

## "ELKTON FIFTY YEARS AGO"

Written by William J. Jones, Esq.

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Some years ago, I was detained overnight by business at Atlantic City, N. J. and called on my friend Casper Morris and his excellent wife, I found Mrs. Morris keeping a large house for the entertainment of visitors to the seaside and that the house was called "Elkton by the Sea". She told me that persons often asked her what sort of a place is Elkton. It must have some wonderful charms about it that you cling so to its name.

It is an old straggling town on the banks of a bog marsh. Its streets are narrow and crooked and dirty. Its pavements are uneven and filled with holes where the rain and melting snow stands, and into which you stumble as you walk at night when the almanack says that there ought to be a moon but when in fact there is neither moon nor gas. And yet it is the best old place in the world and those who live there would not exchange it for the most elegant city on earth. I am reminded that I am to talk of Elkton, not of today, but of 50 years ago.

Before I attempt to give a picture of this let me revert to a few little incidents which bear date a little more than 50 years ago, and which are firmly fixed in my mind. In 1834 my father moved to a house in Back Street and there I saw at regular intervals, wooden stakes driven into the ground with red marks on them. I learned afterwards that in surveying for the Delaware and Maryland Railroad engineers had run an experimental line or survey along Back Street and these were the stakes they had driven.

Before the R. R. was built mails and passengers to and from between Philadelphia and Baltimore were taken by steamboat between New Castle and Philadelphia, by railroad between Frenchtown and New Castle, and by boat between Baltimore and Frenchtown, but for two or three months in the Winter Jack Frost stopped the steamboat wheels and the mails and passengers were carried by stage.

The passenger coaches were lumbering, clumsy vehicles, but the fast mail stage might have been worshipped without idolatry for it was like nothing in the Heavens above, the Earth beneath, or the Waters under the Earth. It was a painted pine box about the length and breadth of an ordinary farm wagon, about three feet high in front and sloping down to say two feet at the back. This box was filled with mail bags and covered with a sort of oil cloth. Gum Cloth was not heard of at that day. Across the top of this box about one third of the way from the front was a seat holding two or three persons and here those whose business required extra rapid travelling were allowed to ride, by paying an extra price. The driver's seat was on the front and by his side set the Guard, for those were the days when mails were robbed on the highway. Among us boys the most marvellous tales were told about the armament which this guard was supposed to carry. Double barreled horse pistols, a dozen or more,

dirks, cutlasses without number, and finally a blunderbuss. What a blunderbuss was none of us knew, but I think the popular impression was a shot gun, the barrel of which grew larger and larger toward the muzzle until it was as big as a hat, so as to slaughter a whole gang of robbers at a single shot. To see this fast mail dashing down Main Street drawn by four horses at full gallop the driver and Guard and two or three passengers in their seats was a sight which requires more than fifty years to effact from the memory.

But the stakes with the red Hieroglyphics, the fast mail stage and even the blunderbuss all paled into insignificance when one Sunday afternoon in Winter of 1836-7 the first locomotive came to Elkton from Wilmington. Compared with those which we see every day without giving them the slightest notice, this locomotive was as a childs toy cart to the largest road wagon, but to the gaping crowd of people who assembled on that Sunday afternoon it was a wonderful structure, indeed.

As illustrating the little communication which existed between places only a few miles apart--as we count miles now--let me relate this incident. The year 1837 was a year of great financial depression. Silver and gold were not to be had except at a premium and to supply change many of the cities and some of the towns and even private individuals issued notes of five to fifty cents which went by the general name of shinplasters. Those issued by the City of Wilmington were regarded with the most favor, but all at once there appeared a series of well printed notes of twenty-five and fifty cents, purporting to have been issued by the City of Frederick. By some means the extraordinary safety of these notes was fully impressed on the community and for a month or two they were eagerly accepted by the people as the very best of money. One day a circus came to Elkton and these notes were offered to and refused by the door keepers, they declaring that they, but a week or so before had this show in Frederick and that no such notes had been offered. Some of the citizens at once took steps to find out the truth of the matter and it was ascertained that Frederick City had never issued any notes and that the money which had been so popular for months was bogus.

Nor must it be supposed that with the completion of the railroad that lightning trains were at once put in operation. My first ride in a railroad car was made to Baltimore in the winter of 1840-41, after the road had been in operation over three years. We left Elkton at 4 A.M. and reached Baltimore at 8, returning left Baltimore at 4 P. M. and arrived home at eight in the evening. This was the regular scheduled time and there were no palace cars.

To give you anything like an accurate picture of Elkton 50 years ago I must ask you to follow me carefully as I pass down Main Street dividing it into blocks as I go.

1. The eastern portion of the town from the Eastern limit to the present residence of Wm. H. Eder (Dr. W. T. Morrison).

The house now occupied by the Misses Lort (Mary C. Haines) was the first one on the Eastern limit of the town (The Bratton home,

then Henderson's was not in the town limits). Passing down the North side of the street the first building after leaving the Lort house was where John T. Brown's (Mackey House) residence now stands, and which belonged to John A. Johnson. The next was an old frame house where now stands the dwelling of Henry M. Gilpin called the Anderson house. Then the Presbyterian Church, not the present one, but a very plain structure which was built about 1836. There was an old frame stable where the residence of Co. Evans (Cadmus Price) now stands and the ground now covered by the handsome dwellings of Henry R. Torbert (E. Kirk Brown) and R. C. Levis was occupied by one Robert Johns, with a little grocery store, the principal stock being common whiskey and Yankey rum, which he retailed at afippenny bit (6 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents) per pint. Where Nicholas Manley's (P. Harrison) house now stands was a vacant lot, but Dr. Jones dental rooms and the houses now occupied by George A. Blake, Miss Mary Biddle and Mrs. McGradey (Sterling Evans, Benjamin Wilson and Skillman) were there fifty years ago. The three last named were called Kanes row and the narrow street running north from Main Street was Kanes Lane (Church Street), so called for a little man named John Kane who was the father of Mrs. Eliza Cloud whom many of you remember.

We will now cross the street and go up town again, but I promise you our walk in that direction will be very short. There were one or two small houses just East of the Alley (Gas House Hill) which goes down the hill by Joseph Wells' (A. Cameron) provision store. Where Samuel J. Keys (Satterfield) now has his pretty house stood the most forlorn and wreched looking building your eyes ever fell on called the Barnes house. Its history was a sad one but let it pass. The next house is a very old one. It was known by the name of the Ash house (Miss Willie Davis) and was occupied by the grandfather of our Joshua Ash. Next came the two crooked houses (Miss Mary Strickland) which adjoin the street leading to the cemetery, and that was the eastern limit of the built up portion of Main Street on the South side. The long line of handsome houses commencing with that of Joseph Wells (Mrs. G. R. Ash) and ending with that of W. B. Smith (Henry Warburton) near the creek, had no existence 50 years ago. Indeed I think there was not a house there until after I was a man. I remember well that as late as 1853 Thomas Howard, the father of Jacob and Taylor, raised 42 bushels of wheat to the acre on this land.

