

1655 - 1950

A History of Four Families

SIMONS
SIMONS (Simmons)
NAUDAIN
HARDCASTLE

The author is happy to testify that in study of the history of these four closely related families much has been found to inspire thankfulness, not too much to regret, and nothing to conceal. In each generation there seems to have been a good proportion of loyal Christian citizens who served faithfully both Lord and neighbor.

SIMONS' FAMILY TREE

John Simons Emigrated from England in time to be a Colonel in the Revolutionary War
 Ann Perry Related to Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, War of 1812, and Commodore
 Matthew Galbraith Perry, opened Japan to the World.

	<u>BORN</u>	<u>MARRIED</u>	<u>DIED</u>
John Perry Simons	9/20/1787	8/14/1810	8/3/1849
Elizabeth Anderson	3/16/1792	St. Paul's PE Church	4/28/1851
1. Elizabeth	12/2/1811		
2. John Perry	12/14/1813		
3. Abel A.	4/17/1816		
4. Charles W.	6/2/1821		
5. Edmund	9/21/1824		
6. Rachel	11/13/1826		
7. Anne	12/31/1828		
8. Samuel	6/28/1832		
2nd Son			
John Perry Simons	12/14/1813	7/2/1840	3/6/1876
Maria Laird	9/16/1815	7/2/1840	1/1/1893
1. John Perry	4/17/1841		
Annie Wilson			
2. M. Laird	9/7/1843		
Margaret Naudain			
3. Elizabeth	3/31/1846		
Henry T. Shillingford			
4. Susanna	2/5/1848	Not Married	
5. Frances Ann	1/4/1850	Not Married	
6. Maria	3/15/1852		
Alexander Heinitch			
2nd Son			
Michael Laird Simons	9/7/1843	11/17/1870	11/17/1880
Margaret Naudain	3/26/1843	11/17/1870	5/24/1915
1. Elias Naudain	9/9/1871	4/19/1900	
Elizabeth M. Simons	5/9/1875	4/19/1900	
2. Laird Hardcastle	2/25/1874	2/16/1914	6/14/1936
Amelia D. Alexander	5/28/1882	2/16/1914	10/4/1936
3. Herbert	2/2/1878	4/18/1905	
Sarah Halstead		4/18/1905	10/23/1930
1st Son			
E. Naudain Simons	9/9/1871	4/19/1900	
Elizabeth M. Simons	5/9/1875	4/19/1900	
1. John Farr	10/26/1901	11/17/1930	
Elizabeth P. Beury	9/3	11/17/1930	
2. E. Naudain, Jr.	10/16/1903	10/10/1928	
Elizabeth C. Dove	7/11	10/10/1928	
3. Laird Cornish	5/11/1906	3/30/1940	
Ella Louise Fraser	8/19	3/30/1940	
4. Mulford Brittin	4/29/1909	9/28/1935	
Alberta Maxine Bradley	1/24	9/28/1935	

	<u>BORN</u>	<u>MARRIED</u>	<u>DIED</u>
1st Son			
John Farr Simons	10/26/1901	11/17/1930	
Elizabeth P. Beury	9/3	11/17/1930	
1. John Farr, Jr.	4/22/1932		
2. Charles Beury	8/15/1933		
3. Laird Cornish II	9/6/1937		
4. Robert Lawton	2/20/1939		
2nd Son			
E. Naudain Simons, Jr.	10/16/1903	10/10/1928	
Elizabeth Collier Dove	7/11	10/10/1928	
1. E. Naudain III	8/1/1933		
3rd Son			
Laird Cornish Simons	5/11/1906	3/30/1940	
Ella Louise Fraser	8/19	3/30/1940	
1. Susan Elizabeth	4/3/1942		
2. William Laird	4/5/1947		12/15/1947
3. Robert Cornish	6/27/1949		
4th Son			
Mulford Brittin Simons	4/29/1909	9/28/1935	
Alberta Maxine Bradley	1/24	9/28/1935	
1. Barbara Mulford	10/4/1936		
2. Mulford Brittin, Jr.	3/30/1942		
2nd Son			
Laird Hardcastle Simons	2/25/1874	2/16/1914	6/14/1936
Amelia D. Alexander	5/28/1882	2/16/1914	10/4/1936
1. Eurette Andrews	12/2/1914		
2. Laird Hardcastle, Jr.	9/13/1917	5/6/1947	
Barbara Lamprechter	7/13	5/6/1947	
1st Son			
Laird Hardcastle, Jr.	9/13/1917	5/6/1947	
Barbara Lamprechter	7/13	5/6/1947	
1. Laird Hardcastle III	4/21/1949		

	<u>BORN</u>	<u>MARRIED</u>	<u>DIED</u>
3rd Son Herbert Simons Sarah L. Halstead	2/2/1878	4/18/1905 4/18/1905	10/23/1930
1. Janet Halstead		Not Married	
2. Herbert, Jr. Ruth E. Graham		10/18/1935 10/18/1935	
3. Margaret Naudain Theodore N. Haines		12/1/1945 12/1/1945	
4. Thomas Halstead Helen E. Gasgill		9/8/1945 9/8/1945	
1st Son Herbert Simons, Jr. Ruth E. Graham		10/18/1935 10/18/1935	
1. Douglas Halstead	11/25/1936		
2. Beverly Graham	3/2/1938		
3. Dorothy Naudain	12/20/1941		
4. John Howard	11/2/1943		
5. Elizabeth Jean	10/9/1946		
2nd Daughter Margaret Naudain Simons Theodore N. Haines		12/1/1945 12/1/1945	
1. Margaret Williams	3/10/1950		

SIMONS' FAMILY TREE (Pronounced Simmons)

	<u>BORN</u>	<u>MARRIED</u>	<u>DIED</u>
Noah Simons	1765	4/17/1803	7/13/1840
Catherine Cornish	6/26/1781	4/17/1803	5/12/1865
1. Joseph Moses		4/1/1830	
Emily York		4/1/1830	
2. John Cornish		2/22/1831	
Sarah Ann White		2/22/1831	
3. Montgomery Pike			
4. George Washington	3/17/1819	3/26/1844	3/15/1888
Mary E. Myerle	5/12/1825	3/26/1844	10/21/1896
5. Peter Benneuy1			
6. Noah Anderson			
7. William Farr			
8. James Joshua			
9. Hannah Edmunds			
Col. William Wood			
10. Elizabeth			
<u>4th Son</u>			
George Washington Simons	3/17/1819	3/26/1844	3/15/1888
Mary Elizabeth Myerle	5/12/1825	3/26/1844	10/21/1896
1. Margaret Myerle			
Duffield Ashmead			
2. John Farr	7/9/1847	4/19/1871	12/14/1909
Caroline Price Mulford	4/24/1852	4/19/1871	6/2/1923
3. Catherine White			
Wm. Samson Wood			
4. George Washington, Jr.			
Francis Keen			
5. Frederick Myerle			
Marion Lesley			
6. Henry S.			
7. Edwin Sidney			
Elizabeth MacLaren			
8. Mary Elizabeth			
<u>1st Son</u>			
John Farr Simons	7/9/1847	4/19/1871	12/14/1909
Caroline Price Mulford	4/24/1852	4/19/1871	6/2/1923
1. Mary Myerle			
2. William Mulford			
3. Elizabeth Mulford	5/9/1875	4/19/1900	
E. Naudain Simons	9/9/1871	4/19/1900	
4. Clementine Cornish	1877		June, 1884
5. Edith Sidney	11/28	11/21/1903	
J. Markley Freed	9/24	11/21/1903	
6. Helen Brittin	7/25		
7. John Farr, Jr.			
<u>1st Daughter</u>			
Elizabeth Mulford Simons	5/9/1875	4/19/1900	
E. Naudain Simons	9/9/1871	4/19/1900	

NAUDAIN FAMILY TREE

	<u>BORN</u>	<u>MARRIED</u>	<u>DIED</u>
1st Husband Elias Nodin Jahel or Jaël Arnaud	1655	1676 Tremblade, France Fled to England 1680 Naturalized 1682	in England about 1690
2nd Husband Jacob Ratier		about 1695	Emigrated New York 1697 Naturalized 1697
1. Arnauld Naudain 2. Mary Naudain 3. Elias Naudain			
2nd Son Elias Naudain Lydia La Roux	1684	7/21/1715 7/21/1715	11/1749
No record of children			
3rd Son Arnold Naudain Catherine Alfree	1723 1733	1751 1751	8/6/1796 8/6/1796
1. Elias 2. Arnold 3. John 4. Andrew 5. Mary Barber 6. Lydia Smack 7. Rachael 8. Rebecca	9/21/1751 12/20/1753 4/21/1756 10/27/1758 5/13/1761 3/17/1764 10/28/1768 11/4/1773		9/21/1819 3/3/1784 9/8/1819 12/1814 3/2/1827 1/13/1808
4th Son Andrew Naudain Rebecca Snow	10/27/1758 1770	3/30/1786 3/30/1786	9/8/1819 1813
1. Arnold, M. D. Mary 2. Elias Margaret P. Millechamp 3. Andrew, M. D. 4. Mary 5. Lydia Daniel Cowgill 6. Alexander Murphy 7. Eliza Daniel Corbit 8. Catherine Clements	1790		

	<u>BORN</u>	<u>MARRIED</u>	<u>DIED</u>
2nd Son			
Elias Naudain	1/16/1794	7/10/1828	3/12/1849
Margaret Pettigrew Millechamp	9/30/1803	7/10/1828	9/2/1885
1. James Millechamp	3/22/1829	1/27/1859	9/26/1880
Esther V. Magee	2/4/1839	1/27/1859	5/4/1868
2. Arnold, M. D.	4/3/1831	11/29/1865	
M. Caroline Cheseboro			
3. Matilda	12/3/1833	Not Married	5/23/1836
4. Catherine	7/9/1836	7/28/1857	6/17/1911
Alexander Hardcastle, M. D.	1/2/1826	7/28/1857	1/24/1911
5. Elias	11/6/1838		4/6/1911
Martha J. Shinn	10/4/1846		10/4/1931
6. Margaret	3/26/1843	11/17/1870	5/24/1915
M. Laird Simons	9/11/1843	11/17/1870	11/17/1880
7. Sadie Greer	1/31/1846	Not Married	8/13/1920
3rd Daughter			
Margaret Naudain	3/26/1843	11/17/1870	5/24/1915
M. Laird Simons	9/7/1843	11/17/1870	11/17/1880
1. E. Naudain Simons	9/9/1871	4/19/1900	
Elizabeth M. Simons	5/9/1876	4/19/1900	
2. Laird H. Simons	2/25/1873	2/16/1914	6/14/1936
Amelia Alexander	5/28/1882	2/16/1914	10/4/1936
3. Herbert Simons		4/18/1905	
Sarah L. Halstead	2/2/1878	4/18/1905	10/23/1930

Charles Baird's 1885 "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America"
 "Documents relative to Colonial History New York" Volume IV P. 434.548
 A. Boyd Hamilton, Esq., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
 Philadelphia Historical Society

THE SIMONS FAMILY

as narrated by E. Naudain Simons - 1950

John Simons came to America from England at an unrecorded date, but soon enough to be breveted a Colonel during the Revolutionary War. He married Ann Perry (date not recorded). She was related to Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, who fought in the War of 1812; also to Commodore Matthew Galbraith Perry who opened Japan to the world.

Their son John Perry Simons, born September 20, 1787, married Elizabeth Anderson, St. Paul's P. E. Church of Philadelphia, August 14, 1810. They settled in Mount Holly, N. J., had a family of eight children.

The second child was again John Perry, born December 14, 1813, who married Maria Laird, daughter of Michael Laird of Scotch Irish descent. They made their home in Philadelphia at 1210 Vine Street where the writer was born. Their six children were John Perry; Michael Laird; Elizabeth, who married Henry Thompson Shillingford; Susanna, unmarried; Francis Ann, unmarried; and Maria, who married Alexander Renwick Heinitch.

My grandfather, John Perry Simons, was actively interested in Free Masonary and had attained to the thirty-second degree, when he was sent to England as a commissioner from his lodge; and while there attained to the thirty-third degree which is Free Masonary's highest honor. We have a handsomely chased gold watch which his lodge presented to him upon his return.

The second son was my father. M. Laird Simons was literary by profession - a reporter for the Philadelphia Public Ledger under George W. Childs, also the Philadelphia Inquirer under James Elverson. He was one of the first permanent court stenographers when he combined ideas from several early shorthand systems for his own convenience. He edited, among others, Dykink's History of American Literature; and later devoted all spare time for eight years to preparing a History of the World from a Biblical standpoint. This was in manuscript form with the marginal notes in his private system of shorthand, so no use could be made of it after his death at the age of 37 on his tenth wedding anniversary, November 17, 1880. On November 17, 1870, he married Margaret Naudain of Huguenot ancestry, (Protestant French). The Naudain family first migrated to England after the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1697, came to America, and later established a homestead at Leipsic, near Dover, Delaware. Their property ran to the shore of Delaware Bay, where later Naudain's Landing was established from which they carried on a transport business to Philadelphia by sailing vessels.

They were the days of large families, so for several generations each had at least three sons named Elias and Arnold and Andrew.

They were, in 1711, among the organizers, and active in the affairs, of Old Drawyers Presbyterian Church at Odessa, Delaware, the original Indian name of which was Apoquining; the present Corporate Title is the First Presbyterian Church in St. George's Hundred. Naudain tombstones can still be seen dating back to the early days of which the following is an interesting example:

IN MEMORY OF ARNOLD NAUDAIN SENR.
and
CATHERINE HIS WIFE
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
August 6, 1796

THE FORMER AGED 73--THE LATTER 62
IN THEIR DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED
WHAT MORE IS HE THAT LIVETH AND SHALL NOT SEE DEATH? SHALL HE
DELIVER HIS SOUL FROM THE HAND OF THE GRAVE? Ps. 89-48

AS LONG EXPERIENCE HAVE WE KNOWN
THY SOVEREIGN POWER TO SAVE
AT THY COMMAND WE VENTURE DOWN
SECURELY TO THE GRAVE
WHERE WE LIE BURIED DEEP IN DUST
OUR DEATH SHALL BE THY CARE
THESE MOULDERING LIMBS WITH THEE WE TRUST
TO RAISE THEM STRONG AND FAIR

Andrew Naudain, 1758-1819, son of Arnold above, was a leather tanner, located first on Broad below Arch Street, but later at 518 Master Street. Arnold Naudain, M. D., 1790, son of Andrew, was a well-known physician who lived on Broad Street at Poplar, earlier was superintendent of lighthouses on the Delaware River Collector of the Port of Wilmington, and U. S. Senator from State of Delaware.

Naudain Street below Lombard was named for our family.

My maternal grandfather's name was Elias Naudain. I was named for him and for his son Elias, who married Martha J. Shinn. They had no children and were the last in our direct Naudain line.

My grandfather married Margaret Pettigrew Millechamp, (which in French means "1000 fields"), whose maternal grandfather was Captain John Pettigrew of Accamac County, Virginia. Family legend states that he manned vessels with his own slaves during the Revolutionary War and patrolled the coast to prevent smuggling which was much practiced. Legend also relates that Congress granted him land in Ohio and money which he never collected. I have a small Daguerreotype picture of him in a Masonic uniform.

My mother, daughter of Elias and Margaret, was Margaret Naudain. November 17, 1870, she married M. Laird Simons, above, and they had three sons: Elias Naudain Simons, Laird Hardcastle Simons, and Herbert Simons.

My earliest recollection is that we lived in a house in Germantown at Morris and Apsley Streets, above Wayne Junction. Father was a Vestryman of a Reformed Episcopal Church and a member of the building committee when they erected a church building at the northeast corner of Wayne and Cheltenham Avenues. This later became valuable as a business site and was sold. The church now stands at the northwest corner of Greene Street and Walnut Lane, Germantown.

My one clear recollection of the Germantown home is that one day my brother, Laird H., when about two years old was missing, and there was quite a scare in the neighborhood because shortly before a child named Charlie Ross was carried off by a rough-looking man and never again heard from. The neighbors turned out in force; and I distinctly remember seeing a neighbor, Charles Everett, come up the street carrying Laird on his shoulder. It seems he had crawled under our iron fence where there was a wash-out and was found wondering in a stone quarry not far away.

We later moved to 2026 Norris Street where Father continued his literary work, including one of the oldest correspondence columns in a weekly publication called "Saturday Night" giving answers to all sorts of questions. After coming to Philadelphia, Father was a Vestryman and Senior Warden of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Redeemer at Sixteenth and Oxford Streets.

After his death in 1880, Mother returned to the Oxford Presbyterian Church, Broad and Oxford Streets, which we attended for about fifteen years.

At the age of five, I remember three things seen at the Centennial Exhibition in Fairmount Park in 1876: The stone lions in front of Memorial Hall; the big stationary Corliss steam engine which had an enormous fly-wheel; and glass blowers making water goblets. One stem was crooked. The blower knocked it off and replaced it, much to my amazement, with another.

At six years of age I went to visit at "Castle Hall" in Maryland and was taken with scarlet fever, but Dr. Hardcastle and Auntie Kate brought me through with no unfavorable reaction.

When I was eight years of age my father developed bronchial trouble after over-exertion in taking Laird and me sledding, complicated by a heart condition, from which he never fully recovered. This again was complicated by heavy financial losses due to the failure of the banker, Jay Cooke, which was a national calamity. A large publishing firm in which Father had an interest failed - an insurance company which held a substantial policy failed. Father died November 17, 1880, on his tenth wedding anniversary, leaving Mother with three boys, the eldest aged nine years, and very little means of livelihood.

Mother was brave and efficient. For several years she was able to continue the correspondence column with the help of Father's library and some of his good friends. Later a cousin of Father's, John Graham, rented us a larger house at 1530 Columbia Avenue, where Mother took some boarders, several of whom were relatives.

Laird H. was here taken with a severe case of pneumonia at eight years of age. Our family physician, Dr. James Collins, told Mother he could do no more for him. She wired for Dr. Hardcastle who came at once from Maryland, and I remember the conversation. The doctor looked him over and shook his head. Mother said, "Dr. Alex, you must do something". He replied, "Yes, I will fly blister his chest which should either kill him or cure him." I remember his clipping the big blisters with his scissors and catching the water in a cup. Laird was very frail for a time after his recovery. Dr. Hardcastle came up again and said to Mother, "Maggie, you must give that boy to me for a

time. I will take him down on the farm, give him a horse to ride, and make a strong man of him." Laird made his home at "Castle Hall" for eight years, attended school at the neighborhood school house which Dr. Hardcastle had built on his property. He returned home to Philadelphia when he was sixteen in splendid physical condition.

In the meantime, I was given a job in July, 1886 by James A. Hayes, an Elder in the Oxford Presbyterian Church. His firm then was Hayes, Murray, and Company. Mr. Murray was drowned in the Johnstown Flood while on a business trip. We then became Hayes, Partridge Shoe Company and about 1900 John H. Smaltz bought Mr. Hayes' interest after Mr. Partridge had died and the firm name became Smaltz-Goodwin Company.

Elias Naudain, my mother's brother, and my partner, John H. Smaltz, each loaned sums of money to me for the purchase of stock; all of which was repaid with interest.

From the organization of Smaltz-Goodwin Company in 1900, I was secretary and Treasurer, the Factory Manager with the responsibility of purchasing all materials and originating new styles.

For several years I was Secretary of the Philadelphia Shoe Manufacturers' Association. There were then some twenty to twenty-four substantial shoe factories in Philadelphia. Now the shoe manufacturing center has moved west.

For forty years what was called the Joint Board of Arbitration, composed of seven from the Manufacturers' Association and seven workmen elected from various factories, took testimony and settled all wage scales in the Philadelphia shoe trade. I acted as Secretary for several years; and then from 1911 to 1927 presided, succeeding George P. Schober of Laird Schober and Company, who had also served as President for the sixteen years preceding; all of which was a most interesting experience.

In spite of my protest that we knew nothing about the retail shoe business, the majority of Smaltz-Goodwin Directors voted to open retail stores, with the hope of making two profits. A retail manager was employed who committed the firm to long expensive leases and eventually proved dishonest.

Knowing that I was not satisfied with my association in the shoe business, Laird several times during 1925 and 1926 suggested my becoming associated with William Amer Company. He said he was carrying too heavy a load, needed help, and would like to have me.

Our retail business continued to show heavy losses, so that by the close of 1926 my stock holdings which had cost \$75,000 proved unsalable. January 1, 1927 I accepted Laird's offer. The Smaltz-Goodwin Company was liquidated in 1930; all debts were paid, but no assets remained.

Association with William Amer Company has been pleasant and profitable. My generous brother presented me with 500 shares of Common Stock and had me elected to the Board of Directors and a Vice President. As brothers, we had always been close and congenial. All went well except for the business worries of the early thirties.

To recapitulate - after Laird's return from Maryland, he and I both began our business careers. Mother's health was not of the best. We gave up the Columbia Avenue house and lived for a time in an apartment in the city on Green Street, where we attended the Central Presbyterian Church together with our relatives, the Shillingford family, who were extremely kind to us. Uncle Harry had previously been of great help to Mother in her literary work.

Then, and for several years previously, I had been in the habit of spending occasional week-ends at their hospitable home, 1118 Wallace Street. My cousin, Henry Simons Shillingford, was my senior by six months; a David and Jonathan friendship developed, and his two sisters, Martha and Clara, adopted me as a brother. After Harry's graduation as a mining engineer from the University of Pennsylvania he joined the Kittaning Coal Company at Ocoola Mills, Pennsylvania. We corresponded regularly for more than forty years until his death.

About the year 1895, Laird bought a house at 3403 North 15th Street in Tioga, where Mother, Laird, Bert, and I made our home together. We became interested in the Tioga Presbyterian Church where we taught in the Sunday School, and Laird was ordained an Elder in 1899. I became assistant to a grand old Scotchman, James Grant, who was Sunday School Superintendent.

Here Bert met Sarah Halstead whom he afterward married.

In the Tioga Church three sisters named Simons sat with their parents three rows behind us three brothers named Simons - which caused some comment and much interest on our part. The eldest brother soon began to call on the above eldest sister, Elizabeth Mulford Simons, daughter of John Farr Simons, a silverware manufacturer at Seventh and Chestnut Streets. They were married April 19, 1900 in the Tioga Presbyterian Church, followed by a reception given at the bride's home at 2115 Venango Street.

We set up housekeeping in the home of a cousin who had recently lost his wife, Corbit Naudain, on Stratford Avenue, Melrose Park. We attended the Ashbourne Presbyterian Church, where I was ordained an Elder in 1901.

In 1902 Corbit announced that he proposed to marry again. In the meantime my wife's family had moved from Tioga to Germantown and were attending the First Presbyterian Church in Germantown. At their suggestion we did likewise, renting a house at 5910 Wayne Avenue, where we were joined for between one and two years by my mother and two brothers. Both Laird and Bert soon married and I bought a house at 406 West Stafford Street, where we lived for thirteen years, during which time I became first a Trustee and in 1913 an Elder in the First Church, taught in the Sunday School and Teacher Training Class and served as superintendent of the Sunday School for seven years. My Sunday School teaching covers a period of just about fifty years.

In 1916 we purchased the house at 150 West Washington Lane where we are still living in 1950.

Our four sons were born as follows:

John Farr Simons born October 26, 1901 at the home of his maternal grandfather, for whom he was named, at the corner of Knox and Coulter Street, Germantown.

November 17, 1930 he married Elizabeth Philaon Beury whose father, Dr. Charles E. Beury is now ex-president of Temple University. Jack is a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church in Germantown and is in charge of the Personnel Department of the Strawbridge and Clothier Store. Their home is 3008 West Coulter Street where each of his four sons has a room of his own. Jack, Jr. graduated in June from Germantown Friends School. Passed the examination for the Navy Award and in September was admitted to Princeton University Class of 1954. His father was Princeton, Class of 1924, Dain was Class of 1926, and Laird Class of 1928.

Our second son, E. Naudain Simons, Jr., born October 16, 1903 at 5910 Wayne Avenue, Germantown.

On October 3, 1928 he married Elizabeth Collier Dove, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Dove, of Washington D. C., the twin sister of his Princeton roommate.

Their home is 2503 Tracy Place, N. W. Washington, D. C., a beautiful brick Colonial house which was the home of Elizabeth's parents. E. N. Simons, III born August 1, 1933, is now preparing for college at the Solebury Boarding School New Hope, Pennsylvania; Guy, Jr. and Dain are carrying on the E. B. Adams Company business of which Mr. Dove was proprietor. Dain has recently achieved his long delayed ambition to own a farm which is located in Maryland on the bank of the Potomac River some thirty miles northwest of Washington.

Our third son, Laird Cornish Simons, born May 11, 1906 at 406 West Stafford Street, Germantown.

On March 30th, 1940, he married Ella Louise Frazer, then a graduate Surgical Nurse in a New York hospital, whose family lived at Niagara Falls, Ontario, they met on a vacation visit to Canada.

The first child, a daughter, Susan Elizabeth Simons, named for her maternal Great Grandmother, was born April 3, 1942 at Pittsburgh. During her father's service in the Navy, World War II, she and her mother made their home with us at 150 West Washington Lane. At two years of age she managed to unhook the screen in their third floor front window and fell three stories into a large azalea bush. Her face was badly torn, but providentially no permanent injury resulted. For a number of years Laird has been one of the officials of the Pittsburgh Division of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. They purchased one hundred year old Farm House, 1445 Beaver Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, located on the side of a hill overlooking the Ohio River and have a most attractive home.

Our fourth son, Mulford Brittin Simons, born April 29th, 1909 at 406 West Stafford Street, Germantown.

On September 28th, 1935 he married Alberta Maxine Bradley of Chestnut Hill, in the First Presbyterian Church in Germantown. They make their home at 150 West Washington Lane, where they have their own apartment. They are of great comfort and help to us in our declining years. Mulford has always had a strong mechanical bent and has a sales position with the Westinghouse Company.

My brother Laird Hardcastle Simons was first employed for two years by George S. Harris and Sons, printers. In the year 1891, as buyer for the Hayes, Partridge Shoe Company, I was a customer of Alfred S. Hottle, Selling Agent for the Baum Leather Company at 109 North Fourth Street. Upon my recommendation, he employed Laird as a salesman. He proved so successful that in 1903 he was made Secretary of the Baum Leather Company, and Vice President in 1904.

In 1906 he became associated with the William Amer Company, as Secretary and Treasurer, and upon the death of Edward Amer in 1914 became president. He was later Secretary, then President of the Morocco Manufacturers National Association, and held various offices in the Tanners' Council of America, including Chairmanship of the National Committee for the allocation of goatskins to tanners during World War I.

Under his leadership the William Amer Company prospered but, particularly before the days of the "Last In-First Out" system of accounting, the goatskin tanning business was very hazardous. Twice in his experience, in the years 1921 and 1930, only the reputation with his bankers for absolute integrity saved the company from failure.

My brother, Laird, did a great many fine things in his life, but I can think of nothing which has provided more genuine satisfaction over the years than the organization of the Grub Club in the year 1903.

Twelve men had formed firm friendships in their association together in the work of the Philadelphia Christian Endeavor Union their terms of office having expired they unanimously accepted his suggestion that a club be formed to prevent their drifting apart. The average age was close to thirty, all were earnest Christian men the pick of their several Christian Endeavor societies, most were married, all had made a good start in life, but not one was a college graduate.

The charter members were William H. Ball, George R. Camp, Herbert K. Caskey, Charles C. Davis, William T. Ellis, Calvin D. Harvey, Harvey E. Platt, Alfred N. Seal, Laird H. Simons, Howard E. Taylor, Allan D. Wallis, William H. Whitney.

Three or four carefully selected members were added each year thereafter provided they measured up to the following rules:

- I. The careful scrutiny of the membership committee must be satisfied.
- II. There must be unanimous agreement by secret postal card vote (which could not always be gotten).
- III. No one to be invited to join until elected.
- IV. Each must be engaged in some worthwhile Christian work.
- V. Each must have promise of making a success in life.
- VI. Wives must be congenial and socially acceptable (also to the Ladies Auxiliary).

VII. The total membership shall never exceed twenty-five. This has recently been increased to thirty with the hope of securing some of the second generation.

