

“Anger is ever weak—
The strong soul is the meek,
Who pardoning words doth speak
O'er self victorious—
This is the one sublime
Courage that conquers crime,
Honor outlasting time—
God-like—all glorious.”

The vision divine was gone—
O'er the white ice-waste Biorn
Rode home that yule-tide morn
Enwrapt in wonder;
'Twas a truth hard for the stout
Old Norseman to spell, no doubt—
Courage and glory without
Fighting and plunder!



“WILLIAM FARRIS, Maker, Annapolis”—
such is the inscription on the face of an old
clock standing in an old hall in old Annapo-
lis. And pray who was William Farris?

—the maker of this stately time-piece that
in measured cadence still records the creep-
ing hours, marking the day of the month
and showing the phases of the moon by the

appearance and disappearance of that ever rubicund and amiable countenance which, in obedience to the mysterious mechanism, peers over and dodges behind the dial-plate with lunar punctuality.

He must needs have been an oddity. The only record of his life, his will in rhyme, turns up from the dusty pigeon-hole of a dead lawyer's office-desk, legally indorsed,

"W. Farris, watch-maker at Annapolis, Maryland, his will,—composed by Miss Charlotte

His road I took care in his youth to instruct him,
Tho' I say it myself a princess might trust him.
The dog grew ungrateful, set up for himself,
And at Norfolk, they say, he has plenty of pelf.
Since he's gone away 'twill be best for his brother.
I give Hyam his portion to comfort his mother,
All the tools in my shop to said Hyam I give
And, if he minds work, he'll make out to live.
My coat, which I turned, is a very good brown
And may serve many years to parade in the town.
'Twill be good as ever if he take my advice,
And the buttons of silver will make it look nice,
The place in the back which is greased by my
'club'



THE MUSIC-LESSON.

Heselius, first wife of Thomas Jennings Johnson Esq., and daughter of Heselius, the portrait limner."

We quote as follows :

"Then, I give and bequeath to my dear loving wife,
In case she's a widow the rest of her life,
The plates, spoons and dishes, pots, kettles and
tables,
With the red-and-white cow that inhabits the
stables,
The landscape, and "Judith" that hangs on the wall,
And the musical clock 'hind the door in the hall.
My buckles and cane to son William I give
And no more, because he's got substance to live,

Would come out if he'd take good care to rub
It with soap and with brush or good spirits of
wine,
Which will freshen the cloth and make it look
fine.
The coat he must wear with my corduroy breeches
When Abbey has given them a few odd little
stitches.
And Ab will be kind, I know, to her brother
Because he's the favourite of me and his mother.
A pair of silk hose I had when a boy
I intend shall be his; 'twill give him much joy
To own these said hose he has begged for so
often,
But they ne'er shall be his till I'm safe in my coffin.

I had always a mind to give them to Saint
Till he, like a fool, turned Methodist quaint.
I swore at the time he never should have them;
And I know Saint would wear, the other would
save 'em.

For the reasons here mentioned I leave them to
Hy

To wear if he pleases when walking is dry.
*To my son, Charles Farris, I leave and bequeath
My watch and bird organ, and also I leave
To said son, as he pleases, a black ring or pin;
There are two ready made which I'm sure would
suit him,

They're the first that I made, rather clumsily
done,

But good, in all conscience, enough for my son.
The teeth he may have, rather curiously strung,
Every tooth that I've drawn since the time I was
young;

Six pair of thread stockings; two cotton, two
yarn;

That my wife, poor, dear woman, sat up all night
to darn.

These will last him, with care, a very great while
And so money he'll save to make the pot boil.

To Saint Farris, my son, who is now on the seas,
I will that he has any roots that he please;
All my garden utensils; Swift's 'Polite Conversa-
tions;'

And I wish he'd leave sea to live with his rela-
tions.

I know all their minds, and they all love poor
Saint,

And his brother has promised to teach him to
paint.

The 'History of China' and 'Swift' sometimes
lend,

When your business or pleasure requires, a friend;
Such acts, my dear children, I very well know
Are of much greater service than making a foe.

* In August, 1765, Charles Farris is mentioned as one of many citizens to resist successfully the landing of the odious stamp paper. In the scuffle which ensued Mr. Thomas McNier had his thigh broken.

Tuesday Club,



JONAS GREENE, PRINTER OF MARYLAND GAZETTE. 1745.

Thank God! I've but two that I hate from my
heart,
And, as ill luck would have it, they're not far
apart.

I've the greatest dislike—God forgive me the
sin—
But indeed there's no bearing that old Allan
Quinn.

There's another I hate bad as Quinn for the fraud
That his heart is so full of, that is Jonathan
Todd.

