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CERTAIN WORTHIES AND DAMES OF OLD MARYLAND.

IN interesting records of the early colonial families of Maryland, and their holdings, we read of George Evelin, Lord of the Manor of Evelinton, in St. Mary's; of Marmaduke Tilden, Lord of Great Oak Manor, in Kent; of Miles Cook, Lord of the Manor of Cook's Hope, in Talbot; of Giles Brent, Lord of Kent Fort, on the Isle of Kent; of George Talbot, Lord of the Manor of Susquehannah, and Augustin Heerman, Lord of Bohemia Manor, in Cecil; and of Thomas Gerard, Lord of St. Clement's Manor, in St. Mary's.¹

It was from this stock, enlightened and forceful, that the Chesapeake colony derived that fine breed of worthies and gentlewomen who are remembered by their characteristic qualities—constancy to their conceptions of private obligation and the public good, singleness of purpose and directness of pursuit, a patriotism as stubborn as it was lively and bluff, a proud simplicity of manners, and such a genial enjoyment of the functions of host as imparted to the attitude of the guest the semblance of a gracious benefaction. Their very vices leaned to virtue's side, for they were spendthrift by generosity and convivial by high scorn of churlishness. And they were nothing if not English, chanting old English

¹ Johnson, «Old Maryland Manors.»

staves and carols, and tripping to measures piped at Midland fairs; romping in English house games and field sports, and cultivating robust British appetites, refined in time by the fine art of their «darky» cooks. So, too, in the making of their wills and the consigning of their dust to dust, there was no relaxing of their loyalty to the national traditions.

Mistress Jane, widow of Cuthbert Fenwick of Fenwick Manor, legislator, councilor, commissioner, died in 1660, leaving a will through which we catch glimpses of the wardrobe and toilet of a colonial lady of the period. To her stepdaughter Teresa she leaves the little bed, the mohair rug, and the yellow curtains, besides her taffeta suit and her serge coat, all her fine linen, her hoods and scarfs, «except the great one,» and her three petticoats—the tufted holland one, the new serge, and the spangled one. To her own three boys she gives that «great scarf,» and all her jewels, plate, and rings, except her wedding-ring, which goes to Teresa; and to each a bed and a pair of cotton sheets. To her stepsons Cuthbert and Ignatius, an ell of taffeta; to her negro maid Dorothy, her red cotton coat; and to Esther, the new maid, all the linen of the coarser sort. To Thomas, the Indian, two pairs of shoes and a match-coat; and to

Thomas's mother, three yards of cotton. To the Rev. Francis Fitzherbert, a hogshead of tobacco annually for five years; and to her slave William, his freedom, provided he pay a hogshead every year to the church; and to the church, the same William, «to be a slave forever, if he shall ever leave her communion»; for had not her beloved brother William Eltonhead, and many of her dearest friends, «died by the bloody fangs of Puritan wolves»?

The Fenwicks and the Darnalls, the Wroths, the Addisons, and the Lowes, and many more of the early provincial gentry who brought old English names from English countryside, were jealous for the ascendancy of their national ways and manners, and insistent in imposing them on those of the colonial community whose names betrayed their «foreign» extraction—Germans and Dutch, Swedes and Danes and French, who have perpetuated their patronymics in Heerman, Comegys, and Hanson, in Duval, Lamar, Ricaud, and Lecompte.

I have elsewhere¹ written of a lady who, by her social distinction and her impressive personality, set the seal of her name upon the local annals, and engaged her descendants in competitions of love and honor to keep her memory green. In the records and ana of her time, Henrietta Maria Lloyd appears as «Madam» Lloyd, so denominated by the social courtesy which supplied the functions of a lord chamberlain. That highly instructed and judicious chronicler, Dr. Samuel Alexander Harrison of Talbot, notes that this appellation was used by the provincial people of Maryland as a title of honor and dignity, bestowed only upon women «of high degree,» as an equivalent for the «Lady» of English etiquette. «Madam» indicated the highest provincial grade; «Mistress» was one degree lower in the social scale; «Dame,» used only colloquially, has nowhere been discovered in the county records or in private letters or memoranda. If ever used by our colonial people, it quickly disappeared.

In the person of Madam Lloyd we have the edifying spectacle of the daughter of a royalist and a Romanist, herself a devoted handmaid of her church, married once and again to a republican and Puritan, and yet beloved and honored on both sides. By her first marriage she was the mother of the richest man of his day in all the colonies, Richard Bennett 3d; and by the second she became the progenitor of a breed of paramount

¹ See «Old Maryland Homes and Ways,» in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1894.

Americans. «Who, standing by her tomb,» says Dr. Harrison, «shall say the poorest praise this epitaph bestows is that she was a fruitful Leah? Who that knows how fondly and proudly a numerous progeny in several generations have loved to link her name with theirs, and call her mother, but must believe she was endowed with rare strength or charms of character to have so inspired her descendants?» The name of this beautiful and gracious lady stands for whatsoever is gentle in birth and breeding, for whatsoever is excellent in character and conduct, for whatsoever is of good report among the honorable men and women of old Maryland.