Dinners were held once a month in all sorts of interesting and unusual places, often places of interest were visited earlier in the afternoon, many subjects were debated, but nothing unanimously settled, interesting men were invited as guests and asked to disperse their knowledge.

Ladies night once a year was a big party, each executive committee tried to excell in novelty of entertainment and many pranks were played. Two stand out in my memory. Billy Ellis had made several visits to the Near East. He presented a young Arab in native dress telling a graphic story of how this Arab Prince had saved his life when robbers had set upon him. The Prince was asked to tell us of his country whereupon several, Billy Ball the leader, broke in asking silly questions and carefully insulting our guest who at last wrapped his robe about him and left in high dudgeon. The girls were terribly outraged together with most of the members as only the executive committee knew that the speaker was a University student hired for the occasion.

Another ladies night when George Porter was Philadelphia Director of Public Safety Policemen came with a warrant for the arrest of Billy Ball put handcuffs on him and took him away. Porter was of the Reform Party and Ball was working to cleanse the Regular Republican party which gave color to the charge.

Outings were held spring and fall when the ladies and children were included afternoons at Wallis, Davis, or Camp farm weekends at Cooper's camp or Sonneborn and Wallis cottages at Ocean City. Once when Mary Wallis was a little girl she remarked to her mother, "You have very rough friends". Our behavior may have been rough at times, but it has been our regular custom to open every meeting with a prayer of thanksgiving by one of our members.

This is not by any means a history of the Grub Club, only a tribute to the wisdom of our charter members in setting such a high standard providing an atmosphere and associations which have served to make each of us better men and women over nearly fifty years.

In 1903 Laird and Alice Putnam were married, a sister of Ralph Putnam, member of the firm of J. E. Caldwell Company, jewelers. They established a home on West Phil Elena Street, Mt. Airy where they together had only one year of happy married life. In 1904 Alice died in childbirth. They had taken Mother into their home and for nearly ten years thereafter Laird and Mother lived at the Delmar Morris Apartments, Germantown and continued attending the Westside Presbyterian Church where Laird was a ruling Elder.

We all were anxious for Laird to have a home of his own so were made very happy when Amelia, sister of his good friend, Charlie Alexander promised to be his wife. Their wedding day was February 26, 1914 and they established their home at 3412 Baring Street, near Amelia's parents, where they continued to care for Mother until her death May 24, 1915.

Amelia's father, Edward P. Alexander, had for years been an Elder and Clerk of Session of the Northminster Presbyterian Church. In March, 1918, he resigned and Laird had the honor of following him as Ruling Elder.

Euretta Andrews was born December 2, 1914 and Laird Hardcastle, Jr. September 13, 1917.

In October, 1930, Laird purchased a beautiful home, 1239 Remington Road, Wynnewood where oriental rugs and works of art which had been collected, augmented with articles previously inherited from the Alexander family made this attractive home complete. Here and on Baring Street family and many friends enjoyed the rich hospitality which Amelia and Laird knew so well how to dispense.

In 1935 they together with their two children took their letters from the Northminster Presbyterian Church to the First Presbyterian Church of Ardmore where later Laird again became a Ruling Elder.

For several years Laird's business responsibilities had been extremely taxing. In the winter of 1934-35, overtired and broken in health, he was advised to take six months' vacation and William C. Hunneman, Jr., an experienced tanner and goatskin importer was brought into the Amer organization.

Laird and Amelia were pictures of health upon their return from a visit with Amelia's sister, Emily Hildebrand, in California, but about the first of June, 1936, while working on the grounds of the Wynnewood home, Laird was stricken with a severe headache which resulted from Cerebral Hemorrhage, unconsciousness followed from which he never recovered.

He was so extremely ill on the day in June, 1936, when Euretta graduated 'Cum Laude' from Bryn Mawr College that Julian Alexander, Jr. was the only member of the family who could be present.

Laird passed on June 14, 1936, and following a service in the Ardmore Church, was buried in his lot in Westminster Cemetary.

Amelia always a most devoted Mother suffered several severe illnesses during her married life from which she probably would not have recovered except for her remarkable Christian faith and her determination to completely fulfill her duty.

After Laird's loss, her strength visibly failed and she passed away October fourth of the same year, happy in her sister Virginia's promise to do her best to mother her two children.

The Wynnewood house was sold and Virginia (Mrs. Julian Alexander) received Euretta and Laird into her home at 3417 Race Street, West Philadelphia where they became members of her family in a real and most unusual sense, Louisa and Julian, Jr. received them as cordially as their mother, and the bond remains unbroken today.

Laird H. Jr. graduated from Haverford College, class of 1939, having spent most of his summer vacations learning the art of tanning in a practical way, serving in each department of the factory in accordance with his father's expressed desire until 1943 when he left to serve his country for thirty-four months as an enlisted man in the Army Air Force during World War II. Twenty-two months of which was in Supply Work with the 8th Air Force in England and Northern Ireland.

He won the loyalty of members of the William Amer organization which his father liked to refer to as "The Amer Family" by correspondence then, and more completely after his return, being unanimously pronounced a "Chip of the Old Block".

From 1936 until 1950, Mr. Hunneman successfully headed the Amer Company as President. Following his military service, Laird earned his way from Vice President to Executive Vice President and in January 1950 succeeded to the position which his father had held for twenty two years, viz. the Presidency of the William Amer Company first founded in 1832.

Euretta and Laird have continued their membership in the Ardmore Church where Laird is a Trustee.

There he met and won the love of Barbara Lamprechter. They were married May 6, 1947 at the home of Barbara's parents and started life at St. George's Apartments, Ardmore.

Laird Hardcastle Simons III was born April 21, 1949.

On May 13, 1950, they moved to their present home, 718 Argyle Road, Wynnewood.

Julian, Jr. is happily married and is preparing for the Gospel Ministry at Princeton Seminary. Euretta, Louisa and Virginia are still together.

Our brother Herbert's record of his immediate family follows, "My most vivid recollection of our early life together is that when he was a very little fellow Laird and I asked him what he would do should he become lost from our home at 1530 Columbia Avenue. He replied, "I tell um I lib pip-teen turty Tummy Addinoon".

I, Herbert Simons, was born on February 2nd, 1878, at the Norris Street residence of my parents, in the City of Philadelphia. Shortly thereafter they moved to 1510 Columbia Avenue, (later re-numbered 1530) and my first recollections are of this as my abode.

I have only a few mental pictures of my father. The most distinct of these relates to my waking up early one winter morning during a near blizzard which had developed during the night. I was tremendously interested in the storm and persisted in watching it out the second story front bedroom window notwithstanding the admonitions of father and mother to get back into my bed. The result was that I exhausted the patience of my father who administered a spanking that injured my outraged pride far more than my tender hide.

I recall two other occasions when I went into father's room during his illness and realizing that he was an invalid. He died on November 17th, 1880, leaving mother with three sons ranging nine, seven and three years respectively. Father had spent much of his time for the five years preceding his death in writing a comprehensive history of the world. Unfortunately it was not sufficiently completed for publication, and mother was unsuccessful in getting anyone to take over the task of completing it. He was editing an "Answers to Correspondents" Department in a weekly magazine known as "Saturday Night". This editorial work mother continued for several years till the constant eye strain affected the optic nerves of her eyes and she was obliged to give up literary work.

Soon after Laird returned to Philadelphia from Castle Hall he obtained a position with a lithographic company located on Arch Street. My brother Al was already connected with Hayes, Murray and Company or its successor Hayes, Partridge Shoe Company. My brothers thereupon persuaded mother to give up the support of the family by taking in a few select boarders, since the trouble had developed with her eyes, and to let them support the family with their not too substantial earnings. We first took an apartment at 1203 Green Street with Dr. and Mrs. Doucet, very refined elderly French people. This move led to our change of church affiliation from the Broad and Oxford Presbyterian Church to Central Presbyterian Church at Broad and Fairmount Avenue, where Dr. James Munro was pastor and our Uncle, Henry T. Shillingford, was an elder and Superintendent of the Sunday School.

I attended the public schools of the City of Philadelphia, and shortly after our removal to Green Street, in 1893, was admitted to Central High School, Class of 1897, then located at Broad and Green Streets. I had become somewhat anaemic, and on the advice of our family physician, my mother decided to take me out of school, so that I never attended any classes at the High School. I got a position with the insurance brokerage office of W. D. Sherrerd & Company, 222 Walnut Street, which I held for a year or so.

I next took a position with Colonel J. Granville Leach, a lawyer and genealogist, with offices at 733 Walnut Street. I then became interested in studying law. This necessitated my passing a preliminary examination and becoming registered as a student. This examination was supposed to cover the essentials of a high school education, and to prepare for this I took some night courses at the Central Y. M. C. A. and supplemented this by some private

tutoring. After some little time, having successfully passed my preliminary examination I entered the law-office of William S. Furst and formally registered as a student with him as my preceptor. It was then possible after three years registration and completing a course of required study to pass examinations conducted by the County Board of Law Examiners, and to be admitted to the Bar. It is now necessary to have a degree from an accredited law school. Having completed my course of study and attended some quiz classes conducted by John A. McCarthy, a young attorney of that period and later President of the Real Estate Trust Company, I passed my final bar examination and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in November, 1899. I continued my association with Mr. Furst for several years after my admission to the bar and derived much valuable experience thereby. I then opened my own office in the same building, -- the Stephen Girard Building on 12th Street above Chestnut Street. Very soon thereafter I was invited to become associated with my cousin by marriage, Edward Hutchinson, Jr., and S. Warren Hall, real estate brokers trading as Hutchinson and Hall, as their counsel. This proved a most pleasant, profitable and congenial association for me, and it continued for a number of years after Mr. Hall withdrew from the firm and Mr. Hutchinson continued the real estate business individually.

I have failed to previously state that during my preparations for studying law our family moved in 1896 from central Philadelphia out to Tioga. We first lived for a year at 3316 North 16th Street. My brother Laird then purchased 3403 North 15th Street where we all lived for a number of years. With our removal to Tioga we united with the Tioga Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Wm. L. Ledwith was the pastor.

I was married on April 18, 1905 to Sara Louise Halstead, daughter of David and Janet Gunn Halstead. Both of Sara's parents had died several years previously, and we began our housekeeping at 2119 Hunting Park Avenue, which had been her former family home. At the time of my marriage my mother and I were making our home with my brother E. Naudain Simons and his family at 5910 Wayne Avenue, Germantown, my brother Laird having been previously married to Alice B. Putnam, and he was then living in Pelham, Germantown.

My wife and I continued to reside at the Hunting Park Avenue address for about seven years and then moved to 329 Chestnut Road, in the Glenside section of Montgomery County, where we continued to make our home for many years. Janet and Herbert, Jr., were born on Hunting Park Avenue, and Margaret and Tom at Glenside.

I believe it was sometime in 1912 that George W. Harkins, Jr., attorney-at-law, Jacob A. Fritz, a real estate broker, and myself decided to take offices together, and we located in the Land Title Building. We continued a most pleasant and congenial association here for about twenty years, and then moved our offices to the Girard Trust Building.

In November, 1925, we had a disastrous fire at our home in Glenside just as renovations were being completed, and we were obliged to move to Pelham Court for five months while the house was again renovated as

a result of the damage by fire. In the succeeding years my wife's health began to fail. After graduating from Springside School in Chestnut Hill Janet had entered Mt. Holyoke College in 1927, but on account of her mother's health returned home in 1928, after one year at college. Sara died on October 23rd, 1930.

While engaged in general law practice I became actively interested in the ownership and management of income producing real estate. These interests included several blocks of two-family and three-family apartments or flats in West Philadelphia and several large apartment houses, including Hamilton Court at 39th and Chestnut Streets and 257 South 16th Street, at the Northeast corner of 16th and Spruce Street. In 1934 my children and I moved from Glenside to the latter apartment house where I continued to live and also maintained my law office until February, 1942.

On October 18th, 1935, Herbert, Jr., was married to Ruth Eleanor Graham, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Howard Graham of Glenside. They now reside at 220 Bickley Road, Glenside, and have five children as follows: Douglas Halstead, born November 25, 1936; Beverly Graham, born March 2, 1938; Dorothy Naudain, born December 20, 1941; John Howard, born November 2, 1943; and Elizabeth Jean, born October 9, 1946.

Early in 1927 a group or syndicate was formed, consisting of my brother Laird, my wife, George W. Harkins, Jr., Charles S. Thompson, Miss Lydia A. Riggs, Samuel H. Beamer and myself, to acquire approximately 1676 acres of land located several miles west of Martin in Marion County, Florida, and settlement was completed for such purchase in August, 1927. Numerous efforts to interest producers of mineral clays in deposits of fuller's earth, bentonite and lime having proved unsuccessful, I was led in February, 1942 to move to Ocala, Florida, together with Janet, Margaret and Tom, in an effort to find some means of bringing these deposits into production or to salvage the investment in the property. Unfortunately litigation developed with Beamer as to his interest in the property, and this was not finally determined until June, 1950, when the cloud on the title was removed by a decision of the Supreme Court of Florida.

Thomas H. Simons was married on September 8, 1945, to Helen E. Gaskill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Gaskill of Glenside, Pennsylvania. Tom and Helen lived in Ocala for about a year after their marriage and then moved to Glenside. They later built their home at 333 Bickley Road, where they now reside.

On December 1, 1945, Margaret was married in the First Presbyterian Church of Ocala to Theodore N. Haines, son of the late Thomas P. K. Haines and Mrs. Haines. They lived for a time in Germantown after their marriage and subsequently bought a house at 1330 Edge Hill Road, Lansdowne Park, Darby, Penna., where they now reside. They have one child, Margaret Williams Haines, born March 10, 1950.

Uncle Deck, as we always called him, was a Southern gentleman of the old school; a big warmhearted physician, known and loved by the whole countryside for 25 miles around, where his horse and buggy were a familiar sight. I remember patients finding the Doctor away, insisted on having "Miss Kate" prescribe, declaring that her medicine was just as good as his. Usually medicines were supplied from a large medicine closet.

Their hospitality was of the true Southern type. Castle Hall was almost never without guests.

In 1880 the family household consisted of their son, Alexander, Jr., afterward a student at Princeton University, Class of 1885, who later was admitted to the bar and practiced law; a maiden sister of Auntie Kate - Saidie Greer Naudain - two daughters of their deceased brother, James M. Naudain - Ida, who afterwards married a distant cousin, Corbit Naudain, and Clara who married James Todd. Al was ten years older than I and between the two girls in age; I called him "my big brother".

I spent three happy summers there, when from 9 to 11 years of age. The third year Laird was also there. There was an orchard of fine Bartlett pears beside the overseer's house. We were welcome to the fallen fruit, so we and a couple of colored boys hid our pears in secret nests to ripen. These were usually in one of several straw stacks in the barnyard. Our game was to clean out any nest we could discover. Laird was particularly successful and his nest could not be found until one day I saw him crawl out through a broken lattice under the front porch. There I made a wonderful find of pears buried in the sand.

There was always a horse to ride. Once Sam Rock, a small horse which had been Al's in his younger days, kicked my broadbrimmed hat off when I tried to bridle him in the pasture. He twice threw me but I was never seriously hurt. Al then had two spirited horses for riding and driving - a tall rangy black, said to be a 2.40 trotter, whom he first called Tamerlane and later Caesar. He had the reputation of being foolish and I was not allowed to ride him. I remember once when he cavorted round the lawn with Al on his back, Al struck him several whacks with a long account book which sounded like pistol shots, before he quieted down. Later there was a beautiful young sorrel called Charlie Horse.

Uncle Deck used a well matched team of bays called Pet and Tankerville, which he drove separately to his doctor's buggy and on Sundays in team to the three-seated Germantown which took us to church in Greensboro, six miles away.

One of my privileges was to ride a horse each day to Goldsboro Post Office, one mile away; another was to harness Uncle Deck's horse. Each morning the horses and mules were supposed to be watered, so some colored boys and I would mount them in the stable and ride about 100 yards to the water trough, which was beside the overseer's house. This was always done without saddle or bridle, and at a canter. After drinking, the horses would return to the stable. We would catch hold of the top of the door frame and allow the horse to walk away to his stall where he was haltered.

There were usually about six hunting dogs. I remember the names of two beautiful setters - a red one called Nellie, and Pluto, a brown and white. These, together with a couple of pointers, were called bird dogs for hunting pheasant and quail, which are called partridges in the South. Two bandy legged hound dogs were used for rabbits and coon hunting in the Fall. No dogs were allowed to stay long in the house for fear of fleas and dog ticks; they, together with jiggers, constituted our greatest source of discomfort.

Al's little horse, Sam Rock, occasionally mounted the dining room porch, thrust his head through the open door and asked for sugar.

There were then six hundred acres in peach orchards. I was trusted to drive the mule team, Jinney and Jack, which carried peaches from the pickers to the barn, where they were packed for shipment, often by the freight carload which included consignments from neighboring orchards. There was a team of oxen and a herd of cattle and several families of ex-slaves who had cabins and lived on the place. I was instructed to call the aged ones Uncle and Aunt but played happily with the many children.

An enormous black man, "Big Ned Henry", always wore his overalls and jumper to colored Camp Meetings because he said it was hard to get away without getting into a fight. Ned drove the ox cart and did much of the heaviest work and I liked being with him. His wife, Sallie, was chief cook for the house. There was also Uncle Henry Lustie, Uncle Frisbie Brown and Ervin, a deaf and dumb young man. These occupied cabins on the place where they had their own pig and vegetable gardens.

A quarter mile lane led from the main road to the house and I have heard Auntie Kate call to the cook Sallie, "Sallie, kill a couple more chickens. I see a carriage turning into the lane".

The little one track railway ran about a quarter mile beyond the main road and parallel with it. When guests for Castle Hall were on the train the loyal conductor would have a special signal whistle blown, so that they could be properly met at Goldsboro Station.

There were chickens, ducks, turkeys, guinea hens, pea fowl and a big dove cote full of pigeons for eating and, in addition, we always had a home cured ham on the table. In the hunting season rabbits, partridge and pheasant.

In that day screens were unknown but an ingenious device, called a punka, added much to our comfort. A light hardwood panel about two feet wide was swung from the ceiling. A one-foot white muslin ruffle was fastened to the lower edge of this panel and this was swung back and forth during each meal with a pulley rope held by a little darkey who stood behind Auntie Kate's chair. This not only kept flies moving but acted like a fan, except when interesting conversation caused the darkey to hesitate.

There were five acres in the well shaded lawn, a big flower garden and a bigger vegetable garden in the rear. Each surrounded by a white painted fence. There was also a grape arbor running along one side of the garden where we spent many happy hours when they were in season.

The only cloud in my happy memory is being set down to commit to memory several Bible Verses every Sunday afternoon.

I have told elsewhere of Laird's attack of pneumonia in 1881 after our father's death and how he was made at home at Castle Hall for eight years and came back strong and sturdy.

Al left Princeton University Class of 1885 in his Junior year for several reasons - quite painful eye trouble, the serious illness of his mother, and because a serious blight (the yellows) threatened the peach orchards, which finally destroyed most of the trees in that neighborhood.

During several years Al operated a steam dryer plant which he had built near Goldsboro Station, giving employment to many people in the neighborhood during the season when fruits were available to be evaporated.

It was then customary for people for miles around to come to the heads of prominent families and ask to have notes endorsed, not only for the purchase of property but when crops failed or animals were needed. Uncle Deck could not refuse and in 1890 the orchards were gone and a number of foreclosures came together. Castle Hall had to be sacrificed, although a fortune was on Uncle Deck's books for medical service.

They moved to Denton, the Caroline County seat, where Uncle Deck continued his practice. Al studied law and was admitted to the bar October, 1894.

I well remember attending the Golden Wedding celebration of this dear couple with my mother in 1907. Houses were thrown open all around the town for the entertainment of visiting family and friends in true Southern style. Gifts were showered upon them from the whole countryside; beside cakes, pies, and Maryland beaten biscuits there were fowls, hams, fish and barrels of oysters and crabs from Chesapeake Bay.

In 1895 Al went to Baltimore and was married April 1897 to Clara Downes, his Denton sweetheart. They purchased 1217 John Street where they continued to dispense true southern hospitality for over forty years.

In 1929 Al was President of the Eastern Shore Society of Baltimore. The menu of the Annual Dinner on February 7th contains a splendid cut of old "Castle Hall". This society presented a silver service to the U. S.S. "Maryland", engraved with a cut of "Castle Hall".

During their latter years a niece, Clara ^{Wilson} Downes Whitby, gave them a daughter's loving care and attention.

THE HARDCASTLE FAMILY and "CASTLE HALL" ✓

Happy recollections of E. Naudain Simons

Robert Hardcastle in about the year 1700 emigrated from England. (No record of wife's name or any date.)

He acquired a property in what was afterwards Caroline County, Maryland, which was described and designated in the deeds as "Golden Bottom," probably because of the golden colored clay subsoil.

Thomas Hardcastle (born 1736
(died September 29, 1808

Record of several purchases of property 1776 to 1781. Total holdings said to have amounted to 2000 acres, cost £ 22,000. Sterling, which may or may not have included cost of present house built 1781 from bricks burned in the barnyard. This he named "Castle Hall", after the ancestral estate in England. Two fires had destroyed the houses theretofore built and the family records.

Henrietta (his wife) (born 1739
(died February 21, 1812

William Mollison Hardcastle (born December 2, 1778
(died June 21, 1874

Anna Colston Hardcastle (his wife) (born February 3, 1788
(died March 22, 1865

Alexander Hardcastle, M. D. (born January 2, 1826
(married July 28, 1857
(died January 24, 1911

Catherine Naudain Hardcastle (his wife) (born July 9, 1836
(died June 17, 1911

It is family history that Dr. Hardcastle, after his graduation in medicine had a strong desire to leave the family estate, much to the chagrin of his father, and become an Army Surgeon, but, this was promptly forgotten when he met Auntie Kate who was a most attractive and talented person.

Alexander Hardcastle, Jr., Esq. (born January 27, 1862
(married April 7, 1897
(died July 8, 1940

Clara Downes Hardcastle (his wife) (born August 27, 1862
(died March 1, 1949

The writer's earliest recollection of Castle Hall was when I was nursed through an attack of scarlet fever in 1877, although my brother Laird Hardcastle Simons was born there in 1873.

Auntie Kate was a most devoted sister of my mother.

1862 - 1940

Last of this branch of the Hardcastle Line

I am an Eastern Shore of Maryland man, born in "Civil War Times," on January 27th, 1862, of English parentage on the Paternal side (Hardcastle, Downes, Colston), of Scotch-Irish-French on the Maternal side - Bruce, Pettigrew, Nodin (anglicized to Naudain). My ancestor Nodin, of Lanquedoc, France, removed to the Scotch-Irish Border at the time of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and in Britain these bloods were mingled, and finally came to America.

The records relating to Robert Hardcastle, who came to America late in 1600 or early in 1700, are lost to us, owing to fires that destroyed his homes on property he acquired in Caroline County, then Queen Annes County, prior to the formation of Queen Anne's County, Old Kent, the Mother County of Talbot Queen Anna's and part, above the Choptank of Caroline.

The records also of my mother's family have faded largely from the minds of those living today, and have become traditional. Captain John Pettigrew of Revolutionary fame, who fitted out and fought his own privateers of the Chesapeake Bay, and Dr. Arnold Naudain, a United States Senator from Delaware, are outstanding men of the early history of our family and country. My grandfather, Elias Naudain, brother of Dr. Arnold Naudain, lived and operated land and boats on the Delaware Bay at and from Lipsic, Delaware.

The only recollection of Civil War times and conditions is a vivid one, and requires an explanation. My grandfather, William M. Hardcastle, had grown old (88 years), his sons had all left, his daughters married, and for the purpose of dissuading my father of becoming a Surgeon in the Army had deeded the Castle Hall property to him, subject to its incumbrances and under certain condition of maintenance for himself. My Father having taken it over, and married, realizing that the land was becoming exhausted by tobacco raising, became interested in raising peaches. The land was kindly to the purpose, and he planted large orchards. Transportation required hauling to Camden, Delaware, the nearest shipping point to Philadelphia and New York markets. Large wagons were necessary, and were provided, one to carry 140 baskets, the other about 90; these could only make one trip a day to Camden, Delaware - 16 miles. After picking the fruit, sorting it and loading the wagons, the wagons were ready to start on their journey at daylight. It will be remembered that slavery existed at that time and the Civil War was being fought nominally on that issue. At any rate, aside from political discussion my Father held some forty men slaves (although when he took the property, he assigned a value to each one and as he or she worked it out, they were freed, a number had already been freed). And now for my vivid recollection. Early morning, just after daylight, the wagons loaded with peaches ready to start to Camden, the colored men in the kitchen

for breakfast, and the white men come for the purpose of assisting with the gathering of the fruit were greasing the wagon wheels. My Grandfather looked on and I at his side. Suddenly down the side or service lane appeared a file of colored soldiers, commanded by a white officer. He marched his troop to the kitchen door, and took every colored man except a big fellow named Frank, who dodged behind my mother, picked up the biscuit pestle and then disappeared. The picture of the wagon in the side yard, my Grandfather, the men greasing the wagon, the soldiers, the officer, the faces of the blacks, the indignation of the white men, all is impressed upon my mind, and is recalled today as then. I have wondered sometimes whether it could be a true recollection, that could not be erased from the impressionable mind of a child.

My early years were spent under the dearest and most benign influences. My father, capable, efficient, skillful, a student, a Country Doctor, loving his community, and pouring out his life in its service, with little remuneration, helpful, kind and considerate, and respected and loved by those he owned. My Mother, beautiful (one of three beautiful women of Philadelphia at time of her marriage to Father), gracious, resourceful, supplementing the Father in all kindly ways, adored and loved by all who knew her and came under her influence, together they were a perfect expression and agency of kindly consideration.

There was large landed property (about 1200 acres) and large inherited or assumed indebtedness (when Grandfather transferred the property to Father there was about \$43,000.00 of indebtedness, although Father did not know it was so much) as well as indebtedness assumed subsequently for other members of the family and for friends. It was usual for men of property in those days to assist those not so well provided, by endorsement, or acting as surety for the debts of those requesting assistance - a farm, a horse, a cow to be bought, would Doctor endorse? My Father never knew how to refuse, and often had to pay.

I was the only child of the Father and Mother I have tried to describe, in an old home built in 1781 by my Great Grandfather, Thomas Hardcastle, and the parlor furniture was made for him in 1792. (I still have four of the mahogany chairs, two mahogany tables - which when placed and hooked together form a round center-table, a looking glass similar to the one at the Washington home at Mount Vernon, and a Brass Lamp, which has been operated progressively by candles (I think), sperm oil, whale oil, coal oil, and now I have had it electrified.

Uncle Arnold, Mother's second brother, and his wife Aunt Carrie, did not figure directly in the Castle Hall life, though mother was in touch with him during his lifetime.

Aunt Maggie and Aunt Sadie, Mother's younger sisters, were constantly at Castle Hall. Mother was their second mother. And without attempting to describe them specifically, they were the dearest Aunts in the world, the kindest, most thoughtful and best - I loved these precious women. Aunt Sadie, after Grandmother died and Uncle Elias married, lived with us in Denton and after Father and Mother died in 1911 came to us at 1217 John Street and died here in our home dearly loved.

Uncle Elias Naudain, Mother's youngest brother, an expert in silk and velvet and other fine merchandise, was a typical old bachelor for years (but later married Aunt Mattie, a bright and attractive personality), but pure gold all through, high type character and life, kind and wise, ever ready to help, and always wanted to do the comfortable thing. He was frequently at Castle Hall in the early days. I have tried to give an idea of those who provided the environment of my early life. It is imperfectly done, and does not show the overflowing respect and love I have for them, but there are others in the picture, white faces and black faces, all have a distinct and clear relation to the whole.