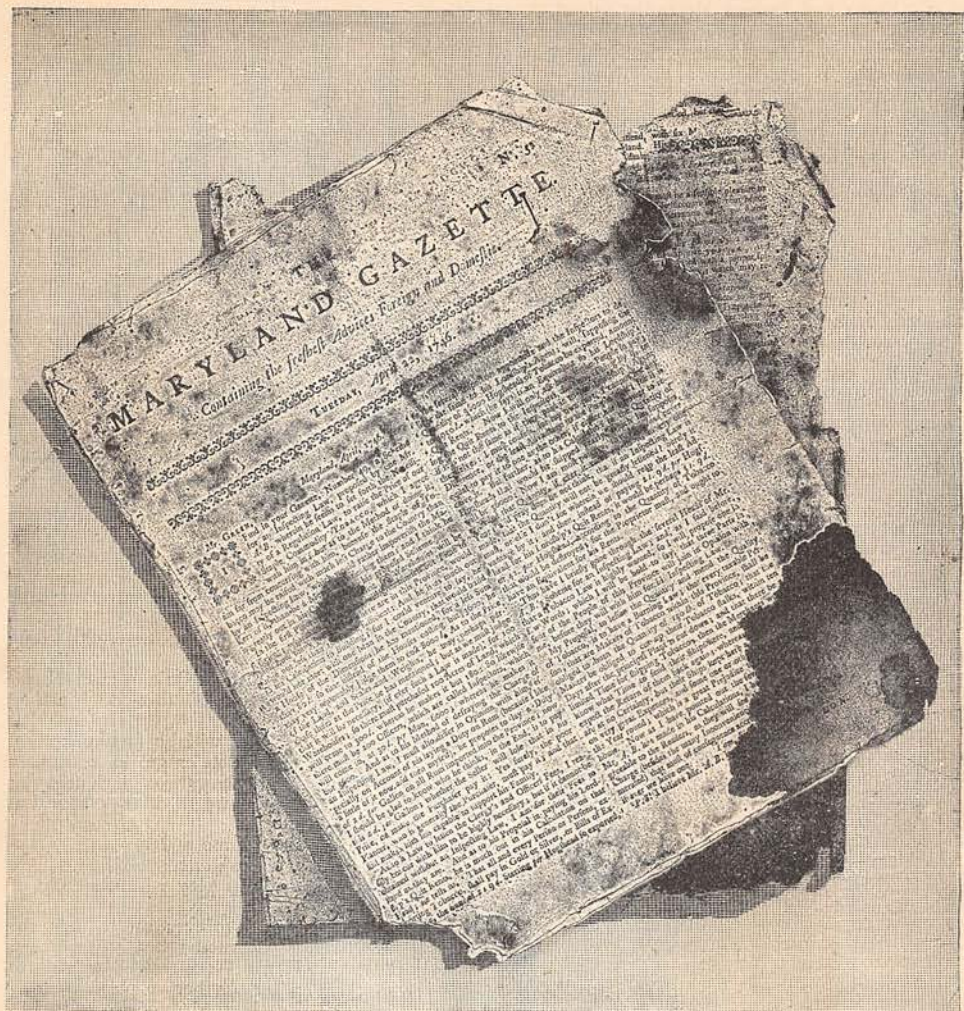
This sin, as I die, I hope will be forgiven;
Or else I am sure I shall ne'er get to heaven.
My sons, if you heed me, beware of such friends;
They'll destroy all you're worth, if they have but
the means.

To Nancy, the darling of me and my wife,
I give and bequeath the spinnet for life.
Once I thought she would play with the help of
a master,

But, it grieves me to say, she
learned not a bit faster.
Harry Woodcock I trusted to
teach her to play,
But I soon found 'twas money
and time thrown away;
So she did what was right, made
me save all my pelf,
And picked out a tune here and
there by herself.
All the town knows that Harry's
a very great liar
And music from him she could
never acquire.
What a time there has been for
his making of money!
Like a puppy he's missed it,
like a puppy he's funny;
Poor devil, sometimes, in the
midst of a gloom,
For a dinner he's forced to
play the buffoon;
But I still like old Woodcock,
I vow and declare;
As a proof I shall leave him a
lock of my hair.
To Abigail next; my trunk,
desk, and papers



PRINTING OFFICE OF MARYLAND GAZETTE. 1745.



THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

That's therein contained and a large box of wafers.
The 'Spectator' for her, as she reads very well
And she'll soon learn to write, for now she can
spell,

For Abb is the girl that would take the most
learning,

And, I flatter myself, she's a girl of discerning.

A negress, named Sylva, I leave to my Nancy,

For Sylva she'd always a very great fancy.

That woman's first child, about fifteen years old,

I give to my Abb lest for debt she be sold.

Poor thing, 'twas a fool from its birth, I well
know,

But her mistress will teach her to spin, knit, and
sew.

I leave to Sol Mogg for tolling the bell,

My old hat and pipe which he knows very well.

To my nephews and nieces my blessing I give

And entreat they will mind and learn how to live.

My thanks to the public I cannot express;

Their goodness to me has been quite to excess,

My feelings are many but words are too few
To tell how it pains me to bid them adieu."

Here we have the man and his time. He in his brown coat and silver buttons, the back marked by the quadrant of powder the club of his queue described as it moved back and forth with his head, like one of his own pendulums, so fulfilling the resemblance men grow to of their pursuits. We have a picture of his house, his family and his friends, the "landscape," and the picture of "Judith" in the hall, with the musical clock behind the door, the spinnet in the parlor and the red-and-white cow in the stable. Then there was the garden, and the shop with its many tools and few books

and its half-century accumulations, prominently hanging among them all the trophies of his dental skill, strung together; for trades were mingled in those colonial days, when "specialties" were unknown. His three sons had distinct individuality, and his daughters Nancy and Abigail were notable girls. He had a thrifty wife, and his friend Harry Woodcock was a ne'er-do-well genius. He remembers Sol Mogg, the sexton, and does not forget to put on record his irrepressible dislikes. In that brown coat with its silver buttons, his corduroy breeches and silk stockings, "if the walking be dry," silver shoe-buckles, cocked hat, cane and queue, he paraded the town on Sundays and on the King's birthday, for a loyal subject of King George was he, the reproduction in the colony of a London craftsman and a reader of "The Maryland Gazette," the latest news, only three months old, from Europe. And was it he who published in that venerable journal this advertisement for a runaway servant or apprentice?