The later «assemblies» of Annapolis, Marlborough, and Chestertown were hardly more «in vogue» than the yearly meetings of the Eastern Shore Quakers. Their curious quaintness, and the picturesque contrast they presented to the radiant attire and libertine manners of the world's people, who minuetted and coquetted in manor-houses, and caroused and ruffled in cockpits and bowling-courts, drew Romanists and «English Catholics» to the doors of their sober conventicle, and filled its leafy approaches with profane chariots and chairs, and prancing steeplechasers and side-saddled palfreys. So it happened that to the yearly meeting held at Third Haven, near Talbot Court-House, in the year 1700, there came by opposite ways, through groups of booths erected by the graceless and irreverent for the sale of trumpery and tippie, a Quaker maiden mounted on a pillion behind her father, and two plumed and rapiered cavaliers gaily curvetting. The wimpled maid, whose overcoming charms still bloom in tradition, was Sarah Covington of Somerset, and the prancing cavaliers were the brothers Edward and Philemon Lloyd, sons of Madam Henrietta Maria aforesaid. Immediately the pretty lads, with a sudden equal passion, loved the wimpled maid, and yearned for her; and each conceived a cunning purpose, proper to the country and the time, and shrewdly held his peace.

When the meeting was over, the brothers, each taking his cunning scheme in hand, mounted and galloped away, taking different ways; and they rode hard, laughing as they rode, for joy of their boyish artifice. After lingering for a while in places remote from the highway, where was no fear of discovery by any chance acquaintance, and so that the slower Quaker folk might have time to regain their homes, they rode on into Somerset—and met at their charmer's gate. First they swore, then they blushed, and then



PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, OWNED BY LORD ROTHSCHILD.

AFTER STEEL-ENGRAVING BY ROBERT GRAVES, BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES & CO.

JOHANNA LEIGH (MRS. RICHARD BENNETT LLOYD).

they laughed loud and long. Phil said, «Let her be for whichever, you or I, did see her first»; and Ned, the elder and the heir, assented. Then said Phil, «No sooner had I taken my place in the meeting than I beheld the girl, and loved her.» And Ned said, «I passed the night before the meeting at the (Peach-Blossom) farm; and at the foot of the hill, turning into the gate at the water-

showing an imposing pile fitted with materials brought over from England, where the noble hall and the broad stairway of the period confer a characteristic distinction.

Sarah Covington's grandson, Richard Bennett Lloyd, was a captain in the English Life Guards. In 1775 he married Johanna Leigh, daughter of John Leigh, Esquire, of North Court, Isle of Wight. I doubt if a comelier couple

than this engaging pair ever sat to the tricky pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His picture of the handsome guardsman, now at Wye House, shows that scarlet captain standing among fine old trees, with a pike in his hand, men of his troop nearby, and Whitehall in the background.

In his romantic portrait of Johanna, that delectable damsel is represented as a sandaled Rosalind of seventeen, carving the name of her sweetheart on a tree in the park at North Court. Thus the pencil of Sir Joshua anticipated the pen of Tennyson in the pretty idyllic prattle of «The Talking Oak.» The picture, finished by Sir Joshua in 1775, and exhibited at Spring Gardens in



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

IN OLD CHESTERTOWN.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

mill, I saw this girl on a pillion behind her father, and they inquired the way to the meeting-house; and I loved her.» Then Phil rode back to Talbot, and Ned dismounted at the gate, and led his horse to the porch. Thus in 1703 Sarah Covington became the wife of the heir, and mistress of Wye House. She it was who in 1733 built with «English» brick the house of «Readbourne» in Queen Anne's County, that typical colonial mansion, still in excellent preservation, and

1776, has been copied and engraved many times. It stands, without the frame, about six feet high, and is now one of the most admired examples of English art in the Rothschild gallery.

In 1783 Captain Lloyd brought his wife to Annapolis, and spent two years in that courtly capital. He returned to England in 1785, and then to Maryland again in 1787, where he died, and was buried among his people. His widow, the fair Johanna, married



ATTRIBUTED TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

DOROTHY BLAKE.

Francis Bickford, Esquire, of Basing Park. In 1791 we find her shipping to the master of Wye live hares and rabbits for breeding. «And we have been thinking,» she writes, «of sending some Partridge eggs, which, if they arrive good, you may make a Hen set on them»—a happy touch of country cunning, as «soothfast» and homely as Rosalind's reference to the conie, «that you see dwell where she is kindled.»

A locket set in pearls, showing miniature portraits of the guardsman and his bride, is a treasured heirloom of Mr. Lowndes of «Blenheim»; and a notable portrait of Captain Lloyd, by Charles Willson Peale, is preserved in the Pennington family of Baltimore.