Resuming our walk at Kanes' Lane let us look at that part of the town between that point and the Court House. The first house on the north side was where John Anthony (J. E. Gonce) now lives. It was always called the Black Rock. This was the old stone house on the other side of the street opposite Capt. Really's provision store where the best tenant houses in the town. If a well off and aristocratic young man married a well off and aristocratic young lady he always tried to rent either the Black Rock or the Harding House. The bank Building (Henry Mitchell) was a bank building more than 50 years ago but with the failure of the Bank of Maryland about 1836 it was taken by Col. Groome as a law office and when he married he occupied it as a residence. The residence of James T. McCullough (Mrs. C. M. Boulden)

has changed but little except that the boxwood is higher. The lot on which now stands the residence of Mrs. Groome (M. E. Church House) was occupied by two old frame houses, painted a Pennsylvania Dutch Red. The Jones House was 50 years ago one of Elkton's handsome houses and the front door which was painted in imitation of mahogany was to my boyish eyes a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I can see it plainly now as I did fifty years ago. The next house, where Jacob Rambo now lives, was a high toned Hotel of Elkton, the "Fountain Inn". A fire occurred there about 1836. Small boys did not run the streets in those days and I know only what my father told me when he came home. It was the usual story of wild excitement, carrying feather beds down stairs and throwing looking glasses and other chamber articles out the second story window. Another thing my father told me was that the fire engine did most effective work in putting out the fire, that it alone prevented the total destruction of the building, but that he had nearly killed himself helping to work it. It is the same machine which has stood by us in so many trying emergencies since that time, and whose old age we have recently honored by building a handsome hall, where it may repose.

The changes between the old Hotel and the house which juts too far into the street are so recent to need notice, Where John Perkins (Lyons Pharmacy and A. Vic Davis) now does business was the store of William Torbert and he occupied the part where Frager's Drug Store now is as a counting room and men's wear department. At a later date he added a three cornered transparency with "Ice Cream" on it. Since that day I have eaten ice cream of many flavors made by the most celebrated confectioners, but never any that compared with what I ate at Mr. Jones's store on a Fourth of July one or two years ago, when I and another boy scraped up six cents and bought a fippenny bit plate with two spoons in it. It was flavored with lemon, vanilla had not yet been imported into Elkton. On the other side of the street, Jamison's Stove Store (Elkton Gas Co.) was Parker's Drug Store. Three Parkers in succession kept it. Caleb, Fielder and Charles. They now lie side by side in the old graveyard on Back (High) Street. Where Levis' (Gonce) glass front now stands was a one story shop occupied by Kincade and McCrea, sadler's and harness makers. Mr. McCrea was a superior saddle maker, he was the grandfather of Harry the tinner and sexton of the Presbyterian Church. There is some change in the other buildings on the South side of the street before you reach the old stone house but not enough to require notice. In one of these, I think where Mrs. Nelson's (Haney) millinery store now is, lived a maiden lady, Miss Sallie Hamilton. She was a milliner, but she was a versatile genius and kept a few books for the very small children. From where the store house of Mr. Boulden (George's Hardware Store) now stands there was a frame granery for storing various things too bulky to be kept in Torbert's store, and there was also the horse rack and block where both males and females might get on or off their horses. Carriages were not plentiful in or about Elkton fifty years ago, and the horse rack and block were necessary appendages to every store. Let us cross the street at the Court House and go up town again on the South side. Ball's (New Central Restaurant) clothing house

was then Hyland's store, and the space between that and Dean's was the granery and the horse rack and block. I mean where Dr. Mitchell's (Elkton Bakery) drug store and Mrs. Litzenberg's (A. & P. Store) store and residence now are. The front of Frazer (C. Jeffers) building and indeed all of the buildings between it and Levis (Gonce) store have been improved and raised a story higher. Alriches (Jeffers) jewelry store was the office of the "Cecil Gazette", the only newspaper in town and yet the people did not think they were happy. Where Heckt (Minster) now dispenses the ardent, Mr. Ellis Jones kept a fruit and confectionery store. He was the father of Mrs. Nelson and Miss Martha and Tabitha Jones. I remember his sign as well as if I had seen it yesterday, Fruit, Cakes, Confectionary, Cigars, Castile Soap and Toys. The story of the death of Cock Robin could be bought there for one cent, a little more than fifty years ago.

Where Frank Kerr (Mrs. News Lucas) Now is was for many years the post office. Adam Whann, Postmaster. There the old stage coach delivered its mails after winter. There the town people went to gossip and talk politics and there occurred the only tragedy that Elkton ever had, Next to the old stone house opposite Captain Really's store was Jake Anderson with his strange medley of Barber Shop, Oyster House, Cakes, candies and fruit. His wife made and Jake sold a superior article of Honey Cakes which took a great many of my pennies. I will speak of Jake more at length when I come to notice the celebrities of Elkton fifty years. A short distance above Anderson's was a little building where Mrs. Harding and Miss Giles, Aunt of our Billy, kept school. I shall have something to say about that when I come to speak of the high pranks of Elkton's young men of ye olden time. Next above it were the coach shop of William and George Mahon. On the lot where William K. Wright's (Harry Henry) residence now stands, fifty years ago lived Mr. Giles, father of Billy, and I think it probable that here our Billy first saw the light. I must mention one little incident at this point to show the force of inherited. Old Mr. Giles moved away from this house about 1839. He was succeeded by a man named Taylor, of whom I was as a boy very fond. I sometimes went to see him and his family and I well remember.

This Joseph Mahan lived in a house which stood where James P. Merritt (Alagia's new residence). He was a man of mark in his day in Elkton and I may have something more to say of him. Let us now return to the Court House and resume our walk down Main Street. The Howard House (Howard Hotel). When I first remember it the proprietor was Roland Ellis, father of Francis A. Ellis, but that was more than fifty years ago. It was a famous hotel but never in my day quite came up, in reputation, to the Fountain Inn. The old house had porches both on Main & North Streets. After awhile it fell into decay and the leaky character of the roof, by which guests were sometimes treated to a shower bath gave it the name of the "Ocean House". It was finally purchased by Jacob C. Howard and Dr. Mitchell and a new house was erected about thirty-six years ago. The little building where Groves has a provision store, stood I think originally on North Street, about where Mr. Thackery's office now is, it was the old Democrat Office now belonging to Jim Karaganis, The little frame building was moved

to Main Street just below the Howard House where Jake Sigman has his store now, After its removal to its present location it was occupied for a time by Mr. F. A. Ellis and afterwards by James Henry Jamar.