"Run away from the subscriber living at Annapolis, on the twenty-seventh of this instant August, 1745, a servant man named John Powell, alias Charles Lucas, a Londoner born, by trade a clock and watch maker. He is a short, well-set fellow, has full, goggle eyes, and wears a wig. He had on, when he went away, an Osnabrig's shirt, a pair of buck-skin breeches, a pair of short, wide trowsers, two pair of white hose and a well-worn broad-cloth coat with metal buttons.

"Whoever secures the said runaway so that he can be had again, shall have 3*l* reward, besides what the law allows; and if brought home, reasonable charges."

But in the next number we find this:

"Whereas John Powell was advertised last week in this paper as a runaway; but being only gone into the country a cyder-drinking, and being returned again to his master's service; these are therefore to acquaint all gentlemen and others who have any watches or clocks to repair, that they may have them done in the best manner and at reasonable rates."

The seventeenth of January, in the year of grace 1745, on a Thursday, "The Maryland Gazette" appeared, not a foot square



A DAY-DREAM.



MY LADY'S VISIT.

and published weekly, "by Jonas Greene, post-master, at his printing-office in Charles Street, and containing the freshest advices, foreign and domestic." An address to the public sets forth that "Our intent, therefore, is to give the public a weekly account of the most remarkable occurrences, foreign and domestic, which shall from time to time come to our knowledge, having always a principal regard to such articles as nearest concern the American plantations in general and the province of Maryland in particular; ever observing the strictest justice and truth in relation of facts, and the utmost disinterestedness and impartiality in points of controversy." The printer invites "the ingenious productions of learned correspondents, provided whatever is transmitted be consistent with sobriety and good manners." The price of the paper to "subscribers is twelve shillings, Maryland currency, per annum;" its latest dates being from "The London Gazette" of the preceding August, and from Boston the twelfth of November.

In the library of the state-house at Annapolis we have a complete file of this interesting journal from its commencement to the present hour, for it is still printed as of yore, but not in the ancient, two-storied, hip-roofed house on Charles Street, where

the rusty vane, representing some extinct marine animal, still "sings of mutation." On a summer's day in the cool and quiet of that cozy hall; there is no pleasanter pastime for the tired student than a perusal of its age-stained pages. We are transported to the past, and live for a while in the last century, as much interested in the latest news from the wars in Austria and Flanders as in our last telegram from Constantinople. We read of the great Frederick's successes and mishaps, and the horrors of those wars. We have the letters of participants in the battle of Fontenoy and the taking of Louisburg, news of naval combats on the high seas, of French plots and German intrigues, and essays on morality and manners. By the advertisements we can realize the dress, the material wants, and the every-day life of our ancestors, and imagine their pleasures, their prejudices, their sentiment, and their opinions. Therein they speak for themselves.

Between one hundred and fifty years ago and to-day there is no greater change than in the matter of a gentleman's dress. In the male sex, a timidity in the use of color and a slouchy negligence of attire characterize the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth, the bearing of a man indicated his social rank, and a "gentleman" was sup-

posed to be accomplished in all knightly exercises. The dress, moreover, exacted attention to mien and bearing, as any lack of muscular development was at once apparent and exposed the unfortunate weakling to ridicule from the fair. We of to-day

ably the father of our Nestor of American artists, Charles Wilson Peale—advertises in "The Maryland Gazette," 1745, as follows:

"At Kent County school, Chestertown, Maryland, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the



MICHAEL, THE FIDDLER.

are disposed to measure dress and manners by the narrow standard of utility, and to forget that oftentimes "manners make the man," and that an attitude expresses as much as words. Perhaps the old school exaggerated the needs of courtesy and deportment, but when we consider what a time and trouble a full dress toilet must have cost my gentleman, may we not pardon that frailty of human nature which sought to display his art to the best advantage? To the complete gentleman, dancing and fencing were as indispensable a part of education then as the "use of the globes;" and a man's legs and spine were objects of critical scrutiny. Mr. Charles Peale—prob-

ably the father of our Nestor of American artists, Charles Wilson Peale—advertises in "The Maryland Gazette," 1745, as follows: "At Kent County school, Chestertown, Maryland, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Greek and Latin tongues, writing, arithmetic, merchant's accounts, surveying, navigation, and the use of the globes by the largest and most accurate pair in America: also any other parts of the mathematics. N. B. Young gentlemen can be instructed in fencing and dancing by very good masters."

In the volumes of Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson we could easily find ample illustration of the sumptuousness of the dress of the upper classes in the eighteenth century, but as we have to do with the people of the province of Maryland, we turn to the old newspaper to know how they looked and lived. The ranks of colonial society, even, were sharply defined in those days, and the physiognomy and



THE STATE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

costume at once indicated the social position. Of the dress and features of the common people there are detailed descriptions in the rewards offered for runaway servants, both white and black, and one could reproduce therefrom a motley group of the tramps of '45.