A granddaughter of Madam Henrietta Maria was Dorothy Blake, so archaically winsome in the portrait supposed to be by Kneller. Her father was Charles Blake, of an old Hampshire family, and she was mar-

ried to Dr. Charles Carroll, of the elder branch of the ancient Irish house of Carrolls of «Ely O'Carroll.» He accumulated a vast estate, and became prominent in public affairs in Maryland. The pretty Dorothy gave him a son of whom the Carrolls of the elder line have ever been jealously proud—Charles Carroll, best known as «the barrister,» author of the «Declaration of Rights,» and a leader of the Revolution, unquestionably the ablest of his name, although his renown as publicist, jurist, and statesman has been obscured by the more glaring light of his somewhat spectacular namesake, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The hope so significantly expressed in the epitaph of Dorothy Blake was fulfilled in the career of the barrister: «She left Issue two Sons and one Daughter, who inherit her Beauty, and to be hoped they will her Virtues.»

I find an interesting letter addressed by the barrister's father to his kinsman Sir Dan-

iel O'Carroll, residing in London. It is dated «Annapolis, in Maryland, Sept. 9th, 1748.»

. . . I comfort myself and Endeavour to be satisfied in this wild part of the Globe. I have not had the pleasure of seeing either of your Nephews, or of hearing of or from them, and I can not say but I am glad they have chosen to fix at St. Christopher's rather than here, by reason I think that place, or other West India Islands, are the most probable places for young gentlemen to get into business and make something of a Fortune. I assure you, if I were

never fails to stir the heart of the old Marylander with lively motions of admiration and affection—Governor Tom Johnson, that audacious and stubborn patriot, of whom John Adams said that he was one of four citizens of Maryland and Virginia «without whom there would have been no Revolution»; although, in affected scorn of him, a British officer, writing to his people at home, had assured them «there is no need to be alarmed by all this noise in the Colonies, which is



PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

GOVERNOR THOMAS JOHNSON AND FAMILY.

Young, and had not the charge of a family, and an Interest I can not get rid of, I would not stay here. My brother John, some years ago, had resolved to go to the West Indies, Spanish Islands and Main, and in his Passage, with other gentlemen, from Barbadoes to Antigua, the vessel and all were lost—which leaves me the only son of the Family you mention. But by this I do not expect to inherit Clonlisk, Ballibritt Leap, Castle Town, or any other Part, or a foot in Ely O'Carroll. Transports, sequestrations, acts of Settlement, infamous Informations for loyalty, and other Evils, forbid.

In a storied burial-ground in Frederick, «in his narrow bed,» sleeps one whose name

mainly made by a boy named Tom Johnson.» «That pestilent Rebel» of the British War Office was the trusty, loving friend of Washington, whom he nominated to be commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United Colonies; member of the first Congress, and of the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States; first governor of Maryland, and an associate justice of the Supreme Court; and he was twice urged to accept the portfolio of Secretary of State. He was in his day the first citizen of Maryland, and in all the colonies the Revolution disclosed no wiser, stronger, sweeter character than his who joined the fortitude of the



ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN. OWNED BY MRS. SHIPPEN.
CAPTAIN RICHARD BENNETT LLOYD, SECOND SON OF
EDWARD LLOYD 3D, WYE HOUSE, MARYLAND.



ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN. OWNED BY MRS. SHIPPEN.
JOHANNA LEIGH, OF ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND,
WIFE OF RICHARD BENNETT LLOYD.

warrior with the foresight of the statesman in the temperament of an eager, dauntless boy.

To Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, a lady who has written gracefully and lovingly of «Old Frederick,» I am indebted for reminiscences which curiously connect the name of the patriot-governor with that of a staunch old woman whose fame a patriot-poet has identified with the banner Tom Johnson delighted to glorify. In the years following the Revolution, General Washington was on several occasions the guest of Governor Johnson in Frederick. Once, at a supper given in his honor at «The Tavern,» a cup of tea was poured (from a teapot still reverently cherished) by the hand of a young girl whom we



ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.
CHARLOTTE HESSELIUS, FIRST WIFE OF THOMAS
JENNINGS JOHNSON.

all know now as Barbara Frietchie.¹

The two wives of Thomas Jennings Johnson, the elder son of the governor, were charming types of the finest womanhood of that time—bonny creatures, well bred and well taught, conscious of the superior station to which it had pleased God to call them, and balancing the burden of life on their comely shoulders with the delicate air proper to persons of quality.

Of Charlotte Hesselius, of «Primrose,» near Annapolis, married to young Johnson in 1792, pretty stories, now amusing, now pathetic, are told of her engaging naughtinesses and tremendous little remorses; of her generous impulses, always irrational, and her wilful

¹ «To many people,» writes Mrs. Shafer, «Barbara Frietchie and her flag are all that there is of Frederick, and I would not willingly play iconoclast to one of the few picturesque figures in our country's annals. But although Barbara was quite capable of confronting a hostile host, the fact remains that «On that pleasant morn in the early Fall» the Confederate army did not pass her house at all. Stonewall Jackson, thinking to call on his old friends, the Presbyterian pastor and his wife, passed up Second street to the parsonage; but finding that he could not see them, he wrote in his saddle a line of greeting, casually noting the hour under his name.

