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# A FAMILY HISTORY

THE CARROLL RECORD PRINT,

TANEYTOWN, MD.

1909.

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19/11/19

This work seems trivial, but if the founders of the family had recorded such things, the record would now be of interest, so *preserve* what is written here. While writing, I kept in mind the legend on an old sun-dial of Venice. "I count only the hours that are serene."



## A FAMILY HISTORY.

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The house in which I now reside, in Uniontown, Carroll County, Maryland, was built by John Hyder in 1811, on a lot purchased of Erhart Cover. This lot was part of a tract of land called The Orchard, at that time in Frederick County. [Carroll was formed from part of Frederick Co., in 1837.] John Hyder was born in Frederick County in 1787. There is a certificate of his birth in this house. It is written in German, the writing and ornamentation, by John Wm. Hyder, father of J. H. J. W. H. was from Anspach, Franconia, Germany. He was a very pious man. He was a school-teacher. He opened his school daily with prayer. He died suddenly one day, on his way home from school. His wife was Elizabeth Stitely. She died in 1854, at the age of 85. I have a lock of her hair, cut off at that time. It is a beautiful brown. They said she had not a gray hair. Besides John, were two other sons, William and Jacob. William married Eliza Hoff, York, Pa. Their only child, Quincy, spent a day or two here in the early fifties, when I was a child. He looked like the framed picture of Billy Hiteshu, that is at this writing, in the parlor of John H. Gehr, Waynesboro, Pa. Quincy had, when he was here, lately heard Jenny Lind, the world-famed singer. He said she looked as if she lived upon coarse fare. There is a letter in the house, written by him in 1853, on board the ship Relief, then at Rio Janeiro, S. A. He was in the pay-department, U. S. Navy. He died unmarried, at U. S. Naval Hospital, Warrington, Fla.

Of Jacob Hyder's children, Isaac became a prosperous merchant, of Emmitsburg, Md., where he died. There are some verses in the house, written by him on the death of his grandmother, E. S. H., 1854. Isaac's father, Jacob H., married Sarah Lightner.

Margaret, one of the daughters, married Daniel Rhinehart, a brother of the famous Carroll Co., Md., sculptor, Wm. Rhinehart—[At the time of his birth, Carroll formed part of Frederick Co.] Wm. Rhinehart, the sculptor, died at Rome. The wreath from his casket, his artist implements, and some of his work, notably "Clytie," and a bust

of his mother, are at the Peabody, Baltimore, Md. He completed the bronze doors at the Capitol, Washington, D. C. There is some of his work at Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore, where he lies, his life-size bronze "Endymion," marking the spot. Margaret's daughter, Olivia, inherits her uncle's talent. She is, at this writing, Art teacher at Western Md. College, Westminster. She studied in Paris, at the Julien studio. I read, in the College Journal, a very pleasant letter written by her whilst she was summering near Paris.

John Hyder [born 1787] married Catharine Delaplaine, born 1788, near the village of Woodsboro, Frederick, Co., Md. [Isaac Renner afterwards bought the home.] Her father's name was John, and her mother was Sophia Sheelar. [The mother of Sophia Sheelar was Hannah Chandler, of Germantown, Pa.] The Delaplaines were Huguenots. From my infancy I was told that they came over at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685. [One Delaplaine accounts for the name by saying that they formed part of that Greek colony that settled near Marseilles, B. C. 600. That they were from the plains of Marathon: De la Plaine. But history says that those Marseilles settlers were Phocians.] A sketch of the Delaplaine family, written by Judge N. Norris Delaplaine, of Hillsboro, Highland Co., Ohio, and published in the county paper, says: "The traditional history of this family goes back to the crusaders, and the shores of the blue Mediterranean, and the waters of the Rhone, where their ancestors had rich possessions in the chivalric days of France, but lost their estates in civic and religious revolutions." [Judge N. N. D. was nephew of C. D. H.] Baird, in his history of the Huguenots, mentions Marie Delaplaine (1692) married to Jean Le Chevalier, New York.

October, 1895, I visited Rocky Hill grave-yard, near Woodsboro, Frederick Co., Md., where I saw these tombs: [Father of Catharine Delaplaine Hyder.] In memory of John Delaplaine, who departed this life June 25, 1804, in the 63rd. year of his age. [Brother of C. D. H.] Here lies the body of Jeremiah Delaplaine, who was born 2nd. of April 1781, and departed this life 12th. of November, 1800. [Sister and brother of C. D. H.] Hannah Delaplaine, born 1768, died 1772, (and on the same stone) John Delaplaine, born 1772, died 1772. [Sister of C. D. H.] Mary Delaplaine, born 1767, died 1772.

C. D. H. afterwards had another sister Mary, married to John Carmack. I shall speak of her later. [These four tombs that I saw at Rocky Hill, I had heard of from my infancy.]—"Aunt" Betsy Yingling told me that when John Hyder brought his bride, C. D. H., to Uniontown, Md., she—Betsy—ran down the hill, to a fence along the road, to get a peep at the newly-wed. She was then Betsy Hiteshu, and lived at her parents' home, a beautiful house, surrounded by a lawn, on a very elevated spot, at the head of the village. It afterward became

the home of Charles Hiteshu, Betsy's brother, and Caroline, his wife, daughter of John Hyder, and C. D. H.

John Hyder and his wife lived while their house in Uniontown was building, at a place called the Meadow, a little way out of the village, and directly north of where their new house was to stand. The house at the Meadow was close to a fine spring, and the lower floor was afterwards used as a dairy. The owners of the place lived in a house a little way off on the hillside.

There is, at this writing, an unusually large and spreading walnut tree standing in the meadow near the spring. C. D. H. used to tell me that as a young wife she used to sit often under this tree in pleasant weather. All of the children were born in the house at Uniontown. There is a photo of C. D. H. here, in an oval gilt frame, that looks just as she did at the time it was taken, when she was past sixty, but you cannot know from that, about her pure complexion, like a china radish, I used to say. She was tall, and of a remarkably fine and commanding presence. She attended church "down below," as we villagers termed it. A small white frame building in the grave-yard. There was a two-leaved door, with a flight of steps running up to it, in the gable-end, facing the road, but she always went around to the smaller, side-door, with a broad, low step, and in my memory of childhood, a peach tree overhanging it. Near this door, within the church, was her accustomed seat during service. The pulpit was like a half tub (divided vertically, that is) set into the wall about one-third up from the floor. It was painted white, with yellow panels, and had balustered steps leading up to it on the one side that was open. Under, or in front of the pulpit, beneath, was a table, painted a sulphur yellow, and as glossy as hard-wood polished, or marble.

There was another church, (in the village) which was called "up above," and in fact it was on such an elevated point that it was one of the first objects seen as you approached Uniontown from any direction. It had arched, two-leaved doors of unpainted oak on three sides, and aisles paved with brick. On the fourth side, within, was an unpainted oak tub-pulpit, at least ten feet up, and over it hung, suspended from an iron rod fastened to the lofty, vaulted ceiling, an immense "sounding board." The pews were also of oak and with sides so high that as a child I felt walled in by them. Galleries ran around the church, lighted by a second row of windows, arched like those of the first row. Both churches were lighted for night service by tallow candles set in tin sconces, fastened to the oaken pillars that supported the galleries. For the pulpit, were lard-burning lamps, fastened in sockets. For the mid-week prayer service, there was on the table beneath the pulpit, a candle-stick with a broad base that served as a tray for the snuffers. The reading of the chapter had numerous, impressive breaks whilst

these instruments were in action. The praise of both night and day service was also effectively punctuated by the "line-ing" of the hymns. Two lines of each stanza were "given out;" that is, read, then sung, then two more, and so continued to the finish.

The reader, "down-below" was often one Martin *Whiteleather*, a layman. Into his prayer which followed the chapter, he never failed to bring the phrase, "this onfriendly world;" words without meaning to my childish perception. The invocation of another, always included a petition for, "the lost sons of the Adamic race." Who will gainsay me, when I claim, to dub this last withal, the titles, "vast" and "universal," aforetime the exclusive property of one Shakespeare.

C. D. H. had a friend who in my childhood, came to see her for a few minutes daily. She always seated herself at one end of the long "settle" in the living-room, its arm supporting her elbow. She always addressed you as "honey." [Her father was one of the first settlers of "Baltimore town." One of its lanes bore his name.] C. D. H. named one of her daughters for this friend.

John Hyder had the Uniontown Postoffice from the time it commenced business, 1815, until his death, 1848. [There is a post-office book in the house which has a record in his hand-writing: Office commenced business Nov. 15, 1815.] Besides, he did surveying and law-writing, the latter in both English and German. There are, in the house, parchments with seal, 1744, course book, 1762, local road-maps, made by J. H., letters from Missouri Territory, 1818, copies in German, made by J. H., of letters he wrote to Germany, &c. His books all contain his name and the price he paid for the vol., in his own writing.

I remember the last year that J. H. had the post-office. A yellow stage-coach, like those described by Dickens, ran from Baltimore to Emmitsburg, through Uniontown. I know the coach the fairy made out of a pumpkin for Cinderella was exactly like it—pumpkin shape, cushioned within with figured red velvet, a seat at either end, and a middle, narrow seat with only a strap for back. Each seat was expected to hold three persons. The coachman's seat, built against the enclosed front of the coach, was far above the level of the horses. On the top of the coach, railed in, was the baggage.

When I made my first child-visit to Baltimore, there were among the passengers, a lady and her daughter. The girl had been at school at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg. They were going home, to New York City. The lady got sick riding backwards, and she went up on the box beside the coachman. What a heroine she was to me! I pondered, how she got up, and how she could keep from tumbling off. As we neared the city, I voiced my amazement at such a prodigious number of houses, spread far and wide. Said the big girl to the little

one: "You ought to see New York!" A coach started from Baltimore 8 a. m., arriving at Uniontown 4.30 p. m.

C. D. H. died 1863. The morning of the day she died, she walked out on the pavement. Twilight she was seized with a violent pain in her back, and went to lie down. The doctor, next door, who was summoned at once, found her dead when he arrived. There is a small, brown willow basket here, oval and without a cover. Her work-basket. The miniature, oval band-box in it, is where she kept her thimble.