From the Hotel property down to the lot now occupied by Marshbanks' furniture store, the ground was occupied by the residence of Moses Scott. I shall speak more fully of them when I come to notice the business of Elkton. The site of Marshbank's (Pippin) store was occupied by one of the oddest little frame buildings ever seen in Elkton or anywhere else, and was known as Lidy Galloways house, and on the corner, now vacant was the bakery of one John Stymus. He was the first man in Elkton who ever sold ten gingerbread for a fip. He commenced business in an old log house on Bow Street-so prosperous, he also made small beer fresh every day, and sold it for three cents a quart. Three or four apprentice boys in the hollow would chip in and raise a levy penny bit (or as they called it short a levy) and have a big treat of fresh gingerbread and small beer. I think it was between the Stymus and Ellis Jones it is an open question as to which is entitled to the priority of invention in making Ice Cream for sale. From Bow Street down to including Dr. Ellis' (Reginald Constable) residence the houses, though much improved, are the same as stood there 50 years ago, except the eastern addition to the house lately occupied by Hon. Hiram McCullough ( ), There stood a frame building which in my early days was occupied by an Irishman who was always known as Bolly Johnson the porter seller. Beyond Dr. Ellis' there was the Episcopal Church and the present residence of Mrs. George Howard, Then the home of Col. Samuel Hollingsworth.

There were about eight houses in Little Elk, all of which but three, remain to this day. Of the eight, two were grocery stores, the principal articles of merchandise being whiskey. One gentlemen from up town always bought his old rye from one of these stores, and when setting it out to his friends invariably accompanied the act with the remark "that ought to be good old rye for I paid twenty cents a gallon for it. One family of three brothers lived about a mile or so from town, swallowed, in the shape of this old rye, a farm of three or four hundred acres heavily timbered.

As we walk up town from Little Elk we must be very careful as we cross Ben's Gut, not only because the foot bridge is very narrow, a single log cut from Col. Hollingsworth woods with probably only a piece of broken hand rail on one side, but there are stories of ghosts that haunt Ben's Gut as well as authenticated as those relating to the Ford of the River Doon near "Alloway auld haunted Kirk".

My father told me this true story of the Ghost he saw there. Before he was married he had his shop in Little Elk and boarded up town. One night he had worked till near midnight and as he approached Ben's Gut ~~saw~~ could not keep the ghost stories he had heard out of his mind, when to right at the edge of the gut there was a white object about the size of a man prostrate on the ground. Frightened nearly to death and with just sense enough left to know if it were a man he must not be left there, he wakened up the people in one of the houses

and two or three went to investigate the Ghost. It proved to be a man with nothing on him but a white shirt and drawers and stockings. Life was not quite extinct, they took him to shop and kindled a roaring fire, but the poor man died in a short time. He had probably escaped from some asylum and fell exhausted at this spot. My father told me he never passed Ben's Gut in after years without seeing that poor man lying there in his white shirt and drawers.

In our walk from Ben's Gut to Withworth's (Davis Supply Co.) corner fifty years ago we were not assailed with the smell from Singlerly Pulp Works or Scott's Bone Mill and there was not a house on the way except the one standing back on the Green then occupied by Jacob C. Howard, the Lumber King of this section of the country. Withworth's was then the corner store, a noted dry goods and grocery store kept by Greenbury and James D. Purnell. From there to where Mrs. Young ( ) now lives there has been no changes except Roger Witworth's handsome brick building. Henry Tamar, the grandfather of our Dr. John H. and Reuben E. on the site of Mrs. Young's house had a blacksmith and wheelwright shop.

My father moved to this house in 1837 and a small <sup>boy</sup> I was sent sometimes to Partridge's or rather to Miss Betsy Hollingsworth's for milk, I heard there the first music from a piano. I think there were only two others in the town. We will walk to the next house standing over the old spring, (vacant now, where J. Powell has a foundation for a building) very much as it does now, except that there was a sort of a platform on the west and south sides where carriages newly painted were left to dry. David Alexander, the father of Mrs. Benjamin Wells and Mrs. W. H. Eder, was a coach maker. We will get a drink of water from the old spring (now dried up) the best water in town and then look a while at Mr. Justus Dunbar, father of William and Morris, as he turns bed posts and table legs on a foot lathe. He did a large business as a cabinet maker and made honest work. I have an old sideboard and a table in my house now made by him more than fifty years ago. His shop and the chair shop of one William Cowden and John Johnson's tailor shop stood where the Falls Hotel (Elkton Hotel) now is only a little back from the street on ground some eight or ten feet lower than the street. The site of Quecks Bakery (New York Restaurant) was the carriage shop of James Morrow, where George Wells learned his trade, and the next where Long's house (Stanley & Lydia Reynolds) now is was old Miss Polly Shumiser's cake shop. Back of these last two buildings were the remnants of an old Tannery. One night in the summer of 1838 a drunken chair maker who worked for Cowden accidentally set fire to his shop, old tannery and half burned Miss Polly Shumiser's cake shop. The old engine was still at the front, and with men working her and the women to carry the water the fire was stopped. Houses on the other side of the street were ignited, burning shingles, but Elkton Pluck and Elkton Luck and the old engine gained the victory.

Bennett's store (Tony Williams) is the site of the Old Log Cabin which the Whigs built in 1840. I remember well when the logs were

when the logs were brought to town amid shouts of "Tippecanoe and Tyler". They were cut in the woods of Henry H. Gilpin where McKelvey (Red House Farm) now lives. He was a royal Whig and gave the logs, what a pity his sons were all Democrats), and Major Edward Wilson gave the use of the land. It was a rainy day but all the Whigs in town and surrounding county turned out. Gilpin gave them something to wet the inside and when they came into town I tell you they made things lively. Bennett's provision department (Wm. Realey) was built for a law office for James Henry Jamar. Next came Rickett's row. The Wilkinson House (Sam Harris) was the grocery store of one William Knotts and the Pavard (Elkton Shoe Hospital) and Dean Store (Candyland) were private dwellings. (Hells Kitchen was the lower floor where Sam Harris is). This embraces Main Street, and as I have taken you along I have prattled so much I fear you are tired. So I beg of you to sit down while I tell you something of the town generally on other lines. Fifty years ago there was a small patch of pavement in front of the corner store now Roger Witworth's (Davis Supply Store) and the front steps of the Court House to the front door of the same, another in front of the house now occupied by Mrs. James T. McCullough (Mrs. C. M. Boulden). I think I am safe in saying there was not another.

There were a few side walks made of oak logs for curb and filled in with gravel but even these, wet weather and especially the frost coming out of the ground in the spring made shoe top deep in mud. There was a whale oil lamp or candle in a glass lantern at each of the Hotels on Main Street; one at an ~~outer~~ cellar nearly opposite the Fountain Inn, one at Jake Anderson's and a candle in a muslin transparency in the summer time at Ellis Jones Ice Cream Salon, perhaps a similar one at Stymus's. There were no other street lights in the town and when we remember that the lights in the houses and stores were either whale oil lamps or Tallow candles you will see that Elkton was not brilliantly illuminated at night fifty years ago.