Thus we know that at «5 A. M.» he was leading his gray columns through a narrow way to the pike, leaving the creek and several houses between himself and the cottage of the old woman of whom he never heard, but whose name will be forever coupled with his own.

«The day before the battle of South Mountain the Union troops did pass Barbara's house, and the delighted old woman stood at the door, smiling, and waving her little flag. General Reno, attracted by the venerable figure, stopped, and asked her age. «Ninety-six.» «Three cheers for ninety-six!» he called—and so rode on to his death.»

carelessness, provoking and delightful; of her coquetries and her magnanimities; of her high scorn of shabbiness and shams, and all the spiteful endearments of the Mrs. Candors of her set, whom she continually defied and tempted. Her mother, who was a mild, domestic poet, wont to beguile the accom-

Tho' she loves a craped head and is fond of a train),
In the morning her features she will not expose,
For the flounce of her cap almost touches her nose.
When dressed, still her head has a great deal of trash on;



PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

MRS. ELIZABETH RUSSELL (MISS LUX) AND CHILD.

modating Muse into innocent excursions of verse for the edification and entertainment of her offspring, has described Charlotte in rhymes more remarkable for maternal solicitude and conscientious specification of details than for the divine afflatus:

Good humoured but thoughtless (she can't be called vain,

If her gown is pinned crooked, 't is made in the fashion;
Her handkerchief crimpt and quite up to her chin,
But usually parted for want of a pin.
Too thoughtless for conquest, too careless to please,
No ambition she knows but to live at her ease.

Unconscious, she dreads not the tongues of
 her sex,
 And, unused to slander, she never suspects.
 She hates defamation;—to give her her due,
 She is gentle to all, to her friendships most
 true.
 She is not without wit; chaste as Dian her
 breast;
 But the lack of Economy spoils all the rest.

Poor Charlotte! Incurrible to the last, in sheer improvidence and wastefulness of love she wilfully gave her own life for the life of her unborn child. When they told her she must make the ghastly choice, the reckless young mother, with characteristic «lack of Economy,» ransomed the baby, and «spoiled all the rest.»

In due time her place was filled by the pretty little girl who is seen in her mother's lap in Peale's charming portrait of «Mrs. Elizabeth Russell and Child.» The mother was the daughter of Captain Darby Lux, that enterprising skipper whose saucy little sloop, with only one companion, stands bravely for the commerce of Baltimore Town in 1752, in John Moale's early drawing. Accompanying this portrait, and that of Governor Johnson and his family, are two delightful miniatures of Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, one showing her in Oriental costume.

By a decision of the House of Lords, in 1800, in favor of the Rev. Bryan Fairfax, the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron was acquired, and quietly pigeonholed along with other outworn vanities, by the Fairfaxes of Virginia and Maryland. In like manner, the heir to the title and estates of Kingsale and Ringrone, the oldest barony in Ireland, which included the questionable right to wear the baronial hat in the presence of royalty, is at this present writing enjoying bucolic peace and ease on his ancestral grounds of Cheston-upon-Wye, in Queen Anne's County, contemplating with satisfaction his cattle and sheep (appropriately beasts of gentle blood and high degree), and wondering, if ever he gives a thought to the matter, how a gentleman, because he happens to be premier baron of Ireland, can fail to doff his beaver to a lady because she happens to be merely Queen of England. This is Dr. William Henry De Courcy, of the ancient stock of that name, whereof a branch was transplanted to Maryland, about 1653, by younger sons of the house of Kingsale—descendants of that doughty Earl of Ulster whose prowess is celebrated in the ballad:

So they gave this hearty honor
 To the bold De Courcy race,



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS. MINIATURE OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL, SECOND WIFE OF THOMAS JENNINGS JOHNSON.

That they ever should dare their helms to
 wear
 Before the King's own face.

And when every head is unbonneted,
 They walk in cap and plume.

The actual holder of the title inherits from a sailor who hailed from Rhode Island, and whose elevation to the dignities and emoluments of the barony was accomplished by an ingenious and complicated scheme of imposition after the death of Gerald, the twenty-fourth baron, in 1759, that recalls the notorious Tichborne conspiracy. It is even probable that Arthur Orton or his abettors may have found their inspiration and instructions in the case of the De Courcys of «My Lord's Gift» and Cheston-upon-Wye in Maryland. The daughters of Gerald warmly espoused the cause and claim of the Maryland family. A lady of the Kingsale connection, writing from London to William De Courcy of Cheston, in 1763, says:

The late Earl was, in his latter days, weak in his understanding and open to Imposture, being greatly anxious to continue the honors of his Family with his name. A certain great Personage, and a party who had their own views, foisted in this man as his relation, tho' 't is plain he is an Imposter, and deceived the Earl by information drawn from himself. 'T is not to the purpose to give an account of him. They call him a despicable Slave, who was bred a ropemaker and waterman. He is, however,



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

OWNED BY DR. W. H. DE COURCY OF "CHESTON,"
MRS. KATHERINE WETENHALL.