July following her death was the battle of Gettysburg. At that time, the 2nd. Federal army corps, Hancock's division, and part of another corps, were around Uniontown for several days. About 20,000. We trembled at the sound of their tramp, tramp in the twilight, as they arrived tired, hungry and thirsty. We carried out buckets of water, with dippers, and nearly all of the bread in the house. We had some biscuit which happened to be very fine. The next morning a soldier came and wanted to know if we had any more of those biscuits. I shouldn't wonder if he was "the only son of his mother and she a widow." There was not a single instance of damage to the community during their stay. There were soldiers lying thick upon our front pavement every night, some with their horses and mules, but they never entered the yard. The sound of the army wagons with their wooden axles, I shall never forget.

A boyish-looking soldier handed Mary Hyder a package as they passed, declaring he was too tired to carry it. It contained a portfolio and some candles. She found an address and wrote to the lady, Mrs. Jerome, of New York State. The lad was the adopted son of a clergyman and his wife. A correspondence ensued between M. H. and the mother. Subsequently Mary received a letter from young Walter himself, thanking her for her interest.

The parlor, or best room in the house of J. H., fronted the street, and opened into a long, narrow entry. It had two windows facing the south. I do not remember all of the original furniture, but I know some of it from hearsay. There was an all-wool "rainbow carpet," alternate stripes, four inches wide, of orange, black, red and green. Wooden chairs, painted yellow, with a basket of flowers design on the back, were later replaced by chairs ebonized and ornamented with a gilt band. There were in the house also, bent-wood chairs of unpainted oak. Swiss muslin curtains, figured in a rose pattern, draped the windows. The wide, open fire-place with its brass-tipped irons and its high mantelshelf, was across one corner. Across another corner was the tall clock, still preserved. Above the dial, with its Roman hours, is painted a ship plowing the waves. Against this appears the moon, in full, or in part, according to its phases. The clock's striking-bell rings

purest melody. In other corners of the rooms, on the edges of the chair-boards, were corner-boards, with grooved edges (they are yet on the garret) useful to hold articles of ornament or utility.

Sophia Hyder upholstered two of the bent-wood chairs. They are here yet, as is the bent-wood oaken arm-chair of J. H. A door from this best room led to the postoffice, now used as a library. This room had a door and window facing the south and opening on the street. The second door to the left as you entered the hall, led to a bed-room, now used as a dining-room. A door opposite, across the entry led to the living-room, which was also the kitchen in winter, with its yawning fire-place in which was hanger for the dinner-pot, and ample space besides, for the "Dutch-oven," a huge iron bowl, with a dome lid. There was also a summer-kitchen, (with a wide fire-place,) leading from the back entry. The four brick hearths are yet before the four open fire-places.

Adeline Delaplaine H. was the eldest child of J. H. and C. D. H. There is a shopping-bag here done by her, embroidered with beads on *fine* muslin. A half wreath of flowers upon an amber ground. The sweet-pea and morning-glory are especially natural. It is as fresh in color as when made, about 1830, when bead-work was the rage. She made several pieces about that time, several smaller reticules (as they were called) one that is here, is party, or opera bag size. The beads which are tiny, requiring a fine needle, are all intact. There are here also, some specimens of her embroidery, on fine Swiss muslin. One piece, an infant's cap, is now used as a sachet-cover. After a brief married life, she passed her remaining days here. In her old age, she embroidered a number of rugs on burlap, several of which are still here. She excelled in baking, her specialty being beaten biscuit.

She was paralyzed about eight years before her death, but recovered so nearly, that she spent a peaceful and serenely happy old age, always busy in a useful way, over what her infirmities allowed her to do, or reading and reciting to the bed-ridden sister. Her face, framed in its white cap, made a sweet picture. She lived to be 77. At twenty-five or thirty, her brown hair was abundant. Part of it was coiled into a flat ring on each side of her temples, and fastened with shell side-combs. She usually wore a dress brown in color, with a shoulder-cape of the same material and a broad collar of white linen. "Blue-black" silk was the rage in her day, Hers was of the finest, softest quality, and had a polka-dot in satin of the same shade. It was made with a long, full-gathered stomacher, and elaborately trimmed with narrow strips of the silk, tightly plaited. Her bonnet was commonly Leghorn straw, of a form similar to those worn by the Shakers, or the Salvation Army women. It was stiffened to buckram, ironed to an irreproachable gloss, and ornamented with frill, bows, and



strings of ribbon. With this was worn a Paisley, or *broche*, shawl, folded three-cornered.

For many years of her prime, she enjoyed the privilege of a special friend, Eliza Hollingsworth More, who lived alone, in her own house, three doors off. Eliza was very deaf, and used to declare laughingly that she was glad of it. She was born in Petersburg, Va.; her mother was Miss Hollingsworth. Upon the death of her parents, she came to Md., as her father's relatives were here. The sweet expression of her blue eyes, her musical voice, her distinct articulation, the elegance of her vocabulary, her erect figure, quaintly costumed, made an impression upon me quite distinct from that which I received from others. One of her costumes was a cloak of salmon-colored Merino, made full-gathered to a yoke, and reaching to her feet. With this was worn a bonnet of steel-grey satin, Shaker-form and with a small, circular crown.

She had her father's miniature, painted on ivory. On the reverse was the figure of a woman, seated, wrought with lovely, golden hair, her deceased sister's. Among her treasures was a diamond ring, the first I ever saw, and my acquaintance with such an article continues rare. She was never hurried of speech, and one never wished her to be. Her reading aloud was precisely like her talking, and both were to me a source of pure delight. What seemed especially adapted to her style, was the passage in "Paradise Lost," beginning: "Now came still evening on." All of her household work was done by her own hands, (she used to hold them up, spread out her fingers, and assert that she had ten servants.)

Her duties included washing, ironing, baking, cooking, gardening, sewing, and her house and premises were ever exquisitely neat. There appeared to be nothing that she hesitated to undertake. There was a puzzle called The Highlander that one of the H. family once brought on her return from the city. It required a variety of material and much skill in the making. No time elapsed before Eliza had made several, that she distributed among her acquaintances. A daughter of one of her especial friends performed with rare sweetness, and correctly, upon the melodeon, a result of Eliza's teaching. She used sometimes to dance for me, to my unbounded delight. But for this *pas seul* of Eliza's, dancing would have been entirely without the pale of my limited sphere. She said her mother had her ever begin a new copy-book with these lines:

"Thy credit wary keep; 'tis quickly gone;

'Tis got in many actions; lost in one."

She was a high-spirited woman, and it was as good as a play to see Eliza angry, but it was rare. She took her creed from Pope's line:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

and thought that all souls would finally be one with the Eternal.

When she became enfeebled by age, she retired to the house of a friend, in whose family she was thoroughly appreciated, and passed the rest of her days in sweet tranquility.

Caroline was the second daughter of J. H. and C. D. H. She married young, before I was born, Charles Hiteshu, who resided in the village. They say she was a particularly pretty girl, and I well believe it, for she was pretty, even in my day. She was named for that friend of her mother's that used to come daily to the house. There is a set of dinner-plates here, and a large bowl to match, that were bought for her wedding. White, with a design of roses and carnations in pale blue. C's nose was decidedly *retrousse*, and her hair black and curly. Her eyes were dark and very bright, her expression, arch.

This type of face shows the French blood in the family. It came out in the faces of Caroline, Sophia, John and Anne. Caroline was very vivacious in her manner,—“fussy” in the kindly sense of the term. She won my childish heart completely. “This is ——, the little dear,” she would sometimes say in presenting me to her friends, with her arm affectionately round me. Her husband was one of Nature's noblemen. C's family could never talk enough of what a gentleman “Charles” was in his house and particularly at his table, with the old-time, hearty Maryland politeness. The daguerreotype, in the family, taken in his prime, is just like him. It was one of my greatest childhood pleasures to visit them in Uniontown, and their children were the companions of my young life.

Their home, built by the father of Charles, was delightfully situated at the head of the village, on a very elevated spot, and fronted by a well-shaded lawn. I delighted in its fine, wide hall, and its farm-like surroundings. Caroline lived to be 68. The only one of their sons who reached manhood, was William. When a boy, if he was asked what calling he intended to pursue, he ever replied, “a peddler.” A peddler was a *somebody* in those days. “Cheap Jean,” one of them, came to us regularly. Jean carried fine silks, etc., in his bales. I remember a cashmere that Mary Hyder bought of him, one dollar per yard, seal brown, with the figure of a crimson rose with its dark green leaves. I was usually treated to a pair of liliputian silk “mitts,” frail, but gay in color.

William became an eminently successful merchant. He was married and conducting a wholesale and retail establishment in Chambersburg, Pa., at the time of his death, 1887, in the prime of his life. He was so seriously injured in attempting to check a runaway horse that he died in a few days. He had a genius for conducting business on a large scale, and was noted for his fair dealing. His demise was regarded as a public calamity. He was one of the most genial persons I

ever met. There is in the family, a picture of him, taken when he was just entering manhood, that is a perfect likeness.

Sophia Elizabeth was the third daughter of J. H. and C. D. H. She was the tallest of the family. I judge about five feet eight, and splendidly proportioned, inclining to *embonpoint*. Her shoulders and arms were superb, like alabaster. Her hand was large, but a model for a sculptor. The fingers tapering. One's hand is charged with character, which no freedom from toil can conceal and no amount of labor can wholly obliterate. The hand of Sophia proclaimed her to be that most blest of all beings, the cock-sure person. Her hair was black and glossy, coiled at the back, with thick curls in front, festooned one over the other across her ears and fastened with shell side-combs. She had fine white teeth and a good complexion, the red and white well blended. Her daguerreotype here, taken in her prime, is very like.