The Elkton of today is a well shaded town and its trees and flowers in its front yards constitute its beauty if beauty it has. I think I can name pretty much all the trees in Elkton fifty years ago. There was a black walnut about where the office of Singerly's Pulp Mill now stands. The Honey Locust in Dr. Ellis's yard were there; on the edge of the side walk, or say eight or ten feet from the yard fence, there was a row of Lombardy Poplars which were then rapidly decaying and were soon cut down. There was a small tree with red berries in the yard of Dr. Evans where Mrs. Evans now resided (The Progressive Club), and possibly there may have been one or two locusts also there. There was a weeping willow about where Alex. Sowers (Albert Alexander) Barber Shop now stands. The Pine tree in Mrs. McCullough (Mrs. C. M. Boulden) yard was there then. A choke pear tree stood about where W. S. Evans house now stands, a weeping willow stood at the corner of the house where Giles now lives (Cor North and Whig Street) and a magnificent Lombardy Poplar in the Academy; there were two or three elms in the Presbyterian Yard and one in Back (High) Street near where Alfred Cole (Mrs. Birt Green) now lives,

but the worms attacked them and they were cut down. I may have missed some but except here and there a tree in a back yard or away from the street I can call to mind no others.

Anything like a handsome flower yard such as you see in all parts of the town now, unknown fifty years ago. Miss Hetty Duke, Old Mrs. Morgan, mother of Dunbar and Margaret, Mrs. Jacob C. Howard, mother of Mrs. Tuite, and Mrs. George R. Howard, grandmother of Geo. R. Ash and the Misses Ash, were great lovers of flowers, and made a great deal of beauty out of the stock then known; but the hearts of these ladies would rejoice if they could come back and see the magnificent rows, the glorious scarlet geraniums and the profusion of bloom of every shade and color that we now have.

The planting of shade trees in Elkton ran, if I may so term it, in schools. We began on the paper mulberry, but it was soon discarded, then came the Ailanthus, and next in order the silver poplar. These gave way about 1852 to the silver maple. James S. Purnell built the house where Wm. S. Evans now resides and induced the County Commissioners to appropriate \$50.00 and he planted the trees in the Court House Yard and on the east side of North Street. This started the planting of maples.

A German brought to Elkton a large stock of fine roses about 1848 and sold them at auction; this gave an impetus to flowers in front yards. The German florist amused our people very much by calling out, as each rose was put up for sale "Dis rose, ladies and shentlemen is a berbetual ploomer."

The father of the Bar was Col. John C. Groome, not only in seniority but nearly all the other lawyers then, and for many years afterwards, had read law in his office. He often had as many as three or four students at a time. His library was not only the best but almost the only one in town worth calling a library. Next in age was Francis A. Ellis, a man of far better legal mind than ever had credit for among outsiders, and who, as I have heard Col Groome say lost the opportunity to build up a lucrative office practice by accepting positions which took him out of his profession. Augustus Miller, uncle of John M. Miller, came next in point of age. Then Hiram McCullough, James Henry Jamar and Henry C. Mackall, Albert Constable, father of the present Albert and afterwards Judge of the Judicial Circuit was a Cecil County Lawyer, but I think never had an office in Elkton. He was, however, generally retained on one side or the other of almost every important case. Two other lawyers came to Elkton some time prior to 1840, R. C. Holliday and Amor T. Forward. Mr. McCullough had died so recently that I need say very little about him. I remember when he was a very unattractive speaker, but he came to be, as we all know, one of the most effective lawyers that appealed before a jury at the bar. His genial disposition made him hose of friends and his clear and hard common sense gave him a big practice. Mr. Mackall was one of the hardest workers I have ever known and was thoroughly grounded in his profession. Miller was an elegant gentlemen, polished in his manners and had a fine practice, He

died when I was a small boy, but I owe him a great deal for some notice he took of me and some good advice he gave me. Mr. Constable was unquestionably a great lawyer and to this should be added he was an upright Judge. Jamar was in many respects a brilliant man, a beautiful speaker and in a purely jury case was very effective. But he had no taste for his profession and was a political leader by instinct. I shall speak of him later when I come to talk of Elkton politics. Holliday was an industrious, upright, honorable gentleman, but his manners were not popular and he never had any practice worth speaking of. Forward was an impulsive and in some respects a generous man. But he lacked principle, was undisciplined and violent and came to a violent death.

The physicians of fifty years ago were Dr. Amos A. Evans and Dr. Charles W. Parker. An older Dr. Parker was a fine physician with a very large practice but I only know of him by hearing my parents speaking of him. The younger man had very delicate health and gave his attention principally to his drug store. Of Dr. Evans, I can scarcely trust myself to speak. I owe him so much, and my love for him was so deep, that were I to express just what I feel in regard to him it might seem like adulation. Dr. Evans was surgeon and afterwards fleet surgeon in the United States Navy. He was on the Constitution in her memorable fight with the British frigate Guerriere. His great ability was recognized in the most flattering manner by the Congress of the United States, and whatever induced such a man to give up the splendid career which was open to him and settle down in a little, dull, dirty town such as Elkton must have been when he located here passes comprehension. Here he came however and literally gave himself to the people of the town, and surrounding country, for about thirty years. No night was too dark, no cold too severe, no storm too violent to deter him when human suffering appealed to him. He lived plainly, raised a small family and raised them most economically, and died worth about six thousand dollars after his thirty years of incessant toil and hardship. No only was he ready at every call for professional aid, but his hand was open for every charitable object. He took the deepest interest in everything relating to the welfare of the town and its people. In promoting education, in suggestions for the health of the town, in upholding a high standard of morals and in active condemnation of vice and immorality he was the foremost man in the town. His innate sense of justice made him shudder at some phases of slavery and he gained among a certain class the name of abolitionist. He was not, however, so in the sense in which that term was used in that day.

Next the preachers. Methodism was represented by a very able men from 1838 to 1842. John B. Haganny, who I think married a sister of Mrs. Reuben D. Jamar was a powerful preacher and afterwards filled the best churches of Philadelphia and New York. Edwin James was the brother of Bishop James. He was a gentle persuasive and altogether different from Haganny, but more effective. A great revival of religion took place while he was here. The Church on Back Street, lately occupied by the Free Methodists, and now by the colored people. At that time it was

only about two thirds of its present size and this seat is one of the pews. Methodism was very plain fifty years ago.

The Presbyterian Church had Rev. James McIntire for its minister. He was educated in New England and a graduate of one of its best theological seminaries, an able preacher and took a deep interest in everything relating to morals and education. He took great interest in young people and was always ready with a word of encouragement for those who showed any disposition to do well.