PAINTED BY SIR PETER LELY.

the first peer in the Kingdom, and has actually exercised the Privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence.

In a petition to the « Right Honorable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled,» the daughters of the Earl of Kingsale assert that for some years before, and to the time of his death, his lordship

laboured under a constant Indisposition of Mind, and was weak in his Understanding, easy of belief, open to Imposition, and a proper object for designing Persons to work upon, by whose Creatures he was constantly surrounded; that in this Melancholy state of Mind it was first contrived by improper Insinuations to alienate his Affections from his said children, and then to introduce, as the real Heir male of that Antient Family, a person of the name of John Courcy or De Courcy, brought from a state of Obscurity and the lowest Degree in life—a Common Boatman, then plying for Hire at Portsmouth in Great Britain; a Person before unheard of, and unknown to the Family. . . . Your petitioners are well assured, and doubt

not to prove if they are permitted to do so, that William De Courcy, Esq., of Queenstown in Maryland, is the real and true Heir male of the Family, and as such respected and considered in that Country; and the late Lord, before he fell into that Melancholy state of Mind, and the Hands of designing Persons, did publicly declare that William De Courcy, son of Miles De Courcy, was the next Heir male of his Family.

But these Eastern Shore De Courcys, being content with their terrapin and oysters and ducks, and the honorable regard of their neighbors, and especially wary of tedious and costly litigation, just «let the old thing go,» while they concerned themselves rather for the independence of the colonies, and proceeded to equip a gallant young captain for the army of the Revolution. So the Rhode Island boatman had it all his own way, and singing,

Fare thee well, my trim-built wherry,
Boat and oars and badge, farewell!

took coach for London, and immediately began to talk to his betters «through his hat.»

In the wainscoted drawing-room and library at Cheston there are distinguished portraits by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, notably those of Sir Thomas and Lady Augusta Saunders; Mistress Katherine Wetenhall as a Magdalen; and the beautiful Mistress Eliza Wetenhall, whose charms of person, albeit she was stupid and listless, are descanted upon with unction by Anthony Hamilton; and a portrait of Mistress Augusta Wetenhall by Leermans of Brussels. These found their way to the walls at Cheston through intermarriage of the De Courcys with the English families of Rozier, Notley, and Hall, people of much social consideration.

Edward Lloyd 4th, surnamed the Patriot,¹ was gathered to his fathers on July 8, 1796, and his son, the fifth Edward, stepped into his place, and worthily represented him at Wye, at Annapolis, and at Washington; for he was a delegate to the General Assembly, member of the State Senate and presiding officer of that body, representative in Congress, United States senator, and governor of Maryland. The governor married before he had come of age, and at the celebration of his majority, when there was glorious junketing at Wye House, the infant heir, Edward 6th, then one year old, was mounted upon the great dining-table to lead the fair and gallant company in pledging his father's health. After that we may imagine them singing together the song of «Sir Marmaduke»:

He never turned the poor from
the gate,

Good man! Old man!

But was always ready to break
the pate

Of his country's enemiee.

What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his King?

And so may every head
Of an ancient familiee!

For the governor was such a head of a fine old family as once was displayed in honorable effigy on many a creaking sign that swung from the arm of an oak before some roadside inn in Merrie England. His ways were the good old ways of Talbot and Dorchester and

¹ See «By the Waters of Chesapeake,» in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1893.

Kent. Every morning he made the round of his many farms, giving general directions through his overseers as to the management of his crops and live stock and the condition and treatment of his slaves. In his day the culture of grain had superseded that of tobacco, which survived but sparsely in the patches that were the perquisite of the negroes, and Governor Lloyd was the most extensive and the most successful wheat-grower in Maryland. He was a notable breeder of horses, horned cattle, and sheep, and the best blood of English stables was blended with that of the country horses on the farms at Wye. He helped to make the Durham cow



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

MINIATURE OWNED BY MRS. SHIPPER.