Jimmy Montague, who handled the orchards during peach season, Fletcher Strangh, who lived on the Upper Farm, Cousin Robert Emmet Hardcastle and his family our near neighbors, Robert Culbreths family, Henry Culbreths family, the Kuglers - the colored family and friends, viz. Aunt Clemmy, cook for over fifty years, Aunt Maria her sister, Sallie the housemaid and most wonderful bread-maker. Aunt Clemmy made and beat the Maryland Biscuit. Henry Lusty and Mary, his wife, freed by Father before emancipation. Ned Henry, who looked after the driving horses and was an expert Oxdriver, Carl Henry, Frank Henry who was the only slave not taken by Federal troops when men slaves were marched away the memorable early morning I remember as a child of little over three years (Frank slipped behind my Mother in the kitchen, when the soldiers appeared, and said Miss Kate I don't want to go, she said Frank there is the Biscuit Pestle, defend yourself. Frank picked it up and slipped out through the house and was the only man-slave not taken, and was with us until he died), his wife Henry and their children. Frisby Brown, a fine, honest fellow, who was an expert horseman and drove Mother's carriage, when she needed him, and handled the wagon teams, I think he taught me most about horses and mules and how they should be controlled, surely there were some of the different teams he alone could handle - Almira, his wife, Irvin, Almira's deaf and dumb boy who was one of my early companions, and yes, close friends and playmates. There are others that I come upon in my wanderings through the Labyrinth of Recollections, but these were a part of the environment and daily home-life, and made the atmosphere in which I started my life. It was kindly, it was home-like, in a strong sense it was patriarchal.

Until I was ten years of age, my Mother was my teacher in all lines, in 1872 while my Father was a member of the Maryland Legislature, Mother and I spent part of the winter with Grandmother Naudain and Uncle Elias at 2103 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia, and while there I attended Professor Shinn's School for two months, and then spent the last month of Father's time at Annapolis with him, and there knew and was closely associated with Senator Daniel Fields and Robert Gary, Caroline representative, respectively, of the Senate and House. When we returned home I entered Castle Hall School, a public school, originally a semi-private school for benefit of Castle Hall children and their neighbors and friends, and was a regular attendant until 1876.

In the Fall of 1876, Centennial year, I went to Philadelphia to attend Professor Hastings West Philadelphia Academy, 35th and Powelton Avenue. I spent three years at Professor Hastings school preparing for Princeton College. The first year I lived with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird on Norris Street, the day school was at 40th and Ludlow.

I spent a part of each Sunday, as well as other times with Grandmother Naudain. She was one of the old fashioned, straight-laced Presbyterians, but loving and kind, I always think of her with love, respect and just a trifle of awe - going to Alexander Presbyterian Church with her Sunday mornings and to Sunday School with Uncle Elias in the afternoon.

As stated above, during my first year at school I lived with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird Simons. Uncle Laird was a literary man, and edited a column in one of the papers, and was engaged in other work of like kind, a most kindly man and devoted friend. Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird Simons. Uncle Laird was a literary man, and edited a column in one of the papers, and was engaged in other work of like kind, a most kindly man and devoted friend. Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird had three boys, viz. Elias Naudain, Laird Hardcastle and Herbert. Auntie always said she had four boys and I was the oldest one. Laird Hardcastle Simons, the second son, was born at Castle Hall, during a time when Uncle Laird was struggling with adverse conditions, and Father and Mother were being helpful, conditions improved and they returned to Philadelphia and opened a home.

After Uncle Laird died, Laird H. was in poor health, and we took him with us to Castle Hall, and built him into health (his father had tuberculosis) and kept him for nine years, a precious boy, and after I left college in 1884 was with me constantly when not attending Castle Hall School. Our devoted association deepened into dearest love. My Father and Mother loved him as their own son, and I as my own brother. Laird H. joined his mother and the other boys in Philadelphia, secured a position in the Kid-Leather business and finally landed with the William Amer Company, Mr. Amer, the President of that company, recognized his ability and developed the business (tanning) along lines suggested by Laird, as the business grew, depended largely upon him, and when he died, left Laird his Common stock, which with the stock Laird had already acquired, gave him control of the company. Laird ran the business until the time of his death in 1936 (June 17). Laird's life was in many ways tragic, devotedly in love with his first wife, she died in giving birth to their first child. After a number of years he met, loved, and married Amelia Alexander, dear, and precious to him and to each of us, members of the family, two children were born to them, and both by the Caesarean method. The first child, Euretta, was named for Amelia's mother, the second for his father, himself and my father (Laird Hardcastle).

Amelia was wonderful and the children as well, meeting every responsibility. Laird had made careful and wise provision for his family, and left them well provided for. When the business was straightened out and plans made for the children, Amelia faded away it seemed, she felt her duty was done, her job accomplished, and it was time for her to join Laird. The two children have graduated at college, they are dear, both capable, and have the kindly, thoughtful instincts of both father and mother. They are doing what they think their father and mother would wish them to do - be true, be kind, be Christian, see and know, and develop, and enjoy life, make it joyous for themselves and others. Hardy has gone into the business to study and learn it from the bottom to top, it will be his, when he's a little older, in the meantime he has the association and advice of his Uncle Al and others to rely on.

In reviewing and considering my early environment, I cannot leave out the mention of my friends, the animals with which I was associated, and meant so much to a boy raised in the country, first, my little horse, Sam Rock (Sham Rock), my little dog, Mac, dear to my memory, both of which provided by thoughtful parents added to my pleasure and education. I learned to ride on the back of Sam Rock, and was soon pushed on him even while my legs were so short they stuck out, and if I fell off, as sometimes happened, he would wait for me to lead him to a fence or to some place that enabled me to climb on his back again - patient and kind, the old fellow carried and played with me and with my little friends both boys and girls, taught them to ride. There are many incidents I remember about Sam Rock, one or two I want to jot down, viz. once when riding with Miss Cora Willis, we came fast into the lane, Miss Cora lost her balance and became partially unconscious, the little horse realized something was wrong, he steadied as I held her in the saddle; another time, with Ida Naudain riding him, we were fox-hunting, the wind was high and a limb from a tree blew across Ida's lap. Sam Rock acted so quickly and intelligently that he avoided a serious accident. What a dear memory, Little Mac with his tail curling over his back, fussy and proud. I do not know his breed, but he was an aristocrat and a kindly gentleman, always ready for play, ready always with courage for defence. He was part of my education, kindly and had courage, yes, the little dog had a real value as a hunter, he was the best squirrel dog I ever knew, his little bark would send them to the side of the tree, where they were easy victims to the gunner. Once, as I remember, Father and Uncle Jim killed, with the aid of Little Mac, over 30 squirrels in a short afternoon.

After Sam Rock, I think of Charlie, a blood bay beautiful as a picture; of Queen, a picture black, with mouth of iron; Ashby, named for the great cavalry leader; later Tankerville, a wild fellow, softened by Father's quiet management, a stand-by for Father and the family; Pet, a brown mare, a good side-partner for Tankerville, and a good carriage horse and driver, but oh how she could run under the saddle; her son Tamerlane, usually known as Caesar, greatest horse of the century, driver, road trotter, (2.40), and saddle horse, when necessary, and fox-hunter - tall, lanky, hipkapped, a wonder horse of service. He could be the meanest and the best in the world, according to the state of his mind, and he had a mind all his own. If he was mad or had a contrary spell, it was hard to get harness on him and get him between the shafts, and if you did not watch him he would put his iron-shod foot on your foot. But if anything unusual happened he would stop and stand perfectly still until you were out of trouble, one incident, a patient sent for Father in a hurry at night, Caesar was fast, I alone drove him at that time, geared to Father's Doctors Phaeton we set out at a fast pace, and just before we reached the patient's gate, in crossing a small uneven rough bridge the front axle broke in the middle, and the front wheels closed up tight and formed a cage. Caesar stopped in his stride, although the top of the phaeton came over and rested on his rump. He stood still while I pulled myself along the shaft by using the harness, and ungeared him before Father could get out. If he had moved, the pressure of the carriage top would or might have excited him, and in our helpless condition, we could easily have been severely injured or killed. Another incident of Caesar, viz., we were living in Denton, and I was invited to dine at a nearby town (6 miles) and after dinner the whole party was to go to Denton, my then home town, for a

dancé. I drove Caesar, he was stabled while we were at dinner, several teams got off before they attempted to gear my horse to my buggy. I was to take the young lady, guest of the evening, to the dance. The men finally succeeded in harnessing my horse and brought him to the house-door, when I came out with the young lady they were having trouble to hold him. I walked in front of him and told the men to let him loose, they were surprised but did as I told them. He was anxious to get off, as other teams had gone, but stood while I wrapped up, but as soon as I tightened the reins he lunged, snorted and sent his heels flying over the top, then he settled down to going and before the six miles were accomplished, we were leading the procession, having made the six mile drive in 22 minutes. The next summer, the same young lady was visiting the same place and people. I took her driving, the moon was bright, the road sandy, the horse I think must have gone to sleep, he fell flat in the road, the young lady said "Funny horse, in winter time tries to kick your head off, in summer fall down in the road". I could think of many other things both bad and good that old horse did, but he had good sense and good judgment, and was with us until he died.

One Fall, Doctor McClements, who lived at Marydel, a friend of Father's, loaned us Pluto, a beautiful Leverick setter, for a part of the shooting season. He was a blue-blooded gentleman, a cross of Leverick and Gordon. He was a bit wild when he first came to Father and me, but a fine intelligent hunter and retriever. We were soon constant companions and devoted friends, and we returned him to Doctor McClements with appreciation but deep regret, and when Doctor McClements wrote, saying someone had tried to poison Pluto, and if I wanted him to come and get him, I went immediately. He was glad to see me, jumped in the buggy and put his head on my knee, expressing his happiness and feeling of home-coming. It was a friendship that lasted until his death at sixteen years.

On one occasion Will Lamdin and I drove out from Denton about two miles, it was early in the season. The dogs had not been hunted, but little. We left the buggy, and with Old Pluto, Nellie, and the pups Fannie and Young Pluto started hunting. Within a few minutes, along a wood in some new ground, recently cleared, Old Pluto pointed, the others lined up behind him. Will Lamdin became excited and urged that we hurry, fearing the young dogs would flush the birds. I said Don't worry Old Pluto won't let them, Will said I bet you they will, I said I will bet you that we could take time to smoke a cigar and they would hold the point. It was a bet, we moved closer, lighted up and sat down. Once one of the pups moved to ease his position, Old Pluto turned his head and showed his teeth. I won my bet. We put coveys in the woods and followed them, had good shooting, found wood-cock in the woods, and when we came out of the woods at the school-house near John Wilson's I had 38 partridges and wood-cock, Will had, I think, 19. It was good sport, due to good dogs. We had a satisfactory pack of hounds, old Rattler and Kelly and others, and enjoyed foxhunting. These many animate, active things and the scenes they participated in, present themselves as I wander among my recollections.

My school days had passed and I had entered Princeton College with a classmate and room-mate, Henry Gilmore, and was located at Mrs. Fine's. My

early recollections at Princeton center around some fine fellows - Dick Harlan, a junior, his brother, Jim Harlan, Barclay, Carson, Jerry Haxall, Frank Roberts, and Bland Ballard, the Captain of the Varsity Football Team. The Freshman Football Team of which George Fleming was Captain, Haxall, Hodge, Ned and Phil. Peace, Jennison Frank Wadley, Tim Rogers, Tom Wanamaker, Jim Harlan, Kid Carson and I were members. We were a husky bunch and won our games. I was soon drafted for the scrub team that gave the Varsity practice. Unfortunately, my eyes became very troublesome and Thanksgiving holiday time Father took me to Doctor Thomas G. Morton in Philadelphia, who, after a careful examination, advised Father that I had such a bad condition of granulated lids, that I needed immediate treatment, and a cessation of use. I was taken out of college and spent three months at Grandmother Naudain's in Philadelphia, and reported to Doctor Morton each day. The treatment was heroic, and consisted in turning up the lids and cutting over the inner surface with a sharp instrument and applying Nitrate of Silver on the raw surface, usually it was an hour or more before I could open my eyes. It was a rough tough experience, but salutary and accomplished results, and at the end of three months I went home and Father looked after my eyes, and permitted me to use them very little, occasionally reporting to Doctor Morton for examination and treatment. After 18 months, my eyes having improved, and the teacher of Castle Hall School having resigned, I was appointed teacher for the balance of that school year, and so acted, had 76 scholars on the Roll from A. B. C. to Latin and Algebra. It was a unique and interesting experience, Clinton Wyatt, son of one of my Father's old friends, was my advanced pupil, and afterwards became a prominent Preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have always felt very glad that I could be of service to such an ambitious and worthy youth.

I returned to Princeton in the Fall of 1881 and became a member of the Class of '85, at the same time had close and pleasant relations with my original Class of '83. When I entered college in '79, "The Cane-Spree" was an established Custom, I was trained by a junior Ohr, and matched with Ned Simmons (Uncle of Bessie Simmons, Al's wife) a Sophomore, he was a splendid fellow, a gentleman of parts, and gymnasium trained, but Ohr had trained me well and I was strong. I took the Cane in short order, 22 seconds, if I remember correctly.

Billy Hall and I roomed together at Mrs. Warrens and in reunion, we separated at end of Sophomore year. Men develop characteristics that separate them, although they continue to be good friends, so with Billy and me. My eyes were something of a drawback, practically giving out at times. I was getting a great deal out of my course, but not what I should. Then too I was beginning to realize that Father and Mother were having a hard time to pay my bills, so altogether my Junior year at college was not free from anxieties. For a number of my Professors I had deep gratitude, and a warm feeling, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Atwater, Professor Winans, Professor Scott, Professor Hunt, General Karge.

Two incidents in my Sophomore year are recalled with particular vividness, first, my selection to represent my class in the Preliminary Cane-Spree, and my hard fight with Hugh Hodge, after more than an hour I succeeded in taking the cane from him, second, the Sophomore Reception, the Committee for which I was a member of. This Reception was the Social Event of the year.

Hunter Mc Alpin was Chairman. I had charge of the printing and the programs. Mrs. Willis and Lizzie came to Princeton for this function and Lizzie was a Belle. Father also came on for it and for commencement, we had a happy time, and I was very proud of the lovely Delaware girl. I was also Captain of the Scrub Football team and occasionally played on the Varsity Team - a badly sprained ankle interfering a good deal with my availability. I also trained with the secondary boat-crew. Was also doing some work in Whig-Hall (Latin, Greek, English, of which we had a lot) with Professors Packard, Sloan, Orris, Cameron, Hunt and Murray and others. I took in regular stride and did fairly well in these. Trig and Calculus were not easy for me, my school-days preparation not having been so good in Math. Science studies most interested me, especially work under Professor Scott. Frank Roberts was chairman of '83 Class-Day Committee and I was a member of it. In my Sophomore year on Washington's Birthday in the gymnasium, I battled Conover '83 for the Middle Weight wrestling and lost to him. The next year Dr. J. M. T. Finney and I '84 had a hard battle, lasting as I remember the better part of an hour, and I won the championship (for 1884).

Junior year had a number of percussions, first, a realization that Father and Mother were having a hard struggle financially, many fruit trees had been killed by the hard winter of 1881-1882, and the crops of peaches were seriously affected, second, I was not quite well, my throat was irritable in the Princeton air, third, Billy Hall and I had separated after rooming together for two years, I was living and had my room at the "Fines", fourth, I was having trouble with my Physics under Professor Bracket, but pulled through comfortably in the end. An incident happened in Physics class, Bond Harriman was called suddenly to recite by Professor Bracket, and moved over in front of Harris, who attempted to coach him as he was not prepared. The Professor sensed what was going on and asked Harriman many questions, finally said that will do Mr. Harriman, thank you Mr. Harris, possibly you would both like to know the recitation rates a zero for both of you, as not one question was correctly answered.

During my last year in College, I thought much of things religious, and came under what our Methodist friends call "conviction" and finally joined the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Father and Mother had both been raised as Presbyterians, but owing to the want of a Presbyterian Church in our vicinity, were both members of the Methodist Church.

I was born in a Christian home, of Christian Parents, and raised under Christian influences and in compliance and conformity with the forms and thought of that Period, viz. the Sabbatical Sabbath, the King James version, the actual, true and inspired word of God with every concept that flowed from that belief, including the damnation and hell-fire promised for wrong-doing; the recognized beneficence of the Father God, and the loving kindness of the Saviour. During my youth, I found it hard to reconcile the thoughts and wonderings emanating from these beliefs. But could not and did not fully accept them for myself.

I was distrait and embarrassed because of my respect and love for my teachers, and my desire to be at one with them, and so it finally worked out and we drew together.

I had begun to think for myself, and resolved for myself, during my Junior year at Princeton, that life and nature were not an accident, but there was before them and back of them a "Design", and a governing and controlling Head, which through all the ages had exercised and stimulated the thought of, the desire for and the recognition of a Divine, all Powerful Creator in the minds and imagination of the people of the World.

The New Testament presenting Christ's Life and Teachings appeals to reason, and satisfies "the Heart-Longing of Humanity", and that has craved comfort and knowledge, without coercion. We see, around us, the renewal of every form of life, the Grass, the Trees, Animal Life, everything apparently dies, but wakes to New Life at the appointed time.

With these and other like questions disposed of - my mind settled. And God and the Son Jesus Christ are real to me. Since that time (my Junior year at Princeton) I have not been particularly interested in church doctrines and not at all in controversial questions. I have been willing to take the Life and Precepts of Christ as the Guide, and just try to follow as best I can, knowing many, many failures.

My Articles of Faith are:

I believe in Fair Dealing, in Honesty, in Truth. And I believe I should do to others exactly what I would have others do to me.

And finally, I believe in a marvelous God, who is unimagineable to my finite mind, who rules worlds, and of whose Plan, I am an Indestructible Part.

And that our Saviour Jesus Christ came into the World to exemplify our God and teach us how to approach him, and how to prepare ourselves to fit into the Great, Divine Infinite Plan. I united with the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, and when I came to Baltimore to live Doctor Babcock sent for my Letters and I united with Brown Memorial Church Presbyterian and am still a member, having rendered during my active years what service I could.

After the fruit season (1884) was over, I took up in earnest the question of general farm conditions. During the next two seasons, we had many anxieties, but the frosts were not too unkind and we had fruit, partial crops, but we began to see evidence of "Peach Yellows", devastating disease that destroyed the trees. We tried everything we could hear of to stay it, without avail, we replanted some of the orchards. By the time the years 1888 and 1889 reached us our orchards were practically ruined and it was hard to make a living, even though we had kindly land. There had to be a readjustment, wheat and corn and other crops had been subsidiary, even strawberries and tomatoes. These were terrible days, nerve-racking and taxing to the limit, and we realized the Old Home must be sold.

In 1890 Father went to Denton, he continued his practice as long as his health permitted. A man, Big in Brain, Big in Character, Big in heart, and my Mother Beautiful in Person, Beautiful in Character, Big in Brain and Heart - the two making a composite one. It is no wonder she could not live after he had gone into The Beyond, but followed him within a few months. I feel I have a rich heritage. My difficulty has been to live up to my entitlements. I am afraid I have not succeeded, although I have tried.

I was admitted to the Bar in October 1894, and immediately opened my office in the Masonic Building in Denton, and almost at once found something to do, even though the remuneration was small.

The years 1890-1895 that I spent in Denton were fateful years - the loss of the Old Home I loved, the failure of accomplishment, the break up, the new environment. It was hard, all hard, and created a depression and mental condition that was hard to meet and master. But, I found kindness and sympathy and comradeship in association with Clara Downes, my old, old friend. I had always had respect and affection for her, and an under-current of unrecognized but real sentiment, which with close association blossomed and ripened, as the years passed, into real love, life time love. We grew closer and closer, and we realized, before I left Denton in April 1895, that we loved, and our desire was and is always to be together, Husband and Wife.

I came to Baltimore in February, 1895, to attend Princeton Alumni Association, and visited Kemp Bartlett at the same time. Kemp was the owner of a large collection business, Shriver Bartlett and Company. There was a blizzard the day following the Alumni Meeting, and I stayed indoors at Kemps and amused myself looking over the papers in a case that was giving Kemp some anxiety. I came to the conclusion his West Virginia lawyers were in the wrong court, and prepared a memorandum or Brief for him on the subject. He was pleased and submitted it to Joseph C. France, his counsel, who agreed with me. I returned to Denton, and in about two weeks Kemp wrote inviting me to a conference with him and France, to consider my stepping between France and the Collection Agency, and taking over the legal end of the business. The result of the conference was that I accepted this proposition of a guaranty and one-third of the net profits of my office. It was hard to leave Father and Mother, and Aunt Sadie, and doubly hard to leave my sweetheart. But there was hope to make things easy for my loved ones, and that our complete union would not be long delayed. I left Denton on the morning of April 3th, 1895, to take up my work for Shriver Bartlett and Company in a downpour of rain. I remember so well driving to the door of Clara's house for a final "Good Bye".

I feel that I have been one of the fortunate ones, and that Human Nature does not forge closer, warmer, dearer Ties, than those that have and do bind me to Father, Mother, to Clara my wife, to Sister Ida and John Wilson, to Aunt Sadie, Aunt Maggie, Uncle Elias, to Al and Bess, to Laird and Amelia and to Euretta and Hardy, to Bert and Sarah, to Clara Whitby.

Alexander Hardcastle, Jr. January 27th, 1862
July 8th, 1940

Memoirs written toward the close of his life

I am an Eastern Shore of Maryland man, born in "Civil War Times," on January 27th, 1862, of English parentage on the Paternal side (Hardcastle, Downes, Colston), of Scotch-Irish-French on the Maternal side - Bruce, Petigrew, Nodin (anglicized to Naudain). My ancestor Nodin, of Lanquedoc, France, removed to the Scotch-Irish Border at the time of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and in Britain these bloods were mingled, and finally came to America.

The records relating to Robert Hardcastle, who came to America late in 1600 or early in 1700, are lost to us, owing to fires that destroyed his homes on property he acquired in Caroline County, then Queen Annes County, prior to the formation of Queen Anne's County, Old Kent, the Mother County of Talbot Queen Anna's and part, above the Choptank, of Caroline.

The records also of my mother's family have faded largely from the minds of those living today, and have become traditional. Captain John Petigrew of Revolutionary fame, who fitted out and fought his own privateers of the Chesapeake Bay, and Dr. Arnold Naudain, a United States Senator from Delaware, are outstanding men of the early history of our family and country. My Grandfather, Elias Naudain, brother of Dr. Arnold Naudain, lived and operated land and boats on the Delaware Bay at and from Lipsic, Delaware.

I find as I grow older, that my mind recalls scenes, incidents and thoughts that early in life made an almost unconscious impression, but have to some extent revived and in many instances come to vivid life.

I feel a strong call to wander a bit in the labyrinth of recollections, and one for which I am grateful, is a clear recollection and picture of Grandma Hardcastle, her kindly and sweet personality, that left a lasting impression on the mind of a child three years and two months old, when she died. The only recollection of Civil War times and conditions is a vivid one, and requires an explanation. My Grandfather, William M. Hardcastle, had grown old (88 years), his sons had all left, his daughters married, and for the purpose of dissuading my Father of becoming a Surgeon in the Army had deeded the Castle Hall property to him, subject to its incumbrances and under certain condition of maintenance for himself. My Father having taken it over, and married, realizing that the land was becoming exhausted by tobacco raising, became interested in raising peaches. The land was kindly to the purpose, and he planted large orchards. Transportation required hauling to Camden, Delaware, the nearest shipping point to Philadelphia and New York markets. Large wagons were necessary, and were provided, one to carry 140 baskets, the other about 90; these could only make one trip a day to Camden, Delaware - 16 miles. After picking the fruit, sorting it and loading the wagons, the wagons were ready to start on their journey at daylight. It will be remembered that slavery existed at that time and the Civil War was being fought nominally on that issue. At any rate, aside from political discussion my Father held some 40 men slaves (although when he took the property, he assigned

a value to each one and as he or she worked it out, they were freed, a number had already been freed). And now for my vivid recollection. Early morning, just after daylight, the wagons loaded with peaches ready to start to Camden, the colored men in the kitchen for breakfast, and the white men come for the purpose of assisting with the gathering of the fruit were greasing the wagon wheels. My Grandfather looked on and I at his side. Suddenly down the side or service lane appeared a file of colored soldiers, commanded by a white officer. He marched his troop to the Kitchen door, and took every colored man except a big fellow named Frank, who dodged behind my mother, picked up the biscuit pottle and then disappeared. The picture of the wagon in the side yard, my Grandfather, the men greasing the wagon, the soldiers, the officer, the faces of the blacks, the indignation of the white men, all is impressed upon my mind, and is recalled today as then. I have wondered sometimes whether it could be a true recollection, that could not be erased from the impressionable mind of a child.

As I am not necessarily as active in the many duties of my Legal profession, as for so many years (over 40), I have been thinking back over the impressions, experiences, associations, scenes, thoughts, that have been my life for more than 75 years, an over-pass of the normal allotment of years. On the theory that there is no loss or waste in the economy of our lives, that something, even though I might not realize what, might be salvaged and be of benefit or information to someone, (although I fully realize that experience is the only teacher) I have attempted this memoranda.

My early years were spent under the dearest and most benign influences. My Father, capable, efficient, skillful, a student, a Country Doctor, loving his community, and pouring out his life in its service, with little remuneration, helpful, kind, unselfish, ready and willing to do for his neighbors. A slave owner, yes, but thoughtful, kind and considerate, and respected and loved by those he owned. My Mother, beautiful (one of three beautiful women of Philadelphia at time of her marriage to Father), gracious, resourceful, supplementing the Father in all kindly ways, adored and loved by all who knew her and came under her influence, together they were a perfect expression and agency of kindly consideration.

There was large landed property (about 1200⁰⁰ acres) and large inherited or assumed indebtedness (when Grandfather transferred the property to Father there was about \$45,000.00 of indebtedness, although Father did not know it was so much) as well as indebtedness assumed subsequently for other members of the family and for friends. It was usual for men of property in those days to assist those not so well provided, by endorsement, or acting as surety for the debts of those requesting assistance - a farm, a horse, a cow to be bought, would Doctor endorse? My Father never knew how to refuse, and often had to pay.

I was the only child of the Father and Mother I have tried to describe, in an old home built in 1781 by my Great Grandfather Thomas Hardcastle, and the parlor furniture was made for him in 1792. (I still

have four of the mahogany chairs, two mahogany tables - which when placed and hooked together form a round center-table, a looking glass similar to the one at the Washington home at Mount Vernon, and a Brass Lamp, which has been operated progressively by candles (I think), sperm oil, whale oil, coal oil, and now I have had it electrified.

The thought of Father, Mother, the old home, the surroundings and environment suggest the other members of our family. A part of my earliest recollection at Castle Hall is my Grandfather William Molliston Hardcastle, he was 84 when I was born and lived until 1874, when he had almost reached his 95th year. My impressions of Grandfather are clear and distinct, a kindly, courteous, affable gentleman interested in the affairs of the family, although he had relinquished all responsibility. A fall due to this interest ultimately caused his death. When cattle, hogs, etc. were butchered, and hung in the smokehouse, it was and had been for years his custom to list the different kinds and classes of the meat on the smokehouse door in chalk and also the withdrawals of the same, and he wished to do it himself, and finally when he was past 94 he fell backwards from the top step before the smokehouse door, as he reached up, and struck his head on the brick pavement, and from this fall he never fully recovered and died in June 1874.

My Grandmother, Anna Colston Hardcastle, I remember as a sweet kindly, smiling old lady. I was only a little over three years, when she died in March 1865. Others, Uncle Charlie and his family were beneficiaries of my parents, until his death at Castle Hall. Uncle Will's wife had died and he made his home at Castle Hall until he died. Aunt Angie Goldsborough, Father's youngest sister, wife of Dr. C. W. Goldsborough of Greensborough, Maryland, was not happy in her home for a time, and spent a good deal of time at Castle Hall, and gave Grandfather gracious and careful care. After Grandfather's death she returned to her own home in Greensborough, when she took up her home life with Dr. Goldsborough for the rest of his life, and after his death, she continued in the home carefully cared for in most kindly manner by Dr. Goldsborough's grandchildren by a former marriage. There were many that came and went, especially in the summer seasons. Auntie Brown's family, Cousin Annie, Cousin Lida, Cousin Natalie Dulles, her two children, Rev. John W. Dulles (the Dulles were all fine), Auntie Brown (Eliza Ann) was nice and kind, and I remember that she and her daughters added something to my school days in Philadelphia. But the Reverend Charles Brown, Uncle Brown as always spoken of in the family, never inspired me with confidence, and later at the instance of his own son William (my dear Cousin Will) took advantage of my Father, and by Cousin Will's ^{chicanery} Father ultimately lost Castle Hall - the old home. Uncle Brown's consent to the shrewd chicanery of Will Brown made me, as a boy, feel that he was a pompous old fraud. I may have something more to say on this matter later.