The Episcopal Church had for its rector in 1840 one Dr. Moron but he never was a resident of Elkton only came here to hold service on Sunday, but in 1841 Rev. Lloyd Goldsborough was elected. Mr. Goldsborough was a polished gentleman and a warm hearted man, of very decided convictions and one of his convictions was that the certificate of the Protestant Episcopal Church was the only one which St. Peter would recognize in the day of final accounts. Of course he was High Church and many of his convictions were not. This caused more or less friction and many amusing anecdotes were told in relation thereto. I should fail to give a correct view of the preachers if I left out Rev. William Duke. He was a low church Episcopalian and built a little church for himself. He was the last of the old school; wore long waistcoats and knee breeches. Like the old man who is described by Shakespeare "His youthful hose were a world too wide for his shrunken shank". A story told me by James McIntire will illustrate the exceeding slimness of the lower limbs. A wagoner from the country had run against his fence, the old preacher came out to remonstrate with him when the wagoner broke out with "go in the house or I will take one of these rye straws and break your legs". He disliked all big yarns and was not slow in stating his unbelief. One day when Dr. Joseph Wallace told him of a very large catfish he had seen caught in the Mississippi River Mr. Duke expressed his doubt by saying "well, Joseph, people who travel see strange sights". The Doctor was much hurt at the doubt thus cast on his truthfulness and seeing in a newspaper a short time afterwards an account of a still larger catfish he hastened to show the paragraph to Mr. Duke, the old man read it with ill concealed unbelief and then quietly remarked "and Joseph, I don't believe all I read in the newspapers, either".

Of course, I have no statistice of the business of the town in former years, and it may be that distance lends enchantment to the view, but I verily believe that the merchants of Elkton brought nearly if not quite as much merchandise to the town fifty years ago as they do now. If you ask me how this can be with the population doubled and the county better off and more thickly settled, I answer there were no cheap fares or excursion tickets on the railroads, and no John Wanamaker's flaming advertisements to excite the minds of the people. They stayed at home and bought what they needed at their own stores. A very large business was down in sale of lumber by Jacob C. Howard and John A. Johnson, both of whom became quite wealthy men. I have seen the creek above and below the bridge more than a quarter of a mile in all filled with rafts of lumber and ark loads of shingles. The people came here from as far as New London in Pennsylvania and Newark and surrounding towns in Delaware

and it was no unusual thing to see ten or a dozen four-horse teams a day taking lumber out of Elkton. Moses Scott and Henry Jamar made pretty much all the cart and wagons, plows and harrows and cultivators which were used in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, besides supplying the home demand. William Calvert employed from four to six hands making hats, Justus Dunbar made more furniture in any one year than is made in Elkton in five years. My father and the Crouches, Enoch and Thomas, kept from ten to fifteen men employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes. There were no ten hours for a day's work with mechanics of fifty years ago. They began work at six in the summer and seven in the winter and worked as long as they could see. Beginning with the night after the October Election, mechanics in shops worked till eight o'clock and this was kept up till the 17th of March; but all apprentices had a week's holiday at Christmas.

From private business to politics the transition is easy. Elkton was always chock full of politics I know it. Besides the usual antagonism between the parties Whigs and Democrats, each of these, then as now, were divided into factions. The Whig party was always very respectable. It held respectable primaries, the chairman appointed four or five respectable delegates and these in County conventions nominated a very respectable ticket which was year after year respectable beaten. When James H. Jamar entered public life he broke up all this. As I have said in another place he was a born politician, and played the game to win. He traveled the county, picked out energetic men, and imbued them with the idea that they had been kept under foot by what he styled the Baltimore Court House Clique. These leaders were Col. Groome, George R. Howard, Dr. Evans, James Sewall and others, and when the day for the primaries arrived and the usual motion was made the appointments of Delegates by the Chairman, Jamar's men were on hand, voted down the motion and went into ballot. Of course, the young Whigs won and the Court House Clique were nowhere. He nominated Dr. Charles Parker for the House of Delegates and elected him. In 1840, under the inspiration of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Log Cabins and Hard Cider, Coon Skins and Campaign songs, the party solidified, nominated George R. Howard for the Senate and Jamar men for other places on the ticket and carried the County triumphantly.

In 1842 the Whigs again buried their factional quarrels and elected Edward L. Ford, the uncle of our Samuel, over Lambert W. Biddle. Forward and William Knight were also beaten for the legislature by -- --

-- and Billey Biles, the old war horse of the Fourth District, was beaten by Ben. Cowan, an independent candidate for County Commissioner which gave occasion for this doggeral (torn off)

But the truce did not last long. In 1844 Pratt, who was a Court House Clique man, was elected Governor and Jamar was a candidate for the appointment of Register of Wills, then ~~opposed by Dr. Evans~~, in the hands of the Governor. He was bitterly opposed by Dr. Evans, Col. Groome and all the Clique men. Col. Howard himself wanted the office and Pratt had undoubtedly made up his mind to appoint him at the last of the session

when his presence in the Senate was no longer necessary to the success of the Governor's financial measures for the preservation of the State's credit. But the popular feeling was so strong in favor of Jamar that Pratt was compelled to appointment, assured, it was said that the Senate would not confirm him. The sequel confirmed this belief; Jamar was not confirmed, Howard was nominated in the last days of the session, having first sent in his resignation as Senator, and his brother Whig Senators confirmed him. Jamar had many friends in the Senate, but Caucus was King, and he went under. If any of your astute politicians of this day can beat that for a nice, clean job, I would like to see it. Jamar had his revenge, however, at a later date when under the Constitution of 1850 he was appointed to the office by the (torn off), who treated him with the utmost fairness. My own opinion is while Jamar had no love for Groome or Veagey, he was too smart to allow himself to deal falsely and as Veagey was pitted against Dr. Mitchell for Clerk his defeat is easily attributable to other causes.

The Democrats did not have much harmong in their councils than the Whigs. The McCulloughs, William, George and Hiram, Danial McCauley and Robert M. Walmsley ruled the party with a pretty high hand and every disappointed office seeker attributed his failure to the McCullough Clique or, as some of them phrased it, the Gravelly Hill Clan. George and William McCauley and Robert Walmsley each held the Office of Sheriff. George, Clerk of the County Court, Hiram was sent to the Senate of Maryland, after Howard's resignation, and it is not much wonder that there were sore headed Damocrats. When Harvey D. Miller died there was a scramble for the office of Register of Wills, the Democratec Governor then in power having the appointment. The McCullough candidate, William Gilpin, was appointed, and one of the disappointed ones vested his spleen in a very bad rhyme. I only remember a part of one of the verses.

"There's the fat Ex-Dan of the Gravelly Can  
With all his with and cunning,  
And George B. McC. like him would be  
But ignorance has outdown him."

Handbills (Called broadsides) and Rhymes were favorite political weapons fifty years ago.