These white men and women were sold for a term of years to pay their passage-money from England, and seem to have been an uncertain kind of property. Dominick Hogan, a runaway Irish servant, wears a brown great-coat, a blue jacket, shirt, and trowsers, and "has an iron collar about his neck." A Highland Scotch servant wears a red pea-jacket, a double-breasted white flannel vest, white ribbed stockings, a cap, a white wig, and a felt hat."

"28 July, 1747. A number of rebels imported in the ship *Johnson* into Oxford, (Md.) are brought over here and are now for sale."

These were Scottish patriots, who, having risked their lives in the cause of the "Young Pretender" of '45, were transported as their reward.

"22 March, 1753. Just imported from London, in the brigantine *Grove*, Captain Robert Wilson, and to be sold by the subscriber on board the said brigantine in West River, for sterling or current money, a parcel of healthy indented servants, among whom there are tradesmen and husbandmen. Samuel Galloway."

We find traces of the Acadians and shiploads of the "Palatines" among these expatriated unfortunates.

Of the ladies, except in their praise, the "Gazette" has little to say, if we except a "protest against stays," which meet with the writer's unqualified disapproval, and a "History of Female Dress," in which says the author, "My business to-day is chiefly with the ladies, on whose dress I intend to treat with the same delicacy and tenderness as I should use in my approach to their pretty persons."

A lady's dress of that day is thus described: "A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry-colored stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-colored gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, elaborately trimmed; a muslin head-dress, with lace ruffles; a black silk scarf, and a spotted silk hood, or 'capuchin.'"

To judge by contemporary records and portraits, the fashions of the colonies were in no way behind those of "home," as Old England persistently was called. In those days fashions did not so rapidly vary as nowadays, and the materials were so substantial, as notably the damasks and brocades, that of necessity dresses became heirlooms. We will not dwell upon the female costume of the time, as every one is more or less familiar with the comparatively graceless dress of the day, the stiff and unnaturally elongated stays, the immense expanse of skirt sustained by the hoop, the high-heeled shoes and the towering head-gear, the short sleeve with immense cuffs (a fashion borrowed from the male dress), with the wealth of lace falling

over the arms. The male dress was eminently graceful, stately and ample, and displayed the figure to great advantage; the female fashion for a while yielded to some harmony with nature and the natural hair was worn of becoming length, the hoops were somewhat curtailed, and aprons, even with full dress, became the vogue. This was

staple of that time,—tobacco. Tobacco from America became smoke in the old world, but brought back very solid revenue, together with all the luxuries of life. Troops of slaves, docile as in the Orient, supplied service. Lumbering equipages, or very rickety stage-coaches, generally drawn by superb horses, bore the colonists about the country.



INTERIOR VIEW IN THE BRICE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

about 1750. Annapolis had then been the capital of Maryland for fifty years,—the government having been removed from St. Mary's, the place of the original settlement, in 1690,—that ancient city having been thus supplanted in the honors and emoluments of official patronage, as well as in the commerce of the colony.* Where the governor dwelt, and laws were made, and public affairs carried on, was the rallying-point of the cleverness and culture of such small populations as then existed in separate colonies or provinces. Opulent men built costly, elegant houses as their city dwellings if, as was commonly the case, they had large plantations or manors, where they dwelt at other seasons, superintending Maryland's grand

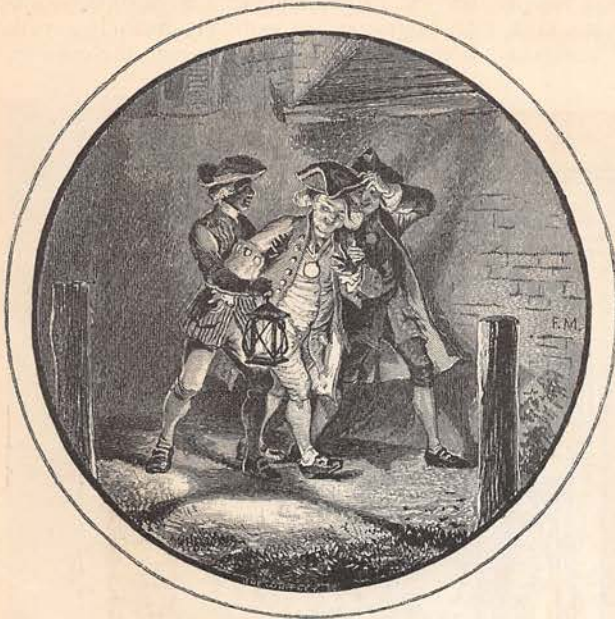
In town they visited in sedan-chairs, borne by lackeys in livery. They sat on carved chairs, at quaint tables, amid piles of ancestral silver ware, and drank punch out of vast, costly bowls from Japan, or sipped Madeira half a century old. At Annapolis they laid out the best race-course in the colonies, and built certainly the first theater. Here the best law-learning of America was gathered,—the Jenningses, Chalmerses, Rogerses, Stones, Pacas, Johnsons, Dulanys. Dulany's opinions were sent for even from London. A superb ball-room was built which a British traveler calls "elegant," and says was "illuminated to great advantage," while at each extremity were apartments for cards, "where select companies enjoy the circulation of the parti-colored gentry without having their attention diverted by the sound of fiddles and the evolutions of