I have, as I stated a few pages back, a photograph, copied from an ancient portrait, of one Nicholas De La Plaine, a dignitary of France. The painting represents him an old man; the inscription says, one hundred and four. Any one would concede a strong resemblance between the photograph of N. D., (16—,) and the daguerreotype of S. E. H., (18—.) One of Sophia's costumes was a diaphanous material, white with a large polka dot of violet. It was made *decollete* with a shoulder-cape of the same material. Another, was of mulberry colored merino, the corsage fitted like a glove, and was fastened with globular silvered buttons, bullet buttons, they were styled. I see her yet, just arrived from church, as I was standing in the street doorway, one fine Sunday; a dress of black *Satin Turc*, (pronounced Ture) a shawl of silk with large plaids and a deep fringe, The shawl was worn triangular. A bonnet of white "horse hair," or Neapolitan, with strings and bows of wide orange ribbon. Tied over the bonnet and thrown gracefully to one side, was a yard long veil of black silk net, embroidered with sprigs, and having a deep border of richer and heavier embroidery.

I thought when I was assisting in shrouding Sophia that she seemed a form chiseled from the finest marble, by a master artist. She was the oracle of the house, the *houseband*. She was one of the handiest women I ever saw, and the best-tempered. Every woman her own shoemaker, was the fad for awhile in her day. Sophia made a number of pairs out and out. Got lasts, made the uppers, and soled the shoes herself. I remember one pair of tan cloth, with tips and heel-pieces of black morocco—gaiters, they were called—and laced at the side. Sophia used to say that she would rather sew than eat, and no wonder, for she created some of the loveliest gowns and bonnets. In baking, cooking, preserving, she excelled. The taste of her good things will always linger in my memory. The richest marmalades, the

clearest jellies. She sent a specimen of citron preserve to the Baltimore Fair. It was in a glass jar, the top covered with white paper cut in points, which were outlined with gilt. The tie was of blue ribbon. The citron, translucent, was cut into various shapes, hands, flowers, leaves, hearts, stars, &c., floating in the amber syrup. Self-sealing jars were as yet unknown.

Sophia ever required a lackey at her heels; one could not accomplish all she did, without making chips. She embroidered a large shoulder cape on white bobinet with linen floss, in a flower, leaf and scroll pattern. It was afterward cut into a fichu, to suit the style of the day. Only some scraps remain. Of the several patch-work quilts that she made, one is here yet, done when she was a child, of bits not more than one inch square and joined with the greatest exactness. Sophia had a life-long friend, Miss McMurray, of Baltimore, who married Mr. Delinger, and at his death, Mr. Holden. She, Miss McM., was a noted beauty, as will be seen from her daguerreotype here. There is a looped-back crimson curtain for a back-ground. The dress is of black velvet cut V-shape at the throat, and with elbow-sleeves edged with white lace. A lace veil is thrown over her head and falls around her shoulders. She sits with her exquisitely-formed hands loosely clasping a lace handkerchief in her lap. Some of her letters are here yet, written from her various places of residence or sojourn, Baltimore, Md., Portland, Maine, Cincinnati, O., New Orleans, La.

Some of the letters are without envelopes, sealed with wafer or wax, and ten cents postage. The letter from Portland says their house had rose-wood balusters. Sophia had one offer of marriage that I know of. A physician, in good practice, and of distinguished family. But he was a widower, and his numerous children had been rearing themselves under a system as fortuitous as that of the Jellabys. C. D. H. shrank from having her daughter subjected to such an ordeal, and Sophia dutifully yielded. There are friendly letters here to her from another gentleman. He with quite a number of other young men, some from adjacent States, was in the village, availing himself of the superior advantages that the Academy here at that time offered. He was very handsome and a fine young man. Sophia died of heart disease and asthma, at the age of sixty-eight. Sweet, gentle spirit!

Mary Carmack was the fourth daughter of J. H. and C. D. H. There is a framed photograph of her here, taken when she was about twenty-five, but the faithful likeness of herself, a daguerreotype, she sent to Judge N. Norris Delaplaine, her first cousin, of Hillsboro, O. It showed well her fine, dark eyes. Her hair curled naturally, lovely long, thick brown curls, on either side of her rarely intellectual face. Her nose was beautiful, slightly retrousse, her brow, low and broad, her eyebrows finely arched, her complexion, dark, but clear. She had

a perfect foot, the instep, arched, that, as the Spanish say, water would flow under. When I saw the silver statuette of Nevada, at the Chicago Exposition, 1893 (for which Ada Rehan posed) I said, this is the foot of Mary Hyder.

One day, among other callers at the house, was a gentleman from Ohio, a stranger. He was seated near the open parlor door leading to the entry. As Mary was about to descend the stairway, her foot slipped, and she slid from the top to the bottom. She laughed it off, telling the gentleman that was the way Maryland ladies got down stairs. She wore at the time, black slippers, crossed over the instep with black ribbon, showing her white lace stockings, according to the style of the day. Her hand was plump and well-formed. She always wore the best (Jouvin) kid gloves, generally light tan color, sometimes white. She was medium height and inclining to *embonpoint*. She was particularly fond of dress, and always contrived to have several gowns of silk. One costume was a black *Satin Turc* (pronounced Ture) and a cape of mauve cloth, formed of three small capes, with pinked edges. A bonnet of black velvet and satin, with strings of wide black ribbon edged with scarlet and tied in an ample bow under her chin. A scarf, or muffler, of scarlet cashmere with fringed ends. Tan kid gloves. Mary was very fond of reading and especially fond of poetry. She wrote sketches for the country papers, sometimes under the signature of Flora. Some of these are preserved. Many specimens of her fine penmanship remain. When I was a child she took great pains to have me read and recite properly some of her favorite poems. She read and recited beautifully herself. Among her favorites were, "The Sunbeam" and "The Bended Bow" by Mrs. Hemans, "The Admission of Michigan," "Napoleon," and "Benevolence" by Mrs. Sigourney, and "Washington" by Eliza Cook. Her copy of Shakespeare was well-thumbed. At one time a colporteur who was passing through the village and had Shakespeare's plays in his stock, was told that the main person here, interested in such things was M. Hyder. When the man called, Mary was busy "doing up" some of her precious finery. Her cousin, Miss Delaplaine, of Virginia, was visiting her at the time, and laughed at the idea of the main Shakespearian reader here, being found at the wash-tub.

Mary embroidered beautifully on Swiss muslin. Some of this work remains. She also did much work in wools. There are two pieces of her tapestry here, framed, that were done in the early fifties, and are almost as fresh in color as when made. The remains of a card-basket that was very pretty, are still preserved. It was made of pieces of perforated card-board (Bristol-board) octagon in shape, bound on the edges with gilt paper, and tied with green chenille. On each octagon was worked a floral design in very fine worsted and silk. Each

flower was as natural-looking as if painted. I remember among others, the purple columbine and the snow-drop. She pieced a number of handsome bed-quilts, as did other members of the family. One had for center a large star, (pieced of lozenge-shaped bits of red oiled-calico) on a white ground. In the corners, were four white squares having for center each, a bouquet cut out of furniture-calico, and sewed on. Another was made of bits of all-wool goods. Two diamond-shaped pieces of bright color and one black piece were basted over stiff paper. When the three were joined, the whole looked like a cube, and the quilt, on the bed, (the black all running one way) looked like a stairs of cubes. When the work was finished, the paper was pulled out. Mary's plain sewing on underwear, of which some specimens remain, was a marvel of beauty.

She was talkative and witty, had many gentlemen callers, and the faster she talked, the more swiftly her needle flew. She had a number of persistent suitors. Any one of them, from a worldly point of view, would have been considered a good match, and yet she remained unmarried. She used to declare she tired of them after a while. One of them became a successful man of business in the South. He traveled for awhile. There are letters here of his from London, England, from Nassau, New Providence Isle, and an envelope of the Stars and Bars of the Southern Confederacy. One of her suitors was a physician who went to practice in California, and died there. One, a merchant of Baltimore. One, a farmer of Frederick County, Md.

Mary was a great lover of flowers and remarkably successful in cultivating them. She never went abroad in season that she did not bring back a new variety or two. (The clove pink and thyme were special favorites of *Sophia*.) There are now in the garden, sprouts of the Provence, or hundred-leaf rose, that C. D. H. brought from her father's home in 1811. Some of the petals were dried each year, and placed among the household linen, or used for a *pot pourri*. The perfume is said to resemble that of the famous attar of roses. The English Daisy was my favorite in M.'s garden. A bloom like the dandelion, but a size smaller, of a fine rose color, on stalks three or four inches high, and with root leaves only. English violets, white and violet, dotted the grass in season. The English, is the only *fragrant* variety. Violets were interspersed with the bloom of the Vinca, or periwinkle, familiarly called ground-myrtle. Among the other flowers that she grew in the garden or yard here, at different periods, were, Mock orange-blossom, Guelder-rose (or "snowball"), Carolina Shrub, Lilac, Wygela, varieties of honey-suckle, including the coral, china Trumpet, Box, (bush and tree), varieties of the Rose, including the Moss, Sweet-pea, Columbine, Canterbury Bell, Mourning Bride, Globe Amaranth, Fox-glove, Tiger-flower, varieties of Lilies, including the

Tiger, Heliotrope, Verbena, Salvia, Sweet-Alyssum, Mignonette, &c. She was specially fond of Spring flowers, and had Snow-drop, Hyacinth, Narcissus, Jonquil, Daffodil, Bleeding-Heart, &c.

The lot on which the house was built, was nearly one acre, admitting a good-sized yard on three sides, and in the rear a vegetable garden. (I must not omit the *grandiflora* Larkspur, the sky-blue Ragged Robin and the Tuberose, for the three were held in special favor.) She took a belated Tuberose in, one autumn, and it opened at Christmas. I never saw more profuse and perfect bloom.

Mary's vegetable garden was among the finest and earliest in the village. She and Mr. R., a friend of the family, were rivals for the first early potatoes. In cookery, she excelled in making Sweet-cake, Flannel-cakes, Beaten Biscuit and Mince-meat. Her last work, before the illness that resulted in her death, was beaten-biscuit, sent to an Oyster-Supper for a charitable purpose.

There are numerous flowers that she grew that I have not mentioned. One, the Rose Acacia, a small shrub, with a bloom like our common Locust tree, but three or four sizes larger, and of a fine rose color. Another shrub was the common Corchorus, or Japan Globe-Flower. The plant died after her death. I procured another, for the reason that the leaf is the most exquisitely formed of any that I know. It resembles the leaf of the Acanthus, which was used as a model in Greek architecture, but the plants are quite different in appearance, and do not belong to the same family.