The campaign of 1844 produced great excitement in Elkton. The State elections in the various states were held before the Presidential election and ever the vote for President was cast on different days in different states. Lousianna was one of the doubtful states that voted in July. The first news was favorable to the Democrats and they fired an old cast iron four pounder, one of the relics of the War of 1812. Prominent among the rejoicing party was Samuel Delhaven, the father of the late Mrs. William Falls, and after the firing the gun was taken to his hotel yard to be ready for the next good news. But soon the true return came in, the Whigs had carried the State and immediately the Elkton Club began to hunt the gun. Delhaven, by the help of an old half witted servant, Gillie Evans, had gurried it to the wood house and covered it with chips and cord wood. But of course there was no defeating that wild, shouting throng of Whigs,

led by a man like John P. Bennett and the gun unearthed and carried off and made to do service in emphasizing the victory in Louisiana. An amusing piece of doggerel was made on this incident, some scraps of which I remember.

"The Whigs were hunting for the gun  
Says Sam "My boys, I spoil your fun,  
To find that gun you'll not be able  
For Gillie hid it in the stable"

The gun was found and the Whigs yelled;  
"Oh, Lord, says Sam, what a great fuss,  
They're crying out unanimous  
They've got that gun I do declare  
The Gillie swore it was'nt there.

The Whigs they got old Sammy's cannon  
And made it roar for Louisiana  
This made old Sammy very sick  
He took to chewing a hickory stick."

Delhaven was a character in his way. As kind hearted as his daughter, Mrs. Falls, he was an ardent Democrat and reckless of the Queen's English. One of his favorite expressions was "The Dimicrates, sir, are carrying the County unanimous". The play of this his favorite word in the rhyme gave it especial point and was greatly relished at the time.

During the fortys there was an exciting election every two years for County Commissioners. Each District, seven in number at that time, elected a commissioner. Three districts were certainly Democratic and three as certainly Whig. The Elkton District was the battle ground. The Democrats had a majority of about seventy in the District if they got the doubtful vote. Colonizing was also largely resorted to, that is bringing Democratic votes from the Fourth District and Whig voters from the Fifth. The chief test of residence was where the voter had his washing done. A man might work in Port Deposit or Sassafras Neck but if he had his washing done in Elkton and came home on Sundays or even once a month for clean clothing he was a voter here. There was no registry law and the washing business was always very flourishing a month or so before the election. I remember a very exciting contest when Robert M. Walmsley who then had Vinsinger's Mill, was the Democratic, and John P. Bennett, the Whig Candidate. One old fellow came up to vote and was asked where he lived? At Bob's Mill. Where do your board? At Bob's Mill. Where do you get your washing done? At Bob's Mill. Men were cooped up for days before the election and were brought up in gangs to vote. Bribery was openly resorted to, and it was notorious that in a poll of 500 or 600 votes not less than 75 men were influenced by money. At this election between Walmsley and Bennett there were three fellows who held out for \$15.00 each. About an hour before the polls closed the question among the Whigs was should they pay this sum and so secure the votes. The vote of the district was all in except these three, both parties knew the

thing was very close, but the Democrats relied on their majority and refused to pay the price. Jamar was called in for consultation. He at once exclaimed "Buy them, why blank it, certainly buy them". His orders were obeyed and these three pure patriots voted the Whig ticket. Bennett was elected by a majority of six. If these fellows had voted for the Democrats there would have been a tie. It was wonderful how thoroughly honorable men forsake their sense of propriety in regard to bribery of votes. Sam'l. Miller, the father of our Samuel H. was an earnest Democrat. In his neighborhood lived a little old chap by the name of Darius Simpers who had swallowed nearly all his patrimony in the form of Little Elk Whiskey, but was still a Whig. He had a few sheep on his bare acres but the dogs had killed his buck. He went to Mr. Miller to buy one with the promise to pay out of his next year's lambs but the story was that Miller told him to take the buck if he would vote the Democratic ticket. Whether true or not it set the rhymers to work, who ground out a verse something like the following:-

"There's Uncle Sammy Miller he is not very Pious  
But he offered a ram to Little Darius,  
The ram was old and not very fat  
And Darius went home with a snake in his hat".

Any account of Elkton politics would be incomplete without some reference to Palmer C. Ricketts, the founder of the Cecil Whig. I think Mr. Ricketts cast his first vote in 1840. He was very active in that campaign and organized a Harrison and Tyler Club, which I think he called the Big Elk Club. This Club took part in the procession at the Monster Mass Meeting held in Elkton that year, and I remember the banner well trimmed with evergreen. He attracted the attention of some of the prominent Whigs and after the election they determined to have a newspaper and urged him to be its editor. There had been a paper at Port Deposit called the Port Deposit Rock, but it had failed, and the press and types were for sale. Those were purchased, the log cabin of which I have spoken was fitted up and the "The Cecil Whig" was issued thence, the first number August 7, 1841. The name was probably adopted from the motto on the banner carried by a delegation from this County in the great Whig convention which nominated Harrison and Tyler in May 1840. The motto was "Whig of Cecil, often beaten, never conquered".

No better selection for an editor of a Whig paper in Cecil County at that time could have been made. The position required ability to write sharp, trenchant things which the reader could see at a glance, and here Ricketts excelled. It required a clean insight into human nature and this he had to a wonderful degree, he saw thru the disguises of the bully and braggart as easily as he detected the finesse of the trickster. It had been said and sworn to that no Whig paper should ever be established in Cecil County, and to establish one required a courage to meet every emergency. The slightest inuendo against the party or any member of it must be met instantly and in a style (torn off) appreciate it, and this Mr. Ricketts was able to do. He had not only to conduct a newspaper but to encourage and build up a party and stimulate its humblest member with enthusiasm. All this he accomplished. His character was much

misunderstood. He was so much of a fighter, his castigation of his opponents was so cruel, his aggrainment of their political as well as their personal misdoings was so merciless that many people thought he was merely a dealer in vituperation, without human sympathy. But there was never a tenderer heart, a more gentle loving nature than he possessed. Some years after Mr. Ricketts' death there was a wordy contest between two of the Newspapers in Elkton which did not commend itself to the good judgment of the average citizen; the late Arthur W. Mitchell, in commenting on this contest one day said to me, "what a pity they could not find a pair of Palmer Ricketts' old boots and put one of them in each of those newspaper offices".

From politics to morals or rather immorals is a very short step, Elkton has always had its full share of rough characters, but fifty years ago I think it had a share and a half. The population of the town was nine hundred men, women and children, white and colored. There were four or five stores where liquor was sold by the pint, quare or gallon, and certainly five bar rooms. There was no restriction on the sale of liquor on Sunday or on election days and these were red letter days. Men who had worked hard all the week went to the bar room on Sunday, and loafers and bummers and suckers gathered in to take treats whenever they were offered. I have known a crowd of drunken fighting men in front of an Elkton Hotel on a Sunday, the noise of which could be heard a quarter of a mile away, and any election which did not produce a half dozen fights during the day and night was a very tame affair.