* See "The Monumental City," etc., by G. W. Howard. Baltimore, 1873.

youthful performers." The clergy were commonly men of culture sent from England and portioned on the province by the proprietary. Generally they were men of

times, for its conversational cleverness and *bonhomie*. The proceedings were minutely recorded by its secretary in volumes still preserved in the Maryland Historical Society's

MSS. and in private hands. With races every fall and spring, theaters in winter, assemblies every fortnight, dinners three or four times a week, a card-party wherever possible, athletic fox-hunting, private balls on every festival, wit, learning, and stately manners, softened by love of good fellowship, we are not surprised to hear this character recorded of Annapolis in 1775: "I am persuaded," says a British traveler, "there is not a town in England of the same size as Annapolis which can boast a greater number of fashionable and handsome women; and, were I not satisfied to the contrary, I should suppose that the majority of the belles possessed every advantage of a long and familiar intercourse with the manners and habits of your great metropolis."



GETTING HOME FROM THE CLUB.

excellent education and manners; seldom would one of a different character be tolerated by the high-toned men who composed the vestries. These clergymen did not abandon their classic pursuits when they crossed the sea, but familiarly wrote Latin notes to their boon companions of Annapolis, whose culture, in those days, enabled them to answer in the same language. They were all free, hearty livers, importing and relishing their old Madeira; and it was in Annapolis that soft crabs, terrapins, and canvas-back ducks first obtained their renown as the greatest delicacies of the world.

The style of the time was, in winter, to enjoy the capital; but in milder seasons to travel a social round among the great estates and manors until the principal families of Calvert, St. Mary's, Charles, Prince George's, and Anne Arundel counties, and across the bay on the Eastern Shore, were visited. The men were bold riders, expert in hounds and horse-flesh; and the daily fox-chase, in season, was as much a duty to our systematic ancestors as it was to go to the parish church, with proper equipage and style, on Sunday. In town there was the "Tuesday Club," celebrated then, and even down to our own

A French traveler, speaking of the city (for Queen Anne had given it a city charter in 1709), as he found it during the American Revolution, thus describes it: "In that inconsiderable town standing at the mouth of the Severn, where it falls into the bay, of the few buildings it contains, at least three-fourths may be styled elegant and grand. The state-house is a very beautiful building; I think the most so of any I have seen in America. Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France. A French hair-dresser is a man of importance among them, and it is said a certain dame here hires one of that craft at one thousand crowns a year."

Between the old colonial mansions of the northern and southern colonies a striking contrast seems to exist. While those of New England are almost invariably wooden structures, with little use of either brick or stone; in the colonies of Maryland and Virginia we find brick buildings of remarkable solidity and considerable architectural pretension, well developed and worthy examples of the style of Queen Anne and the Georges. These interiors recall to us the Dutch taste of William and

Mary's day as seen at Hampton Court, and later we trace the influence of Sir Christopher Wren and the French architects of Louis XV. and XVI. In solidity and honesty of construction they shame the insincerity of the builders of our day, and mock the shallowness of our modern pretension

or ball-room is often found. The walls are always paneled in wood or stucco, and the carving which frames the high chimney-pieces and relieves the shutters and doors is evidently old-country work of the school of Grinling Gibbons and the decorators of Hampton Court. The cornices, both



WAITING ORDERS.

in their deep capacious window-seats and large hearth-stones, which measure the thickness of the walls. To climb to the attic and study the joinery of the roof would delight the heart of a true artisan. A stair-way is sometimes concealed in these thick walls, suggesting secret chambers behind the paneled wainscoting. The stair-ways ascending from halls that greet you with spacious welcome glide rather than climb to the floor above, where a large upper hall

exterior and interior, are borrowed from Italian designs. A noble hospitality is expressed in the great mansions of this time; and a similar arrangement was adopted by most builders to insure this end. The central or main building lodged the family and guests, and two wings or out-buildings, connected by corridors, served for kitchen, offices, and servants' quarters. The strange absence of verandas and porches in our climate can only be explained by the En-



A PIPE OF "OLD MARYLAND."

glishman's tenacity to English custom, and his refusal to acknowledge that the sun was other than the sun of England. With our independence we began to develop a style in accordance with our climate, and copied from Italy the piazza, portico and veranda. In the less imposing houses, the homes of the people, the "hipped-roof"—in our day revived as the Mansard or French roof—was almost universal. There is a look of cozy comfort in these old homes of the burghers, arranged very compactly and worthy of imitation, even if the ceilings be low and the chimneys quaintly placed in the corner of the room, or the windows placed with charming disregard of conventional symmetry. And can one forget those burnished brass knockers, the housewife's pride, so eminently respectable in their size and rich curvature, in their varied device and expression; or the 6 by 4 panes in the broad sashes, the dormer windows with their heavy cornices, the noble stacks of chimneys,—memorial pyramids of generous life,—and the gardens that environed all.