I did not say, while speaking of Mrs. Hemans, the poet, that I saw recently that she was descended, through her mother, from a Doge of Venice. How this would have interested Mary! Mrs. Hemans' poem, "The Sunbeam," holds a place among the finest, and yet Byron damns her with faint praise.

Mary was very social in her nature, and delighted in games of all kinds. Nothing pleased her better than to have a merry gathering of young people, engaged in games that exercised their wits. She taught me, as a child, to make "enigmas," and had one or two of my productions inserted in the county paper, to my unbounded delight. She was the means of getting more than one promising young man of this neighborhood, in a position where he could exercise his talents, and who rose to success in life. They had for her ever a feeling of profound gratitude.

One of her costumes was a Basque of black net, striped with narrow velvet ribbon, and bordered with deep lace. This was worn over a black silk waist made *decollete* and with short sleeves. Flowing sleeves were much in vogue in her day. With these she sometimes wore an undersleeve of *tulle*, white, with two great puffs made by elastic cord and finished at the wrist by a bow of blossom-colored rib-

bon. Mary's face was much like her father's, and yet she also strikingly resembled her first cousin, Sarah Carmack, who was of the Delaplaine side. [I like to think of the Delaplaines being from Provence, because of Eugenie De Guerin and her Journal, and because of the writings of Pierre Loti—(M. Viaud), notably "*Matelot*,"—about that region.]

Mary Hyder died 1890, aged sixty-eight. For more than three years before her death, she was bed-ridden and almost entirely helpless, from a spinal affection, and nearly blind, from rheumatism of the eyes. She could raise her head but a little way from the pillow, and had to be fed like a child. This seems a gloomy picture, and yet I aver that until about three weeks before her death, she seemed to enjoy life, although at times, suffering greatly,—and around her was a little heaven. It was my blessed privilege to be her nurse. A colored man came daily, and she was lifted to an arm-chair, for a change, and her back was bathed. Her mental faculties were unimpaired and her digestion good. Her sick-room was on the first floor. She was visited, she was made much of. Fine readers would sometimes come and read to her, her favorite poems, and other selections and she kept pace with the news of the day.

The late Bishop Nicholson, of Milwaukee, formerly rector of Ascension Church, Westminster, Md., said of Mary Hyder, that she had a grand face.

Anne, the sister of Mary, resided in Baltimore. The most superior and elevating recreations that the city offered, were patronized by Anne and her husband, in the days of their prosperity, and they vied with each other in their efforts to give their guests pleasure. Mary gloried in the number of times she had seen the immortal Charlotte Cushman, in Shakespeare's plays, &c., in the amount of fun she extracted from the performance of J. E. Owens, the comedian, in the numbers of fine readings, lectures, sermons, she had listened to. Her course of reading in an obscure village had made her ripe for all this. Her face beaming with intelligence and vivacity, her body decked with the costumes of Sophia's handy needle,—she shone! S. used to make for her, the loveliest bonnets,—of black lace, trimmed with red roses. Mary and Sophia had each a costume of *de beige* (pronounced baije, it means, the natural color of the wool.) A fine, soft, neutral-tinted all wool goods. It was made up with a mantilla, trimmed with rich gimp, two inches wide, and edged with corded fringe. At that period, a mantilla was called a *Visite*, (pronounced vezeet.)

One of Mary's silks was a sage color, alternate inch-wide satin stripe, and stripe of flowering vine, all sage color. It was made with tight sleeves, the corsage (waist) buttoned in the back. There was a



long, pointed, full-plaited "stomacher." Sometimes these were made separate, and tightly laced on with silk cord and tassels. Always there was the *busc*, of wood or of horn, slipped inside the corsage. We now have the corset-steel. Another silk was "changeable," blue and gold. A scarf of the same, (2½ yds.x½ yd.) Another was a China silk, in tiny checks, also "changeable," *Vesuve* and *Taupe*. *Vesuve* is flame color and *taupe* is mole color. She wore much *barege* (pronounced *baraije*) a diaphanous, all-wool goods, then very modish. One was violet color, with a large pausy in white. One rose-color, with small vines in white, another a white ground, nearly covered with a medley of all colors in a small flower pattern. Another, brown, with flounces edged with silver colored satin. One, dimity, pale green, was dotted with strawberries. This last, I do not remember, except by some scraps of the goods in a patch-work quilt. Mantillas or *Visites*, she wore much: A cape reaching to the waist, with very long, rounded ends. They were generally of black silk with two or three pinked ruffles.

Every lady then must have her Scrap Book. There are four in the house. Mary had two. One is a folio, 27 in.x18,—she had it made in Fredericktown, Md. It contains many fine engravings and much reading matter. It was exhibited at the county Fair, Westminster, as was one of her tapestries, which took a premium. The folio Scrap Book was made in the early fifties, the smaller ones, much earlier. Every other leaf of the folio was taken out blank. A smooth flour paste was used. The damp page was ironed to a gloss, over blank paper. [Speaking of Mrs. Hemans, the poet,—Walter Scott, in his Journal, comments on her beauty and youthful appearance, and adds, "and she tells me she is the mother of several children."]

I remember of Mary's a fan of carved sandal-wood, and one of carved ivory and white feathers. Painted on the feathers, at the edge, was a row of tiny pink roses, the whole with a finish of swan's-down. It was a folding fan. A port-monnaie of chased silver, encircling her name, and lined with rose-colored silk. A bracelet of gold, beaten to imitate seed-pearls, another, of hair-work, with a heavy clasp of gold. A long, slender gold chain, to be worn round the neck, with a slide of blue enamel, a gold-pencil, with a head-setting of topaz, an open-face gold watch, the back with a landscape, carved,—the gold-colored dial, having inside or within the Roman hours, a smaller landscape. A third bracelet, called amulet, dusky beads, quaintly carved and strung on elastic cord. The beads were the size of a Malaga grape. As a pendant was a dusky Greek cross, carved. The whole emitted an exquisite perfume. Cuff-pins, gold, enameled. Gold studs, for her chemisettes, that she embroidered on Swiss muslin. A stick-pin with a ruby setting, and one with a topaz, surrounded with seed-pearls.

The following is from an article written by Mary Carmack Hyder, daughter of John and Catharine Delaplaine Hyder, for the Westminster, Md., *Carrolltonian*, of Oct. 20, 1854.—“I have often wondered why the death of the poet Moore excited so little attention in the literary world. No name in English literature has been more widely known than that of the author of ‘Lallah Rookh.’ He was not only a poet of the first-class, but he was a writer on Religions, a novelist and a biographer. Lallah Rookh is conceded to be a perfect oriental poem, that does not contain anything incongruous in its descriptions of Eastern life. There is a richness, a luxuriance, in that poem, which renders it precious to those who love to connect thoughts of mystery and magnificence with the Orient. And what a world of beauty, what an Elysium of melody, what a vista of all that is lovely, is presented to the eye of Fancy, at the mere mention of the words, ‘Moore’s Irish Melodies.’ ”

“O, glorious Tom Moore, no wonder that Byron loved you so. No wonder that for so many years, you trod the gorgeous carpets of the high-born and refined, without a rival and beyond compare, the lord of the marriage of Poetry to Music. Alas! that splendid temple wherein such children as thine were conceived and born for all time, that ‘palace of the soul,’ is down in the dust, forever. The spirit that seemed born of the sunlight, the spirit that flashed wit, love and melodious fancies, from one end of the earth to the other, though it has left us the priceless legacy of its immortal offspring, has left us sad, because it has gone, and we shall know of it no more, until we follow on, and o’ertake it beyond the dark borders of the grave. How instantly when the intelligence of his death came to us across the waves, rushed to mind his own exquisite song, ‘The Harp that once through Tara’s halls.’ We all felt affection for Moore, for, from our youth he sang to us like some heavenly bird, sent by a kind angel, to cheer the soul when deserted by the smiles of Fortune and oppressed by woes and cares. Moore’s last year, like those of Southey, were passed in mental night. It was a melancholy close to a brilliant career. It is said that although he knew personally almost every person of distinction in England, neither his death nor his funeral was marked by the attendance of any notable. Every one remembers what Moore himself said about the neglect experienced by Sheridan in his last days. He was, by anticipation, describing what was to be his own fate. Shakespeare wrote truly, alas, when he said,

‘Prosperity, the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.’ ”

Anne Lucinda was the youngest daughter of J. H. and C. D. H., and the acknowledged beauty of the family. Her artlessness added to

her charm. Her hair was black and would do nothing *but* curl. It was not long, but abundant, the curls all around her head and scarce reaching her shoulders. Her nose was Grecian, her teeth, small and pearly, her complexion, good. She had a turn for drawing, but I think none of her work remains. She marked on linen beautifully, with indelible ink. The name, encircled with a wreath of roses with their leaves, and doves hovering round. I think one piece marked by her, remains. After she married and went to Baltimore to reside, members of her family here passed many happy days in that city, at various times, as her visitors. [I have referred to this, when speaking of Mary, a few pages back.] As a guest of Anne and her husband, I heard Charles Dickens read from his works. The fresh complexioned English gentleman, the immortal, whom I almost expected to see metamorphosed into Tony Welier, as I heard the wheezy, "Put it down with a we, Samivel, put it down with a we." Anne had a special friend, Helen Josephine Swope, of Taneytown, Md. She became a Sister of Charity. [Anne married when I was a very small child.] I remember her taking me with her in Baltimore when she went to see this Sister, and how enthused I became over the white bonnet. They had not been introduced from France very long. The Sisters here had been wearing a small black bonnet. I always wished there might be Sisters in the Stage going through Uniontown to St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, so that I could see them in those bonnets. The pretty faces look prettier in them, and the plain ones, pretty.

Anne lived to be seventy-six, and although she passed through almost crushing sorrow, she retained much of her beauty and many of her curls to the last. In her old age she wore her hair, which was but sparsely streaked with grey, coiled at the back and a cluster of curls on either side of her temples. Her beauty, as her husband said, was of the *spirituelle* type, which neither withers nor coarsens. Being in her usual health, excepting a cold, she fell unconscious one morning after rising and expired almost immediately. Anne, like Sophia, was not only good, but pious. A member of the family, still living, remarked, and with truth, that in their relation of marriage, Anne and her husband were a model couple.