I suppose that no town ever had within its limits a more graceless set of young scamps. They tarred and feathered a poor fellow for what they thought to be a lapse of virtue. They smeared the porch and doors and windows of one of the stores with every species of filth because the proprietor refused to close on some holiday; they took a dislike to a good lady because she reproved their deviltry and pulled down the house where she earned a living by keeping school; for years no amusement came to town without being broken up, their favorite place of operation was the Methodist Church and their disorder sometimes broke up the meeting. Throwing pepper on the stove and cats and dogs into the church was a favorite amusement. One night a good old brother went home and found the hip buttons had been cut off from his Sunday coat, they were found in the bag which was passed round for the collection; one Monday morning in front of the church was a gallon jug with a small amount of whiskey in it standing in the center of the yard, four hands of cards were dealt around, and the pack with the trumps turned up, was on top of the jug. The gang was finally broken up and its leaders driven from the town for their participation in the fraudulent issue of the Frederick shinplasters, of which I have spoken already. Those remaining went down step by step to degradation and ruin.

Let me turn to the brighter and better reminiscences. There were earnest, true men who stood up for sobriety, decency and religion. Besides those I have already mentioned William Torbert, George Jones, Henry Jamar, William Calvert were prominent. A Temperance movement was started in the Methodist and I think the Presbyterian Sunday schools and many a boy

was saved from vice by their influence.

In 1842 the Washington movement spread over the Country and struck Elkton in the Winter of 1842-43. The men Beck and Walton came here and spoke several nights in the Court House to crowded audiences. They were reformed men and told the story of their fall and reformation in a way to attract the attention of the general public. Popular songs, which formed so large a part of the context of 1840 was till fresh in the minds of the people and was f a fine baritone singer abd told good stories while Walton spoke with great natural eloquence, and this happy combination moved the people to a wonderful degree. Many men who had formed habits of drinking reformed and many young men made resolutions to which they adhered in after years. The interest did not die out with the departure of Beck and Walton; meetings were kept up, speeches were made by gentlemen in the town and sometimes speakers were invited from abroad. Levin, a very eloquent man afterwards took part in the Native American movement in Philadelphia and was elected to Congress, was among them. Some of the men who afterwards signed the pledge at this time afterwards fell from grace, but others were thoroughly reformed and lived for years afterwards sober men and useful citizens. Like all other moral movements it did good by strengthening the moral tone of the community. It had its amusing incident also. For a time the business of the liquor stores was sensibly diminished and some of the proprietors agreed to quit the business and signed the pledge. Their conviction however was not sufficiently sincere to induce them to sacrifice the stock on hand and the temperance folks to encourage them bought their stock and emptied it on the highway. One or two of these cases occurred in or near Elkton. A procession was formed and marched to the store. The whiskey was bought out and a bonfire kindled, while the crowd stood round in a ring to see old King Alcohol burned at the stake. But there had been so much water put into the barrels and when the contents were let run on the fire the fire was put out and there was a grave suspicion that the temperance conversion of the dealers was only a ruse to enable them to sell a little whiskey and a good deal of water.

I have been asked to sketch some of the peculiarities of some of the marked characters of Elkton in the old time, but this requires a special talent which I am sure that I do not possess, a few of them however I will note.

I have already spoken of Rev. William Duke. His opposite in every respect, moral and physical, was Zeb. Ferguson. Mr. Duke was very tall and slender. Zeb was very short and stout. Mr. Duke was a gentlemen of fine education. Zeb. was ignorant of everything but mischief. Mr. Duke was a man of high moral tone. Zeb was 'well' not quite so high in point of morals. The story was that in the War of 1812-15 he piloted the British from near Court House Point up the Elk River. This, I believe he did not deny but said they captured him and compelled him to do so with threats of death if he refused.

Joseph Mahan, of whom I have already spoken, was another marked

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character. He was a man of untiring energy and made a great deal of money in the carrying of passengers and mails. He boasted that was the only man in the town who could read the handwriting of Amos Kendall, Gen. Jackson's Postmaster General. He was an ardent Whig and one year, I think 1840, when the State of Maine had voted for the Whigs he rode the town saying:-

"Old Maine's the State, Old Maine's the State  
That turns about and makes all straight."

Major Edward Wilson was perhaps more widely known as a man of peculiar and marked characteristics than any other citizen of Elkton. He also was a Whig and very anxious to serve the State in a civil office as he had already served the Nation in the War of 1812. My very first recollection of him was his card in the newspapers as a candidate for Sheriff. He afterwards fixed upon Register of Wills as the mark of the prize of his political aspiration. In the fight I have already mentioned between Jamar and Howard he urged his claim strongly. Gov. Pratt was a great wag and when the Major went to see him he said, "Major Wilson, some of your enemies say that you cannot write well enough to fulfill the duties of this office". "That said the Major", is only one of the lies they have started on me". The Governor replied he was sure of that, and continued "there are pen, ink and paper, sit down to the table and write out an application in your own handwriting". In speaking of it afterwards the Major said "the more I tried to write well, the worse I wrote, and when I finished my letter, it was the blankest worst writing I ever wrote". His love of controversy was his ruling passion in the latter years of his life. He boasted that he was a natural lawyer and a natural grammarian. Overhearing someone in the bar room say "I have drunk" he immediately denounced as bad grammar and insisted that he should have said "I have drank". In vain persons told him that the imperfect tense was never used with have, he insisted your imperfect tense, I don't know anything about that, but I take the rules of natural grammar and I say "I have drank". He carried on the controversy about the Hotel porches for days until everybody refused to agree with him. One morning during a season of very dry weather he came up town and in the presence of a half dozen or so declared that it would rain before night. No one replied. He gave reasons, certain signs which he said never failed, still no reply. Sitting a while he finally broke out with "well, I see no indications of any change in this terrible drought, I noticed the appearance of the sky at sun rise this morning and of the moon last night, and I have no doubt that this dry weather will continue for several weeks to come". Still no reply. Fairly beaten out he waited a few moments and gave vent to his chagrin "it is strange I can't get an argument no matter what side I take".

For many years he rented a fishing short, either Beaver Dam or Grid-iron, but like all his enterprises he did not make a fortune at fishing. Some one said to him "Major, do you make much money at fishing". "No", the Major replied. "In fact, I generally lose a little, but I would rather fish and loose a little than not fish". This sentiment Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of England, afterwards put into poetry when he said in "In Memoriam". "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all".

Jacob C. Howard also tried the fishing business at one time. His usual good luck attended him and made money. Commenting on the Major said: "Of course, he made money. But there wasn't a bit of use in his going twenty miles down the river. If he had set his seine out here in the creek in front of his Lumber Yard every shad and herring in the Chesapeake Bay would have come up the Big Elk Creek just to get in Jake Howard's nets."