An old-fashioned Queen Anne's garden would now be rather a prim affair, with so much box edging and the walks so straight and Dutch-like; but the old-fashioned flowers would redeem it. There you would

find plenty of lilacs and snow-balls (then known as the guelder-rose), privet and holly in the hedges and borders; larkspurs, wall-flowers, hollyhocks, periwinkles, snapdragons, candytufts and daffodils, would abound. A damp shady corner would be given to a bed of the lily of the valley, and ten to one you would find a bed of chamomile growing hard by a bed of lavender or sweet basil. Of course there would be balsam (only called "lady's slipper"), and rocket (under the name of "dame's violet"), pansies (known as ladies' delight or "hearts'-ease"), pasque flower and cowslip, and meadow-sweet, and groundsel, and feverfew, and milfoil, yarrow, thrift, spurge, loose-strife, honesty, Adam and Eve, drop-wort, dittany, daisies, jonquils, monk's hood, innocence, wind flower, and moss pink, with the Joseph's lily and viburnum blooming in the most liberal and splendid way.

Fancy the delightful irregularity of the quaint roofs and chimneys outlined against the warm blue sky; the sparkling leaves and soft glow of the flower beds, and listen, while you rest in the shady arbor, to the cooing of the pigeons, the whir and twitter of the swallows and martins, and the defiant crow of chanticleers; heedless of the moving shadow of the sun-dial on the chimney side.

In the streets you find no pavements, they are still country roads edged with green grass, and the rights of foot passengers are maintained by rows of posts. Here and there a more enterprising citizen may have laid bricks and a curb-stone. Bookishness had not then blunted the intelligence of vision, and the mind was still addressed by direct appeals to the perceptive sense in the shape of signs of every description of imitative art: the dangling key, the pendent awl, the golden pestle and mortar, the hammer wielded by a swarthy arm, the symbols of good cheer, as the "heart and hand," or may be the "spider and the fly," expressive of cheap boarding. A jubilant negro, a jolly tar, or a taciturn Indian, the master work of the ship carver, guarded the tobacconist's door, and "The Thistle" and "The Ship" "near the city gate" invited the sailor, as did the sign of the "top-sail-sheet-block" near the market. "The Three Blue Balls,"—a rival of "The Duke of Cumberland" and "The Indian King,"—was a tavern of Church street, and there must have been a "Golden Horse," a "Black Bear," and a "White Swan," to creak in concert of a stormy night. The "Annapolis Coffee-house" was the resort of the gentry.

In the "Gazette" we read: "What a greivous thing the law is is shown by a sign that once hung in the Rolls Liberty in London: on one side a man all in rags wringing his hands with a label importing that he had *lost his suit*, and on the other a man that had not a rag left, but stark naked, capering and triumphing that he had *gained his cause*, a fine emblem of going to law and the infatuating madness of a litigious spirit." Many of these signs indicated the amphibious character of the population of Annapolis and were evidently inspired by nautical associations complimentary to the sea-faring stranger who frequented the port, for the "ancient city" had its custom-house, a stately brick yet standing. The Maryland fleet under convoy of British men-of-war and for the most part well armed, gathered here as their port of destination, and many is the tale, related by our old journal, of their combats with the French men-of-war and privateers,—a prolific nursery of "sailors' yarns," told in sea phrase, and recording British pluck and contempt of the Frenchman.

Frequent mention is made in the advertisements of that day of the town-gates of Annapolis, made in fear of Indian attacks; for the French emissaries were ever busy in disturbing the friendly relations which ex-

isted in Maryland between the aborigines and the English. We find an order "to have in said town two *ffairs* a year, persons coming thither not to be arrested one day before the said *ffair* and one day thereafter." These occasions were the gala days of the people, as the high days and holidays of the gentry were the birthdays of prince and proprietary, and May-day, Whitsuntide, Michaelmas and Christmas. Militia trainings and muster days also broke the monotony of daily duty. At the "*ffairs*," horse-races were included as a principal attraction, and, as in one advertised for "Baltimore-town," a bounty was offered of forty shillings to any person that produces "the best piece of yard-wide, country-made, white linnen, the piece to contain twenty yards. On Saturday, the third day, a hat and ribbon will be cudgelled for; a pair of pumps wrestled for; and a white shift to be run for by two negro girls."

We read that "at a county court held here on Tuesday, the 9th July of this year (1749), a Mrs. S. C., of Patapsco, was fined the sum of one penny, for whipping the Rev. Mr. N——l W——r with a hiccory switch; it being imagined by the court that he well deserved it."

On the 18th June, 1752, appears the following advertisement:

"By permission of his honor the president [of the council] at the new theater, in Annapolis by the company of *comedians* from Virginia, on Monday next, being the 22nd instant, will be performed, 'The Beggar's Opera,' likewise a farce, called 'The Lying Valet.'"

The duties of a servant are shown by one who offers himself "to wait at table, curry horses, clean knives, boots and shoes, lay a table, shave and dress wigs, carry a lantern and talk French; is as honest as the times will admit, and as sober as can be." We can fancy this man-of-all-work conducting his master home from some convivial meeting, the lantern swaying to and fro as the faithful domestic adjusts the old gentleman's wig and cocked-hat, and guides his meandering footsteps through the unpaved and unlighted streets of the provincial capital.