REBECCA LLOYD, DAUGHTER OF EDWARD LLOYD 4TH, WIFE OF JUDGE JOSEPH HOPPER NICHOLSON OF MARYLAND.

the bucolic fashion in Talbot and Dorchester, and promoted emulation in the breeding of Merino lambs. His pleasures were those of the country gentleman of his time: he kept hounds and hunters, and took pride in the deer-park that his father had set up on Wye-town farm. In his youth he delighted in a spirited cocking-main, and was a fancier of the finest strains of game fowls; and when he reluctantly abandoned the sport, it was from no affectation of scruple on the score of humanity, but simply as an expression of his dislike for the coarse company the pit at-

tracted. Along the Wye and Chester rivers he was an ardent fowler: swans, wild geese, and ducks innumerable fell to his restless gun; and many and merry were the fishing-parties that danced on the bay in his pungies and canoes. So, too, was he "conspicuous as a member of jockey clubs and breeder of racing stock; entries from the governor's stables were hailed on every course in the country."¹

It was his habit to return at noon from the circuit of his farms, first to a mint-julep

transmitted by the generations of the Lloyds; while the guests were served by old and trained domestics proud of their office and of the company, and accustomed to consideration and kindness.

Governor Lloyd was a handsome man, and of distinguished presence, dignified without pomposity, and courtly without affectation, companionable, cheerful, kind, unconsciously condescending. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, those three and more had gone to the making of his Puritan ances-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

«BELMONT,» NEAR ELKRIDGE, THE SEAT OF THE DORSEYS OF MARYLAND. BUILT IN 1738.

and a nap, and then to his family and his guests, who may be said to have formed a necessary part of the equipment of Wye House, so continual was the "company," which often included personages of the first distinction in the public life of the State and nation. The table, bountifully spread with the products of the fields and waters that might be seen from the windows of the dining-room, was richly appointed, and garnished with services of massive plate acquired and

¹ Dr. Harrison of Talbot.

tor, the first of his name on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, who gave their Welsh names to the Severn River in Anne Arundel and the Wye and Tred-Avon creeks in Talbot. The governor was a gentleman by natural selection and development. It is hardly necessary to add that he had the gout.

The governor's sister Rebecca was that vivacious and dashing lassie who, when British officers were despoiling the cabinets and cupboards of Wye House, sat in the middle of the drawing-room, and taking her pretty

foot on her knee, covered her gold shoe-buckle with her hand, and said, «I swear you sha'n't steal this!»

In 1738 Caleb Dorsey built with English brick, brought over in his own vessels, the historic house of «Belmont,» home of the Dorseys and Hansons. The walls of the hall and drawing-room were paneled in oak; and the grounds in front and rear were terraced in the large old English fashion, while the box-wood in the garden, gigantic now, seems still to babble of the sweet old times when Caleb and Priscilla set it out.

Here, later, was the home of a man of great intellectual and moral force, who stamped upon the chronicles of his bailiwick the mark of his distinguished talents, his indomitable energy, and his reckless courage, albeit his opinions were at times irrational, and his expression of them extravagant and incendiary. Alexander Contee Hanson, son of the Chancellor of Maryland, editor of the «Federal Republican,» and afterward United States senator, stanch Federalist, and frank opponent of Madison's administration and of the War of 1812, was an undaunted champion of the freedom of the press, in defiance of mobs and assassins, in the State which was first of the American colonies to own a public press and employ it as an active engine of light and liberty, while the Puritans of New England and Virginia abhorred it as an engine of the devil, and would have none of it.¹

On a window-pane in the drawing-room at «Hampton» the name of Rebecca Hanson (Rebecca Howard), wife of the chancellor, is inscribed with the diamond of a ring, along with «Billy the House-lamb,» the playful designation of William Lux, of the «Sons of Liberty.» Through the door opening upon the hall one admires the beautiful full-length portrait of Mrs. John Ridgely, the accomplished mistress of Hampton House. Sully shows her in her delectable maidenhood, in Empire gown, standing at her harp.

On August 27, 1895, a monumental pillar, erected by the Maryland Society of Sons



MINIATURE PAINTED BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

MARIA MARTIN (MRS. LAWRENCE KEENE).

of the Revolution, in coöperation with patriotic citizens of Brooklyn, was unveiled in Prospect Park, in honor of four hundred young Marylanders who in the battle of Long Island saved the retreating army of Washington by the determined immolation of themselves. Sullivan's division was in wild rout, and Stirling's left had been doubled back upon his center, when he resolved upon a ghastly sacrifice to save the flying, floundering columns. Changing front, and calling forward the remnant of the Maryland regiment,—less than four hundred lads, tenderly nurtured, who now for the first time knew the rapture of battle,—he hurled them against the iron wall that Cornwallis had drawn about the Cortelyou house, as David hurled his smooth round stone against the armor of Goliath. Artillery and infantry furrowed their lines, and the spiteful Hessian yagers picked them off; but loud and clear above that *feu d'enfer* rang the shout of Mordecai Gist—«Close up! close up!» They drove the British advance back upon the Cortelyou house, till Cornwallis flung grape and canister in their very faces—

¹ In 1689 the province of Maryland had a public press at St. Mary's, which was kept busy with the printing of public documents. In October, 1696, a «public printer» was appointed by act of Assembly. The «Declaration» of the Protestant Associators was

printed at St. Mary's in 1689. Mr. Charles Browning, in his «Abstract of the Condition of Granting of Land in Maryland,» says, «It was remarked at this time [1689] that there was a printing press in this Colony for many years, and that none others had one.»



