettish cajolery of dimpled shoulders and bridling of pert and pretty necks, while in the ample kitchen of the farm-house romping lads and bouncing Bonny-bells are atoning for what they lack of the courtly and the debonair by superior agility and heartiness in the Virginia reel, where gentle jokes and chaste kisses are free.

Behold the land of the terrapin and the possum, of the persimmon and the chinquapin, of hominy and cymblins, where children are "raised" like tobacco and corn, and where babies and bundles are "toted" — as aforetime in England a writ was "tolted," which, being interpreted, is "carried," "removed," from one court to another.

Once a certain titled personage from the tight little island over the sea was entertained by one of the social clubs of Baltimore, and after a dinner that left him flushed and dazed, and wondering how such things could be, he gathered himself together for conversation. Then some one asked him how he had been impressed by the several American cities he had seen. "I was aware," said his lordship, "that Boston calls herself the head of your social system, and I suppose New York may be regarded as the lungs; but now I know that Baltimore is the great and glorious stomach that was lost to us forever."

Thus much of enlightenment had his lordship derived from the guide-book and the bill of fare; but the club took him in hand, and when he embarked for his native land he took with him, along with a supply of terrapin-stew and club whisky, an edifying impression of certain serious inventions and enterprises which Mary-

land had found time, between the oysters and the cheese, to contribute to the nation's enlargement and prosperity: such as the first naturalization laws, the first American colonization society, the first public free schools, the first formidable system of privateers, the first clipper ship, the first iron steamship, the first regular line of transatlantic steam service, the first great railroad, the first theater, the first Roman Catholic archbishop and cathedral, the first city lighted with gas, the first water-company, the first college of dentistry, the first daily newspaper, the first use of the telegraph by the press for the transmission of a President's message, the first manufacture of ribbons from American silk, the first manufacture of metallic pens, the first monument to Washington, and the first to Columbus, the national anthem, and the first negro minstrel (Dan Rice).

His lordship is peculiarly qualified to appreciate the aptness of words uttered by the orator of "Maryland Day" at the imposing Columbian celebration in Chicago:

"Take not as a type of Maryland's endeavor and accomplishment that lone terrapin who every now and then raises his melancholy head above the water, like the last man in the painting of the Deluge."

John Williamson Palmer.

CHRYSALIS.

AMID the quick endeavor to be born,
The travail out of darkness into light,
Rife round me everywhere, one vernal morn
A tiny struggle thwarted drew my sight.

A little creature in a chrysalis
Fluttered his wings in vain to win him free;
Some gross adhesion glued him fast in this,
Lately his home, his prison come to be.

I watched his striving, and I pitied him;
Within that little heart swelled large emprise;
He longed to leave his lowly dwelling dim,
And on exultant pinion seek the skies.

"He shall accomplish his desire," I said;
"With but a finger touch from me to part
The bond that binds the living to the dead,
He on his upward way forthwith shall start."

Alas! I freed him from his thrall too soon;
He was not ready for the open air;
He needed yet to bide in his cocoon
Till the strength grew that could his weight upbear.

I saw a fledgling destined for the sky,
Useless his pinions, grovel on the ground,
Amerced forever of his birthright high,
And to those feeble, faltering motions bound.

Musing the tragedy I thus beheld,
I seemed to see enacted there in small
The fortune that were mine, were I compelled
Hence, and my soul not ready all in all!

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

THE GRAZING-LANDS.

THE irrigable and forest lands comprise but a small fraction of the arid region. Between the valley which can be watered and the mountain snows is an expanse of hill and plain, embracing nearly one third of the United States, which has no agricultural value except for the pasturage it affords. In the aggregate this is very great. The live stock supported thereon has in the past constituted more than half the taxable wealth of several arid States, and has given employment to a large percentage of their people. For the past few years the press of this region has been filled with accounts of conflicts over the possession of this range. In the autumn of 1894 flocks of sheep driven from Utah into Colorado met with armed resistance from the settlers of the latter State. In the spring of 1895 similar resistance met an attempt to occupy the grazing-land of Colorado by flocks from Wyoming. Eight hundred men were reported as under arms in the region in dispute. For several months there was daily danger of an armed conflict, and it was finally averted by an agreement which, without any warrant of law, divided the occupancy of the region in dispute among the warring factions.