My Father's brother, Thomas, I never knew, he had died before my recollections began, but I knew most of his children, Cousin Ada (Adelaide KaLenberg), Cousin Belle (Parrish), Cousin Kate, Cousin Anna, and Dr. Jerome and his family of girls and Hal, who lived at

Name should be Goldsborough

Cecilton and whom I have most pleasant recollections of visiting.

Aunt Tillie Kennedy, one of the dearest, chirpiest members of the family, she married Rev. George W. Kennedy, an earthly Saint, I revere his memory. He had two children by a first marriage, Dr. Stiles Kennedy, devoted to my Father and Mother and loved by all of us, and Cousin Ellen who married a West Virginia man named Lewis, who was drowned in a flood when their home was washed away. Frank and Nathalie were the children of Uncle Kennedy and Aunt Tillie, both dead.

The Manloves lived in Greensborough, Aunt Amanda, one of Father's sisters (Malvina) married Pemberton Manlove, Cousin Anne died, Cousin Libbie died (married Dr. Stansbury and removed to California), Lena (married H. S. Mutchler and lived in Denton until he died) (is now in Parsons Home in Salisbury, Md.), Carrie, married Fred Roe and lived in Greensboro, Md. until time of her death, left a daughter Annie Roe, who married Keene Saulsbury and is living in Hanover, Pennsylvania, and William Pemberton, who has died within the last two or three years. This family of relatives I saw most of as I grew up, and loved them all dearly. Will was my chum.

Father's Brother, Uncle Ned (Edward Mortimer), a Doctor, lived at Trappe, Talbot County, Maryland, and for him Father always had the greatest appreciation for and of. He gave Father his first tickets to Jefferson Medical College, started him on his life work. Uncle Ned died finally in Easton, Maryland (85 years), Aunt Annie had predeceased him. His son, Doctor Edward, died leaving a daughter Nanny, whose mother was Nanny Hears. Nanny Hardecastle married Charlie Fisher and they have a daughter, Nancy, all three of these people are charming and very dear relatives. Will is living, and so is Edith living with Nanny Fisher, her niece. Uncle Ned's sons, Addison and Ernest, died just after reaching manhood (tuberculosis). Cousin Alice died after her Father and Mother.

Doctor Edward (Uncle Ned's son) Hardecastle married a second time, but I do not know his children, but have heard they are not very successful in keeping out of trouble. Uncle Ned was a capable and efficient physician, charming in manner, kindly and courteous, and dearly loved, for years a member of the School Board of his County. I visited Uncle Ned and Aunt Annie a good many times, rode with Uncle Ned in making his visits, and loved to be with him. I think I had and have more respect for him, than any member of the Hardecastle family.

An incident of a visit to Trappe; Will was teaching the local school, Edith a successful musical student, these two with Miss Sallie Clark were the nucleus of the choir of the Episcopal Church, when Mr. Walker was rector. When making a visit I went with Edith and Will to choir rehearsal. Will disappeared for a few moments and we were startled to see him dressed in the Minister's robes, and we were also startled by his almost perfect impersonation, gesture and toning of voice. Aunt Annie was never strong and after the death of Addison and Ernest, she was guarded and protected, considered as an invalid, and exercised the privileges of such in act and expression. I want to make it plain I was a great admirer of Uncle Ned, and enjoyed being with him.

Uncle Jim Naudain, Mother's oldest brother, after his wife died, came to Castle Hall with his oldest and youngest daughters, Ida and Clara, Katie the middle one lived with Grandmother Naudain. Uncle Jim had failed in business. He was a genius in many ways, could make anything with his hands, a pigeon-house, a pipe, sleeve buttons of wood, a drag or cultivator, in fact anything that he saw. After living with us at Castle Hall for years, he lived with Uncle Elias and Grandmother until he died. Ida Naudain remained at Castle Hall through her girlhood, and afterwards went to Philadelphia and married Corbet Naudain and finally died. Clara Naudain remained with us, and went with us to live in Denton, when she met Jim Todd and married him, after his death married a man by the name of Patterson, and has since died. I have little to say of these two girls, there was close association in the home, and times when the bonds of kinship tightened, but always there was something, one hardly knew what, that did not seem to belong. And finally I feel that both these girls, for whom Mother and Father both made many sacrifices, were ungrateful and the years of pleasant association are spoiled by other recollections, which I will not and do not want to record.

Uncle Arnold, Mother's second brother, and his wife Aunt Carrie, did not figure directly in the Castle Hall life, though mother was in touch with him during his lifetime.

Aunt Maggie and Aunt Sadie, Mother's younger sisters, were constantly at Castle Hall. Mother was their second mother. And without attempting to describe them specifically, they were the dearest Aunts in the world, the kindest, most thoughtful and best - I loved these precious women. Aunt Sadie, after Grandmother died and Uncle Elias married, lived with us in Denton and after Father and Mother died in 1911 came to us at 1217 John Street and died here in our home dearly loved.

Uncle Elias Naudain, Mother's youngest brother, an expert in silk and velvet and other fine merchandise, was a typical old bachelor for years (but later married Aunt Nellie, a bright and attractive Aunt Nellie personality), but pure gold all through, high type character and life, kind and wise, ever ready to help, and always wanted to do the comfortable thing. He was frequently at Castle Hall in the early days. I have tried to give an idea of those who provided the environment of my early life. It is imperfectly done, and does not show the overflowing respect and love I have for them, but there are others in the picture, white faces and black faces, all have a distinct and clear relation to the whole.

Jimmy Montague, who handled the orchards during Peach season, Fletcher Strangh, who lived on the Upper Farm, Cousin Robert Emmet Hardecastle and his family our near neighbors, Robert Culbreths family, Henry Culbreths family, the Euglers - the colored family and friends, viz. Aunt Glenzy, cook for over 50 years, Aunt Maria her sister, Sallie the housemaid and most wonderful bread-maker. Aunt Glenzy made and beat the Maryland Biscuit. Henry Lusty and Mary, his wife, freed by Father before emancipation. Ned Henry, who looked after the driving horses and was an expert Oxdriver, Carl Henry, Frank Henry who was the only slave not taken by Federal troops when men slaves were marched away the memorable early morning I remember as a child of little over three years (Frank slipped behind my Mother in the kitchen, when the

soldiers appeared, and said Miss Kate I don't want to go, she said Frank there is the Biscuit Pestle, defend yourself. Frank picked it up and slipped out through the house and was the only man-slave not taken, and was with us until he died), his wife Henny and their children. Frisby Brown, a fine, honest fellow, who was an expert horseman and drove Mother's carriage, when she needed him, and handled the wagon teams, I think he taught me most about horses and mules and how they should be controlled, surely there were some of the different teams he alone could handle - Almira, his wife, Irvin, Almira's deaf and dumb boy who was one of my early companions, and yes, close friends and playmates. There are others that I come upon in my wanderings through the Labyrinth of Recollections, but these were a part of the environment and daily home-life, and made the atmosphere in which I started my life. It was kindly, it was home-like, in a strong sense it was patriarchal, because Father and Mother both recognized a deep responsibility for those about us, it will have to be remembered that our colored friends were starting a new life, for which they had no preparation. It was impressed upon me that I had a responsibility for others less well placed, and that I had a further responsibility to provide a standard character and conduct. Doctors, and Miss Kate's son was expected to be a little better in manner, in appearance, and particularly in character and conduct, for this was paid to me a loving service and esteem, that sometimes made it a bit hard to restrain the innate tendency to pride of position and birth. But such was the love and respect for my Father and Mother, that I grew up in an almost paternal or feudal atmosphere.

Until I was ten years of age, my Mother was my teacher in all lines, in 1872 while my Father was a member of the Maryland Legislature, mother and I spent part of the winter with Grandmother Mandain and Uncle Elias at 2103 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia, and while there I attended Professor Shaw's School for two months, and then spent the last month of Father's time at Annapolis with him, and there knew and was closely associated with Senator Daniel Frieds and Robert Gary, Caroline representative, respectively, of the Senate and House. When we returned home I entered Castle Hall School, a public school, originally a semi-private school for benefit of Castle Hall children and their neighbors and friends, and was a regular attendant until 1876. My first teacher, Tommy Jarman, was an unusual man, but undoubtedly a good teacher, and under him I advanced rapidly. He did not spare the rod, I can see him now, walking before his class, chewing the end of a black-gum switch, and holding the close attention of each member of the class. He got results. Miss Cara Willis filled the vacancy when Mr. Jarman died, a daughter of Doctor Willis of Preston, Md., a friend of my father's, she came to Castle Hall to live and press my education. She was a lovely girl, we studied and rode horseback, but she died during the year from an overdose of medicine taken to relieve pain. Her end was tragic, the servant found her lying on the floor in her room, when she called her in the morning. A Mr. Hough, who had bought the Cuyler property opposite the school house, took over the school, he had been a teacher and was equipped to start me in Latin and more advanced studies. After he left or died, I forget which, my Father was instrumental in securing Marshall S. Mutchler, a recent graduate of Dickinson College, who lived at Castle Hall, and gave me special service, practically was my Tutor.

In the Fall of 1876, Centennial year, I went to Philadelphia to attend Professor Hastings West Philadelphia Academy, 35th and Powelton Avenue. I spent three years at Professor Hastings school preparing for Princeton College. The first year I lived with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird on Norris Street, the day school was at 40th and Ludlow, and that gave me 60 block or Philadelphia squares each way every day. The other years I lived in the school, 35th between Powelton Avenue and Race Street. During my three years at the school I had the advantage of instruction in Latin and Greek by Professor Scott, a scholar and fine teacher and by Professor Hastings, in Arithmetic, Algebra and in English, in higher mathematics not so good. Owing to the death of the Professor, who taught Geometry during my last year at school, after entering Princeton without conditions or qualifications, I found afterwards I was not well grounded in that subject, and had to struggle with my Math. During my years at school, I spent a part of each Sunday, as well as other times with Grandmother Naudain. She was one of the old fashioned, straight-laced Presbyterians, but loving and kind, I always think of her with love, respect and just a trifle of awe - going to Alexander Presbyterian Church with her Sunday mornings and to Sunday School with Uncle Elias in the afternoon.

My years at school in Philadelphia were most pleasant and I made many warm friends. A few of them I would like to recall - Will and Mary Black, Lulu Bennett, a beautiful girl, fine and keen of wit, Lizzie Knight, Mary Paul, beautiful girls, Marjorie Henry, Frank Smiley with whom I became close friends before we graduated, he visited me for a number of summers and worked with me in Peaches and afterward became a Presbyterian minister, Ed. Hastings, a nephew of Professor Hastings and himself a teacher, was a Pal, and a good fellow.

As stated above, during my first year at school I lived with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird Simons. Uncle Laird was a literary man, and edited a column in one of the papers, and was engaged in other work of like kind, a most kindly man and devoted friend. Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird had three (3) boys, viz. Elias Naudain, Laird Hardcastle and Herbert. Auntie always said she had four (4) boys and I was the oldest one. Laird Hardcastle Simons, the second son, was born at Castle Hall, during a time when Uncle Laird was struggling with adverse conditions, and Father and Mother were being helpful, conditions improved and they returned to Philadelphia and opened a home.

After Uncle Laird died, Laird H. was in poor health, and we took him with us to Castle Hall, and built him into health (his father had tuberculosis) and kept him for nine years, a precious boy, and after I left college in 1884 was with me constantly when not attending Castle Hall school. Our devoted association deepened into dearest love. My Father and Mother loved him as their own son, and I as my own brother. Laird H. joined his mother and the other boys in Philadelphia, secured a position in the Kid-Leather business, and finally landed with The William Amer Amer Company, Mr. Amer, the President of that company, recognized his ability and developed the business (tanning) along lines

suggested by Laird, as the business grew, depended largely upon him, and when he died, left Laird his Common stock, which with the stock Laird had already acquired, gave him control of the company. Laird ran the business until the time of his death in 1936 (June 17). Laird's life was in many ways tragic, devotedly in love with his first wife, she died in giving birth to their first child. After a number of years he met, loved, and married Amelia Alexander, dear, and precious to him and to each of us, members of the family, two children were born to them, and both by the Caesarean method. The first child, Eurette, was named for Amelia's mother, the second for his father, himself and my father (Laird Hardcastle). The strain due to the condition of Amelia's health (a tuberculosis condition after Pneumonia), and the additional strain of business conditions, took toll of his strength and in 1934 - 1935 he had a break and was forced to quit for a time, but seemed to come back strong and was apparently well. The crack came after a Saturday afternoon's work among his shrubs and flowers, he became unconscious and never rallied (Appoplexy).

Amelia was wonderful and the children as well, meeting every responsibility. Laird had made careful and wise provision for his family, and left them well provided for. When the business was straightened out and plans made for the children, Amelia faded away it seemed, she felt her duty was done, her job accomplished, and it was time for her to join Laird. The two children have graduated at college, they are dear, both capable, and have the kindly, thoughtful instincts of both father and mother. They are doing what they think their father and mother would wish them to do - be true, be kind, be Christian, see and know, and develop, and enjoy life, make it joyous for themselves and others. Hardy has gone into the business to study and learn it from the bottom to top, it will be his, when he's a little older, in the meantime he has the association and advice of his Uncle Al and others to rely on.

I have tried to indicate the surroundings of my early life, plucking here and there a recollection as I wander in the Labyrinth. Mother and Father had a very devoted love for Uncle Dan and Aunt Mary (Mother's father's sister) Coghill, it was at their home in Dover, Delaware they met and learned to love each other. The visits we used to make to Uncle Dan and Aunt Mary were a joy, they were kindness personified. Their granddaughters, Cora and Lou, were beautiful. After I came to Baltimore to live I saw a good deal of Lou, who had married Howard Harman. I always was devoted to Lou. Cora I did not know so well. Lou Harman is now with Cora's daughter, her husband is President (Clothier) of Rutgers College.

You did at Dr. Robert C. Clothier November 30th 1939.

Returning to my school days, in my second year at Professor Hastings I had a severe illness, there was an epidemic of (Spotted Typhus) fever in West Philadelphia, Aunt Sadie took me home, and Father and Mother cared for me and pulled me through - many died. Among my pleasant recollections of these school years are Cousins Annie and Mollie Green and Cousin Jennie Bennett. My Uncle Tom I never saw, but we had an oil painting of him, that Father gave to his daughter Cousin Ada Katzenberg, who lived in New York and afterwards went to Germany. Cousin Bell Parrish, Cousin Kate who married and went

to England to live, I have forgotten the name, Cousin Annie Penneck, Uncle Tom's daughters were all charming women, but a little different, and with the exception of Cousin Ada, left on my young memory the impression of instability. Cousin Jerome, his son, was assisted by my Father to acquire a medical education, he and his wife Cousin Sallie lived in Cecilton, Maryland and struggled to raise a family of several girls and a son Harry, usually called Hal. Cousin Jerome and Cousin Sallie were pleasant and kind to visit, and the girls were all attractive, nice relatives. Many members of my Mother's family and relatives I knew slightly and did not often come in contact with, but my recollection of them is, that they were charming, refined, intelligent, particularly Cousin Dan and Cousin Mary Corbitt, Cousin Will and Cousin Martha Reynolds, Cousin Charles Douglas, Aunt Ann Hall and her daughters and Cousin Jim Hall, her son, one of Aunt Ann's daughters, Cousin Clara Yardly, was one of the most attractive and dearest women I ever knew. I always felt she was more like my Mother than any other member of the family. Aunt Clara Wilson, the mother of Jacob Wilson, a musical genius, he could get more music out of a violin or banjo than anyone I ever knew or heard, and for a long time he did not get much out of life, but was adored by children, dogs and horses, and finally by a splendid woman Cousin Sadie, he was often at Castle Hall and always welcome.

During my school days at Professor Hastings, our school and city college football teams were consolidated with Will Black, Sam Tate, myself and others halfbacks. We were a strong school team, won our game, beat University of Pennsylvania freshmen, beat its Sophomore team, and then played a tie with its Junior Team, from which its University Team was largely drawn, two men I remember clearly Jack and George Thayer. I met Jack Thayer years after in the U. S. Court in Baltimore, he was a Vice President of Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Work with this team prepared me for the Freshman Team at Princeton and assured me a place on the scrub-team that helped train the University Team. Bland Ballard was Captain of varsity.

In reviewing and considering my early environment, I cannot leave out the mention of my friends, the animals with which I was associated, and meant so much to a boy raised in the country, first, my little horse Sam Rock (Sham Rock), my little dog Mac, dear to my memory, both of which provided by thoughtful parents added to my pleasure and education. I learned to ride on the back of Sam Rock, and was soon pushed on him even while my legs were so short they stuck out, and if I fell off, as sometimes happened, he would wait for me to lead him to a fence or to some place that enabled me to climb on his back again - patient and kind, the old fellow carried and played with me and with my little friends both boys and girls, taught them to ride. There are many incidents I remember about Sam Rock, one or two I want to jot down, viz. once when riding with Miss Cora Willis, we came fast into the lane, Miss Cora lost her balance and became partially unconscious, the little horse realized something was wrong, he steadied as I held her in the saddle; another time, with Ida Naudain riding him, we were fox-hunting, the wind was high and a limb from a tree blew across Ida's lap. Sam Rock acted so quickly and intelligently that he avoided a serious accident. What a dear memory, Little Mac with

his tail curling over his back, fussy and proud. I do not know his breed, but he was an aristocrat and a kindly gentleman, always ready for play, ready always with courage for defence. He was part of my education, kindly and had courage, yes, the little dog had a real value as a hunter, he was the best squirrel dog I ever knew, his little bark would send them to the side of the tree, where they were easy victims to the gunner. Once, as I remember, Father and Uncle Jim killed, with the aid of Little Mac, over 30 squirrels in a short afternoon.

As I wander in the Labyrinth, recollections crowd in - the horses, the mules, the oxen, the old red cow even that nobody but Aunt Clenny could milk.

After Sam Rock, I think of Charlie, a blood bay beautiful as a picture; of Queen, a picture black, with mouth of iron; Ashby, named for the great cavalry leader; later Tankerville, a wild fellow, softened by Father's quiet management, a stand-by for Father and the family; Pet, a brown mare, a good side-partner for Tankerville, and a good carriage horse and driver, but oh how she could run under the saddle; her son Tamelem, usually known as Caesar, greatest horse of the century, driver, road trotter (2.40) and saddle horse, when necessary, and fox-hunter - tall, lanky, hipkapped, a wonder horse of service. He could be the meanest and the best in the world, according to the state of his mind, and he had a mind all his own. If he was mad or had a contrary spell, it was hard to get harness on him and get him between the shafts, and if you did not watch him he would put his iron-shod foot on your foot. But if anything unusual happened he would stop and stand perfectly still until you were out of trouble, one incident, a patient sent for Father in a hurry at night, Caesar was fast, I alone drove him at that time, geared to Father's Doctors Phaeton we set out at a fast pace, and just before we reached the patient's gate, in crossing a small uneven rough bridge the front axle broke in the middle, and the front wheels closed up tight and formed a cage. Caesar stopped in his stride, although the top of the phaeton came over and rested on his rump. He stood still while I pulled myself along the shaft by using the harness, and ungeared him before Father could get out. If he had moved, the pressure of the carriage top would or might have excited him, and in our helpless condition, we could easily have been severely injured or killed. Another incident of Caesar, viz., we were living in Denton, and I was invited to dine at a nearby town (6 miles) and after dinner the whole party was to go to Denton, my then home town, for a dance. I drove Caesar, he was stabled while we were at dinner, several teams got off before they attempted to gear my horse to my buggy. I was to take the young lady, guest of the evening, to the dance. The men finally succeeded in harnessing my horse and brought him to the house-door, when I came out with the young lady they were having trouble to hold him. I walked in front of him and told the men to let him loose, they were surprised but did as I told them. He was anxious to get off, as other teams had gone, but stood while I wrapped up, but as soon as I tightened the reins he lunged, snorted and sent his heels flying over the top, then he settled down to going and before the six miles were accomplished, we were leading the procession, having made the 6 mile drive in 22 minutes. The next summer, the same young lady was visiting the same place and people. I took her driving, the moon was bright, the road

sandy, the horse I think must have gone to sleep, he fell flat in the road, the young lady said "Funny horse, in winter time to ~~run~~ ^{was to kick} your head off, in summer falls down in the road." I could think of many other things both bad and good that old horse did, but he had good sense and good judgment, and was with us until he died.

Mazeppa was the finest saddle horse I ever rode, easy, every muscle a responsive spring. He could so pace his stride in cantering, one could walk beside him; he was fast, and could jump anything in reason. Dark brown in color, almost black, he was a graceful beauty. He loved fox-hunting and always wanted to closely follow the dogs. And that leads me into a by-path of recollection, an incident, of his wilfulness and prowess. Upon one occasion, while fox-hunting, I was riding him down a road, between fields with fences each side, and woods each side beyond the narrow fields, with dogs running fast and baying in the woods to the left. Mazeppa became impatient, he wanted to go, to closely follow the dogs. He became impatient, snapped the bit between his teeth and tore down the lane at a dizzy pace. I found it would be impossible to control him before I reached a gate which was closed to the house yard ahead of me, and before the gate was a mud-hole five or six feet wide. With horse out of control, mud-hole and gate ahead, I saw my only chance was to ride him for the jump of mudhole and gate in one spring, and that is what he did, jumped hole and gate without touching either, passed around the house through the house-yard, and jumped the gate and similar mudhole on the other side, before I got him under complete control. I feel that his feat was marvelous and I lucky. Uncle Ned loved to ride horseback, was charmed with this fellow and we let him have him and he rode him for years. Another fine horse was Sorrel Charlie, both a good driver and hunter.

Of the mules, Little Jack, small and used specially to plow close under the Peach trees, was also a fine saddler, he was a kicker par excellence, turn him loose, throw a stick at him, and the strong chance was, that stick would come back at you and you would probably have to dodge. The team, Jerizis, the lead, Gypsy and Sam, "the Britch", were directed by "Get up", "Gee", "Peddy wo", "wo." Frisby used no reins and he needed none (while I think of it, one beautiful moonlight night, mother and I were coming from Dover, Frisby was driving, when we reached the Mud-Mill mill-pond, Frisby turned to Mother and said, "Miss Kate, this is the prettiest night in Galline." An expression of whimsical appreciation - the scene is vividly before me today, after 70 years - the moonlight on the water of the pond, the curving banks of the pond, edged with grass and trees and bushes, the handsome horses, "the old Big Carriage," Frisby's quizzical face - my Mother's surprised expression and the sudden smile that illumined her dear and beautiful face.) There were other horses and colts in my life of which I have recollections. I spent time, energy and patience, breaking and training them to saddle and to harness. I loved horses and handled them successfully, they were not afraid of me, and were not nervous when I was about them.

I had other friends among the animals, dogs, little curly-tailed Mac was my first love. I have spoken of him, his is a child's dear memory.

One Fall, Doctor ^{Mc} S. Clements, who lived at Marydel, a friend

of Father's, loaned us Pluto, a beautiful Leverick setter, for a part of the shooting season. He was a blue-blooded gentleman, a cross of Leverick and Gordon. He was a bit wild when he first came to Father and me, but a fine intelligent hunter and retriever. We were soon constant companions and devoted friends, and we returned him to Doctor McClements with appreciation but deep regret, and when Doctor McClements wrote, saying someone had tried to poison Pluto, and if I wanted him to come and get him, I went immediately. He was glad to see me, jumped in the buggy and put his head on my knee, expressing his happiness and feeling of home-coming. It was a friendship that lasted until his death at 16 years. He was the greatest and most satisfactory dog I have known and hunted, a true and faithful friend, kind and dependable. Just one instance to show his class, there were many, when he had grown old we were living in Denton, and he would lie in the street at times, and after he had been run over on one occasion, I sent him to Charlie Cahall on the farm, Charlie had been my overseer and loved him dearly and would care for him. The last fall of his life, with a party of friends and young dogs, I went to the farm for bird hunting. The old fellow welcomed me warmly and stayed close to me until we were ready to start out, then I had Ned (one of the colored boys from the old home) take him and lock him up. I knew that he knew that we were going hunting and would want to go too, and I knew he was too feeble. We came back to the house for lunch. He met me, visited with me for a while, smelled my game bag, seemed satisfied and disappeared, and when we started out in the afternoon could not be found - Ned was to look out for him. When we were about 1/4 mile across the fields, our young dogs seemed to get a strong scent of birds, but could not place them, and while I was watching the young dogs, I heard something panting behind me. It was old Pluto. I said nothing, he passed me, looking straight ahead maybe 20 yards and came to a stiff point, I called to my friends that old Pluto had joined us and pointed and to come for a shot. They said no, he is so old, he does not know what he is doing, we will chance your putting them up. I replied, he never made such a false point in his life, the birds are here. In the meantime, from weakness, he had laid down. I went to him, helped him to his feet, put my knee against his rump and urged him forward to put them up, that was our invariable custom, he staggered along a few feet and put up a big covey, and then dropped exhausted. Everyone was surprised, but I was not, I knew. Ned had followed him and stood watching the point, and said My God, Mr. Al, that old dog has sense, he smelled your game bag, was satisfied you had game, knew you would not take him, and then he disappeared, hid until he could steal after you, found you, smelled the birds and pointed. He gave no attention to man or dog, until he had completed his job and showed us the birds. Ned took him in his arms and carried him back to the house. That was his last hunt, a perfect ending to a life of devoted service.

There were other dog friends - Cousin John Higgins imported Dashing Monack, a full-blooded Llewellen, and gave me "Leah 2nd" (we called her "Wellie"), one of the first litter of pups (Dashing Monack out Harry Gause Leah). She was a beauty, black and tan points, a good pidge partner for old Pluto. She was lovable and kind, a true aristocrat, I bred her to Pluto and retained Fannie and young Pluto, they were beauties, with all the distinctive markings of the Llewellens and also of old Pluto (Leverick and Gordon) as well, being 1/2 Leverick he had practically the same markings. These dogs were a joy, Handsome picture dogs, sweet tempered, efficient. Fannie was ac-

identally shot by a friend while we were hunting. Young Pluto died in my arms of pneumonia about a year after Fannie was killed. Nellie had died. When I went in the field hunting with my four fine, handsome, blooded dogs, I was proud and well-served, but Old Pluto was King and taught the others their duties. He was field-Marshal and made plans and gave instructions, that if not carried out might cause punishment.

On one occasion Will Lamdin and I drove out from Denton about two miles, it was early in the season. The dogs had not been hunted, but little. We left the buggy, and with Old Pluto, Nellie, and the pups Fannie and Young Pluto started hunting. Within a few minutes, along a wood in some new ground, recently cleared, Old Pluto pointed, the others lined up behind him. Will Lamdin became excited and urged that we hurry, fearing the young dogs would flush the birds. I said Don't worry Old Pluto won't let them, Will said I bet you they will, I said I will bet you that we could take time to smoke a cigar and they would hold the point. It was a bet, we moved closer, lighted up and sat down. Once one of the pups moved to ease his position, Old Pluto turned his head and showed his teeth. I won my bet. We put coveys in the woods and followed them, had good shooting, found wood-cock in the woods, and when we came out of the woods at the school-house near John Wilson's I had 38 partridges and wood-cock, Will had, I think, 19. It was good sport, due to good dogs. We had a satisfactory pack of hounds, old Rattler and Kelly and others, and enjoyed foxhunting. These many animate, active things and the scenes they participated in, present themselves as I wander among my recollections.