The history of the Tuesday Club is dated from the author's study, September 9, 1754, and in quaint style acknowledges all dedications to be, "at best, but paltry stuff," in which truth is warped, "either by the power of flattery, or by the pestilent inclination to party, or pusillanimous fear of the anger and resentment of men in power."



AT THE CLUB.

The first volume contains the first decade of the transactions of that society, comprehended in 239 sederunts, viz., from May, 1745 to May, 1755 inclusive, with the heads of the honorable the president, and the principal officers and members, and also figures of the most material transactions of the club,—with an appendix of the club music composed by Signor Lardini, the most favorite songs used in the club, etc. The laws provide that the club shall meet weekly at each other's dwellings by turns, every Tuesday, throughout the year; that the member appointed to serve as steward shall provide a "gammon of bacon," or any one other dish of victuals and no more; that no fresh liquor shall be made, prepared or produced after eleven o'clock at night, and that every member shall be at liberty to retire at pleasure.

It is established as a rule of the society "that immediately after supper the ladies shall be toasted, before any other toasts or healths go round."

"Sederunt, June 18th, 1745. This night, the great cheese or bachelor's was produced upon a side-board. Passed into a law—that, if any subject of what nature soever be discussed which levels at party matters, or the administration of the government of this province, or be disagreeable to the club, no answer shall be given thereto, but after



THE USE OF A HOOD.

Tuesday Club



Sequitur D.D. Carolus Cole armiger.

CHARLES COLE, PRESIDENT OF THE TUESDAY CLUB.

such discourse is ended, the society shall laugh at the member offending in order to divert the discourse."

"June 25th, the *Gelastic Law* was this night put in execution against Mr. Secretary Marshe who got into a prolix harangue about the consciences of lawyers. Ordered that Mr. Secretary Marshe entertain this society upon Tuesday, the 2nd of July next ensuing."

Later, it is

"Resolved, that cheese is not any more to be deemed a dish of vittles. Therefore the use of it as such in the club is forbid."

As the society developed, the insignia of office and various adjuncts of ceremony were adopted. Badges of silver, double gilt and engraved with the device and motto of the society, were procured from London.

The entry is made that—

"Wm. Thornton Esq. on account of his uncommon talent in singing was by unanimous consent of the club appointed proto-musicus or chief musician and it is ordained that as often as he votes in club he is to sing his vote in a musical manner else it is to go for nothing, after which he has the privilege conferred on him of commanding any member of the club to sing after having first sung himself."

And here is

"The humble petition and remonstrance of sundry of the single females of Annapolis, sheweth, That whereas it has been observed by sundry per-

sons as well as your petitioners, that a singular and surprising success has all along attended such happy females as your honor has been pleased to pitch upon as the toasts of the honorable chair, every one of whom in a short time after having been adopted by your honor has successfully and happily been provided with a much more eligible state; your Petitioners Therefore earnestly pray that your honor instead of conferring your favors in so partial a manner, would in commiseration of our desperate situation include us *all* in the circle of favor that the benign influence of your honor's maritiferous notice may henceforth equally shine upon us all, which benevolent condescension in your honor will have a tendency to multiply the inhabitants of this city as well as to better our present situation. And your petitioners shall ever pray.

"To the honorable Charles Cole Esq., President of the most worshipful and ancient Tuesday Club.

"The honorable President was pleased to declare that he would grant this petition as far as lay in his power."

The anniversaries were occasions of great ceremony. The members, wearing their badges, proceeded to the house of the president. As they marched along in a solemn and stately manner they were honored by a great many spectators of all sorts and ranks, and when they came within twenty paces of the Honorable the president's gate His Honor made his appearance and did each member the honor of a salute by manuaquassation, upon which they halted a little and Jonas Greene, Esquire, holding up the anniversary ode in his right hand, waved it around his head in a very graceful manner by way of salutation to His Honor, who



The Supper in High Maccarty Esq; brought into Club as a move before the Honorable Mr President Cole.

made several low bows, which were respectfully returned by the master of ceremonies, Sir John, and the chancellor. Then His Honor, taking his place between the two last-named, the procession marched into His Honor's court-yard, the way being all strewed with flowers, and the ensign or flag displayed as usual. After some time sitting in the court-yard, the members assembled in His Honor's great saloon. As His Honor went to take the chair with a grand *pas*, a martial tune was played by the chief musician or proto-musicus, and he took the chair with a plaudite.

After the supper, of which the "outward decoration and apparatus was as elegant and harmonious as the inward rhetoric and eloquence of the club was uncommon," several loyal healths were drunk. Then they drank to the memory of the "South Sea Company," and sang "The Great Bell of Lincoln" and that favorite song, "The Hundreds of Drury."

A speech of a member having been thought unseasonable, assuming, and unpolite, the Gelastic law was put in force against him, the whole company being seized with a most vociferous and roaring laugh, in which the culprit himself joined with most prodigious force of lungs. But he, thinking to take the president upon his weak or blind side,—knowing his enthusiastic fondness for Old England and everything appertaining to that happy country,—he asked His Honor to favor him, at least for country's sake; that he was his countryman, and the only Englishman now in the club besides himself and His Honor's attorney, the rest of the members being either country-born or Scotsmen. To this His Honor made reply that "he set no value upon that, and that he always judged of a man by his behavior, and not by his country." This was an excellent sentiment, and came from His Honor unawares, he not being given to speak philosophically or justly when Old England was introduced into conversation, which shows that even resentment, at times, may make a man utter philosophical truths.