At the last session of the Wyoming legislature a bill was introduced making it a misdemeanor to graze sheep on public land within two miles of the boundaries of a settler's home. Although the State has no control over these lands, so strong was local feeling that it came near passing. Since its failure force has largely taken the place of law in an attempt to prescribe boundaries on the open range.

This condition results from the absence of any statute providing for the management of the grazing-lands. At present they are an open common; there is not a line in our land laws which recognizes their existence or provides for their disposal. Those using them pay nothing for the privilege, either to the State or the nation, nor do they observe any rules as to the limit of territory occupied or the number of animals grazed thereon. The temptation to overstock the range, to make the most of the present, regardless of the future, is too great to be resisted. While the owners of herds of cattle, as a rule, observe fixed boundaries, flocks of sheep range from Oregon to Nebraska and from Arizona to the British possessions. The native pastures are grazed over until every vestige of vegetation disappears. In Eastern meadows, where the recuperative forces are tenfold greater than those of the arid plains, rest and reseeding are required: they are much more necessary in a region parched in summer by continual drought. The destructive effects have become, therefore, too marked to be mistaken. Where the early emigrants to California and Utah found abundant support for their teams and attendant live stock, one can now travel a day's journey without securing support for a single animal. Ten years ago nearly one million cattle were returned for taxation in Wyoming; in 1894 only one third that number were assessed.

In many places the profitable cultivation of irrigated land depends on the preservation of the contiguous pasturage. Lands remote from railways or local markets, as is much of the reclaimed area, can be profitably used only to provide the winter food-supply for stock grazed on the open range in summer. With the destruction of the latter is lost the greater part of the value of the irrigated holdings, and in many cases the possibility of occupying them at all. Because of this there has been growing friction between those having homes of this character and the owners of nomadic flocks who disregard their necessities. A continuance of the present policy means a continuance of the warfare for possession, and the ultimate destruction of the native grasses, with all that it implies.

Where the development of a country requires that force shall take the place of law, where the reward of toil spent in the creation of homes and adding to the country's permanent wealth is endangered by a pursuit which improves nothing, develops nothing, and which, if continued a thousand years, would leave this region less populous and productive than it is to-day, a change in conditions cannot be too swift or comprehensive.

The arid West does not reflect the best tendencies of irrigated lands. Our water laws are inferior to those of both Canada and Australia, countries in which the practice of irrigation is of more recent origin than with us. The time has come for a more adequate appreciation of the importance of this subject, and for national pride in securing the best possible results.

CHEYENNE. *Elwood Mead,*
State Engineer of Wyoming.

Were Colonial Bricks Imported from England?

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1894, John Williamson Palmer, in his article «Old Maryland Homes and Ways,» says that «here [in Maryland] stood the sturdy domicile, broad and square, *built of bricks brought over from England* in the ships that came for tobacco.» Now Maryland was settled in great measure by Virginians, and Mr. Palmer repeats only what is current as an accepted tradition in Virginia.

But traditions are not history, and if Mr. Palmer has any facts from the Maryland records to support the tradition, I, for one, would like to know what they are. On the contrary, the facts from the Virginia records are all the other way. In spite of the tradition, there is not a case to be found in the annals of Virginia of bricks imported from England.

Indeed, the objection to the tradition is at the threshold. It stands to reason that it was easier to import brickmakers than brick. Moreover, the importation of settlers was a paying business, since for every immigrant there were allowed fifty acres of land to the importer. Many ships went to England yearly with tobacco from Maryland and Virginia, but they came back freighted, not with brick, but with immigrants, servants, and dry-goods. There is no lack of bills of lading giving evidence of such cargoes. Sober thought seems to repudiate the idea of importing across 3000 miles of water, in the little vessels of that day, a commodity like brick, which in damp weather would absorb vast quantities of water, endanger the vessel, and bring no adequate return.

We know that there is no lack of good brick clay in Virginia and Maryland; and the truth is that if there was anything, after the making of tobacco, in which the

planters were well versed, it was in the making of brick. But I must quote the records.