My school days had passed and I had entered Princeton College with a classmate and room-mate, Henry Gilmore, and was located at Mrs. Fine's. My early recollections at Princeton center around some fine fellows - Dick Harlan, a junior, his brother, Jim Harlan, Barclay, Carson, Jerry Haxall, Frank Roberts, and Bland Ballard, the Captain of the Varsity Football Team. The Freshman Football Team, of which George Fleming was Captain, Haxall, Hodge, Ned and Phil. Peace, Jennison Frank Wadley, Tim Rogers, Tom Wanamaker, Jim Harlan, Kid Carson and I were members. We were a husky bunch and won our games. I was soon drafted for the scrub team that gave the Varsity practice. Unfortunately, my eyes became very troublesome and Thanksgiving holiday time Father took me to Doctor Thomas G. Morton in Philadelphia, who, after a careful examination, advised Father that I had such a bad condition of granulated lids, that I needed immediate treatment, and a cessation of use. I was taken out of college and spent three months at Grandmother Maudain's in Philadelphia, and reported to Doctor Morton each day. The treatment was heroic, and consisted in turning up the lids and cutting over the inner surface with a sharp instrument and applying Nitrate of Silver on the raw surface, usually it was an hour or more before I could open my eyes. It was a rough tough experience, but salutary and accomplished results, and at the end of three months I went home and Father looked after my eyes, and permitted me to use them very little, occasionally reporting to Doctor Morton for examination and treatment. After 18 months, my eyes having improved, and the teacher of Castle Hall School having resigned, I was appointed teacher for the balance of that school year, and so acted, had 76 scholars on the Roll from A. B. C. to Latin and Algebra. It was a unique and interesting ex-

I recall one Fox-hunt, Will Manlove and I had particularly. Will was staying with me, we started early, about daylight. Will rode my Sorrel Charlie, I rode Caesar. The dogs preceded us to the Choptank and Sandy Island Bridge and had a fox going by the time we reached the bridge. Fox and dogs went up the river and toward Dover, usually the Fox followed the river and would return. We sat and listened and finally heard the baying of the dogs coming toward us, we kept quiet and before long the fox came along, passed between our horses, he was a leopard-fox, white spots on his sides, the only one I ever saw, down along the river, through East Greensborough, again following the river, making Eastward excursions, another Fox crossed the trail and took all of our 40 dogs, but five, who held to the Old Fox and his trail. Will and I never knew just what or how much territory we covered, we were below Denton, and on the Alms-House farm when we killed the fox - Fox, dogs and ourselves so tired we were all moving slowly. I rode in and tried to save the fox, attempted to pick him up, by grabbing him by the neck, but he snapped at me and before I could make another try one of the dogs had gotten close enough to snap him. When it was over, we were nearly 20 miles from home, tired bodies, tired horses, tired dogs, hungry as bears. Father said he estimated we had ridden more than 60 miles, nearer 70.

perience, Clinton Wyatt, son of one of my Father's old friends, was my advanced pupil, and afterwards became a prominent Preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have always felt very glad that I could be of service to such an ambitious and worthy youth.

I returned to Princeton in the Fall of 1881 and became a member of the Class of '85, at the same time had close and pleasant relations with my original Class of '83. When I entered college in '79, "The Cane-Spree" was an established Custom, I was trained by a Junior Ohr, and matched with Ned Simons (Uncle of Bessie Simons, Al's wife) a Sophomore, he was a splendid fellow, a gentleman of parts, and gymnasium trained, but Ohr had trained me well and I was strong. I took the Cane in short order, 22 seconds, if I remember correctly.

After my return to college I made warm friendships with a great many of my new classmates, particularly with Ned Wilson, Will Jackson, Billy Hall (Mother), Charlie Knox, Jack Cooper, and many many others, Alex. Claribow among them. Bond Harriman who sat beside me for three years, and about whom and with whom I have very many pleasant recollections, his brother Oliver was one of my '83 friends and classmates. The four months passed with the usual class work, the Freshman Football and the practice as a member of the Scrub Team, the effort to get the clapper out of the college bell on Old North. Owing to the death of Doctor McCosh's son late in October the usual Hallowe'en frolic was not celebrated until the last night of the term, before Christmas Holidays, Jim Potter gave a champagne supper that night, and some of the boys were keyed up and did some damage to gas lamps, a few windows, and a riot was reported in the New York papers. A fellow by the name of Baker from Baltimore was captured by the local police, and put through the Third Degree and gave the names of some 30 boys who he said participated, mine among them. As a matter of fact, I had not attended Jim's supper and although I was at the head of the crowd for a time, I left and took to my room at Mrs. Warren's a friend who had a drop too much and put him to bed. Those reported were haled before the Court at Trenton and fined, the fines were paid by the bunch to protect two or three that actually did damage. I was one of five in whose favor "Nolle Proe" was entered.

Shortly before the above happened, Wilson, Jackson and I secured a saw to cut out the bell clapper, Nat Goldie Proctor blocked us and we went up by Priests Drugstore, he had a mortar made of small pieces of colored glass, we cut it off with our saw, had it buried for a time, and feeling that we should get it back, we put it in my trunk. I expected to stop in Philadelphia, and from there return the sign to the owner. Instead, it went to my home, and before it could be returned, the faculty had the information, how I do not know, the result being that I collected 11 weeks suspension under Tutors in Philadelphia. I spent the time with Cousin Mary and Arnie Greer on Race Street 3400 block, Cousin Jennie Bennet and Lulu were of the family - a happy and profitable winter.

When I returned to College Doctor McCosh sent for me, and McCosh asked for a statement, which I gave him complete, he said he did not question it, he also said "You must be good or get out of my college",

I can hear him saying it now. I told him he would never have any more trouble with me. He and Mrs. McGosh were dear, as I look back through seventy odd years I see no bigger man than doctor McGosh, trained, learned, kindly, with a heart of pure gold, I always feel a warmth and glow in my system when I think or speak of that Great Man. I always have felt that my suspension was due to my refusal to divulge who were present at Jim Potter's champagne supper. Professor Sloan asked me the question, when I was called before the Faculty. I refused indignantly, and expressed myself so forcibly that I had to be punished for disrespect. More than a year later Professor Sloan attempted to start espionage, I caught a college proctor in my room, found out Professor Sloan sent him, and then meeting Sloan on the street, told him that I had caught one of his emissaries in my rooms, had thrown him out the second-story window, but if it happened again, it would not be the tool that took the punishment but the principal, and furthermore, if he wanted to know anything from me, if it was any of his business I would tell him myself. The last year I was in college we were better friends.

Billy Hall and I roomed together at Mrs. Warrens and in reunion, we separated at end of Sophomore year. Men develop characteristics that separate them, although they continue to be good friends, so with Billy and me. My eyes were something of a drawback, practically giving out at times. I was getting a great deal out of my course, but not what I should. Then too I was beginning to realize that Father and Mother were having a hard time to pay my bills, so altogether my Junior year at college was not free from anxieties. For a number of my Professors I had deep gratitude, and a warm feeling, Dr. McGosh, Dr. Atwater, Professor Winans, Professor Scott, Professor Hunt, General Karge.

Two incidents in my Sophomore year are recalled with particular vividness, first, my selection to represent my class in the Preliminary Cane-Spree, and my hard fight with Hugh Hodge, after more than an hour I succeeded in taking the cane from him, second, the Sophomore Reception, the Committee for which I was a member of. This Reception was the Social Event of the year. Hunter McAlpin was Chairman. I had charge of the printing and the programs. Mrs. Willis and Lizzie came to Princeton for this function and Lizzie was a Belle. Father also came on for it and for commencement, we had a happy time, and I was very proud of the lovely Delaware girl. I was also Captain of the Scrub Football team and occasionally played on the Varsity Team - a badly sprained ankle interfering a good deal with my availability. I also trained with the secondary boat-crew. Was also doing some work in Whig-Hall (Latin, Greek, English, of which we had a lot) with Professors Packard, Sloan, Orris, Cameron, Hunt and Murray and others. I took in regular stride and did fairly well in these. Trig and Calculus were not easy for me, my school-days preparation not having been so good in Math. Science studies most interested me, especially work under Professor Scott. Frank Roberts was chairman of '83 Class-Day Committee and I was a member of it. In my Sophomore year on Washington's Birthday in the gymnasium, I battled Conover '83 for the Middle Weight wrestling and lost to him. The next year Dr. J.M.T. Finney and I '84 had a hard battle, lasting as I remember the better part of an hour, and I won the championship (for 1884).

Junior year had a number of percussions, first, a realization that Father and Mother were having a hard struggle financially, many fruit trees had been killed by the hard winter of 1881-1882, and the crops of Peaches were seriously affected, second, I was not quite well, my throat was irritable in the Princeton air, third, Billy Hall and I had separated after rooming together for two years, I was living and had my room at the "Fines," fourth, I was having trouble with my Physics under Professor Bracket, but pulled through comfortably in the end. An incident happened in Physics class, Bond Harriman was called suddenly to recite by Professor Bracket, and moved over in front of Harris, who attempted to coach him as he was not prepared. The Professor sensed what was going on and asked Harriman many questions, finally said that will do Mr. Harriman, thank you Mr. Harris, possibly you would both like to know the recitation rates a zero for both of you, as not one question was correctly answered! Also during this year Professor Sloan attempted to put into operation an "Espionage System" and we had quite a stir in college, and I had a run in with Sloan over the matter. Tried for a membership in the zoological expedition Doctor Scott was planning, but owing to some overwork failed to take written examination, and had finally to take an oral examination, that cut me out.

During my last year in College, I thought much of things religious, and came under what our Methodist friends call "conviction" and finally joined the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Father and Mother had both been raised as Presbyterians, but owing to the want of a Presbyterian Church in our vicinity, were both members of the Methodist Church. Uncle Kennedy, Aunt Lillie's husband, had been the last Presbyterian Pastor of the Greensborough Church - Uncle Brown had also been at one time Pastor of that Church.

I was born in a Christian home, of Christian Parents, and raised under Christian influences and in compliance and conformity with the forms and thought of the Period, viz. the Sabbatical Sabbath, the King James version, the actual, true and inspired word of God, with every concept that flowed from that belief, including the damnation and hell-fire promised for wrong-doing; the recognized beneficence of The Father God, and the loving kindness of the Saviour. During my youth, I found it hard to reconcile the thoughts and wonderings emanating from these beliefs. But could not and did not fully accept them for myself.

I was distrait and embarrassed because of my respect and love for my teachers, and my desire to be at one with them, and so it finally worked out and we drew together.

I had begun to think for myself, and resolved for myself, during my Junior year at Princeton, that life and nature were not an accident, but there was before them and back of them a "Design," and a governing and controlling Head, which through all the ages had exercised and stimulated the thought of, the desire for and the recognition of a Divine, all Powerful Creator in the minds and imagination of the people of the World.

The Old Testament teaches a Doctrine of Force, people and nations were destroyed, because they did not conform to or comply with the rules laid down.

Then Christ came into the World, Showing, Living and Teaching, the virtues as we know them, Kindness, Sacrifice, Love, and praising that through him, we can reach The Great Creator, the Father God.

The New Testament presenting Christ's Life and Teachings appeals to Reason, and satisfies "the Heart-Longing of Humanity," that has craved comfort and knowledge, without coercion. We see, around us, the Renewal of every form of life, the Grass, the Trees, animal life, everything apparently dies, but wakes to New Life at the appointed time

Is not Man, therefore, the sentient force, nature's highest expression of the thinking and reasoning faculties (the only creature or thing in Nature, that does possess these faculties) linked by these faculties, or other bonds, too subtle for grasp by finite minds, to the Maker, drawing the Breath of the Spiritual, that returns whence it comes. The Divine Spark, the connecting Link. The spiritual existence and vital animate force in our lives.

Christ has said "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice." That is a wonderful saying, a sparrow is little even compared with me. There is a star in the Heavens, so far away that its light travels 100 years, at light speed, before it reaches "the Earth" My finite mind cannot conceive it, it is outside the range of our sun, about which our World revolves. I cannot envision the Space or the Distance. I cannot imagine, even, the Eye, that can see the sparrow fall. I cannot measure or think of so colossal a Ruler of Worlds, even though, through my creation I have spiritual contact with him, of which, I am assured. And I feel, and know, I am a part of His Design, and fit into his plan, and am given my own responsibility and latitude, the result of which will ultimately fit me into The Design in my proper place, namely in accordance with the manner in which I have ordered and lived my life, having always before me the Precepts and Life of Christ, as a guide.

With these and other like questions disposed of - my mind settled. And God and the Son Jesus Christ are real to me. Since that time (my Junior year at Princeton) I have not been particularly interested in church doctrines, and not at all in controversial questions. I have been willing to take the Life and Precepts of Christ as the Guide, and just try to follow as best I can, knowing many many failures.

My Articles of Faith are:

I believe in Fair Dealing, in Honesty, in Truth. And I believe I should do to others exactly what I would have others do to me.

And finally, I believe in a marvelous God, who is unimaginable to my finite mind, who rules worlds, and of whose Plan, I am an Indestructible Part.

And that our Saviour Jesus Christ came into the World to exemplify our God and teach us how to approach him, and how to prepare ourselves to fit into the Great, Divine Infinite Plan. I united with the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, and when I came to Baltimore to live Doctor Babcock sent for my Letters and I united with Brown Memorial Church Presbyterian and am still a member, having rendered during my active years what service I could.

I left college in June, expecting to return for my last year, but that was not to be. A number of things happened. First, there was a better prospect for Peaches that year, and I had the opportunity to erect and run an evaporator to take care of the cullings and second class fruit; second, Mother's illness, Typhoid, a terrible illness lasting from early in July until late September; third, a very dry season, and we picked our last peaches after September 25th, 1884. College had opened. I had had to take charge of everything. Father did not leave Mother, but watched every change, and finally he and Aunt Sadie brought her successfully through. The orchards, the general farming, the shipping, the evaporators using about 60 or 70 to 100 hands - I was tired, and not mentally ready to study, and further I felt a great ambition to be of service in managing the Old Home and getting Father out of financial difficulties, with the results I had accomplished in the summer of 1884 it looked as if I might do it. So it was concluded I was to take charge. For a year or two it looked promising, but Peach Yellows came to destroy the trees and by 1890 our orchards were practically ruined, although we had reset portions of them, and the property was sold. We went to Denton to live in 1890, and Father practiced his profession to give us a living. I spent nearly two years in settling our affairs and then studied law in the office of George M. Russum, Esquire. In the spirit of helpfulness Mother, two or three years before we left Castle Hall, began making and selling Mrs. K. N. Hardcastle's English Plum Pudding. The best ever put on the market, I believe, and handled by the best fancy grocers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and elsewhere. After we moved to Denton she continued and expanded the business, I helped her until I came to Baltimore to live and practice law. To the pudding business was added the preserving of fruits. She soon developed a market for fancy fruits, of the best quality, of the best materials. When Father's failing health, and her own failing strength required, she sold her business to some young men in Denton, they did not long keep up the quality, it was a quality proposition, and the business died. It was a noble effort on her behalf, successfully executed. Aunt Sadie was very helpful in the matter.

As I wander, the recollections of the suffering and anxieties of Father and Mother for years over matters financial are vividly before me, and I see Will Brown, Aunt Elize-Ann's son, as the "Arch Fiend" and curse of Father's life, Uncle Brown, Rev. Charles Brown, as the complacent hypocrite, whose conscience might hesitate at the commission of the crime but would not hesitate to reap the advantage of it after it was engineered by his son Will. To explain: When Mr.

Baynard died, there was a small fund of about \$2800 from his estate for the benefit of his daughter Natalie, who afterwards married a Presbyterian Minister, John W. Dulles, the aforesaid fund was placed in the hands of my Grandfather William M. Hardecastle, his son Thomas was living in Ohio. He came East to visit his family and for the purpose of securing funds for investment in Ohio, which seemed safe and very promising. The only money available was the legacy of Natalie Baynard, after a family council that fund was given Uncle Tom, he lost it. Eliza-Ann Baynard married Rev. Charles Brown. Grandfather accounted for the fund, by giving a mortgage on Castle Hall. Mr. Brown was developing a family, and he and his family made Castle Hall their home for most of each year for many years, recognizing this fact, when the mortgage was drawn it called for "one per cent" in some parts and in other parts of mortgage "no per cent." and then the mortgage was forgotten, or it was realized that the amount was lived out by the Brown family. At any rate no demand was made for payment upon Grandfather, and when he persuaded Father to give up his plan to become a Surgeon in the Army, and take over Castle Hall, nothing was said of the mortgage and Father, dealing with his own Father, made no examination of title. In fact, as it developed later, there was between \$40,000 and \$50,000 indebtedness against the property when Father took it over, most of which he was not apprised of. As I said, the mortgage had been forgotten, the Browns had lived it out, had had more than value received. Father was busy in his practice, in setting and mastering and developing his "Peach Orchards," he had married and had a son. Reverend Charles Brown had taken an assignment of the "Forgotten Mortgage." Will Brown was a lawyer practicing in Philadelphia (there used to be an old saying "Crooked as a Philadelphia Lawyer"), he studied the mortgage, the named interest therein (one percent and no percent), he reasoned would continue for three years, and then revert to the legal interest, 6%, and it might be even possible to manipulate it into a compounding of interest. Knowing my Father, for a high-minded man, who never repudiated an obligation, he came to Father with information regarding the mortgage, and secured from Father an acknowledgment in writing, that he would pay the mortgage, if it should be shown right and proper. The paper was craftily drawn, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland said in Hardecastle vs Brown this paper, acquired by misrepresentation, was both an admission of indebtedness and a promise to pay. To get out of the hands of the Browns, a part of Castle Hall was deeded to them and money finally borrowed of Mr. Lapham to pay them the balance. The property was subsequently sold to satisfy this mortgage.

Father was "Big," "without Guile," he could not imagine a nephew, son of his sister, deceiving him or lying to him. He was a loyal friend and loyal to his relatives, he paid more than \$20,000 for his Cousin and Pal Robert Emmet Hardecastle, and when his difficulties came Robert Emmet's sons refused to come to his assistance, although they were all comfortably well circumstanced, and could easily have afforded to return to him what he had advanced for their Father. In addition, they let him be sued and be required to pay the Harpers several thousand dollars because he had endorsed a guardian bond for

Cousin Emmet, which had laid quiet for years. Cousin Emmet had never filed his final accounts and closed the Estate, although the Harpers were overpaid. Father paid the Bill, and many bills for other people. The "Times" required that those who had property assist their neighbors. And Father never refused, be it one who would buy a horse or cow and anything the neighbor required, and it was often he had to pay. His Practice was large, his collections were small, people of the country around him were poor after the Civil War, and he tried to help. Father paid for Grandfather, for Uncle Tom, for Uncle Will, for Uncle Charlie, for Cousin Emmet, for Cousin Jerome and others. In 1890 he went to Denton, he continued his practice as long as his health permitted. A man, Big in Brain, Big in Character, Big in Heart, and my Mother Beautiful in Person, Beautiful in Character, Big in Brain and Heart - the two making a composit one. It is no wonder she could not live after he had gone into The Beyond, but followed him within a few months. I feel I have a rich heritage. My difficulty has been to live up to my entitlements. I am afraid I have not succeeded, although I have tried.

I have had many friends among men, often with men older than myself, viz. Uncle Elias, Ed. Hastings, Harry Conrad, Abe Moore, a Captain of Marines, whose name I cannot recall, but who was most kind to me during the winter of 1872, when Father was a member of the Maryland Legislature, and I was making him a visit at the Old Maryland Hotel, Annapolis, then Will Black, Frank Smiley, Fred Malone, Will Manlove, my college friends and chums. My Brothers-In-Law, John E. Wilson and Eldridge Downes, men for whom I had and have the greatest respect, constitutionally and practically honest, whose motives are or were never questioned. I have known many strong men, and have crossed Legal Swords with some of them, Judge John M. Robinson, Judge Stump, Bernard Carter, Pinckney (Governor) Whyte, Thomas G. ~~Harpes~~ ^{Harpes}, Judge Albert C. Ritchie, a great man and Judge, Governor Albert C. Ritchie, his son, W. Shepperd Bryan, Judge Morris, Senator Arthur P. Gorman, Senator George Gray of Delaware, Joseph C. France, Dr. M. ~~Matthe~~ ^{Matthe} Babcock, Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, Dr. John McDowell, President Grover Cleveland (when attending the wedding of a college mate at "Lakewood in the Pines", New Jersey. President Cleveland was offered a seat in the private Pullman reserved for the wedding party returning to New York, his car not being available he accepted and was most agreeable), Woodrow Wilson, Major Biggs, Dr. Samuel J. Crowe, Dr. William S. Gardner, Dr. J. M. T. Finney, Dr. Thomas Guthrie Speers, Dr. John W. Baylor, Dr. DeSchweinitz the eye-specialist, Dr. Hiram Woods, Clifton S. Brown, associated with me in my office for a number of years, a strong, capable mind, he had developed into a fine trial lawyer, in my opinion, the best of the younger men at the Bar, when he was killed by a Jew, to whom he had rendered signal service, Edward D. Martin who was also associated with me in my office, a care-taking man, and polisher of the English language, developing slowly into a safe counsellor. These men and others, with whom I have had contact, have afforded me a rich association. From the early days, I recall many incidents and experiences with Irvin the deaf and almost dumb colored boy (early scarlet fever) my playmate, son of Almira, Frisby's wife. These old recollections bring a flash of pleasure and an ache of pain. Few are left. Most are gone. The sands of the hour-glass are running out, disability and limitation are hard to face and accept gracefully and with equanimity.

Harpes
Matthe
Both as
under and
resident of
Annapolis
Maryland

I come now, in my wanderings in the Labyrinth of Recollections, into pleasant places, bowered aisles, shady corners, rose gardens, whence sweet odors linger, to the contemplation that I have had pleasant, helpful and happy association with many fine women during my lifetime, to whom I am heavily indebted for kindness, guidance, example and love, which has been lavished upon me unstintedly. To my Mother for devoted love in unlimited measure, and for the exercise of many sacrifices. To my Aunt Maggie, who claimed me for her eldest son, with all that relation indicates. To Aunt Sadie, the gentle unselfish, but sturdy stand-by. These with my colored Nurse Betty Buxia and Aunt Clemmy, our colored cook, constitute the Advance Brigade in my recollection. Grandmother Harcastle the faint, but kindly, and sweet impression. Grandmother Naudain, seemingly austere, always ready to supply loving service, and wisdom that comes of long experience. Aunty Greer, a land-mark in the family. Cousin Mollie Greer, an artist, talented, beautiful, she made me life-sized pictures of my Father and Mother, they are before me as I write; Her sister, Cousin Annie Greer, practical and useful, and both so kind and thoughtful, the winter I was suspended at Princeton for eleven weeks, I spent my time with them and tutored to keep up my college work Aunt Angie Goldsborough, mention of whom suggests many kindly thoughts and incidents. My cousins the Manlove girls, Cousin Annie, Cousin Libbie, Lena, Carrie, who lived near us in Greensborough, and with whom I had many associations and contacts, all of which were most pleasant. I was very fond of Aunt Jillie Kennedy and Uncle Kennedy and their son Frank and their daughter Natalie, these were very dear people. There were many other relatives who came to Castle Hall or that I came in contact with, who added to the sum of my experience or pleasure. Aside from relations, my life touched many others in a friendly way, and in my very early days, maybe with a bit of callow sentiment. Clara Satterfield and I rode and drove and fox-hunted, and enjoyed rambles together. Blackeyed Mary Black, and I liked each other and spent time together. Beautiful, laughing Lizzie Knight, Mary Paul her friend and mine, a bit statuesque, but a good friend and lovely (Ed. Hastings admired her very much and I tried to speed his cause, unsuccessfully) (Mary would not eat meat). Lulu Bennett, who liked to scrap with me, but was pure gold, and I am reminded of an incident of her wedding day (married Horace Hill) I will not record. Marjory Henry, daughter of the Pastor of Princeton Presbyterian Church, West Phila., no beauty, but a good friend. The Merrick girls Mary and Belle, Flora and Mary Clements, May Morrison, Lena Sharp, Anna Causey, Mame Wallace, Besse Hadley, these and other good women passed along, into and through my early life and school-days, each adding something of value and fragrance.

From my earliest days, and the illustrations before me of mother, relatives and friends, I realized that woman is our best, and divine gift, and have never wished to cheapen her even with a careless thought. During my school and college days, two remarkable and superior girls came into the range of my life, both were outstanding and superior, and each made her own deep impression upon my consciousness. The one seemed to be the ideal sweetheart, and for a period of years, I felt that I had that sentiment. For the other, at all times, there was an underlying devotion and deep feeling that I did not clearly realize for a time. Time passed,

differences with the first arose from time to time, ties loosened. With the other, ties strengthened and tightened, until I recognized that there was only one woman that I loved and desired in the close relation of wife, and to whom I was ready to give a life's devotion and I have, not for one moment wavering in my love and absolute devotion. I feel that I have been one of the fortunate ones, and that Human Nature does not forge closer, warmer, dearer Ties, than those that have and do bind me to Father, Mother, to Clara my wife, to Sister Ida and John Wilson, to Aunt Sadie, Aunt Maggie, Uncle Elias, to Al and Bess, to Laird and Amelia and to Eurette and Hardy, to Bert and Sarah, to Clara Whitely, Winifred, Eldridge, Mary and Hortense, to Doctor Samuel J. Crowe and John W. Baylor. Friends, friends, loving, faithful, devoted friends. As long as I may be a pleasure, and as long as I can add a bit of pleasure to the Life of my Precious Wife, I want to live, when I cannot, I want to go. My only worry and regret is, that my health has broken down, and I have to be a burden and tax upon her strength. But I feel, that our years together and our love for each other will make our lives still a joy

At the end of my Junior year at Princeton, I hurried home to get ready for the Peach Season - the promise of a fairly good crop was favorable, and Cousin Ada and Mr. Katzenburg, who visited us that spring, made it possible for me to purchase 5 acres of land at Goldsborough and erect and install two Greer Evaporators (I might say, incidentally, that the \$500. Cousin Ada advanced was the only funds any member of my Father's family ever gave me or any amount that was ever returned to Father or to any of us, notwithstanding the large sums Father had paid for Grandfather, for his brothers, cousins, nephews and friends). The land was purchased, the building erected, the evaporators installed, and I was ready for the Season. It had hardly opened when Mother was taken with Typhoid, and Father devoted his whole time to his care for her, and her life was spared to us only because of his intelligent and unremitting care. But, it left everything else to be attended to by me, the picking, sorting, shipping of the fruit, the loading of the cars, the operation of the evaporators, all to the judgment and inexperience of an untrained boy, who also was buying peaches to supplement the loading of the cars and to keep the evaporators operating to their capacity, which was about 300 baskets a day. Maybe an aptness for organization was inherent, at any rate the evaporators were soon operating practically and smoothly, the help organized, and the output of fine quality. With the other part of the work I was more familiar, having managed the orchards in fruit season for several years, under Father's careful training, and having developed good judgment of when to pick the fruit, which was the real question, not too green, ripe not over-ripe (we did not have refrigerator cars at that time). I remember that summer as a nightmare, mother's illness, the day to day tension of her living through it, the work, the long hours (from day-light to one P. M. often), the physical exertion, mental business strain - all fell heavily, but I managed to carry it with fair success and the end of the season showed fair results, and I had made friends among growers of peaches who sold from day to day, that held over during the following years, in other words, I established a reputation for fair-dealing. Late in September, just about the time the fruit season closed, Mother grew better and Father pronounced her out of danger, and it was a question of building her up. She had always had beautiful hair, long and straight (she could easily sit on it), her hair had been cut off during her illness, and when it began to grow again, it came out curly grey. The short curly grey locks clustered around her freshly renewed face after her illness. She was beautiful. I have her picture indelibly impressed upon my consciousness. After the fruit season (1894) was over, I took up in earnest the question of general farm conditions. During the next two seasons, we had many anxieties, but the frosts were not too unkind and we had fruit, partial crops, but we began to see evidence of "Peach Yellows", devastating disease that destroyed the trees. We tried everything we could hear of to stay it, without avail, we replanted some of the orchards. By the time the years 1898 and 1899 reached us our orchards were practically ruined and it was hard to make a living, even though we had kindly land. There had to be a readjustment, wheat and corn and other crops had been subsidiary, even strawberries and tomatoes. These were terrible days,

nerve-racking and taxing to the limit, and we realized the Old Home must be sold - that happened in 1890. Father opened an office in Denton and began his practice, which he continued successfully as long as his health permitted.