Anne, like Mary, did much work in wools; some remains, among other pieces, a pair of ottoman covers, in tufted work. She worked with wools, rich cluster of flowers on a basket of fine willow and artistic form, it was lined with lemon-colored satin, the edges finished with a blossom colored cord, with two pendent rings, covered in button-hole stitch with the same color. *Mary* worked a pair of slippers on blue cloth, with silk and fine wool, over very close canvas, and when done, the threads were drawn out. A rich bouquet for the front and a spray for the heel. Sophia soled them.

Anne had two sons. The younger, as an infant, had a face perfect in feature and almost divine in expression. One thought it a fit type for the child in a Madonna picture. In early boyhood, he was kicked on the head by a horse. The years of his sad life were but nineteen.

There are many photographs here of Anne's eldest son, taken at various periods of his brief life and which give a correct idea of his manly beauty. When, late in life, I read "Vanity Fair," I instantly thought of Anne, when I came to Amelia and her labors of love for Georgy. What exquisite child-dresses Anne contrived for her first-born, by her combined sense of the artistic and her mother-love. I remember one of scarlet China crape, and another of water-melon pink fine wool, trimmed with white silk cord. She used to tell with pride that one day her pastor, seeing the child for the first time, exclaimed, "Well that is a perfect specimen of humanity!" From the very beginning, this son seemed to love the true and the beautiful. He had exalted ideals which he strove to express by his life. He played the violin well, and sang with expression. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of what was truly fine in music, art and literature. His school life was brief, owing to pecuniary reverses in the family. He became a merchant's clerk when yet a boy and subsequently clerk in a Book-store. He scrupulously performed the duties demanded by these positions yet so industrious was he, so indefatigable, that as a mere boy he contributed articles on various questions of the day to some of the journals of his community. Much of his writing and his Mss. are carefully preserved in the family, and a handsome blank-book, specially bound for the purpose, and with gilt lettering, "Writings of S. H. J." In this he pasted many of his contributions that he had clipped from the journals. His ms. includes some plays that he wrote when a child and that show promise. He contemplated giving his whole attention to journalism, and was under contract to write a series of articles for the newspaper, "Public Opinion" Chambersburg, Pa., and had started and issued the first copies of a little paper of his own, called "The Bell," when death from typhoid fever cut him off at the age of twenty-three, in Chambersburg, Pa. There is here, carefully preserved, a beautiful obituary of him, written by one of his Chambersburg comrades. In his hours of recreation, he was overflowing with animal spirits, a merry, frolicsome youth. He passed away in the open daylight of his life; no chill evening froze the genial current of his soul. Copies of his little journal, "The Bell," are preserved.

When I began these reminiscences, I resolved to take for my motto that of the old Venetian sun-dial: "I count only the hours that are serene," but I shall refer briefly to some that were otherwise.

The eldest son and second child of John and C. Delaplaine Hyder was a beautiful, promising boy, but a severe attack of measles rendered

him feeble-minded. He lived and died quietly, but amid the shadows.

In the "Book of Pearls" here, that belonged to Mary Hyder, is a picture of Lord Byron. It strikingly resembles the second son and youngest child of J. and C. Delaplaine Hyder, as I remember him. His black hair was like Anne's, it would do nothing *but* curl. He was a bright, studious youth. He was nearly six feet in height and of splendid physique. His manuscripts here, of Mathematics and Geometry, show his neat work, his clever drawing, &c. There are also books here of his original "compositions," as a boy. He learned much, off-hours, from his father, and the Academy of the village was at that time, in the hands of a first-class teacher. Many young men outside of the community and even from the adjacent States, boarded in the village in order to avail themselves of the superior educational advantages that this place then offered. This son went to Gettysburg, Pa., to learn the trade of a printer. There, alas, he contracted the drink habit. It cut him off at twenty-six. He was popular and had many warm friends among the most intelligent and influential men of the community. Some of their letters to him remain. Like Mary, he was a frequent contributor to the county papers, generally under the name of Hyder Ali (pronounced Heeder Awl-ee). He also declaimed well, especially passages from Byron. He traveled as far as Texas and Mexico. His mother received letters from perfect strangers there, during that time, relating how they were charmed with his personality and thrilled by the beauty of his poetical recitals, and how they tenderly cared for him in his hours of weakness. In his day, gentlemen wore, instead of overcoats, cloaks. They were of cloth, lined with flannel of some bright color. They were full-gathered to a narrow yoke and reached the ankles. They were fastened at the throat by a metal clasp and a long, heavy cord finished with rich tassels. The cloak of John Franklin H., was heavy blue cloth, lined with flannel of a gay plaid. In it, he looked princely. Some were lined with scarlet.

C. Delaplaine Hyder, when I remember her, wore her dresses of a uniform pattern. They were double-breasted, with a quite wide rolling collar, which left them open at the throat. Inside, she wore a handkerchief of fine muslin, white, folded three-cornered, and crossed over her breast. The sleeve was leg o' mutton. I cannot remember her when her hair was not sparse and grey. As a child, it used to entertain me to watch her at her toilette. Her own hair was combed straight back and coiled into a small knot. Then came the false "front," a braid of natural hair of a beautiful auburn. Midway it was glued to a foundation of silk and a straight line simulated the parting in a natural head of hair. Strings were attached to tie the braid on the head. Each half was brought carefully over the temples in

"tubers," the ends tucked behind the ears. Over the back part of her head she then drew a cap of black silk with a removable "wash" lining of thin white muslin. Lastly, the outer cap of dotted Swiss muslin, made with a full, high crown and a wide border. The border was of plain Swiss, sewed on without any fullness at the top but gathered at the sides. When the cap was laundered, she would crimp the fullness at the sides very fine with a tiny-blade pen-knife which she kept in the miniature band-box in her work-basket for that purpose. Strings of wide ribbon.

C. D. H. had her day when the world was brand-new to me and each hour held out sweet surprises. I was ever at her heels. I watched the annual or semi-annual soap-making. The ashes, mostly of hickory wood, placed in a great V-shaped vessel and kept damp. There was a smaller vessel beneath to catch the drip. The soap when boiled was placed in deep vessels to cool. The cutting it into bars was a crucial moment. Anything less than "soap to the bottom," was held in high disdain.

I watched the weekly brush-wood fire crackling in the huge stone oven, just outside the kitchen, the dragging forth with a soaking wet long-handled mop, of the beautiful, glowing coals, the shoving in, on the broad-palmed, far-reaching oven-peel, of the immense loaves.

I always had a "finger" in the pie making. The kind, as a staple, was dried-apples. The supply of that commodity seemed inexhaustible. Crimping the pie was to me the special feature. Setting the tip of the left-hand little finger against the plate edge, and pinching the dough with the left-hand thumb and fore-finger, or else, turning the dough over, dog-ear fashion, and adding further ornament by means of a door-key. I was provided with a half-moon pie to practice on.

Then, the candle-moulding. The tin moulds are on the garret yet. Threading the moulds with wick, tying the upper ends over a slender stick, pouring in the melted tallow. This last, would seem to me to-day, rather a repulsive task. I watched it then with the greatest complacency. The hum of C. D. H.'s small wheel, as I sat at her feet, was music to my ears. The wheel was even in that day dark and glossy with age. I can hear the click of her knitting-needles. She always used a sheath, pinned against her left side, to steady the main needle. Some were of black velvet, cut butterfly shape, and ornamented, with bright-colored silk floss, after nature. Through the hollow body was thrust a quill or tin tube, to hold the end of the needle. I sent to some younger members of the family, part of a white lamb's-wool stocking, to show the fineness and precision of her work. She knitted two pairs of finest lamb's-wool, one pair of white and one of dark grey, on very small needles, for the Industrial Fair, Baltimore, Md. She won a premium for both. For one pair, an exquisite little

silver tea-strainer and for the other, a silver fruit-knife. They are yet preserved. The old carding-machines are on the garret yet. Happy the day to me when a bed-comfort needed renovating. The cotton-wool, which had become matted and heavy by washing and wear, was deftly carded, bits at a time, and the layers, flaky as if just from the boil, were piled loosely in an immense basket. The machines are like two curry-combs, one for each hand. A bit of the matted cotton was laid between and combed, this way and that, to make it fluffy.

We often and often, had a bed-quilt "in." It was to me like a voyage to a strange country to see the prim furniture of the living room unceremoniously pushed out of its accustomed place, that place which, excepting at such times, it held as tenaciously as a soldier on drill. The room, of moderate dimensions, was for the time being, transformed in my eyes, into a vast domain, divided into numerous quaint nooks, one as charming as the other, and into each I retreated by turns, with my doll, my book, or my patch-work, sometimes with nothing but my own thoughts, listening while the momentous question of what design should be quilted in, was under discussion. Should it be feathers, diamonds, or waves? To mark it off, a lead-pencil served for the white squares, but for the colored squares they had recourse to a cord dipped in weak starch and held taut over the piece, then snapped. To be called upon for the performance of this last, was my crowning joy. The day that I was five years old, we had a quilt in. It was early in February, but such delightful weather that the outer, as well as inner doors stood wide open. Delicious sunshine flooded the front entry.

The spectacles of C. D. H. are here yet, German silver, now yellow, the glasses, round. The frames, by a slide, could be doubled half their length for folding. Parasols, too, had a hinge midway in the stick, with a sliding cylinder of brass, to stay it when not doubled. Mary Hyder's was apple-green silk, fringed. On the garret, is a child's parasol, (hinged stick) size of breakfast-plate, of striped silk, mauve and pale rose, with pinked edges, also a tiny muff, knitted. A band of black, figured with orange, and bordered on either side with a band of bright green, edged with white, tufted wool, to simulate swansdown, and lined with white silk.

Loaf sugar, now bought in small cubes, came them, in conical blocks, one foot high, wrapped in slate-colored paper. Silver sugar-tongs, marked H., are yet preserved.