Now it seems that brick was made use of almost contemporaneously with the first settlement. To quote the Rev. Alexander Whitaker, who wrote, in 1612, of Virginia: «The higher ground is much like the moulds of France, clay and sand being proportionately mixed together at the top; but if we dig any depth (*as we have done for our bricks*) we find it to be red clay, full of glistering spangles.» (Brown's «Genesis of the United States,» Vol. II, p. 584.) Again, in the «New Life of Virginia,» published by authority of the Council of Virginia at London, in 1612, there is this statement: «You shall know that our Colonie consisteth of seven hundred men at least, of sundrie arts and professions. . . . The Colonie is removed up the river fourscore miles further beyond Jamestown, to a place of higher ground, strong and defencible. . . . Being thus invited, here they pitch; the spade men fell to digging, the *brick men burnt their bricks*, the Company cut down wood, the carpenters fell to squaring out, the sawyers to sawing, the souldiers to fortifying, and every man to somewhat.»

The first brick houses in America made by Englishmen were built at Jamestown; and in August, 1637, Alexander Stoner, who calls himself «brickmaker,» took out a patent for an acre of land in Jamestown Island, «near the brick-kiln.» That the soil on the island was prime for making brick is shown by the letter of the council in 1667, who, when the king required the fort at Old Point to be repaired, argued in favor of that at Jamestown, «which hath great comodity of Brick Turfe or mudd to fortifye wth all» (Sainsbury MSS.). The fort at Jamestown, like all the rest, was to be *homework*, since in 1673 there is a complaint on record that the contractors, Mr. William Drummond and Major Theophilus Hone, had «made the brick,» but had not erected the fort. (General Court MSS.) And in the York County records there is a suit in 1679 «about a house for the saveguard of the bricks made upon Col. Baldry's land for building Fort James at Tyndall's Point» (now Gloucester Point).

In 1649 there was printed a little tract entitled «The Description of Virginia» (published in Force's «Tracts»), wherein it is stated that «the people in Virginia have lime in abundance made for their houses, store of Brick made, and House and Chimnies built of Brick and some wood high and fair, covered with Shingell for Tyles; yet they have none that make them [tiles], wanting workmen; in that trade the *Brickmakers* have not the art to do it, it shrinketh.» Cypress shingles are still preferred in Virginia to clay tile for roofs of dwellings. In the act of 1662 providing for brick houses in Jamestown, not only are «brickmakers» mentioned, but the prices for «moulding and burning bricks.» (Hening's Statutes.) And in the York County records, in 1692, John Kingston, «brickmaker,» is allowed £7 against the estate of Robert Booth «for makeing and burning Bricks.» In the inventories of dead men's personal property there are several mentions of «brick moulds» necessary in making the brick.

The three great public buildings of the colony during the eighteenth century were the college of William and Mary, the capitol, and the palace. I have the manuscript accounts of the expenses entering into the erection of the first, but among them I cannot find any evidence that the brick was imported. I infer, however, from the items for «brick moulds» that the brick was made on the spot. The committee appointed to superintend the building of the capitol was invested with power to buy certain materials in England; if brick had been one, it would certainly have been mentioned, contributing, as it did, the largest element in the structure. The first capitol building was burned down, however, fifty years later, and a great contest arose as to its future location. Some were for abandoning Williamsburg altogether. Finally it was decided to rebuild at the old place, and in John Blair's diary we read: «Nov. 15 [1751].—Fair. Skelton fired the last kiln for the Capitol.» The same fact is noted concerning the other buildings.

In addition I may say that I have carefully examined the files of the Virginia «Gazette» for three years, from 1736 to 1739, recording the ships entered in the James, York, Rappahannock, and Potomac rivers; but there is not a single cargo of brick reported in all that time, except one of 100,000 brick from New England, which came, doubtless, in response to some pressing demand.

How, then, did the idea of houses made of imported brick become so firmly fixed in the popular fancy? I conceive that the impression arose from mistaking the meaning of «English brick.» Houses in Maryland and Virginia were, it is true, made of «English brick," but this did not mean imported brick. The statute for building up Jamestown in 1662 called for «statute brick,» which meant brick made according to the English statute. In the early days of the colony, previous to the passage of the navigation law, there was a large trade with Holland, and a great many Dutchmen came to Virginia, where they became useful citizens. I find, in the Virginia records, mention made of «Dutch brick,» meaning brick made after the Dutch fashion—a large order of brick, such as, I am informed, one sees in the walls of houses in Charleston, South Carolina. Sometimes, it seems, the colonists preferred Dutch brick, and the reason for the distinction between the two kinds was obvious to them. When in the course of time the circumstances of society had changed, the phrase «English brick» came to be understood as «brick imported from England.»

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