Two or three years before we left the farm, Mother had developed a nice business in making Mrs. K. N. Harcastle's English Plum Pudding, and had the leading grocers in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere, as her customers. She continued it and developed it in Denton, and I helped her during the falls and whenever it was necessary as to making and shipping, and in the meantime, I studied law in Judge Russum's office. In addition to the pudding, Mother put up preserved peaches and other preserves. It was all a quality proposition. She sold the whole proposition finally to some young men in Denton, but they let the quality deteriorate and the business died.

I was admitted to the Bar in October 1894, and immediately opened my office in the Masonic Building in Denton, and almost at once found something to do, even though the remuneration was small.

The years 1890-1895 that I spent in Denton were fateful years - the loss of the Old Home I loved, the failure of accomplishment, the break up, the new environment. It was hard, all hard, and created a depression and mental condition that was hard to meet and master. But, I found kindness, and sympathy and comradeship in association with Clara Downes, my old, old friend. I had always had respect and affection for her, and an under-current of unrecognized but real sentiment, which with close association blossomed and ripened, as the years passed, into real love, life time love. We grew closer and closer, and we realized, before I left Denton in April 1895, that we loved, and our desire was and is always to be together, Husband and Wife.

I came to Baltimore in February, 1895, to attend Princeton Alumni Association, and visited Kemp Bartlett at the same time. Kemp was the owner of a large collection business, Shriver Bartlett & Company. There was a blizzard the day following the Alumni Meeting, and I stayed indoors at Kemp's and amused myself looking over the papers in a case that was giving Kemp some anxiety. I came to the conclusion his West Virginia lawyers were in the wrong court, and prepared a memorandum or Brief for him on the subject. He was pleased and submitted it to Joseph C. France, his counsel, who agreed with me. I returned to Denton, and in about two weeks Kemp wrote inviting me to a conference with him and France, to consider my stepping between France and the Collection Agency, and taking over the legal end of the business. The result of the conference was that I accepted this proposition of a guaranty and 1/3 of the net profits of my office. It was hard to leave Father and Mother, and Aunt Sadie, and doubly hard to leave my sweetheart. But there was hope to make things easy for my loved ones, and that our complete union would not be long delayed. I left Denton on the morning of April 8th, 1895, to take up my work for Shriver Bartlett & Co., in a down-pour of rain. I remember so well driving to the door of Clara's house for a final "Good Bye."

As I wander, the recollections of the Social Life on the Shore crowd in upon me and demand recognition. In early young-man days, we depended upon our horses and buggies and railroad trains for our journeyings, and usually one could drive to the scene of merry-making. We prided ourselves on our good horses, and we used them to good purpose. I think of our Eastern Shore Social Life, as refined, cultivated, kindly, warm hearted and loyal, and during my years at college, and during the years from 1884 to 1890 and from that time until removed to Baltimore in 1895 - Notwithstanding the anxieties and disappointments that were constantly and increasingly surging into my life, I was grateful for the opportunity for contact and social intercourse with kind and thoughtful friends and associates. We had many small towns in our region, each distinct, each having special social characteristics, but all having in common, that Whole-Souled Eastern-Shore Hospitality and love of the Home-Land Traditions, customs and methods of thought, that made a common ground upon which we met and enjoyed each other. Usually the summers gave us many small, practically informal affairs, Picnics, Campmeetings were very popular for a long time, small dances, and private entertainment, rides and drives - a satisfying social atmosphere. In the winter time, when we were not riding due to weather conditions outside, our towns would have their yearly dances, in fact they were real Balls, in which the whole town - young and old - would feel that had an interest to make it a great success, "Good Music", "Good Food," "Good Time." I am going to try to call the Roll of the Towns and maybe name some special friend -

- Chestertown - The beautiful Anna Hubbard and her brother Wilbur. Lewin Wicks, Sue Wilkins and many others. Hallie Beck, a beautiful girl, Mary Beck her sister, not so beautiful, but with every other qualification that counts most in determining values.
- Middletown - Marion Hardecastle, Annie his wife, Dr. Frank Kennedy, Jodie Biggs and her friend Miss Jones. Marion and Eliza Cochran. Alex. Corbett.
- Easton - Mary Jenkins, Jennie Adkins, Ned Jenkins, Tom Jenkins, Lizzie Lloyd, and among those older Colonel Edward Lloyd and Dr. and Mrs. Smithers.
- Centerville - Mr. and Mrs. Ned Brown (I recall many charming incidents that Mrs. Brown was responsible for), Lottie Legg, Nellie Brown, Frank and Tom Keating, Mary and Belle Merrick, Clayton Wright, Mattie McKenney, Jack Brown, John McKenney.
- Milford - Lizzie Willis, Dr. John Prettyman, Lena Sharp, Anna Causey, Virdie Causey, Nan Vaules, Maimie Wallace, Bessie Hedley, Ike Adkins, Lynn Pratt and his sister, Bessie Thaw, Dan Hirsh, Cousin Clara Yardly and her girls.

- Greensborough - Carrie Manlove, the Satterfield girls, Lida Simpser, Mame Schofield, Dr. Malone, Will Manlove, Calvin Satterfield, Will and Annie Massey, Mrs. Belly Massey, Katie Roe and Fred Roe.
- Dover - George V. Massey's Daughters, Mrs. Nat. Smithers, Mr. and Mrs. Will Smithers, as well as the Milford contingent.
- Denton - Clara Downes, the Richardson Girls, Popsie Van - gesel Anderson, Will Anderson, Luther and Mrs. Gadd, Dukes and Armond Downes, Cousin Annie Downes and many dear home-folks. The Towers boys, Lawrence and Allie, George and Minnie Skirven.
- Georgetown - Dave Marvel and Mame Wootten his wife.

There were other towns and many many other people, but generally of the same class, and this is what I am trying to say in a modest way - the Eastern Shore, Town and Country People were and are the Best in the World, or suppose I am more modest and say of the Best in the World. My recollections of my Shore Social Life are all of the Bright Golden Hue and many happy and interesting incidents and things come to mind.

During this time, there are recollections that come asking for notice. I was often in Milford these days, for sweetheart purposes, dances, and social engagements. Christmas Day 1885, I think it was, after we had our celebration at home at Castle Hall with Father and Mother, I started for Milford driving Caesar, it was icy cold, and Caesar was wild, I was nearly frozen when I reached Felton and had to be helped from the buggy, my hands were almost frozen, the horse was so wild I never had the opportunity to unwrap the reins from around my hands. A hot fire and a stiff drink prepared me for the remaining 12 miles of my drive. Mrs. Willis' warm welcome and hot coffee warmed and prepared me for the dance that night.

Another time I was caught in a blizzard in Milford, felt that I had to be at home, drove in my buggy as far as Fredricka, borrowed a saddle and riding old Caesar finally covered the 20 miles to Castle Hall, without ever seeing a light along the way after I left Felton. The snow was 1/2 leg deep and I have often wondered what would have happened if my horse had stumbled or for any reason I had been forced from his back. I could not have remounted, I am sure, between the cold and the stiffness, even though the men in the store in Felton had wrapped my legs and body in newspapers. These were both terrible experiences and only youth that does not know would take the risk.

I could mention many pleasant features and Milford experiences, but the one I have most in mind is a sad one. I was very fond of Mrs. Willis and she of me. I spent a Sunday weekend with them and came home. Two days after I received a telegram from Lizzie, "Mother is Dead." She had burned to death. The Willis' lived about a mile out of town,

Lizzie and her visitors had been in town attending a dance and when Mrs. Willis heard them coming, she picked up her glass lamp and started down stairs, it is supposed she struck the lamp on the banister or it exploded, and before they could reach her she was so badly burned she died. As time went on differences arose, sentiment lessened and then was eliminated, but our friendship was unabated and lasted, and ultimately I was delighted when she married Will McCallum, a thoroughly fine fellow. She had had in the meantime, some quasi-sentimental cases with Brad Murphy, Lynn Pratt and our singing and dancing friend afterwards Delaware Governor, Sim Pennowell, no one of whom merited her, but Will McCallum was worthy and made her a good husband, and gave her a son she loved and was proud of.

I have another cold weather incident in mind, that is closely related to some of our ultimate troubles at Castle Hall. In the winter 1880-1881, we had a heavy snow-fall - a spell of cold, I had an engagement in Denton with Clara Downes, and was to visit her at her brother Phil's and Cousin Annie's home in Denton. I left home in the cutter, driving "Pet", it was awfully cold, and just before I left Father put a new horse-blanket over my head and it came over my arms and hands, I mention this thoughtfulness of Father's, because otherwise I would have suffered. I drove through Greensborough, crossed the river, and took the River Road, the track was practically unbroken, only some one on horse-back had been ahead of me, after a time my horse, that had been frisky seemed to labor, and finally I got out to find out the trouble, and found that the bristles and hair about my mare's nose was frozen stiff and the nostrils closed, I relieved her by blowing my breath in her nostrils, and finally reached Denton in good shape. The next morning the thermometer registered 16° below zero, the coldest ever known on the Shore. We shivered a bit but had a good time, but where the cold hurt most, it killed over 10000 of our peach trees, and in addition lots of them had to be cut down to the body of the tree - disheartening and depressing. Clara and I had warm comradeship at this time, possibly we neither realized how close we were or how strongly the life-lines were drawing. One of those, who figured much in Denton life and in our lives, was Jimmy Swann, an old bachelor and general beau, and a devoted friend to young and old, a pronounced prohibitionist, he asked me to send him whiskey, but to ship it in Father's name, he was Prohibition Candidate for Governor. As a matter of fact Father as his physician ordered him to use it, he needed the stimulant. We played many jokes on Jimmy, all of which he took in good part. He had a nice voice and loved _____, a good Christian and churchman.

For several years, we had rather a remarkable Base Ball Team in Greensborough, of which I was Captain (It was a combination of the nines of four small towns - Greensborough, Goldsborough, Burrville, Ridgely, and further remarkable for a County Team, we had three pitchers and three catchers

Will Manlove	=	Fred, McClement
Charlie Frasier	=	Tom Lane
George Welsh	=	Fred Welsh.

Charlie Frasier was our First Sting Pitcher, and the team shaped up

Frazier P, Lane C, Manlove 1B, Hardecastle 2B, John Brown S.S.
Fred Welsh 3B, Welsh C.F, Nulvin LF, McClement R.F.

My recollection is that we did not lose a game in three years, sometimes we split up and played against each other. Playing at Trappe, Talbot County, on one occasion, Will Manlove, in fielding a ball quickly, that had been thrown over his at 1 B, contracted his arm with such force that it broke just about the elbow, it made a noise almost like a pistol shot, a clean break that soon mended.

And on the Eighty Day of April, 1895, I had arrived in Baltimore really to take up my Professional Legal Life Work.

Alexander Hardcastle, Jr. January 27th, 1862
July 6th, 1940

Memoirs written toward the close of his life

I am an Eastern Shore of Maryland man, born in "Civil War Times," on January 27th, 1862, of English parentage on the Paternal side (Hardcastle, Downes, Colston), of Scotch-Irish-French on the Maternal side - Bruce, Petigrew, Nodin (anglicized to Naudain). My ancestor Nodin, of Lanquedec, France, removed to the Scotch-Irish Border at the time of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and in Britain these bloods were mingled, and finally came to America.

The records relating to Robert Hardcastle, who came to America late in 1600 or early in 1700, are lost to us, owing to fires that destroyed his homes on property he acquired in Caroline County, then Queen Annes County, prior to the formation of Queen Anne's County, Old Kent, the Mother County of Talbot Queen Anna's and part, above the Choptank, of Caroline.

The records also of my mother's family have faded largely from the minds of those living today, and have become traditional. Captain John Petigrew of Revolutionary fame, who fitted out and fought his own privateers of the Chesapeake Bay, and Dr. Arnold Naudain, a United States Senator from Delaware, are outstanding men of the early history of our family and country. My Grandfather, Elias Naudain, brother of Dr. Arnold Naudain, lived and operated land and boats on the Delaware Bay at and from Lipsic, Delaware.

I find as I grow older, that my mind recalls scenes, incidents and thoughts that early in life made an almost unconscious impression, but have to some extent revived and in many instances come to vivid life

I feel a strong call to wander a bit in the labyrinth of recollections, and one for which I am grateful, is a clear recollection and picture of Grandma Hardcastle, her kindly and sweet personality, that left a lasting impression on the mind of a child three years and two months old, when she died. The only recollection of Civil War times and conditions is a vivid one, and requires an explanation. My Grandfather, William M. Hardcastle, had grown old (88 years), his sons had all left, his daughters married, and for the purpose of dissuading my Father of becoming a Surgeon in the Army had deeded the Castle Hall property to him, subject to its incumbrances and under certain condition of maintenance for himself. My Father having taken it over, and married, realizing that the land was becoming exhausted by tobacco raising, became interested in raising peaches. The land was kindly to the purpose, and he planted large orchards. Transportation required hauling to Camden, Delaware, the nearest shipping point to Philadelphia and New York markets. Large wagons were necessary, and were provided, one to carry 140 baskets, the other about 90; these could only make one trip a day to Camden, Delaware - 16 miles. After picking the fruit, sorting it and loading the wagons, the wagons were ready to start on their journey at daylight. It will be remembered that slavery existed at that time and the Civil War was being fought mainly on that issue. At any rate, aside from political discussion my Father held some 40 men slaves (although when he took the property, he assigned

a value to each one and as he or she worked it out, they were freed, a number had already been freed). And now for my vivid recollection. Early morning, just after daylight, the wagons loaded with peaches ready to start to Camden, the colored men in the kitchen for breakfast, and the white men come for the purpose of assisting with the gathering of the fruit were greasing the wagon wheels. My Grandfather looked on and I at his side. Suddenly down the side or service lane appeared a file of colored soldiers, commanded by a white officer. He marched his troop to the kitchen door, and took every colored man except a big fellow named Frank, who dodged behind my mother, picked up the biscuit pestle and then disappeared. The picture of the wagon in the side yard, my Grandfather, the men greasing the wagon, the soldiers, the officer, the faces of the blacks, the indignation of the white men, all is impressed upon my mind, and is recalled today as then. I have wondered sometimes whether it could be a true recollection, that could not be erased from the impressionable mind of a child.

As I am not necessarily as active in the many duties of my Legal profession, as for so many years (over 40), I have been thinking back over the impressions, experiences, associations, scenes, thoughts, that have been my life for more than 75 years, an over-pass of the normal allotment of years. On the theory that there is no loss or waste in the economy of our lives, that something, even though I might not realize what, might be salvaged and be of benefit or information to someone, (although I fully realize that experience is the only teacher) I have attempted this memoranda.

My early years were spent under the dearest and most benign influences. My Father, capable, efficient, skillful, a student, a Country Doctor, loving his community, and pouring out his life in its service, with little remuneration, helpful, kind, unselfish, ready and willing to do for his neighbors. A slave owner, yes, but thoughtful, kind and considerate, and respected and loved by those he owned. My Mother, beautiful (one of three beautiful women of Philadelphia at time of her marriage to Father), gracious, resourceful, supplementing the Father in all kindly ways, adored and loved by all who knew her and came under her influence, together they were a perfect expression and agency of kindly consideration.

There was large landed property (about 1200 acres) and large inherited or assumed indebtedness (when Grandfather transferred the property to Father there was about \$48,000.00 of indebtedness, although Father did not know it was so much) as well as indebtedness assumed subsequently for other members of the family and for friends. It was usual for men of property in those days to assist those not so well provided, by endorsement, or acting as surety for the debts of those requesting assistance - a farm, a horse, a cow to be bought, would Doctor endorse? My Father never knew how to refuse, and often had to pay.

I was the only child of the Father and Mother I have tried to describe, in an old home built in 1781 by my Great Grandfather Thomas Hardcastle, and the parlor furniture was made for him in 1792. (I still

have four of the mahogany chairs, two mahogany tables - which when placed and hooked together form a round center-table, a looking glass similar to the one at the Washington home at Mount Vernon, and a Brass Lamp, which has been operated progressively by candles (I think), sperm oil, whale oil, coal oil, and now I have had it electrified.

The thought of Father, Mother, the old home, the surroundings and environment suggest the other members of our family. A part of my earliest recollection at Castle Hall is my Grandfather William Holliston Hardecastle, he was 84 when I was born and lived until 1874, when he had almost reached his 96th year. My impressions of Grandfather are clear and distinct, a kindly, courteous, affable gentleman interested in the affairs of the family, although he had relinquished all responsibility. A fall due to this interest ultimately caused his death. When cattle, hogs, etc. were butchered, and hung in the smokehouse, it was and had been for years his custom to list the different kinds and classes of the meat on the smokehouse door in chalk and also the withdrawals of the same, and he wished to do it himself, and finally when he was past 94 he fell backwards from the top step before the smokehouse door, as he reached up, and struck his head on the brick pavement, and from this fall he never fully recovered and died in June 1874.

My Grandmother, Anna Colston Hardecastle, I remember as a sweet, kindly, smiling old lady. I was only a little over three years, when she died in March 1865. Others, Uncle Charlie and his family were beneficiaries of my parents, until his death at Castle Hall. Uncle Will's wife had died and he made his home at Castle Hall until he died. Aunt Angie Goldsbough, Father's youngest sister, wife of Dr. G. W. Goldsbough of Greensborough, Maryland, was not happy in her home for a time, and spent a good deal of time at Castle Hall, and gave Grandfather gracious and careful care. After Grandfather's death she returned to her own home in Greensborough, when she took up her home life with Dr. Goldsbough for the rest of his life, and after his death, she continued in the home carefully cared for in most kindly manner by Dr. Goldsbough's grandchildren by a former marriage. There were many that came and went, especially in the summer seasons. Auntie Brown's family, Cousin Annie, Cousin Lida, Cousin Natalie Dulles, her two children, Rev. John W. Dulles (the Dulles were all fine), Auntie Brown (Eliza Ann) was nice and kind, and I remember that she and her daughters added something to my school days in Philadelphia. But the Reverend Charles Brown, Uncle Brown as always spoken of in the family, never inspired me with confidence, and later at the instance of his own son William (my dear Cousin Will) took advantage of my Father, and by Cousin Will's chicanery Father ultimately lost Castle Hall - the old home. Uncle Brown's consent to the shrewd chicanery of Will Brown made me, as a boy, feel that he was a pompous old fraud. I may have something more to say on this matter later.

My Father's brother, Thomas, I never knew, he had died before my recollections began, but I knew most of his children, Cousin Ada (Adelaide Kalenberg), Cousin Belle (Parrish), Cousin Kate, Cousin Anna, and Dr. Jerome and his family of girls and Hal, who lived at

Cecilton and whom I have most pleasant recollections of visiting.

Aunt Tillie Kennedy, one of the dearest, chirpiest members of the family, she married Rev. George W. Kennedy, an earthly Saint, I revere his memory. He had two children by a first marriage, Dr. Stiles Kennedy, devoted to my Father and Mother and loved by all of us, and Cousin Ellen who married a West Virginia man named Lewis, who was drowned in a flood when their home was washed away. Frank and Nathalie were the children of Uncle Kennedy and Aunt Tillie, both dead.

The Manloves lived in Greensborough, Aunt Amanda, one of Father's sisters (Malvina) married Pemberton Manlove, Cousin Anne died, Cousin Libbie died (married Dr. Stansbury and removed to California), Lena (married M. S. Mutchler and lived in Denton until he died) (is now in Parsons Home in Salisbury, Md.), Carrie, married Fred Roe and lived in Greensboro, Md. until time of her death, left a daughter Annie Roe, who married Keene Saulsbury and is living in Hanover, Pennsylvania, and William Pemberton, who has died within the last two or three years. This family of relatives I saw most of as I grew up, and loved them all dearly. Will was my chum.

Father's Brother, Uncle Ned (Edward Mortimer), a Doctor, lived at Trappe, Talbot County, Maryland, and for him Father always had the greatest appreciation for and of. He gave Father his first tickets to Jefferson Medical College, started him on his life work. Uncle Ned died finally in Easton, Maryland (85 years), Aunt Annie had predeceased him. His son, Doctor Edward, died leaving a daughter Nanny, whose mother was Nanny Mears. Nanny Hardcastle married Charlie Fisher and they have a daughter, Nancy, all three of these people are charming and very dear relatives. Will is living, and so is Edith living with Nanny Fisher, her niece. Uncle Ned's sons, Addison and Ernest, died just after reaching manhood (tuberculosis). Cousin Alice died after her Father and Mother.

Doctor Edward (Uncle Ned's son) Hardcastle married a second time, but I do not know his children, but have heard they are not very successful in keeping out of trouble. Uncle Ned was a capable and efficient physician, charming in manner, kindly and courteous, and dearly loved, for years a member of the School Board of his County. I visited Uncle Ned and Aunt Annie a good many times, rode with Uncle Ned in making his visits, and loved to be with him. I think I had and have more respect for him, than any member of the Hardcastle family.

An incident of a visit to Trappe, Will was teaching the local school, Edith a successful musical student, these two with Miss Sallie Clark were the nucleus of the choir of the Episcopal Church, when Mr. Walker was rector. When making a visit I went with Edith and Will to choir rehearsal. Will disappeared for a few moments and we were startled to see him dressed in the Minister's robes, and we were also startled by his almost perfect impersonation, gesture and toning of voice. Aunt Annie was never strong and after the death of Addison and Earnest, she was guarded and protected, considered as an invalid, and exercised the privileges of such in act and expression. I want to make it plain I was a great admirer of Uncle Ned, and enjoyed being with him.

Uncle Jim Naudain, Mother's oldest brother, after his wife died, came to Castle Hall with his oldest and youngest daughters, Ida and Clara, Katie the middle one lived with Grandmother Naudain. Uncle Jim had failed in business. He was a genius in many ways, could make anything with his hands, a pigeon-house, a pipe, sleeve buttons of wood, a drag or cultivator, in fact anything that he saw. After living with us at Castle Hall for years, he lived with Uncle Elias and Grandmother until he died. Ida Naudain remained at Castle Hall through her girlhood, and afterwards went to Philadelphia and married Corbet Naudain and finally died. Clara Naudain remained with us, and went with us to live in Denton, when she met Jim Todd and married him, after his death married a man by the name of Patterson, and has since died. I have little to say of these two girls, there was close association in the home, and times when the bonds of kinship tightened, but always there was something, one hardly knew what, that did not seem to belong. And finally I feel that both these girls, for whom Mother and Father both made many sacrifices, were ungrateful and the years of pleasant association are spoiled by other recollections, which I will not and do not want to record.

Uncle Arnold, Mother's second brother, and his wife Aunt Carrie, did not figure directly in the Castle Hall life, though mother was in touch with him during his lifetime.

Aunt Maggie and Aunt Sadie, Mother's younger sisters, were constantly at Castle Hall. Mother was their second mother. And without attempting to describe them specifically, they were the dearest Aunts in the world, the kindest, most thoughtful and best - I loved these precious women. Aunt Sadie, after Grandmother died and Uncle Elias married, lived with us in Denton and after Father and Mother died in 1911 came to us at 1217 John Street and died here in our home dearly loved.

Uncle Elias Naudain, Mother's youngest brother, an expert in silk and velvet and other fine merchandise, was a typical old bachelor for years (but later married Aunt Mattie, a bright and attractive personality), but pure gold all through, high type character and life, kind and wise, ever ready to help, and always wanted to do the comfortable thing. He was frequently at Castle Hall in the early days. I have tried to give an idea of those who provided the environment of my early life. It is imperfectly done, and does not show the overflowing respect and love I have for them, but there are others in the picture, white faces and black faces, all have a distinct and clear relation to the whole.

Jimmy Montague, who handled the orchards during Peach season, Fletcher Strangh, who lived on the Upper Farm, Cousin Robert Emmet Hardcastle and his family our near neighbors, Robert Culbreths family, Henry Culbreths family, the Kuglers - the colored family and friends, viz. Aunt Clemmy, cook for over 50 years, Aunt Maria her sister, Sallie the housemaid and most wonderful bread-maker. Aunt Clemmy made and beat the Maryland Biscuit. Henry Lusty and Mary, his wife, freed by Father before emancipation. Ned Henry, who looked after the driving horses and was an expert Oxdriver, Carl Henry, Frank Henry who was the only slave not taken by Federal troops when men slaves were marched away the memorable early morning I remember as a child of little over three years (Frank slipped behind my Mother in the kitchen, when the

soldiers appeared, and said Miss Kate I don't want to go, she said Frank there is the Biscuit Pestle, defend yourself. Frank picked it up and slipped out through the house and was the only man-slave not taken, and was with us until he died), his wife Henny and their children. Frisby Brown, a fine, honest fellow, who was an expert horseman and drove Mother's carriage, when she needed him, and handled the wagon teams, I think he taught me most about horses and mules and how they should be controlled, surely there were some of the different teams he alone could handle - Almira, his wife, Irvin, Almira's deaf and dumb boy who was one of my early companions, and yes, close friends and playmates. There are others that I come upon in my wanderings through the Labyrinth of Recollections, but these were a part of the environment and daily home-life, and made the atmosphere in which I started my life. It was kindly, it was home-like, in a strong sense it was patriarchal, because Father and Mother both recognized a deep responsibility for those about us, it will have to be remembered that our colored friends were starting a new life, for which they had no preparation. It was impressed upon me that I had a responsibility for others less well placed, and that I had a further responsibility to provide a standard character and conduct. Doctors, and Miss Kate's son was expected to be a little better in manner, in appearance, and particularly in character and conduct, for this was paid to me a loving service and esteem, that sometimes made it a bit hard to restrain the innate tendency to pride of position and birth. But such was the love and respect for my Father and Mother, that I grew up in an almost paternal or feudal atmosphere.

Until I was ten years of age, my Mother was my teacher in all lines, in 1872 while my Father was a member of the Maryland Legislature, mother and I spent part of the winter with Grandmother Naudain and Uncle Elias at 2103 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia, and while there I attended Professor Shinn's School for two months, and then spent the last month of Father's time at Annapolis with him, and there knew and was closely associated with Senator Daniel Fields and Robert Gary, Caroline representative, respectively, of the Senate and House. When we returned home I entered Castle Hall School, a public school, originally a semi-private school for benefit of Castle Hall children and their neighbors and friends, and was a regular attendant until 1876. My first teacher, Tommy Jarman, was an unusual man, but undoubtedly a good teacher, and under him I advanced rapidly. He did not spare the rod, I can see him now, walking before his class, chewing the end of a black-gum switch, and holding the close attention of each member of the class. He got results. Miss Cora Willis filled the vacancy when Mr. Jarman died, a daughter of Doctor Willis of Preston, Md., a friend of my father's, she came to Castle Hall to live and press my education. She was a lovely girl, we studied and rode horseback, but she died during the year from an overdose of medicine taken to relieve pain. Her end was tragic, the servants found her lying on the floor in her room, when she called her in the morning. A Mr. Hough, who had bought the Cuyler property opposite the school house, took over the school, he had been a teacher and was equipped to start me in Latin and more advanced studies. After he left or died, I forget which, my Father was instrumental in securing Marshall S. Mutchler, a recent graduate of Dickinson College, who lived at Castle Hall, and gave me special service, practically was my Tutor.

In the Fall of 1876, Centennial year, I went to Philadelphia to attend Professor Hastings West Philadelphia Academy, 35th and Powelton Avenue. I spent three years at Professor Hastings school preparing for Princeton College. The first year I lived with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird on Norris Street, the day school was at 40th and Ludlow, and that gave me 60 block or Philadelphia squares each way every day. The other years I lived in the school, 35th between Powelton Avenue and Race Street. During my three years at the school I had the advantage of instruction in Latin and Greek by Professor Scott, a scholar and fine teacher and by Professor Hastings, in Arithmetic, Algebra and in English, in higher mathematics not so good. Owing to the death of the Professor, who taught Geometry during my last year at school, after entering Princeton without conditions or qualifications, I found afterwards I was not well grounded in that subject, and had to struggle with my Math. During my years at school, I spent a part of each Sunday, as well as other times with Grandmother Naudain. She was one of the old fashioned, straight-laced Presbyterians, but loving and kind, I always think of her with love, respect and just a trifle of awe - going to Alexander Presbyterian Church with her Sunday mornings and to Sunday School with Uncle Elias in the afternoon.