Things were a "leven-pence," or a "fip and a bit" a yard, or a pound. To pay, were small silver coins. The "levy" was twelve and a half cents, or one-eighth of a dollar. The "fip" was six and a quarter cents, or one sixteenth of a dollar. ["leven pence" means eleven pence, and "fip and a bit" means five pence and a bit.]

I do not know the order of the family record of John Delaplaine and Sophia Sheelar D., his wife, but here are the names:—1, Jacob; 2, Joseph; 3, Daniel; 4, Joshua; 5, William; 6, Frederick; 7, Jeremiah; 8, John; 9, Elizabeth; 10, Catharine; 11, Margaret; 12, Hannah; 13, Mary; 14, Mary;]

John died in infancy; so did Hannah, and the first Mary. Elizabeth was the oldest daughter. She married Mr. Beale. The second Mary was called Polly and married John Carmack. [This history treats specially of Catharine and her children, and she married, as I have said, John Hyder.]

Jacob Delaplaine, brother of C. D. Hyder, married his first cousin, Catharine Miller. They lived and died at Kinsley Mills, near Buckland, Prince William county, Virginia. Their burial-lot was in their garden. There are old letters here from different members of the family, and a photograph of Jacob, one of the sons. Mary, the oldest daughter, visited here in the fifties. She arrived on one of the coldest and most snowy of winter days. At first sight, I thought her one of the plainest women I ever set my eyes upon, but when she donned a becoming gown and began to talk, I changed my mind completely. Some of the family said her face had the Dutch contour of the Millers'. Be that as it may, the French shone out, too. She had sparkling black eyes and wore her black hair in a cluster of curls on either side of her face.

She was tall, inclining to *enbonpoint*, and had a fine, healthy complexion, and perfect teeth. These last were almost constantly in evidence, for she was not only talkative but merry, one of the most agreeable women I ever met. The gown that suited her style best was a wine-colored *reps*, trimmed with velvet a shade darker. Her best bonnet was white, then very much the mode, of uncut velvet, and adorned with white feathers. She was handy with the needle, and while here, remodeled some of her dresses to suit the Maryland styles. She also made a double wrapper for Sophia, broad striped, dark crimson, lined with large plaid buff goods. Sophia, as you have seen, was not much given to lounging. The wrapper was folded away for many years. In her last sickness, it was got out, and she died in it. Mary D. could keep pace with her aunt Hyder in knitting. How the needles flashed! She was at a pair of stockings, of fine, indigo wool, for her little nephew, Jakie.

The winter she was here, the sleighing was ideal. Horses had to be rough-shod, the roads were hard and smooth. Billy Hiteshu took her several sleigh-rides, in her red dress and white bonnet; one, three miles, to "Trevanion," the show country-seat of the neighborhood. She was invited out to many teas. The teas were in reality, good, bountiful suppers. One of the best was at Mr. R's, a widower-beau



of this village, whose house, from the color of its bricks, she named the calomel and jalap house.

Her brother, Daniel, was at that time Flour-inspector in Richmond, Va. There was a numerous family. Several of the brothers settled at Circleville, Ohio. Tom was the miller at Kinsley. His wife was named Mildred. I heard that name for the first time when she was spoken of, and I remember how it caught my childish fancy.

Delaplane Station, Fauquier Co., Va., takes its name from some members of this Kinsley Mills family who settled there. A Miss D. of that place married H. S. Ashby, a near relative of Gen. Turner Ashby, C. S. A. Of the original Kinsley family, Lossie married Mr. Glasecock. I am told her son is a Hopkins graduate, and a good German scholar. Julia was considered a beauty. Maggie was at Staunton, Va., at school when her sister Mary was here.

During the Civil War, the Kinsley family sympathized with the North. Jacob, one of the sons, in a letter that is still here, speaks of going during the War from Circleville, Ohio, to see his folks at Kinsley, Va., and said that their cries of surprise and joy would be ever remembered by him. Travel along certain lines was then a difficult and risky business. He says, in one of his letters: "In one respect I am long for this life, as I am over six feet tall." Upon the death of Jacob, the *father*, the family regretted that they had no portrait of him. They procured pictures of all his sisters and brothers that were then living and told the artist which features of each resembled their father's, and where the expression was like his. The portrait made, was, I heard, to some degree, satisfactory. His sister, C. D. Hyder, sent her picture on.

Daniel, brother of C. D. Hyder, married the first time, Sophia Dern. I visited Haugh's [Hawk] church grave-yard near Middleburg, Carroll Co., Md., in 1896, and saw this inscription on a tomb: "Sophia, wife of Daniel Delaplaine, and daughter of Frederick and Sophia Dern, died July 28, 1804." They had sons, Frederick, who died, unmarried, in Wheeling, Va., and John, who became rector of St. Thomas Episcopal church, Hancock, Md., and married Miss Breathed. There is a memorial window to his honor, in that church. [I saw in Baltimore *Sun*, that John Hays Hammond, the wealthy mining expert, was married in that church, in 1881, to Miss Harris, who was visiting the family of Dr. Delaplaine, Hancock, at the time of her marriage.] [I have a picture of the church. It was sent to me by my friend and correspondent, (Mrs.) Isabel S. Mason, Clearspring, Md., author of "Songs By The Way," and a contributor to *Lippincott's* and other periodicals.]

The second wife of Daniel Delaplaine, brother of C. D. Hyder, was Catharine Norris, whose ancestors gave name to Norristown, Pa.

She died in 1875, at the residence of her son, Judge N. N. Delaplaine, near Hillsboro, Ohio, aged 93. A son of Daniel and his second wife, came here to visit about 1870, Joshua, of Hamilton, Ohio. One of his daughters, Jane, became the wife of Judge Wilson, and resides at Edina, Missouri. Her grandson, Vernon Armstrong, is a music composer of New York city. I have a Magazine of Poetry containing several of Jane's poems and her picture. She also sent me a booklet of hers, "Lady Judith's Vision." Her poems were published in book form. She used to contribute short stories to *McClure's Magazine*.

### HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

By Jane Delaplaine Wilson, grand-niece of C. D. Hyder.

Beneath the hot mid-summer sun  
The men had marched all day,  
And now beside a rippling stream  
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
They called to one who mused apart,  
"Come friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I cannot please;  
The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,  
"We all are true men here,  
And to each mother's son of us  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice  
Amid unwonted calm;  
"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb."

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,  
The very stream was stilled,  
And hearts that never throbbed with fear  
With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song, the singer said,  
As to his feet he rose,  
"Thanks to you all, good-night, my friends,  
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spake the captain; "sing one more."  
The soldier bent his head,  
Then, smiling as he glanced around,  
"You'll join with me" he said,

“In singing this familiar air,  
Sweet as a bugle call,  
‘All hail, the power of Jesus’ name,  
Let angels ‘prostrate fall.’”

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought;  
As on and on he sang,  
Man after man fell into line,  
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain  
Above the tree-tops tall,  
The “everlasting hills” called back,  
In answer “Lord of all.”

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
Naught but the stream is heard,  
But ah! the depth of every soul  
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip  
Rises in murmurs low,  
The prayer the mother taught her boy  
At home long years ago.

The author of the above poem was the mother of twelve children.

The late Judge Nat Norris Delaplaine, son of Daniel D. and therefore, nephew of C. D. Hyder, corresponded with his cousin, Mary Hyder, from 1847 until the death of both in 1890. Many of those letters remain. I get much of what I am writing here, from them. Chirography is one of my hobbies. Nat wrote what I consider an ideal hand. His first wife was Miss Miller, his cousin. His second wife, by whom he had no family, survived him. Nat's daughter, Mary, visited Europe. Her photograph, taken at sixteen, is here. She became Mrs. Judge Huggins. His photograph is here, a fine face. In Baltimore *Sun* of Nov. 21, 1906, I saw an allusion to “Judge Huggins, an eminent lawyer of Hillsboro, Ohio.” Two pictures of Nat are here. A daguerreotype, in his prime, and a photograph in his old age, with his little grand-daughter. All are splendid faces. The names are attached to all the family likenesses here.

Joseph D., brother of C. D. Hyder, visited here from Ohio, in the fifties. It was fine sleighing at the time. He greatly resembled his sister, but was more spare. He had the China radish complexion, and was merry and agreeable. Some of his letters are here. His first wife was Miss Crist. Theodore, their son, resided at a mill near Frederick, Md. He was a member of the Md. House of Delegates in 1872. He died in 1900, aged ninety, in health to the last, or nearly. His son, Wm. T., died in 1895, aged thirty-five. The Baltimore *Sun* clipping calls him, the son, one of Frederick's foremost citizens. President and general manager of the *News Pub. Co.*, the largest newspaper plant

in Md., outside of Baltimore. An active worker in behalf of the needy.

Washington, (the second of the two sons of Joseph D. and his first wife,) I met. He had the fine complexion. He was, unlike his father Joseph, grave in his demeanor. He and his wife lived to an advanced age. They had no children. Both were prominent in the Episcopalian church, Frederick, Md.

The first wife of Joseph D., brother of C. D. Hyder, as I said, was Miss Crist. He was a prosperous miller on the Potomac, and in the war of 1812, suffered loss by the exploits of Com. Cockburn's fleet, when Washington city was taken. He moved to Ohio. By his second wife there, he had a numerous family. He was ninety-two at the time of his death, 1875, at his daughter's, Mrs. Virginia Vest, Tipton, Iowa. One of his daughters, he named Sophia Sheelar. His son, Sam, married Margaret, sister of Nat N. D. At Sam's death, Margaret married Mr. Wolfeley.

Joshua D., brother of C. D. Hyder, owned the land and vicinity, about 600 acres, called "Prosperity," on which the village of Double Pipe Creek now stands, in Middleburg District, Carroll Co., Md., then, 1794, Frederick County. He, Joshua Delaplaine, founded there a large grist mill, with a capacity of 100 barrels of flour per day. He was a manufacturer of some note in his day, and carried on not only the grist mill but a woolen mill, on the opposite side of the creek, with saw mill attached to said woolen mill. The woolen mill was still standing in 1895, but was last used in 1849. I remember hearing the family say that Joshua was pleasure-loving, fond of fox-hunting, and that his daughters were beautiful. He married Mary Dern. I saw his grave in 1896, at Haugh's [Hawk] graveyard, near Middleburg, Md. He died 1838, aged sixty-seven. His wife, I saw, shortly before her death, at an advanced age, at her son, John's, Middleburg, Md.