FROM THE PAINTING AT HAMPTON BY THOMAS SULLY.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MRS. JOHN RIDGELY.

. . . and still [says Field] they closed up over the bodies of their fallen comrades, and still they turned their stern young faces to the foe.

And so an hour was gained, more precious to liberty than any other in its history. The carnage of actual battle could hardly have been more appalling than the retreat, for no vestige of an army formation any longer existed, and all that remained was a distracted mob of flying soldiery, where officers and privates were borne undistinguished along.¹

Every page of sober history that records the deed they wrought that day, every public report, every private paper, has its tribute of proud love for those heroic lads, and of sorrow for their «honorable dead» (260 men and 12 officers), whose fate wrung a cry of pain from the heart of Washington, and compelled expressions of admiration and regret even from the British historian.

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!

The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!

When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,

And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;

When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,

And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the dead!

Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! how long must we wait?

Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?

Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,

With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?

Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,

When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?

Tralára! Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!

Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts,
good-bye!²

In December, 1774, Mordecai Gist was captain of the first company recruited in Maryland. In the battle of Long Island he commanded the devoted battalion, and led those desperate charges against the British advance at the Cortelyou house. He was made

¹ T. W. Field, «The Battle of Long Island.»

² From the poem, by J. W. P., read at the memorial banquet in Brooklyn, August 27, 1895.

³ But he was brained with a war-club by his sister's son.

a brigadier-general in January, 1779, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

When I was a school-boy in Baltimore, one afternoon in the week was consecrated to the awful rites of «Declamation.» On those impressive occasions certain young gentlemen, oratorically ambitious, and dreaming of listening senates, were invited to «speak a piece» from the semicircular platform—a performance memorable by its audacity, adjusting as it did the impassioned squeak of a Punch-and-Judy show to the jerky gesticulation of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. For these exciting functions we had several favorite pieces, such as appealed to our patriotic emotions, and stirred our martial ardor with suggestions of flintlock and bayonet, and the bare-headed colonel careering through «the white infernal powder cloud.» Especially were we thrilled by the bugle-blast of Patrick Henry: «Gentlemen may cry, (Peace! peace!) but there is no peace»; and the forlorn hope of «Warren's Address to his Soldiers.»

But most acceptable to our hysterical raptures was the «Speech of Logan, the Indian Warrior, at the Council Fire,» because it so cunningly blended the heroic with the pathetic, the tomahawk with tears:

I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. . . . Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed, and said, «Logan is the friend of the white man!» I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, who last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. . . . Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!³

Ah! there was a tale to wring the heart of the Maryland school-boy with a double anguish—pity and indignation for the wrongs of the noble savage, sorrow and shame for the crime and infamy of our favorite pioneer and woodsman! It was hard to believe these things of the man who could fight on parched corn and spring water, and shoot so well.

We had known Logan as the «good Injun,» the simple, lonely, sentimental savage, who dressed deerskins, and sold them to the backwoodsmen, who made a pair of lovely moccasins for Mrs. Brown's little daughter, and who once sued a tailor for bilking him with

bad wheat—Logan, of whom a popular pioneer said, «He was the best specimen of humanity, white or red, I ever encountered.» And we had known Michael Cresap as the wild and daring mountain boy who had run away from school and made his way alone through 140 miles of wilderness to his home, where his paternal pioneer and Indian-fighter flogged him savagely with a hunting-belt, and sent him back to his horn-book. We had known him as the sagacious, vigilant, daring, generous «buckskin,» feared and respected by the fierce tribes in whose hands the tomahawk and the firebrand were never idle; and we had known him as the leader of the first rifle company of mountaineers and foresters enrolled in Maryland and marched to Boston. Being only school-boys, to whom the «fake interview» and the reporter's «story» had yet to come, it was hard to choose between our splendid savage, with his almost royal personality, and our patriot «buckskin,» who could fight so fairly and shoot so straight. But presently came Metamora in his war-paint, in the person of Edwin Forrest, and the splendid savage had our reluctant votes.

Too late we learned that Michael Cresap, whose fame should be sung in ballads, had been the early victim of the interviewer and the fake. Too late we learned the outworn story of the gentle brave transformed by fire-water into the whooping savage, painted and equipped for war, and dancing to the music of the scalp-halloo. Too late we discovered the interviewer, an Indian trader, getting in his deadly work upon the noble Logan, maudlin drunk under a tree, and then conveying his incoherent notes six miles to a British camp, there to be expertly emended and extended, and read by proxy to Lord Drummond's council as the «Speech of Logan.»