My years at school in Philadelphia were most pleasant and I made many warm friends. A few of them I would like to recall - Will and Mary Black, Lulu Bennett, a beautiful girl, fine and keen of wit, Lizzie Knight, Mary Paul, beautiful girls, Marjorie Henry, Frank Smiley with whom I became close friends before we graduated, he visited me for a number of summers and worked with me in Peaches and afterward became a Presbyterian minister, Ed. Hastings, a nephew of Professor Hastings and himself a teacher, was a Pal, and a good fellow.

As stated above, during my first year at school I lived with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird Simons. Uncle Laird was a literary man, and edited a column in one of the papers, and was engaged in other work of like kind, a most kindly man and devoted friend. Aunt Maggie and Uncle Laird had three (3) boys, viz. Elias Naudain, Laird Hardcastle and Herbert. Auntie always said she had four (4) boys and I was the oldest one. Laird Hardcastle Simons, the second son, was born at Castle Hall, during a time when Uncle Laird was struggling with adverse conditions, and Father and Mother were being helpful, conditions improved and they returned to Philadelphia and opened a home.

After Uncle Laird died, Laird H. was in poor health, and we took him with us to Castle Hall, and built him into health (his father had tuberculosis) and kept him for nine years, a precious boy, and after I left college in 1884 was with me constantly when not attending Castle Hall school. Our devoted association deepened into dearest love. My Father and Mother loved him as their own son, and I as my own brother. Laird H. joined his mother and the other boys in Philadelphia, secured a position in the Kid-Leather business, and finally landed with The William Amer Amer Company, Mr. Amer, the President of that company, recognized his ability and developed the business (tanning) along lines

suggested by Laird, as the business grew, depended largely upon him, and when he died, left Laird his Common stock, which with the stock Laird had already acquired, gave him control of the company. Laird ran the business until the time of his death in 1936 (June 17). Laird's life was in many ways tragic, devotedly in love with his first wife, she died in giving birth to their first child. After a number of years he met, loved, and married Amelia Alexander, dear, and precious to him and to each of us, members of the family, two children were born to them, and both by the Caesarean method. The first child, Euretta, was named for Amelia's mother, the second for his father, himself and my father (Laird Harcastle). The strain due to the condition of Amelia's health (a tuberculosis condition after Pneumonia), and the additional strain of business conditions, took toll of his strength and in 1934 - 1935 he had a break and was forced to quit for a time, but seemed to come back strong and was apparently well. The crack came after a Saturday afternoon's work among his shrubs and flowers, he became unconscious and never rallied (Apoplexy).

Amelia was wonderful and the children as well, meeting every responsibility. Laird had made careful and wise provision for his family, and left them well provided for. When the business was straightened out and plans made for the children, Amelia faded away it seemed, she felt her duty was done, her job accomplished, and it was time for her to join Laird. The two children have graduated at college, they are dear, both capable, and have the kindly, thoughtful instincts of both father and mother. They are doing what they think their father and mother would wish them to do - be true, be kind, be Christian, see and know, and develop, and enjoy life, make it joyous for themselves and others. Hardy has gone into the business to study and learn it from the bottom to top, it will be his, when he's a little older, in the meantime he has the association and advice of his Uncle Al and others to rely on.

I have tried to indicate the surroundings of my early life, plucking here and there a recollection as I wander in the Labyrinth. Mother and Father had a very devoted love for Uncle Dan and Aunt Mary (Mother's father's sister) Cowgill, it was at their home in Dover, Delaware they met and learned to love each other. The visits we used to make to Uncle Dan and Aunt Mary were a joy, they were kindness personified. Their granddaughters, Cora and Lou, were beautiful. After I came to Baltimore to live I saw a good deal of Lou, who had married Howard Harman. I always was devoted to Lou. Cora I did not know so well. Lou Harman is now with Cora's daughter, her husband is President (Clothier) of Rutgers College. Lou died at Dr. Robert C. Clothier's home November 30th, 1939.

Returning to my school days, in my second year at Professor Hastings I had a severe illness, there was an epidemic of (Spotted Typhus) fever in West Philadelphia, Aunt Sadie took me home, and Father and Mother cared for me and pulled me through - many died. Among my pleasant recollections of these school years are Cousins Annie and Mollie Green and Cousin Jennie Bennett. My Uncle Tom, I never saw, but we had an oil painting of him, that Father gave to his daughter Cousin Ada Katzenberg, who lived in New York and afterwards went to Germany. Cousin Bell Parrish, Cousin Kate who married and went

to England to live, I have forgotten the name, Cousin Annie Pennock, Uncle Tom's daughters were all charming women, but a little different, and with the exception of Cousin Ada, left on my young memory the impression of instability. Cousin Jerome, his son, was assisted by my Father to acquire a medical education, he and his wife Cousin Sallie lived in Cecilton, Maryland and struggled to raise a family of several girls and a son Harry, usually called Hal. Cousin Jerome and Cousin Sallie were pleasant and kind to visit, and the girls were all attractive, nice relatives. Many members of my Mother's family and relatives I knew slightly and did not often come in contact with, but my recollection of them is, that they were charming, refined, intelligent, particularly Cousin Dan and Cousin Mary Corbitt, Cousin Will and Cousin Martha Reynolds, Cousin Charles Douglas, Aunt Ann Hall and her daughters and Cousin Jim Hall, her son, one of Aunt Ann's daughters, Cousin Clara Yardly, was one of the most attractive and dearest women I ever knew. I always felt she was more like my Mother than any other member of the family. Aunt Clara Wilson, the mother of Jacob Wilson, a musical genius, he could get more music out of a violin or banjo than anyone I ever knew or heard, and for a long time he did not get much out of life, but was adored by children, dogs and horses, and finally by a splendid woman Cousin Sadie, he was often at Castle Hall and always welcome.

During my school days at Professor Hastings, our school and city college football teams were consolidated with Will Black, Sam Tate, myself and others halfbacks. We were a strong school team, won our game, beat University of Pennsylvania freshmen, beat its Sophomore team, and then played a tie with its Junior Team, from which its University Team was largely drawn, two men I remember clearly Jack and George Thayer. I met Jack Thayer years after in the U. S. Court in Baltimore, he was a Vice President of Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Work with this team prepared me for the Freshman Team at Princeton and assured me a place on the scrub-team that helped train the University Team. Bland Ballard was Captain of varsity.

In reviewing and considering my early environment, I cannot leave out the mention of my friends, the animals with which I was associated, and meant so much to a boy raised in the country, first, my little horse Sam Rock (Sham Rock), my little dog Mac, dear to my memory, both of which provided by thoughtful parents added to my pleasure and education. I learned to ride on the back of Sam Rock, and was soon pushed on him even while my legs were so short they stuck out, and if I fell off, as sometimes happened, he would wait for me to lead him to a fence or to some place that enabled me to climb on his back again - patient and kind, the old fellow carried and played with me and with my little friends both boys and girls, taught them to ride. There are many incidents I remember about Sam Rock, one or two I want to jot down, viz. once when riding with Miss Cora Willis, we came fast into the lane, Miss Cora lost her balance and became partially unconscious, the little horse realized something was wrong, he steadied as I held her in the saddle; another time, with Ida Naudain riding him, we were fox-hunting, the wind was high and a limb from a tree blew across Ida's lap. Sam Rock acted so quickly and intelligently that he avoided a serious accident. What a dear memory, Little Mac with

his tail curling over his back, fussy and proud. I do not know his breed, but he was an aristocrat and a kindly gentleman, always ready for play, ready always with courage for defence. He was part of my education, kindly and had courage, yes, the little dog had a real value as a hunter, he was the best squirrel dog I ever knew, his little bark would send them to the side of the tree, where they were easy victims to the gunner. Once, as I remember, Father and Uncle Jim killed, with the aid of Little Mac, over 30 squirrels in a short afternoon.

As I wander in the Labyrinth, recollections crowd in - the horses, the mules, the oxen, the old red cow even that nobody but Aunt Glenny could milk.

After Sam Rock, I think of Charlie, a blood bay beautiful as a picture; of Queen, a picture black, with mouth of iron; Ashby, named for the great cavalry leader; later Tankerville, a wild fellow, softened by Father's quiet management, a stand-by for Father and the family; Pet, a brown mare, a good side-partner for Tankerville, and a good carriage horse and driver, but oh how she could run under the saddle; her son Tamerlane, usually known as Caesar, greatest horse of the century, driver, road trotter (2.40) and saddle horse, when necessary, and fox-hunter - tall, lanky, hipkapped, a wonder horse of service. He could be the meanest and the best in the world, according to the state of his mind, and he had a mind all his own. If he was mad or had a contrary spell, it was hard to get harness on him and get him between the shafts, and if you did not watch him he would put his iron-shod foot on your foot. But if anything unusual happened he would stop and stand perfectly still until you were out of trouble, one incident, a patient sent for Father in a hurry at night, Caesar was fast, I alone drove him at that time, geared to Father's Doctors Phaeton we set out at a fast pace, and just before we reached the patient's gate, in crossing a small uneven rough bridge the front axle broke in the middle, and the front wheels closed up tight and formed a cage. Caesar stopped in his stride, although the top of the phaeton came over and rested on his rump. He stood still while I pulled myself along the shaft by using the harness, and ungeared him before Father could get out. If he had moved, the pressure of the carriage top would or might have excited him, and in our helpless condition, we could easily have been severely injured or killed. Another incident of Caesar, viz., we were living in Denton, and I was invited to dine at a nearby town (6 miles) and after dinner the whole party was to go to Denton, my then home town, for a dance. I drove Caesar, he was stabled while we were at dinner, several teams got off before they attempted to gear my horse to my buggy. I was to take the young lady, guest of the evening, to the dance. The men finally succeeded in harnessing my horse and brought him to the house-door, when I came out with the young lady they were having trouble to hold him. I walked in front of him and told the men to let him loose, they were surprised but did as I told them. He was anxious to get off, as other teams had gone, but stood while I wrapped up, but as soon as I tightened the reins he lunged, snorted and sent his heels flying over the top, then he settled down to going and before the six miles were accomplished, we were leading the procession, having made the 6 mile drive in 22 minutes. The next summer, the same young lady was visiting the same place and people. I took her driving, the moon was bright, the road

sandy, the horse I think must have gone to sleep, he fell flat in the road, the young lady said "Funny horse, in winter time tries to kick your head off, in summer fall down in the road." I could think of many other things both bad and good that old horse did, but he had good sense and good judgment, and was with us until he died.

Mazeppa was the finest saddle horse I ever rode, easy, every muscle a responsive spring. He could so pace his stride in cantering, one could walk beside him; he was fast, and could jump anything in reason. Dark brown in color, almost black, he was a graceful beauty. He loved fox-hunting and always wanted to closely follow the dogs. And that leads me into a by-path of recollection, an incident, of his wilfulness and prowess. Upon one occasion, while fox-hunting, I was riding him down a road, between fields with fences each side, and woods each side beyond the narrow fields, with dogs running fast and baying in the woods to the left. Mazeppa became impatient, he wanted to go, to closely follow the dogs. He became impatient, snapped the bit between his teeth and tore down the lane at a dizzy pace. I found it would be impossible to control him before I reached a gate which was closed to the house yard ahead of me, and before the gate was a mud-hole five or six feet wide. With horse out of control, mud-hole and gate ahead, I saw my only chance was to ride him for the jump of mudhole and gate in one spring, and that is what he did, jumped hole and gate without touching either, passed around the house through the house-yard, and jumped the gate and similar mudhole on the other side, before I got him under complete control. I feel that his feat was marvelous and I lucky. Uncle Ned loved to ride horseback, was charmed with this fellow and we let him have him and he rode him for years. Another fine horse was Sorrel Charlie, both a good driver and hunter.

Of the mules, Little Jack, small and used specially to plow close under the Peach trees, was also a fine saddler, he was a kicker par excellence, turn him loose, throw a stick at him, and the strong chance was, that stick would come back at you and you would probably have to dodge. The team, Jennies, the lead, Gypsie and Sam, "the Britch", were directed by "Get up", "Gee", "Peddy wo", "Wo," Frisby used no reins and he needed none (while I think of it, one beautiful moonlight night, mother and I were coming from Dover, Frisby was driving, when we reached the Mud-Mill mill-pond, Frisby turned to Mother and said, "Miss Kate, this is the prettiest night in Galline." An expression of whimsical appreciation - the scene is vividly before me today, after 70 years - the moonlight on the water of the pond, the curving banks of the pond, edged with grass and trees and bushes, the handsome horses, "the old Big Carriage," Frisby's quizzical face - my Mother's surprised expression and the sudden smile that illumined her dear and beautiful face.) There were other horses and colts in my life of which I have recollections. I spent time, energy and patience, breaking and training them to saddle and to harness. I loved horses and handled them successfully, they were not afraid of me, and were not nervous when I was about them.

I had other friends among the animals, dogs, little curly-tailed Mac was my first love. I have spoken of him, his is a child's dear memory.

One Fall, Doctor . . . Mc Clements, who lived at Marydel, a friend

of Father's, loaned us Pluto, a beautiful Leverick setter, for a part of the shooting season. He was a blue-blooded gentleman, a cross of Leverick and Gordon. He was a bit wild when he first came to Father and me, but a fine intelligent hunter and retriever. We were soon constant companions and devoted friends, and we returned him to Doctor McClements with appreciation but deep regret, and when Doctor McClements wrote, saying someone had tried to poison Pluto, and if I wanted him to come and get him, I went immediately. He was glad to see me, jumped in the buggy and put his head on my knee, expressing his happiness and feeling of home-coming. It was a friendship that lasted until his death at 16 years. He was the greatest and most satisfactory dog I have known and hunted, a true and faithful friend, kind and dependable. Just one instance to show his class, there were many, when he had grown old we were living in Denton, and he would lie in the street at times, and after he had been run over on one occasion, I sent him to Charlie Cahall on the farm, Charlie had been my overseer and loved him dearly and would care for him. The last fall of his life, with a party of friends and young dogs, I went to the farm for bird hunting. The old fellow welcomed me warmly and stayed close to me until we were ready to start out, then I had Ned (one of the colored boys from the old home) take him and lock him up. I knew that he knew that we were going hunting and would want to go too, and I knew he was too feeble. We came back to the house for lunch. He met me, visited with me for a while, smelled my game bag, seemed satisfied and disappeared, and when we started out in the afternoon could not be found - Ned was to look out for him. When we were about 1/4 mile across the fields, our young dogs seemed to get a strong scent of birds, but could not place them, and while I was watching the young dogs, I heard something panting behind me. It was old Pluto. I said nothing, he passed me, looking straight ahead maybe 20 yards and came to a stiff point, I called to my friends that old Pluto had joined us and pointed and to come for a shot. They said no, he is so old, he does not know what he is doing, we will chance your putting them up. I replied, he never made such a false point in his life, the birds are here. In the meantime, from weakness, he had laid down. I went to him, helped him to his feet, put my knee against his rump and urged him forward to put them up, that was our invariable custom, he staggered along a few feet and put up a big covey, and then dropped exhausted. Everyone was surprised, but I was not, I knew. Ned had followed him and stood watching the point, and said My God, Mr. Al, that old dog has sense, he smelled your game bag, was satisfied you had game, knew you would not take him, and then he disappeared, hid until he could steal after you, found you, smelled the birds and pointed. He gave no attention to man or dog, until he had completed his job and showed us the birds. Ned took him in his arms and carried him back to the house. That was his last hunt, a perfect ending to a life of devoted service.

There were other dog friends - Cousin John Higgins imported Dashing Monack, a full-blooded Llewellen, and gave me "Leah 2nd" (we called her "Nollie"), one of the first litter of pups (Dashing Monack out Harry Cause Leah). She was a beauty, black and tan points, a good pidge partner for old Pluto. She was lovable and kind, a true aristocrat, I bred her to Pluto and retained Fannie and young Pluto, they were beauties, with all the distinctive markings of the Llewellens and also of old Pluto (Leverick and Gordon) as well, being 1/2 Leverick he had practically the same markings. These dogs were a joy, handsome picture dogs, sweet tempered, efficient. Fannie was ac-

identally shot by a friend while we were hunting. Young Pluto died in my arms of pneumonia about a year after Fannie was killed. Nellie had died. When I went in the field hunting with my four fine, handsome, blooded dogs, I was proud and well-served, but Old Pluto was King and taught the others their duties. He was field-Marshal and made plans and gave instructions, that if not carried out might cause punishment.

On one occasion Will Lardin and I drove out from Denton about two miles, it was early in the season. The dogs had not been hunted, but little. We left the buggy, and with Old Pluto, Nellie, and the pups Fannie and Young Pluto started hunting. Within a few minutes, along a wood in some new ground, recently cleared, Old Pluto pointed, the others lined up behind him. Will Lardin became excited and urged that we hurry, fearing the young dogs would flush the birds. I said Don't worry Old Pluto won't let them, Will said I bet you they will, I said I will bet you that we could take time to smoke a cigar and they would hold the point. It was a bet, we moved closer, lighted up and sat down. Once one of the pups moved to ease his position, Old Pluto turned his head and showed his teeth. I won my bet. We put coveys in the woods and followed them, had good shooting, found wood-cock in the woods, and when we came out of the woods at the school-house near John Wilson's I had 38 partridges and wood-cock, Will had, I think, 19. It was good sport, due to good dogs. We had a satisfactory pack of hounds, old Rattler and Kelly and others, and enjoyed foxhunting. These many animate, active things and the scenes they participated in, present themselves as I wander among my recollections.

My school days had passed and I had entered Princeton College with a classmate and room-mate, Henry Gilmore, and was located at Mrs. Pine's. My early recollections at Princeton center around some fine fellows - Dick Harlan, a junior, his brother, Jim Harlan, Barclay, Carson, Jerry Haxall, Frank Roberts, and Bland Ballard, the Captain of the Varsity Football Team, The Freshman Football Team, of which George Fleming was Captain, Haxall, Hodge, Ned and Phil. Peace, Jennison Frank Wadley, Tim Rogers, Tom Wansmaker, Jim Harlan, Kid Carson and I were members. We were a husky bunch and won our games. I was soon drafted for the scrub team that gave the Varsity practice. Unfortunately, my eyes became very troublesome and Thanksgiving holiday time Father took me to Doctor Thomas G. Morton in Philadelphia, who, after a careful examination, advised Father that I had such a bad condition of granulated lids, that I needed immediate treatment, and a cessation of use. I was taken out of college and spent three months at Grandmother Naudain's in Philadelphia, and reported to Doctor Morton each day. The treatment was heroic, and consisted in turning up the lids and cutting over the inner surface with a sharp instrument and applying Nitrate of Silver on the raw surface, usually it was an hour or more before I could open my eyes. It was a rough tough experience, but salutary and accomplished results, and at the end of three months I went home and Father looked after my eyes, and permitted me to use them very little, occasionally reporting to Doctor Morton for examination and treatment. After 18 months, my eyes having improved, and the teacher of Castle Hall School having resigned, I was appointed teacher for the balance of that school year, and so acted, had 76 scholars on the Roll from A. B. C. to Latin and Algebra. It was a unique and interesting ex-

I recall one Fox-hunt, Will Manlove and I had particularly. Will was staying with me, we started early, about daylight. Will rode my Sorrel Charlie, I rode Caesar. The dogs preceded us to the Choctank and Sandy Island Bridge and had a fox going by the time we reached the bridge. Fox and dogs went up the river and toward Dover, usually the Fox followed the river and would return. We sat and listened and finally heard the baying of the dogs coming toward us, we kept quiet and before long the fox came along, passed between our horses, he was a leopard-fox, white spots on his sides, the only one I ever saw, down along the river, through East Greensborough, again following the river, making Eastward excursions, another Fox crossed the trail and took all of our 40 dogs, but five, who held to the Old Fox and his trail. Will and I never knew just what or how much territory we covered, we were below Denton, and on the Alma-House farm when we killed the fox - Fox, dogs and ourselves so tired we were all moving slowly. I rode in and tried to save the fox, attempted to pick him up, by grabbing him by the neck, but he snapped at me and before I could make another try one of the dogs had gotten close enough to snap him. When it was over, we were nearly 80 miles from home, tired bodies, tired horses, tired dogs, hungry as bears. Father said he estimated we had ridden more than 60 miles, nearer 70.

perience, Clinton Wyatt, son of one of my Father's old friends, was my advanced pupil, and afterwards became a prominent Preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have always felt very glad that I could be of service to such an ambitious and worthy youth.

I returned to Princeton in the Fall of 1881 and became a member of the Class of '85, at the same time had close and pleasant relations with my original Class of '83. When I entered college in '79, "The Cane-Spree" was an established Custom, I was trained by a junior Ohr, and matched with Ned Simmons (Uncle of Bessie Simmons, Al's wife) a Sophomore, he was a splendid fellow, a gentleman of parts, and gymnasium trained, but Ohr had trained me well and I was strong. I took the Cane in short order, 22 seconds, if I remember correctly.

After my return to college I made warm friendships with a great many of my new classmates, particularly with Ned Wilson, Will Jackson, Billy Hall (Mother), Charlie Knox, Jack Cooper, and many many others, Alex. Clerihew among them. Bond Harriman who sat beside me for three years, and about whom and with whom I have very many pleasant recollections, his brother Oliver was one of my '83 friends and classmates. The four months passed with the usual class work, the Freshman Football and the practice as a member of the Scrub Team, the effort to get the clapper out of the college bell on Old North. Owing to the death of Doctor McCosh's son late in October the usual Hallowe'en frolic was not celebrated until the last night of the term, before Christmas Holidays, Jim Potter gave a champagne supper that night, and some of the boys were keyed up and did some damage to gas lamps, a few windows, and a riot was reported in the New York papers. A fellow by the name of Baker from Baltimore was captured by the local police, and put through the Third Degree and gave the names of some 20 boys who he said participated, nine among them. As a matter of fact, I had not attended Jim's supper and although I was at the head of the crowd for a time, I left and took to my room at Mrs. Warren's a friend who had a drop too much and put him to bed. Those reported were haled before the Court at Trenton and fined, the fines were paid by the bunch to protect two or three that actually did damage. I was one of five in whose favor "Nolle Pros" was entered.

Shortly before the above happened, Wilson, Jackson and I secured a saw to cut out the bell clapper, Mat Goldie Proctor blocked us and we went up by Priests Drugstore, he had a mortar made of small pieces of colored glass, we cut it off with our saw, had it buried for a time, and feeling that we should get it back, we put it in my trunk. I expected to stop in Philadelphia, and from there return the sign to the owner. Instead, it went to my home, and before it could be returned, the faculty had the information, how I do not know, the result being that I collected 11 weeks suspension under Tutors in Philadelphia. I spent the time with Cousin Mary and Annie Greer on Race Street 3400 block, Cousin Jennie Bennet and Lulu were of the family - a happy and profitable winter.

When I returned to College Doctor McCosh sent for me, and McCosh asked for a statement, which I gave him complete, he said he did not question it, he also said "You must be good or get out of my college",

I can hear him saying it now. I told him he would never have any more trouble with me. He and Mrs. McCosh were dear, as I look back through seventy odd years I see no bigger man than doctor McCosh, trained, learned, kindly, with a heart of pure gold, I always feel a warmth and glow in my system when I think or speak of that Great Man. I always have felt that my suspension was due to my refusal to divulge who were present at Jim Potter's champagne supper. Professor Sloan asked me the question, when I was called before the Faculty. I refused indignantly, and expressed myself so forcibly that I had to be punished for disrespect. More than a year later Professor Sloan attempted to start espionage, I caught a college proctor in my room, found out Professor Sloan sent him, and then meeting Sloan on the street, told him that I had caught one of his emissaries in my rooms, had thrown him out the second-story window, but if it happened again, it would not be the tool that took the punishment but the principal, and furthermore, if he wanted to know anything from me, if it was any of his business I would tell him myself. The last year I was in college we were better friends.

Billy Hall and I roomed together at Mrs. Warrens and in reunion, we separated at end of Sophomore year. Men develop characteristics that separate them, although they continue to be good friends, so with Billy and me. My eyes were something of a drawback, practically giving out at times. I was getting a great deal out of my course, but not what I should. Then too I was beginning to realize that Father and Mother were having a hard time to pay my bills, so altogether my Junior year at college was not free from anxieties. For a number of my Professors I had deep gratitude, and a warm feeling, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Atwater, Professor Winans, Professor Scott, Professor Hunt, General Karge.

Two incidents in my Sophomore year are recalled with particular vividness, first, my selection to represent my class in the Preliminary Cane-Spree, and my hard fight with Hugh Hodge, after more than an hour I succeeded in taking the cane from him, second, the Sophomore Reception, the Committee for which I was a member of. This Reception was the Social Event of the year. Hunter McAlpin was Chairman. I had charge of the printing and the programs. Mrs. Willis and Lizzie came to Princeton for this function and Lizzie was a Belle. Father also came on for it and for commencement, we had a happy time, and I was very proud of the lovely Delaware girl. I was also Captain of the Scrub Football team and occasionally played on the Varsity Team - a badly sprained ankle interfering a good deal with my availability. I also trained with the secondary boat-crew. Was also doing some work in Whig-Hall (Latin, Greek, English, of which we had a lot) with Professors Packard, Sloan, Orris, Cameron, Hunt and Murray and others. I took in regular stride and did fairly well in these. Trig and Calculus were not easy for me, my school-days preparation not having been so good in Math. Science studies most interested me, especially work under Professor Scott. Frank Roberts was chairman of '83 Class-Day Committee and I was a member of it. In my Sophomore year on Washington's Birthday in the gymnasium, I battled Conover '83 for the Middle Weight wrestling and lost to him. The next year Dr. J.M.T. Finney and I '84 had a hard battle, lasting as I remember the better part of an hour, and I won the championship (for 1884).

Junior year had a number of percussions, first, a realization that Father and Mother were having a hard struggle financially, many fruit trees had been killed by the hard winter of 1881-1882, and the crops of Peaches were seriously affected, second, I was not quite well, my throat was irritable in the Princeton air, third, Billy Hall and I had separated after rooming together for two years, I was living and had my room at the "Fines," fourth, I was having trouble with my Physics under Professor Bracket, but pulled through comfortably in the end. An incident happened in Physics class, Bond Harriman was called suddenly to recite by Professor Bracket, and moved over in front of Harris, who attempted to coach him as he was not prepared. The Professor sensed what was going on and asked Harriman many questions, finally said that will do Mr. Harriman, thank you Mr. Harris, possibly you would both like to know the recitation rates a zero for both of you, as not one question was correctly answered! Also during this year Professor Sloan attempted to put into operation an "Espionage System" and we had quite a stir in college, and I had a run in with Sloan over the matter. Tried for a membership in the zoological expedition Doctor Scott was planning, but owing to some overwork failed to take written examination, and had finally to take an oral examination, that cut me out.

During my last year in College, I thought much of things religious, and came under what our Methodist friends call "conviction" and finally joined the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Father and Mother had both been raised as Presbyterians, but owing to the want of a Presbyterian Church in our vicinity, were both members of the Methodist Church. Uncle Kennedy, Aunt Lillie's husband, had been the last Presbyterian Pastor of the Greensborough Church - Uncle Brown had also been at one time Pastor of that Church.

I was born in a Christian home, of Christian Parents, and raised under Christian influences and in compliance and conformity with the forms and thought of the Period, viz. the Sabbatical Sabbath, the King James version, the actual, true and inspired word of God, with every concept that flowed from that belief, including the damnation and hell-fire promised for wrong-doing; the recognized beneficence of The Father God, and the loving kindness of the Saviour. During my youth, I found it hard to reconcile the thoughts and wonderings emanating from these beliefs. But could not and did not fully accept them for myself.

I was distrait and embarrassed because of my respect and love for my teachers, and my desire to be at one with them, and so it finally worked out and we drew together.

I had begun to think for myself, and resolved for myself, during my Junior year at Princeton, that life and nature were not an accident, but there was before them and back of them a "Design," and a governing and controlling Head, which through all the ages had exercised and stimulated the thought of, the desire for and the recognition of a Divine, all Powerful Greater in the minds and imagination of the people of the World.

The Old Testament teaches a Doctrine of Force, people and nations were destroyed, because they did not conform to or comply with the Rules laid down.