Of Joshua's daughters, Eliza was educated at Liditz Moravian School, Bethlehem, Pa. There is a water-color painting by her here, in the scrap-book of Adeline, daughter of J. H. and C. D. H. A daughter of Joshua D., and niece of C. D. Hyder, married Washington Clabaugh. After her death he married Miss Evans. Of this marriage is Harry M. Clabaugh, Chief Justice, Supreme Court, D. C. Mary, a third daughter of Joshua D., and niece of C. D. Hyder, married Thomas Metcalfe. They had no children. They lived at their farm, about half mile east of Uniontown, Md. The place was afterwards owned by John Smith and then by John Babylon. Thomas Metcalfe owned slaves for farm and house-work. There is a brick building still standing, (1909) near the main house, that was part of their "quarters." I used to hear C. D. Hyder's family say that Thomas Metcalfe's mother was born in the West Indies, (a Creole) and that she resided in Uniontown, Md., in a house afterwards owned by John Roberts.

John Delaplaine, was son of Joshua D., and therefore nephew of C. D. Hyder, but they were nearly of the same age, and they resembled so strongly that they looked like sister and brother. He lived in Middleburg, Md., six miles from Uniontown, Md. He married Sophia Charlton, a first cousin of Frank Key, who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Lord, with glowing heart I praise Thee," and many other poems. Key's mother was Anne Phoebe Charlton. I saw his grave in the Cemetery at Frederick, Md.

One daughter of John D., son of Joshua, was Sophia. I often heard Mary Hyder speak of her intelligence and vivacity. Sophia married Dr. Aiken, but died soon after her marriage.

The oldest daughter of John D., son of Joshua, was Elizabeth. She married Edwin Clabaugh, of Cloverbrook farm, near Middleburg, Md. It is now part of the celebrated Stock Farm, Bolingbrook, (or Bowlingbrook,) owned by the Waldens, a full description of which I have from the Baltimore *Sun*. I visited the place, saw "Tom Ochil-tree" and other noted racers, the fine residences and stables, the school buildings, where is held a night school for the employees, the beautiful Althea hedge, &c. [This was the second Althea hedge I had the pleasure of seeing. The first, I saw at St. Joseph's School, Emmitsburg, Md., and at the time it was in full bloom, and one of the most beautiful things I ever beheld. The plant is the *Hibiscus Syriacus*.]

Elizabeth Delaplaine Clabaugh, daughter of John D., was dazzlingly beautiful. Above medium height; Of superb physique; Glossy black hair which had the appearance of being arranged by a French hair-dresser. A perfect complexion. Lallah Rookh eyes, black and velvety, with long, silky lashes. Her face recalled what one reads in Moore and Byron of the beauties of the Orient. The nose and mouth might have served as models for an artist. I saw a life-size portrait in oils of her, in a decollete costume, with a fur boa around her exquisite shoulders, but it was not a success. The artist had made her merely a fine-looking woman. She had one son, Usher, who married and died young. He was educated at Heidelberg, Germany. Two of his daughters are yet living.

All the good fairies must have conspired at the birth of Elizabeth D. Clabaugh. She had a cultivated mind, was fond of reading. A skilful hand at whatever she undertook, and was amiable and pious. She resided nearly all her life in Baltimore, Md. Her husband was a millionaire. She was always splendidly gowned. She attended an Episcopal, High Church. I used to say that it seemed fitting that she should glide in trailing silks down richly-carpeted church aisles, the organ pealing, the air odorous with incense, in a "dim, religious light." I saw her a short time before her death at sixty-eight, and she was

still beautiful. The clergyman who officiated at her burial exclaimed, "And this glorious workmanship must mingle with the dust!" She had many sisters and they were all considered pretty. They had the French art of knowing how to put on their clothing. (Apropos of this, a dressmaker once said to me, "Miss X. is my best advertisement. I do not toil in vain over her gowns, for she knows how to wear 'em.") They were fond of playing chess. Some of their gentlemen friends used to say, because the game was calculated to show to advantage their well-formed, white hands.

They had Tilly and Jane, faithful slaves. I remember one of their toothsome suppers,—Broiled partridges, hot beaten biscuit, chocolate with whipped cream on. When Tilly had gone to slave-heaven, and Jane went off, after Emancipation, to taste the sweets of Freedom by hiring out, these girls, although they had been trained to being served, stepped into the kitchen, and concocted dishes equally as savory as those of the dusky departed, performing their duties with a lightness of touch, and that apparent freedom from painful effort which betokens skilled labor and rejoices the eye of the beholder.

One of these pretty sisters was named, Cornelia Rochester [Delaplaine.] Appellation as high-sounding as Charlemagne Tower, over which Dooley raved, in one of his best essays. Nathaniel Rochester, founder of Rochester, N. Y., in early life was associated in business at Hagerstown, Md., with Mr. Hart, father of Lucretia Hart, wife of Henry Clay. Nathaniel Rochester married Miss Beatty, aunt of Sophia Charlton, wife of John Delaplaine. The late John Usher Markell, National Bank Examiner, was a son of one of these pretty sisters. The daughter of one of them is a Society girl in Baltimore, Maryland. The *Sun* often describes her costumes, as she appeared at the Opera, or on Charles Street, *the* promenade. It is from one of them that I received my copy of the portrait of Nicholas Delaplaine, died, 1696. One of the sisters has a pair of knitting needles made of part of the stairway railing of an old Delaplaine house, commemorated by a bronze tablet on the Mutual Fire Insurance Co. building, Main Street and School lane, Germantown, Pa. In its cellar, during the battle of Germantown, many women and children found refuge. James De La Plaine owned two lots, 66¼ acres. Market Square was taken from one of these lots. During the Revolution the house whose site is commemorated by a bronze tablet, was occupied by Squire Joseph Ferree, "a man of wealth and position." He married Miss Delaplaine. A picture was taken of this old house before it was demolished in 1885. I saw a picture of the house in two Phila. papers, 1905. (Two story and attic with dormer windows.)

William and Frederick, brothers of C. D. Hyder, died unmarried. I always heard it said in the family, that Elizabeth, who married Mr.

Beale, was the oldest sister of C. D. Hyder. Elizabeth's grandson, Wm. Beale corresponded with Mary Hyder. There are letters here written from his farm at Sand Hill, Scotland Co., Missouri, and one, enclosing his photograph, was written from Jefferson City, when he was a member of the Mo. Legislature. When his daughter was born, Mary Hyder sent a name for her, Portia. The little girl was called Mary Portia. He speaks in his letters of the piety of his grandmother, Elizabeth, and that she used to take him to her room for private prayer. Her solicitude bore good fruit, for Mrs. Jane D. Wilson, the poet, in a letter to me, about 1896, speaks of the death of Wm. Beale and of his eminent piety.

One of Elizabeth Beale's daughters, Sophia, married Mr. McGuinness. There is a letter here from their son, written in Camp from Mexico, after the battle of Cerro Gordo, 1847. It is written to his father in Crawfordsville, Indiana. A letter from Wm. Beale, 1853, speaks of his grandmother, Elizabeth, being with her daughter, Sophia, Madison Co., Iowa. A letter from him in 1858, tells of his grandmother's death. He says in this 1858 letter that he has one of the finest farms in that part of Missouri, (the northern).

C. D. Hyder's sister, Margaret, "Peggy," they called her, married Peter Miller. They resided in Va. I remember hearing C. D. Hyder speak of her sister, Peggy Miller, riding horseback from Culpepper, Va., to Uniontown, Md., to visit her. Joshua, the only son of Peter and Margaret Miller, went to Madison Co., Va., to reside. During the Civil War, that part of the State was directly in the march of the armies. In 1852, Nat Delaplaine, from his farm, near Hillsboro, Ohio, writes to Mary Hyder that Peter Miller's, at that time, resided in Ohio, and mentions two of the Miller daughters, Eliza, a widow, and Mary, wife of Mr. Brown.

As I have said, Mary, aged five, sister of C. D. Hyder, is buried at Rocky Hill graveyard, Fred'k Co., Md. A second sister Mary, Polly, they called her, became the wife of John Carmack. Her grave is at Haugh's—(Hawk) graveyard, near Middleburg, Carroll Co., Md. She died in 1838, aged 48. Polly was a sister very dear to C. D. Hyder. She always spoke of her with the greatest affection. C. D. Hyder had a dream just previous to the most severe trial of her life. She was with Polly, then deceased. A dazzling vision flitted across the great apartment where they were. Both exclaimed, in transport,— "There is the Saviour?" To Polly's home in Frederick Co., Md., C. D. Hyder's children paid many visits. The children used to come in winter from their uncle John Carmack's, and say that no matter what else was served for breakfast there, the yeast-raised buckwheat cake never failed to appear also.

John and Mary (Polly) Carmack, had a numerous family. A

daughter, Sophia, married George Landers, of Scotch descent. Her grandson graduated at West Point. Another, Margaret, married John Baker, of Woodsboro, Md. Another daughter of Polly Carmack, sister of C. D. Hyder, was Sarah. She married John Fulton, a widower, with two young children, a boy, Henry, and a girl, Barbara. Henry's daughter, I heard spoken of as being one of the belles of Frederick City, Md. She is now the wife of Fred. Miller, Westminster, Md. John and Sarah Carmack Fulton resided at their farm, near the pike leading from Woodsboro to Frederick, Md., eight miles from the latter place. Their residence was fronted by a well-shaded and well-kept lawn.