On issuing commissions to new members, January 30, 1749, it was "thought fit to affix seals of black wax upon the occasion of the day being the martyrdom of that blessed saint Charles I."

A motion being made to exclude the use of long pipes in the club, excepting the president's, the same was not assented to.

Mr. Jonas Greene, the printer of "The Maryland Gazette," in acknowledging the

honor of his admission to the club, says: "May good fellowship dispel every cloud that may threaten us, excepting only that of tobacco, the dear specific condensator of political conceptions." Although he advanced to high position in the club ("his titles were expressed in the manner of the ancient Romans, by five capital p's, P. P. P. P. P. importing sundry offices of trust and dignity, viz., poet, printer, punster, purveyor, and punch-maker"), yet he did not escape indictment, duly preferred in law Latin, and a formal trial and conviction. After reading the sentence, during which Jonas Greene, Esquire, stood up, his lordship knocked upon the table with a little mallet, after the manner of Sir Hugh McCarty, Esquire, lord president of the Monday club of New York, and this signal being given, the Sergeant-at-arms immediately took Jonas Greene, Esquire, into custody, and he was confined for a full half hour a languishing prisoner in a remote corner of the room, being deprived of all comfort and assistance from the sparkling and enlivening board—a woeful and lamentable spectacle, and a warning to all loyal members to be upon their good behavior.

These quaint and lively volumes are embellished with rude drawings, not without merit in their sense of character, and representing the most humorous and important events in the club's history, its anniversaries, its frolics and its disputes. There is a series of portraits of the members in which the likenesses are evidently in the words of a certain limner, "strong as pisin." We could quote songs and odes and acrostics to the president and officers, as well as eulogiums on deceased members, and an attack on Colley Cibber.

Could we ransack the old garrets of Annapolis and unravel the threads of social history hidden in musty packages of family letters, we might weave many a woof of time and renew the life of the dead people whose ghosts still walk, they say, the old halls and chambers. Or could the portraits speak and the bricks become loquacious, what scandals and gossips we could enjoy, if like old wine they had ripened in piquancy and gusto! When we consider to what dimensions a tale of yesterday expands, what a growth might we not expect of a scandal a hundred years old!

But the Annapolis of the past is no more. The contagion of progress and improvement is warring and winning against the old-time ways and manners and what might

have been said of its slumber even a few years ago is no longer true. In its days of slumber a naval commission reported: "A polar expedition is useless to determine the earth's axis; go to Annapolis rather. It should be called the pivot city. It is the center of the universe, for while all the world around it revolves it remains stationary." An account so recent and yet even now historical!

It would seem that in the element of smoke this rare old town was born, flourished, died and revived. The "noxious weed" was the source of its early wealth, the juices of Maryland's soil and the toil of Africa's children disappeared in clouds of tobacco smoke which returned to her in showers of gold. When England's oppression drove the townspeople to a vindication of their manhood the smoke of the "Peggy Stewart" attested their love of liberty; and but recently the revived Annapolis showed its abhorrence

of drunkenness by publicly burning in the market-place the contents of a groggery, the fumes of the alcohol mingling with the smoke of this vestal flame of temperance. Let us close the old volumes and enjoy in cogitation a pipe of Maryland tobacco.



COAT-OF-ARMS, ANNAPOLIS.

COLLEGE HAZING.

THE precise origin of college hazing, like the origin of many of the feudal customs of which it is a great-grandchild, is somewhat obscure. Undoubtedly, however, it sprang from those social distinctions which, as tares, were brought to the New World along with the seeds of political and religious liberty. In our colonial period, the graduated pyramid of social distinctions stood in the midst of every community: the ignorant served the educated class; the commercial, the professional; the poor, the rich; the younger brother, the elder; all with a sharpness of division between the servant and the served that is now seldom observed.

The social regimen of the colonial colleges was the copy of the social regimen of the community. Students were seated in recitation hall and chapel according to the social rank of their families; and the struggle for a high seat was more ardent than the present strife for high scholastic rank. The laws of the colleges—borrowed, to a certain extent, from the fagging and other laws of the English schools—assigned a subordinate social position to Freshmen, and made them a kind of feudal villain to the barons of the upper classes. As early as 1760, at Yale, it was enacted: "It being the duty of the Seniors to teach Freshmen the laws, usages,

and customs of the college, to this end they are empowered to order the whole Freshman class, or any particular member of it, to appear, in order to be instructed and approved, at such time and place as they shall appoint; when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all proper questions, and behave decently." "The Freshmen are forbidden to wear their hats in the college-yard until May vacation; and whenever a Freshman either speaks to a superior or is spoken to by one, he shall keep his hat off until he is bidden to put it on." "A Freshman shall not play with any members of an upper class without being asked." "Freshmen are obliged to perform all reasonable errands for any superior." "Freshmen shall not run in the college-yard, nor up and down stairs, nor call to any one through a college window." Similar restrictions binding the Freshmen are found among the "Ancient Laws and Liberties" of Harvard: "No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college-yard, unless it rains, hails, or snows; provided he be on foot, and have not both hands full." "Freshmen are to consider all the other classes as their Seniors." "No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there." "All