Then Christ came into the World, Showing, Living and Teaching, the virtues as we know them, Kindness, Sacrifice, Love, and promising that through him, we can reach The Great Creator, the Father God.

The New Testament presenting Christ's Life and Teachings appeals to Reason, and satisfies "the Heart-Longing of Humanity," that has craved comfort and knowledge, without coercion. We see, around us, the renewal of every form of life, the Grass, the Trees, Animal Life, everything apparently dies, but wakes to New Life at the appointed time.

Is not Man, therefore, the sentient force, nature's highest expression of the thinking and reasoning faculties (the only creature or thing in Nature, that does possess these faculties) linked by these faculties, or other bonds, too subtle for grasp by finite minds, to the Maker, drawing the Breath of the Spiritual, that returns whence it comes. The Divine Spark, the connecting Link. The spiritual existence and vital animate force in our lives.

Christ has said "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice." That is a wonderful saying, a sparrow is little even compared with me. There is a star in the Heavens, so far away that its light travels 100 years, at light speed, before it reaches "the Earth." My finite mind cannot conceive it, it is outside the range of our Sun, about which our World revolves. I cannot envision the Space or the Distance. I cannot imagine, even, the Eye, that can see the sparrow fall. I cannot measure or think of so colossal a Ruler of Worlds, even though, through my creation I have spiritual contact with him, of which, I am assured. And I feel, and know, I am a part of His Design, and fit into his plan, and am given my own responsibility and latitude, the result of which will ultimately fit me into The Design in my proper place, namely in accordance with the manner in which I have ordered and lived my life, having always before me the Precepts and Life of Christ, as a guide.

With these and other like questions disposed of - my mind settled. And God and the Son Jesus Christ are real to me. Since that time (my Junior year at Princeton) I have not been particularly interested in church doctrines, and not at all in controversial questions. I have been willing to take the Life and Precepts of Christ as the Guide, and just try to follow as best I can, knowing many many failures.

My Articles of Faith are:

I believe in Fair Dealing, in Honesty, in Truth. And I believe I should do to others exactly what I would have others do to me.

And finally, I believe in a marvelous God, who is unimaginable to my finite mind, who rules worlds, and of whose Plan, I am an Indestructible Part.

And that our Saviour Jesus Christ came into the World to exemplify our God and teach us how to approach him, and how to prepare ourselves to fit into the Great, Divine Infinite Plan. I united with the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, and when I came to Baltimore to live Doctor Babcock sent for my Letters and I united with Brown Memorial Church Presbyterian and am still a member, having rendered during my active years what service I could.

I left college in June, expecting to return for my last year, but that was not to be. A number of things happened. First, there was a better prospect for Peaches that year, and I had the opportunity to erect and run an evaporator to take care of the cullings and second class fruit; second, Mother's illness, Typhoid, a terrible illness lasting from early in July until late September; third, a very dry season, and we picked our last peaches after September 25th, 1884. College had opened, I had had to take charge of everything. Father did not leave Mother, but watched every change, and finally he and Aunt Sadie brought her successfully through. The orchards, the general farming, the shipping, the evaporators using about 60 or 70 to 100 hands - I was tired, and not mentally ready to study, and further I felt a great ambition to be of service in managing the Old Home and getting Father out of financial difficulties, with the results I had accomplished in the summer of 1884 it looked as if I might do it. So it was concluded I was to take charge. For a year or two it looked promising, but Peach Yellows came to destroy the trees and by 1890 our orchards were practically ruined, although we had reset portions of them, and the property was sold. We went to Denton to live in 1890, and Father practiced his profession to give us a living. I spent nearly two years in settling our affairs and then studied law in the office of George M. Russum, Esquire. In the spirit of helpfulness Mother, two or three years before we left Castle Hall, began making and selling Mrs. K. N. Hardecastle's English Plum Pudding. The best ever put on the market, I believe, and handled by the best fancy grocers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and elsewhere. After we moved to Denton she continued and expanded the business, I helped her until I came to Baltimore to live and practice law. To the pudding business was added the preserving of fruits. She soon developed a market for fancy fruits, of the best quality, of the best materials. When Father's failing health, and her own failing strength required, she sold her business to some young men in Denton, they did not long keep up the quality, it was a quality proposition, and the business died. It was a noble effort on her behalf, successfully executed. Aunt Sadie was very helpful in the matter.

As I wander, the recollections of the suffering and anxieties of Father and Mother for years over matters financial are vividly before me, and I see Will Brown, Aunt Elize-Ann's son, as the "Arch Fiend" and curse of Father's life, Uncle Brown, Rev. Charles Brown, as the complacent hypocrite, whose conscience might hesitate at the commission of the crime but would not hesitate to reap the advantage of it after it was engineered by his son Will. To explain: When Mr.

Baynard died, there was a small fund of about \$2800 from his estate for the benefit of his daughter Natalie, who afterwards married a Presbyterian Minister, John W. Dulles, the aforesaid fund was placed in the hands of my Grandfather William M. Hardecastle, his son Thomas was living in Ohio. He came East to visit his family and for the purpose of securing funds for investment in Ohio, which seemed safe and very promising. The only money available was the legacy of Natalie Baynard, after a family council that fund was given Uncle Tom, he lost it. Eliza-Ann Baynard married Rev. Charles Brown. Grandfather accounted for the fund, by giving a mortgage on Castle Hall. Mr. Brown was developing a family, and he and his family made Castle Hall their home for most of each year for many years, recognizing this fact, when the mortgage was drawn it called for "one per cent" in some parts and in other parts of mortgage "no per cent." And then the mortgage was forgotten, or it was realized that the amount was lived out by the Brown family. At any rate no demand was made for payment upon Grandfather, and when he persuaded Father to give up his plan to become a Surgeon in the Army, and take over Castle Hall, nothing was said of the mortgage and Father, dealing with his own Father, made no examination of title. In fact, as it developed later, there was between \$40,000 and \$50,000 indebtedness against the property when Father took it over, most of which he was not apprised of. As I said, the mortgage had been forgotten, the Browns had lived it out, had had more than value received. Father was busy in his practice, in setting and mastering and developing his "Peach Orchards," he had married and had a son. Reverend Charles Brown had taken an assignment of the "Forgotten Mortgage." Will Brown was a lawyer practicing in Philadelphia (there used to be an old saying "Crooked as a Philadelphia Lawyer"), he studied the mortgage, the named interest therein (one percent and no percent), he reasoned would continue for three years, and then revert to the legal interest, 6%, and it might be even possible to manipulate it into a compounding of interest. Knowing my Father, for a high-minded man, who never repudiated an obligation, he came to Father with information regarding the mortgage, and secured from Father an acknowledgment in writing, that he would pay the mortgage, if it should be shown right and proper. The paper was craftily drawn, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland said in Hardecastle vs Brown this paper, acquired by misrepresentation, was both an admission of indebtedness and a promise to pay. To get out of the hands of the Browns, a part of Castle Hall was deeded to them and money finally borrowed of Mr. Lapham to pay them the balance. The property was subsequently sold to satisfy this mortgage.

Father was "Big," "without Guile," he could not imagine a nephew, son of his sister, deceiving him or lying to him. He was a loyal friend and loyal to his relatives, he paid more than \$20,000 for his Cousin and Pal Robert Emmet Hardecastle, and when his difficulties came Robert Emmet's sons refused to come to his assistance, although they were all comfortably well circumstanced, and could easily have afforded to return to him what he had advanced for their Father. In addition, they let him be sued and be required to pay the Harpers several thousand dollars because he had endorsed a guardian bond for

Cousin Ezzet, which had laid quiet for years. Cousin Ezzet had never filed his final accounts and closed the Estate, although the Harpers were overpaid. Father paid the Bill, and many bills for other people. The "Times" required that those who had property assist their neighbors. And Father never refused, be it one who would buy a horse or cow and anything the neighbor required, and it was often he had to pay. His Practice was large, his collections were small, people of the country around him were poor after the Civil War, and he tried to help. Father paid for Grandfather, for Uncle Tom, for Uncle Will, for Uncle Charlie, for Cousin Ezzet, for Cousin Jerome and others. In 1890 he went to Denton, he continued his practice as long as his health permitted. A man, Big in Brain, Big in Character, Big in Heart, and my Mother Beautiful in Person, Beautiful in Character, Big in Brain and Heart - the two making a composit one. It is no wonder she could not live after he had gone into The Beyond, but followed him within a few months. I feel I have a rich heritage. My difficulty has been to live up to my entitlements. I am afraid I have not succeeded, although I have tried.

I have had many friends among men, often with men older than myself, viz. Uncle Elias, Ed. Hastings, Harry Conrad, Abe Moore, a Captain of Marines, whose name I cannot recall, but who was most kind to me during the winter of 1872, when Father was a member of the Maryland Legislature, and I was making him a visit at the Old Maryland Hotel, Annapolis, then Will Black, Frank Smiley, Fred Malone, Will Manlove, my college friends and chums. My Brothers-In-Law, John E. Wilson and Eldridge Downes, men for whom I had and have the greatest respect, constitutionally and practically honest, whose motives are or were never questioned. I have known many strong men, and have crossed Legal Swords with some of them, Judge John M. Robinson, Judge Stump, Bernard Carter, Pinckney (Governor) Whyte, Thomas C. Hayes, Judge Albert C. Ritchie, a great man and Judge, Governor Albert C. Ritchie, his son, W. Shepperd Bryan, Judge Morris, Senator Arthur P. Gorman, Senator George Gray of Delaware, Joseph C. Franco, Dr. Maltbie D Babcock, Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, Dr. John McDowell, President Grover Cleveland (when attending the wedding of a college mate at "Lakewood in the Pines", New Jersey. President Cleveland was offered a seat in the private Pullman reserved for the wedding party returning to New York, his car not being available he accepted and was most agreeable),^x Woodrow Wilson, Major Biggs, Dr. Samuel J. Crowe, Dr. William S. Gardner, Dr. J. M. T. Finney, Dr. Thomas Guthrie Spears, Dr. John W. Baylor, Dr. DeSchweinitz the eye-specialist, Dr. Hiram Woods, Clifton S. Brown, associated with me in my office for a number of years, a strong, capable mind, he had developed into a fine trial lawyer, in my opinion, the best of the younger men at the Bar, when he was killed by a Jew, to whom he had rendered signal service, Edward D. Martin who was also associated with me in my office, a care-taking man, and polisher of the English language, developing slowly into a safe counsellor. These men and others, with whom I have had contact, have afforded me a rich association. From the early days, I recall many incidents and experiences with Irvin the deaf and almost dumb colored boy (early scarlet fever) my playmate, son of Almira, Frisby's wife. These old recollections bring a flash of pleasure and an ache of pain. Few are left. Most are gone. The sands of the hour-glass are running out, disability and limitation are hard to face and accept gracefully and with equanimity.

^xBoth as student and President of Princeton University.

I come now, in my wanderings in the Labyrinth of Recollections, into pleasant places, bowered aisles, shady corners, rose gardens, whence sweet odors linger, to the contemplation that I have had pleasant, helpful and happy association with many fine women during my lifetime, to whom I am heavily indebted for kindness, guidance, example and love, which has been lavished upon me unstintedly. To my Mother for devoted love in unlimited measure, and for the exercise of many sacrifices. To my Aunt Maggie, who claimed me for her oldest son, with all that relation indicates. To Aunt Sadie, the gentle unselfish, but sturdy stand-by. These with my colored Nurse Betty Buxin and Aunt Clenny, our colored cook, constitute the Advance Brigade in my recollection. Grandmother Hardcastle the faint, but kindly, and sweet impression. Grandmother Naudain, seemingly austere, always ready to supply loving service, and wisdom that comes of long experience. Aunty Greer, a land-mark in the family. Cousin Mollie Greer, an artist, talented, beautiful, she made me life-sized pictures of my Father and Mother, they are before me as I write; her sister, Cousin Annie Greer, practical and useful, and both so kind and thoughtful, the winter I was suspended at Princeton for eleven weeks, I spent my time with them and tutored to keep up my college work. Aunt Angie Goldsborough, mention of whom suggests many kindly thoughts and incidents. My cousins the Manlove girls, Cousin Annie, Cousin Libbie, Lena, Carrie, who lived near us in Greensborough, and with whom I had many associations and contacts, all of which were most pleasant. I was very fond of Aunt Tillie Kennedy and Uncle Kennedy and their son Frank and their daughter Natalie, these were very dear people. There were many other relatives who came to Castle Hall or that I came in contact with, who added to the sum of my experience or pleasure. Aside from relations, my life touched many others in a friendly way, and in my very early days, maybe with a bit of callow sentiment. Clara Satterfield and I rode and drove and fox-hunted, and enjoyed rambles together. Blackeyed Mary Black, and I liked each other and spent time together. Beautiful, laughing Lizzie Knight, Mary Paul her friend and mine, a bit statuesque, but a good friend and lovely (Ed. Hastings admired her very much and I tried to speed his cause, unsuccessfully) (Mary would not eat meat). Lulu Bennett, who liked to scrap with me, but was pure gold, and I am reminded of an incident of her wedding day (married Horace Hill) I will not record. Marjory Henry, daughter of the Pastor of Princeton Presbyterian Church, West Phila., no beauty, but a good friend. The Merrick girls Mary and Belle, Flora and Mary Clements, May Morrison, Lena Sharp, Anna Causey, Mame Wallace, Besse Hadley, these and other good women passed along, into and through my early life and school-days, each adding something of value and fragrance.

From my earliest days, and the illustrations before me of mother, relatives and friends, I realized that woman is our best, and divine gift, and have never wished to cheapen her even with a careless thought. During my school and college days, two remarkable and superior girls came into the range of my life, both were outstanding and superior, and each made her own deep impression upon my consciousness. The one seemed to be the ideal sweetheart, and for a period of years, I felt that I had that sentiment. For the other, at all times, there was an underlying devotion and deep feeling that I did not clearly realize for a time. Time passed,

differences with the first arose from time to time, ties loosened, With the other, ties strengthened and tightened, until I recognized that there was only one woman that I loved and desired in the close relation of wife, and to whom I was ready to give a life's devotion, and I have, not for one moment, wavering in my love and absolute devotion. I feel that I have been one of the fortunate ones, and that Human Nature does not forge closer, warmer, dearer Ties, than those that have and do bind me to Father, Mother, to Clara my wife, to Sister Ida and John Wilson, to Aunt Sadie, Aunt Maggie, Uncle Elias, to Al and Bess, to Laird and Amelia and to Eurette and Hardy, to Bert and Sarah, to Clara Whitby, Winifred, Eldridge, Mary and Hortense, to Doctor Samuel J. Crowe and John W. Baylor. Friends, friends, loving, faithful, devoted friends. As long as I may be a pleasure, and as long as I can add a bit of pleasure to the Life of my Precious Wife, I want to live, when I cannot, I want to go. My only worry and regret is, that my health has broken down, and I have to be a burden and tax upon her strength. But I feel, that our years together and our love for each other will make our lives still a joy.

At the end of my Junior year at Princeton, I hurried home to get ready for the Peach Season - the promise of a fairly good crop was favorable, and Cousin Ada and Mr. Katenburg, who visited us that spring, made it possible for me to purchase 5 acres of land at Goldsborough and erect and install two Greer Evaporators (I might say, incidentally, that the \$500. Cousin Ada advanced was the only funds any member of my Father's family ever gave me or any amount that was ever returned to Father or to any of us, notwithstanding the large sums Father had paid for Grandfather, for his brothers, cousins, nephews and friends). The land was purchased, the building erected, the evaporators installed, and I was ready for the Season. It had hardly opened when Mother was taken with Typhoid, and Father devoted his whole time to his care for her, and her life was spared to us only because of his intelligent and unremitting care. But, it left everything else to be attended to by me, the picking, sorting, shipping of the fruit, the loading of the cars, the operation of the evaporators, all to the judgment and inexperience of an untrained boy, who also was buying peaches to supplement the loading of the cars and to keep the evaporators operating to their capacity, which was about 300 baskets a day. Maybe an aptness for organization was inherent, at any rate the evaporators were soon operating practically and smoothly, the help organized, and the output of fine quality. With the other part of the work I was more familiar, having managed the orchards in fruit season for several years, under Father's careful training, and having developed good judgment of when to pick the fruit, which was the real question, not too green, ripe not over-ripe (we did not have refrigerator cars at that time). I remember that summer as a nightmare, mother's illness, the day to day tension of her living through it, the work, the long hours (from day-light to one P. M. often), the physical exertion, mental business strain - all fell heavily, but I managed to carry it with fair success and the end of the season showed fair results, and I had made friends among growers of peaches who sold from day to day, that held over during the following years, in other words, I established a reputation for fair-dealing. Late in September, just about the time the fruit season closed, Mother grew better and Father pronounced her out of danger, and it was a question of building her up. She had always had beautiful hair, long and straight (she could easily sit on it), her hair had been cut off during her illness, and when it began to grow again, it came out curly grey. The short curly grey locks clustered around her freshly renewed face after her illness. She was beautiful. I have her picture indelibly impressed upon my consciousness. After the fruit season (1884) was over, I took up in earnest the question of general farm conditions. During the next two seasons, we had many anxieties, but the frosts were not too unkind and we had fruit, partial crops, but we began to see evidence of "Peach Yellows", devastating disease that destroyed the trees. We tried everything we could hear of to stay it, without avail, we replanted some of the orchards. By the time the years 1888 and 1889 reached us our orchards were practically ruined and it was hard to make a living, even though we had kindly land. There had to be a readjustment, wheat and corn and other crops had been subsidiary, even strawberries and tomatoes. These were terrible days,

nerve-racking and taxing to the limit, and we realized the Old Home must be sold - that happened in 1890. Father opened an office in Denton and began his practice, which he continued successfully as long as his health permitted.

Two or three years before we left the farm, Mother had developed a nice business in making Mrs. K. N. Hardecastle's English Plum Pudding, and had the leading grocers in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere, as her customers. She continued it and developed it in Denton, and I helped her during the falls and whenever it was necessary as to making and shipping, and in the meantime, I studied law in Judge Rassum's office. In addition to the pudding, Mother put up preserved peaches and other preserves. It was all a quality proposition. She sold the whole proposition finally to some young men in Denton, but they let the quality deteriorate and the business died.

I was admitted to the Bar in October 1894, and immediately opened my office in the Masonic Building in Denton, and almost at once found something to do, even though the remuneration was small.

The years 1890-1895 that I spent in Denton were fateful years - the loss of the Old Home I loved, the failure of accomplishment, the break up, the new environment. It was hard, all hard, and created a depression and mental condition that was hard to meet and master. But, I found kindness, and sympathy and comradeship in association with Clara Downes, my old, old friend. I had always had respect and affection for her, and an under-current of unrecognized but real sentiment, which with close association blossomed and ripened, as the years passed, into real love, life time love. We grew closer and closer, and we realized, before I left Denton in April 1895, that we loved, and our desire was and is always to be together, Husband and Wife.

I came to Baltimore in February, 1895, to attend Princeton Alumni Association, and visited Kemp Bartlett at the same time. Kemp was the owner of a large collection business, Shriver Bartlett & Company. There was a blizzard the day following the Alumni Meeting, and I stayed indoors at Kemp's and amused myself looking over the papers in a case that was giving Kemp some anxiety. I came to the conclusion his West Virginia lawyers were in the wrong court, and prepared a memorandum or Brief for him on the subject. He was pleased and submitted it to Joseph C. France, his counsel, who agreed with me. I returned to Denton, and in about two weeks Kemp wrote inviting me to a conference with him and France, to consider my stepping between France and the Collection Agency, and taking over the legal end of the business. The result of the conference was that I accepted this proposition of a guaranty and 1/3 of the net profits of my office. It was hard to leave Father and Mother, and Aunt Sadie, and doubly hard to leave my sweetheart. But there was hope to make things easy for my loved ones, and that our complete union would not be long delayed. I left Denton on the morning of April 8th, 1895, to take up my work for Shriver Bartlett & Co., in a down-pour of rain. I remember so well driving to the door of Clara's house for a final "Good Bye."

As I wander, the recollections of the Social Life on the Shore crowd in upon me and demand recognition. In early young-man days, we depended upon our horses and buggies and railroad trains for our journeyings, and usually one could drive to the scene of merry-making. We prided ourselves on our good horses, and we used them to good purpose. I think of our Eastern Shore Social Life, as refined, cultivated, kindly, warm hearted and loyal, and during my years at college, and during the years from 1884 to 1890 and from that time until removed to Baltimore in 1895 - Notwithstanding the anxieties and disappointments that were constantly and increasingly surging into my life, I was grateful for the opportunity for contact and social intercourse with kind and thoughtful friends and associates. We had many small towns in our region, each distinct, each having special social characteristics, but all having in common, that Whole-Souled Eastern-Shore Hospitality and love of the Home-Land Traditions, customs and methods of thought, that made a common ground upon which we met and enjoyed each other. Usually the summers gave us many small, practically informal affairs, Picnics, Campmeetings were very popular for a long time, small dances, and private entertainment, rides and drives - a satisfying social atmosphere. In the winter time, when we were not riding due to weather conditions outside, our towns would have their yearly dances, in fact they were real Balls, in which the whole town - young and old - would feel that had an interest to make it a great success, "Good Music", "Good Food," "Good Time." I am going to try to call the Roll of the Towns and maybe name some special friend -

- Chestertown - The beautiful Anna Hubbard and her brother Wilbur. Lewina Wicks, Sue Wilkins and many others. Hallie Beck, a beautiful girl, Mary Beck her sister, not so beautiful, but with every other qualification that counts most in determining values.
- Middletown - Marion Hardcastle, Annie his wife, Dr. Frank Kennedy, Jodie Biggs and her friend Miss Jones. Marion and Eliza Cochran. Alex. Corbett.
- Easton - Mary Jenkins, Jennie Adkins, Ned Jenkins, Tom Jenkins, Lizzie Lloyd, and among those older Colonel Edward Lloyd and Dr. and Mrs. Smithers.
- Centerville - Mr. and Mrs. Ned Brown (I recall many charming incidents that Mrs. Brown was responsible for), Lottie Legg, Nellie Brown, Frank and Tom Keating, Mary and Belle Merrick, Clayton Wright, Hattie McKenney, Jack Brown, John McKenney.
- Milford - Lizzie Willis, Dr. John Prettyman, Lena Sharp, Anna Causey, Virdie Causey, NanVaules, Maime Wallace, Bessie Hedley, Ike Adkins, Lynn Pratt and his sister, Bessie Thaw, Dan Hirsh, Cousin Clara Yardly and her girls.

- Greensborough - Carrie Manlove, the Satterfield girls, Lida Simpers, Mame Schofield, Dr. Malonee, Will Manlove, Calvin Satterfield, Will and Annie Massey, Mrs. Belly Massey, Katie Roe and Fred Roe.
- Dover - George V. Massey's Daughters, Mrs. Nat. Smithers, Mr. and Mrs. Will Smithers, as well as the Milford contingent.
- Denton - Clara Downes, the Richardson Girls, Topsy Vangesel Anderson, Will Anderson, Luther and Mrs. Gadd, Dukes and Armond Downes, Cousin Annie Downes and many dear home-folks. The Towers boys, Lawrence and Allie, George and Minnie Skirven.
- Georgetown - Dave Marvel and Mame Wootten his wife.

There were other towns and many many other people, but generally of the same class, and this is what I am trying to say in a modest way - the Eastern Shore, Town and Country People were and are the Best in the World, or suppose I am more modest and say of the Best in the World. My recollections of my Shore Social Life are all of the Bright Golden Hue and many happy and interesting incidents and things come to mind.

During this time, there are recollections that come asking for notice. I was often in Milford these days, for sweetheart purposes, dances, and social engagements. Christmas Day 1885, I think it was, after we had our celebration at home at Castle Hall with Father and Mother, I started for Milford driving Caesar, it was icy cold, and Caesar was wild, I was nearly frozen when I reached Felton and had to be helped from the buggy, my hands were almost frozen, the horse was so wild I never had the opportunity to unwrap the reins from around my hands. A hot fire and a stiff drink prepared me for the remaining 12 miles of my drive. Mrs. Willis' warm welcome and hot coffee warmed and prepared me for the dance that night.

Another time I was caught in a blizzard in Milford, felt that I had to be at home, drove in my buggy as far as Fredricka, borrowed a saddle and riding old Caesar finally covered the 20 miles to Castle Hall, without ever seeing a light along the way after I left Felton. The snow was 1/2 leg deep and I have often wondered what would have happened if my horse had stumbled or for any reason I had been forced from his back. I could not have remounted, I am sure, between the cold and the stiffness, even though the men in the store in Felton had wrapped my legs and body in newspapers. These were both terrible experiences and only youth that does not know would take the risk.

I could mention many pleasant features and Milford experiences, but the one I have most in mind is a sad one. I was very fond of Mrs. Willis and she of me. I spent a Sunday weekend with them and came home. Two days after I received a telegram from Lizzie, "Mother is Dead." She had burned to death. The Willis' lived about a mile out of town,

Lizzie and her visitors had been in town attending a dance and when Mrs. Willis heard them coming, she picked up her glass lamp and started down stairs, it is supposed she struck the lamp on the banister or it exploded, and before they could reach her she was so badly burned she died. As time went on differences arose, sentiment lessened and then was eliminated, but our friendship was unabated and lasted, and ultimately I was delighted when she married Will McCallum, a thoroughly fine fellow. She had had in the meantime, some quasi-sentimental cases with Brad Murphy, Lynn Pratt and our singing and dancing friend afterwards Delaware Governor, Sim Pennewell, no one of whom merited her, but Will McCallum was worthy and made her a good husband, and gave her a son she loved and was proud of.

I have another cold weather incident in mind, that is closely related to some of our ultimate troubles at Castle Hall. In the winter 1880-1881, we had a heavy snow-fall - a spell of cold, I had an engagement in Denton with Clara Downes, and was to visit her at her brother Phil's and Cousin Annie's home in Denton. I left home in the sutter, driving "Pet", it was awfully cold, and just before I left Father put a new horse-blanket over my head and it came over my arms and hands, I mention this thoughtfulness of Father's, because otherwise I would have suffered. I drove through Greensborough, crossed the river, and took the River Road, the track was practically unbroken, only some one on horse-back had been ahead of me, after a time my horse, that had been frisky seemed to labor, and finally I got out to find out the trouble, and found that the bristles and hair about my mare's nose was frozen stiff and the nostrils closed, I relieved her by blowing my breath in her nostrils, and finally reached Denton in good shape. The next morning the thermometer registered 16° below zero, the coldest ever known on the Shore. We shivered a bit but had a good time, but where the cold hurt most, it killed over 10000 of our peach trees, and in addition lots of them had to be cut down to the body of the tree - disheartening and depressing. Clara and I had warm comradeship at this time, possibly we neither realized how close we were or how strongly the life-lines were drawing. One of these, who figured much in Denton life and in our lives, was Jimmy Swann, an old bachelor and general beau, and a devoted friend to young and old, a pronounced prohibitionist, he asked me to send him whiskey, but to ship it in Father's name, he was Prohibition Candidate for Governor. As a matter of fact Father as his physician ordered him to use it, he needed the stimulant. We played many jokes on Jimmy, all of which he took in good part. He had a nice voice and loved _____, a good Christian and churchman.

For several years, we had rather a remarkable Base Ball Team in Greensborough, of which I was Captain (It was a combination of the nines of four small towns - Greensborough, Goldsborough, Burrville, Ridgely, and further remarkable for a County Team, we had three pitchers and three catchers

Will Manlove	=	Fred, McClement
Charlie Frazier	=	Tom Lane
George Welsh	=	Fred Welsh,

Charlie Frazier was our First Sting Pitcher, and the team shaped up

Frazier P, Lane C, Manlove 1B, Hardecastle 2B, John Brown S.S.
Fred Welsh 3B, Welsh C.P, Halvin LF, McClement R.V.

My recollection is that we did not lose a game in three years, sometimes we split up and played against each other. Playing at Trappe, Talbot County, on one occasion, Will Manlove, in fielding a ball quickly, that had been thrown over his at 1 B, contracted his arm with such force that it broke just about the elbow, it made a noise almost like a pistol shot, a clean break that soon mended.

And on the Eighty Day of April, 1895, I had arrived in Baltimore really to take up my Professional Legal Life Work.