The «speech» is absurdly false as to its allegations against Cresap, who was far from the scene of the massacre, and had but a short time before strenuously counseled the pioneer camps against the employment of such sanguinary methods. Even Gibson, the trader who took down the words from the lips of Logan at the Indian's hut, declares in his testimony that «he corrected the chief on the spot when he made the charge against Cresap.» The bloody work had been done at the cabin of a man named Baker, near Yellow Creek, by a party led by one Greathouse. «When the speech was read in camp, the pioneer soldiers knew it to be false as to Michael Cresap; but it only provoked a laugh in the crowd, which displeased the Maryland captain, who said he was strongly in-

clined to tomahawk Greathouse for that murder.»¹

This clever piece of rhetorical embroidery has received fine touches of truth and grace from cunning fingers, on its way to Thomas Jefferson. For example, in one version Logan is made to deplore «rivers of blood,» and in another he «rejoices in the beams of peace.» Michael was well known to Logan as *Captain* Cresap, but the decorators of the «speech» have made him first a major and then a colonel. In an early version Cresap is not even named. It is to Jefferson that we are indebted for the consummate flower of artistic paraphrasing that blooms in the school-books.

Michael Cresap's daughter was married to a man whom Mr. Jefferson hated, and who reciprocated the President's rancor with gleeful enthusiasm. This was Luther Martin, preëminent lawyer and supernatural sot, member of the Maryland Convention of 1774, attorney-general of the State in 1778, bulwark of the defense in the trial of Justice Chase, impeached by the House of Representatives in 1804, devoted personal and political friend of Aaron Burr, whose acquittal of the charge of treason he was mainly instrumental in compelling in the great trial at Richmond. «Most formidable of American advocates was the rollicking, witty, audacious attorney-general of Maryland; boon companion of the whole bar; drunken, generous, slovenly, grand; (bull-dog of Federalism,) as Mr. Jefferson called him; shouting with a school-boy's fun at the idea of tearing Mr. Randolph's indictment to pieces, and teaching Virginia Democrats a little law,—that reprobate genius, Luther Martin,»² of whom Jefferson wrote, in the bitterness of his personal and partizan enmity: «Shall we move to commit Luther Martin as *particeps criminis* with Burr? Grayball will fix upon him misprision of treason, at least; at any rate, his evidence will put down this unprincipled and impudent Federal bull-dog.» Judge Story said of him: «You should hear of Luther Martin's fame from those who have known him long and well, but you should not see him»—thus animadverting on the great lawyer's slovenly figure and his ill breeding. Blennerhasset called him «the Thersites of the law.» Once the Supreme Court of the United States (in *Fletcher vs. Peck*) adjourned because Martin was too drunk to go on. He was compared to Porson, the Oxford professor, who absorbed

¹ See «Logan and Captain Michael Cresap,» a discourse by Brantz Mayer, delivered before the Maryland Historical Society.

² Henry Adams, «Life of John Randolph of Roanoke.»

potations and Greek with equal felicity. An entertaining and impartial biographer of Martin describes a scene in the United States District Court in Baltimore, when William Wirt and Roger Brooke Taney (afterward Chief Justice of the United States) were trying a case. There was a little ripple of excitement, and the crowd gave way to right and left as an old man tottered into the room, and passing inside the rail, seated himself, as one accustomed to the place, and munched a piece of gingerbread. He was clad in well-worn knee-breeches with yarn stockings; there were silver buckles to his shoes, and ruffles to his shirt and his wristbands. «This was the man who for half a century was the recognized leader of the Maryland bar, and foremost counsel in two of the most interesting cases of national importance in the history of our country—now wandering, a discrowned, demented, and almost friend-

less Lear, into the arena of his old renown.»¹

In 1822 the Maryland legislature passed an act, unparalleled in American history, requiring every lawyer in the State to pay an annual license fee of five dollars to certain designated trustees, «for the use and behoof of Luther Martin.» Only one lawyer is on record as having at any time demurred to paying this remarkable tax; and even he withdrew his objections, which were strictly on «constitutional grounds.»

Martin's daughters, Maria and Elinor, were beautiful and accomplished. The miniature of the former, by Rembrandt Peale, was always greatly admired. Maria married Lawrence Keene, a naval officer: but their married life was most unhappy; they were separated, and Maria died in an asylum, insane.

¹ Henry P. Goddard, «Luther Martin, the 'Federal Bull-dog.'»

John Williamson Palmer.



THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

STRANGE mockery of motherhood!
 They who should feel the fostering care
 Maternal, and the tender good
 Of home when fondling arms are there,

Must, ere their time, in mimic show
 Of age and sacred duties, be
 Thus wise to guide, thus deep to know,
 The artless needs of infancy.

The little mothers! Will they win
 The bitter-sweet of elder years?
 Will love protect them from the sin,
 And faith gleam dauntless through the tears?

God grant some guerdon for the loss
 Of childly joy: and when they come
 To woman-ways and woman's cross,
 Give them a fate more frolicsome.

Richard Burton.