I have already mentioned Jake Anderson, the colored man and his conglomerate business of Barber, Oyster house keeper and fruit cake and confectionery vender, and all of these he carried on to the satisfaction of his customers and generally to his profit. Some one asked him what per cent of profit he had on his candies. Jake replied "I dont know much about per cent nor decent but if I buy a stick of candy for half a cent and sell it for a cent I aint losing anything." But Jake attained his highest excellence as a fiddler and a director of Cotillion dancing. Of course, he was utterly ignorant of the science of musis. All he knew about notes was that when he got hold a of Delaware Bank note he was to hold on to it, and as for sharps and flats, bars and scales, you might as well talk Greek. But when it came to the music to which the country people danced fifty years ago you would have been compelled to travel very far before you could find the equal of Jake Anderson. For a large Ball (of which there were two or every winter, one at each of the two principal hotels) they generally secured the services of Adam Christmas, a large mulatto man who lived near Frenchtown. Some people thought Adam the more tuneful fiddler of the two, but he would not or would not call the figures and had not the tact of Anderson about changing the dances or gibing general direction to the ball. Late in the night or rather in the morning, Christmas would sometimes go to sleep and his fiddle would stop, but though Jake always played with his eyes shut, and people vowed that he could carry the time and call the figures while sound asleep yet from eight o'clock in the evening till broad daylight in the morning he would draw out of his old fiddle and above the noise of dancing feet could be heard his voice calling out.

Among the colored people however the queerest character was Fred Thomas. I do not know whether he had ever been a slave or not but his wife Sarah was a slave to either General Sewell or to Rowland Ellis. Perhaps she was owned by Sewell and hired to Ellis, at all events Fred had a mortal hatred of both gentlemen. He would get drunk and go about the Hotel Kitchen where his wife was and they would be compelled to clear him out and he would go up and down the street past the Hotel calling out at the top of his voice "ha, old Rolly Bolly, Ha, old Rolly Bolly". An incident which happened before the day of my recollection, but which came to me well authenticated shows the character of this wit. A high freshet in the Big Elk had carried away the bridge which spanned the creek near Scott's Bone Mill. Until another one was built, a temporary foot bridge was put up and on this General Sewell was compelled to cross in going to his office in town to his residence at Holly Hall. One day, in attempting to cross, a plank slipped and the General was thrown into the water. Fred, who lived somewhere near the bridge, and had been watching the General and probably cursing him to himself, saw the accident. His quick wit immediately grasped the situation. Sewell being a man of very dark complexion, Fred ran to the bridge calling out at the top of his voice, "nigger in the dock! nigger in the dock! nigger in the dock! till he came to the water where

the General was just dragging himself out, when he exclaimed "Land, bless my Soul, Massy Jimmy, is dat you. I thought it was a nigger in the dock". One of the first things of which I have any distinct recollection was this old colored man following around after Captain Cloud's Military Company and The Band, for Elkton had both a Military Company and a band fifty years ago. So the Groom Guards and the Elkton Cornet need not put on airs. When that Company turned out, which they did very frequently on Saturday afternoons, marching through all the streets of the town with the band playing its airs, nothing could keep Fred from joining in the parade. I do not know that position he claimed to hold but evidently he thought the Military get up of the Company was incomplete without him. He had seen in one of the stores a piece of what in that day was called calico, which was very gay and covered over with portraits of General Washington and probably a few stars here and there to make a martial character of the goods complete. This Fred had purchased and had ~~some~~ made into a loose wrapper which came nearly to his heels and belted around the waist. Clad in this he would march with the Company, keeping step with head erect, and evidently thought himself a bigger man than the Colonel. My father, who was a member of the Company told me that on one occasion the Company mustered to go to Port Deposit to accept an invitation to aid in the patriotic citizens of the town in celebrating Fourth of July. Fred appeared at the first tap of the drum but Colonel Cloud said to him, "now, Frederick, I have made up my mind that you shall not go with us. It is well enough for you to march around with us at home but we are going among strangers and you shall not go. Of course, Fred's heart was broken. He had evidently been counting on this trip and his appearance in his General Washington uniform as the greatest event of his life and to be thus rudely sent home was a dreadful blow. However, he went away. The Company marched out of town and a few miles on the road they stopped for rest and refreshment near a spring, and where they were to take wagons and thus be conveyed to Port Deposit. But as their arms were stacked and some of them began to regret that Fred was not there to bring water and brush clothes, who should jump out of the bushes but the veritable Fred. The Colonel put on a look of severe military discipline, but it was no use, all hands laughed at the joke and Fred went to Port Deposit and paraded the town in all the glory of General Washington and the Star Spangled Banner.

V I read with great pleasure in a recent number of Century Magazine a poem by Whitcomb Riley entitled "I want to hear the old band play". Perhaps I have not much of an ear for music; certainly I would not take a long journey to hear a brass band, but when I think of that old band, with John Rankin, Francis A. Ellis, Conkey, Phil. Harding with the triangle and Justus Dunbar, the grandfather of our boys who now play in the Elkton Cornet, my heart gets a very tender and I feel like Whitcomb Riley. "I want to hear the old band play".

At this point, as I was writing out these random recollections, I stopped and looked over my manuscript to see what I had omitted that should be mentioned, when up rose before me the pretty girls of Elkton. About the young ladies I will say nothing, for some of them are still living and may not want to be reminded that they were young ladies out in society fifty years ago, though several of them still retain their good looks, mother and grandmothers though they are. But, as I go back forty-

five or perhaps a few years more and think of the little girls, the pretty girls, I see skipping along the street to school, with their short dresses and their nankeen pantalettes, Ellin Hollingsworth, now Mrs. Wright, Mary Elizabeth Howard, now Mrs. Tuite. I see Catherine and Elizabeth Mitchell, now Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. James T. McCullough, sedate even in their childhood and very beautiful. I see three little girls in bright cloaks and still brighter eyes and faces, huddled up in an old time gig, with a spare, thin faced grey haired old gentleman, their father, sometimes in a horse care with a colored servant. They are Belle, Mary and Margaret Hollingsworth, all of them very pretty, but the younger girls suffering a little by comparison with their beautiful elder sister. I see an aunt of Harry McCrea, whose first name I do not remember, and Rebecca Alexander, a sister of John E. Alexander, both of whom died young, and who had about them that almost angelic beauty which so often marks the subjects of consumption. I see Emily Howard, afterwards Mrs. Ash, of delicate graceful form, her features not so fine as some others, but with an intellectuality in her face which made it at times almost beautiful, the brightest girl in the school, except Mary Evans, now Mrs. Clayton, always ready with her loving tenderness to help those who were not her equals in her studies, and she had very few her equals there. I see Mary Manley, now Mrs. Evans, always looking cheerful and bright, and ~~the~~ last I shall mention, I see pretty Mary Wallace, even in her childhood a delicate, graceful little lady.

J. W. Perkins

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