The mother of Charles Broadway Rouss, the Winchester, Va. multi-millionaire, was a first cousin of John Fulton. Mary Hyder once went in a sleigh, with John and Sarah Fulton, from Frederick Co., Md., to visit the Rouss family at "Shannon Hill," on the Shenandoah River, Va., opposite Shannon Springs. Mary described the residence, "Shannon Hill," as palatial. I spent, once, some time at the Fulton's with Mrs. Rouss, a beautiful and refined woman. Sarah Fulton had the same love of flowers that her first cousin Mary Hyder had, and was equally successful in cultivating them. She and Mary seemed like sisters, and there was great personal resemblance between them. Mary, for a while, taught in Frederick Co., and made Sarah's house her home. They had slaves both for farm and house work. Jim, one of them, used, occasionally, to come to Mary Hyder and say, "Miss Mary, I'se gwine to a party to-night, please'm gimme some big words to use." The farming and house-keeping there were ideal, combining the advantages of trained labor with genuine Yankee thrift. The house and premises were always spotless. I was there often during my youth and that of Sarah's children. Aunt Nelly, a superannuated slave, lived in a cottage on the farm, and her home was spotless, too. The memory of that walk to it in pleasant weather,—a "toe-path" diagonally across a fine orchard, and through a pleasant field, is to me as the fragrance of roses. Mary Hyder used to laugh and say old Nell would have to knit to the middle of her "seam-needle," before laying aside her work, if the house was afire.

Mr. Fulton's sister "Aunt Meely," lived near them. She had a son called Thee, for short. (The Th, pronounced as the Th in Theodore.) This young man was handiness itself. His work-shop was a boon to the community. It seemed to meet all wants, like patent medicine. Mary Hyder brought home a checker-board and a set of checkers, beautifully made,—The's work,—a lovely work-box, of Southern Maple, with divisions for spools, &c.; several pairs of wooden knitting-needles, graded sizes, beautifully polished and with bone finishings, used for wools; bases, covered with gilt and mounted on



gilded feet, for cigar-cases, which were worked in a floral design, with Zephyr wool, on perforated card-board. "Aunt Meely" had a slave too, Mary. I do not know whether she sat at table with the family or not, but I am sure she was tidy and refined enough, to have done so. A colored lady, in fact. She was the constant companion of her mistress, as well when the needle was being plied in the house, as in the more active duties of the kitchen. Aunt Meely used to say that she never ate mince-pie or hash away from home.

Some of her neighbors, whose house-keeping did not conform to her ideals, were described as "hoodley." I must spell the word upon phonetic principles, as I have never seen it in print. There were families in the neighborhood, whose names, both of master and mistress, were I to breathe them, would announce the almost princely lineage of their bearers, and yet these folks were absolutely guiltless of a "nose for dirt," which some of us Border State people have in common with the Yankees.

I remember a rutty lane, the entrance to the residence of one of these F. F's. Seated on the tottering post-and-rail fence which bordered it, in their shirt-sleeves, and bent almost double, like fowls on a perch, were the masters of the house, father and several sons, sunning themselves. The house appeared to be all rear, at least we were ushered in through the kitchen, whose floor was uncarpeted and not over neat. The "quarters," nearly always a separate building, seemed attached to the main dwelling, for, in perspective was a pickaninny lying in a cradle, placidly sucking a lump of sugar tied in a rag. The housefly, in large numbers, was also present,—and placid. Hostilities against this pest were in that day limited to a mild protest in the shape of a handsomely-mounted bunch of peacock feathers, or in the absence of this, a brush made of strips of curled paper tied to a rod. *Then*, to "mind the flies off the table," was no sinecure office, as it would be *now*.

The community was one of much merry-making especially in winter, when a snow-fall would make the sleighing on the Frederick pike very fine. The entertainment was of that style which has caused the word Maryland to be so often associated with the idea of good cheer. Among the many things at the Fulton home to excite my childish admiration was the large spinning-wheel, for wool. C. D. Hyder had only the small wheel, for flax or cotton. The spacious living-room, with its generous chimney-place, at one end, two deep windows, at the opposite, a window, also a door, opening on a wide porch,—seemed a fit setting for the scene. The great wheel, five or six feet in diameter, stood in the center of the apartment, the mistress pacing to and fro, to and fro, its whole length, as she held the thread, a pickaninny following closely at her heels; the wee daughters of the house,

each, in her little rocking-chair, industriously knitting. Click, click, went the flashing needles, and the ball, held in a lilliputian reticule, hung on the chair-knob, had much ado to give out, from its gay-print receptacle, the bright wool, or the silk-like thread, fast enough.

Two of the girls attended school at the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md. All of them married; one, a physician of the neighborhood. Mary Hyder often spoke of the pride with which Maggie conducted her through the new, daintily-furnished home, the keys jingling in a little basket on her arm. Alas, death snatched the little wife, in the bloom of her first year of married life. Another, married her first cousin, Dr. Fulton, and is noted for her exquisite work in embroidery. Another, like C. D. Hyder, and the Va. Mary Delaplaine, is a beautiful knitter. Another, the youngest, who seemed born only for the sunshine, went with her husband to Nebraska, when it was comparatively a new land, and so, in the beginning, had some experience of life on the frontier, but she "took" to it kindly—was even enthusiastic, writing home,—“Mother, it is lovely to keep growing with the country.” Her husband was a nephew of John McCreary. The latter, a youth from this part of Md., amassed a million in the coal regions of Pa.

As I write, there comes to my mind the memory of a bright winter day at the Fultons, when we were all assembled in the pleasant living-room. One daughter was lining her new wicker work-basket with scarlet merino, adding pockets, for spools, &c. Another, was making the latest style of *lingerie* trimming; row after row of fine cords, held in place by stitching, the whole, finished with an edging of thread lace. I was reading aloud, from “Coelebes in search of a Wife,” by Hannah More, a book which I suppose is now out of print.

If I mistake not, there are two silhouette likenesses in the Hyder house here. One of Adeline, and one of an infant son of Caroline: Profiles cut out of black paper, and fastened on white cards. They were taken before my day. I think the persons who made them, traveled from point to point, periodically.

M. de Silhouette was minister of finance, under Louis XV, 1762 or 3. The plans that he adopted to rid the country of certain embarrassments, were so absurd as to make him an object of ridicule, in the eyes of the lively Parisians. Portraits in the Silhouette style became all the rage. The wit consisted in the lineaments being traced *on a shadow*.

Envelopes began in my day, and steel pens. Most of the old letters here, have no covers. Quills were sold by the pack. A school-teacher, or any scribe, must know how to make a pen. In school, the pens were made, or mended, during certain recitations. Standing around the teacher, we were like a little army of lancers, points all

heading for him, first come, first served. Copies were "set" by the teacher, in books made by the pupils at home. The teacher's handwriting was, as a rule, *never copied*. The copy was writing, what went under it was writing. Nomenclature covered both. Classification included both. But in points of resemblance, they were wide as the poles asunder. For sealing, there were wafers and wax. Wafers boxes are here yet, miniature cheese-boxes, 2½-in. in diameter. Wafers were round, half inch in diameter, more or less, and variously colored, mostly vermilion. Sticks of sealing-wax, here yet, variously colored. Mary Hyder doated upon golden bronze. Seals are here yet, of glass. One, blue glass, "Mary;" one, two doves, white glass; another, "A letter softens the pains of absence." There is also one of fretted wood, for business letters. Sand-boxes are here yet. Black sand, not blotters, dried writing.

One piece of C. D. Hyder's first china remains, a salad-dish, wild-honey-suckle pattern. The second set of French china is white, with blue flower, raised. Also other old table-ware. There is a large Tray, 36x18, black lacquer, with a border of roses, in gilt. A coffee-pot, in white, flowered in brown, about fifteen inches high, including the dome lid. Two decanters, one came through Anne's husband, as did the walnut *escritoir*, bound in brass. [The old way of spelling this term for a writing-desk, is with the s.] Two coverlets, blue and white, with a border in floral design. For these, C. D. Hyder spun the cotton and wool. She took a premium for them, at Md. Institute Fair, Baltimore. It is a Breast-pin, gold bar, entwined with three vine leaves, of thin, crusted gold, their veins beautifully distinct. The breast-pin here, of white china, with two angel faces, belonged to Sophia Hyder. The gold and black enamel one, was given to Adeline by Sophia Charlton Delaplaine. The first tea-spoons of C. D. Hyder are worn down to the size of after-dinner coffee-spoons, though the H. is yet distinct.

The oak bent-wood arm-chair is here yet, that I spoke of some pages back, as belonging to John Hyder, as are the two bent-wood chairs that Sophia H. upholstered. There is here an Easter-egg of 1836, and one of 1852. Both are elegantly "marked" in a floral design, by a friend of the Hyder family who attended Liditz Moravian School, Bethlehem, Pa. There is a portiere here of a Paisley or *broche* shawl that belonged to Adeline H. Another of a large shawl of silk in wide plaids, that was worn by Sophia H. A book-case drapery was worn by C. D. Hyder. It is an all-wool shawl, buff, with a gay-colored set-flower. A window-drapery, fine, silk-like organdie, was a gown worn by Sophia H. Another window-drapery was a shawl of white cashmere with an oriental border, worn by Adeline. Two old shoulder-shawls joined, make another window drapery. They are of silk, white,

with figures in gay colors. A window-lambrequin, all-wool, white, with green figures, was a shoulder-shawl worn by Eliza H. More. A lemon-colored fichu, of chiffon with the figure of a rose in the corners, belonged to Mary H. Another lemon-colored fichu, of chiffon, belonged to Sophia H. One mantel lambrequin is a blue and gold changeable silk of M. Hyder's. Another Mantel lambrequin is the wide *broche* border of a "Stella" shawl worn by Sophia H. One sofa cushion, foulard silk, black ground, figured with a red rose, was a gown of Mary Hyder's. Another sofa cushion is made of some bits of a shawl that was so much admired, it was nearly worn out. It was one of the prettiest shawls I ever saw,—large, of *scarlet* cashmere, with a border about six inches wide, of *pink* roses. The brocade silk cover, of the card-table, violet and fawn color, was a silk apron, presented to one of the H. family by Laura, daughter of Sarah Carmack Fulton. The apron was trimmed with bands of black velvet baby ribbon, and had cunning little pockets of black net, crossed in lozenge shapes, with the same ribbon. The gimp and fringe finishing on the card-table, once adorned the lovely suits of *de beige* (baije) worn by Mary and Sophia H. The hearth-rug, with a yellow chain as border, was made by C. D. Hyder in her old age. She called the border, Lorenza Dow's chain of life.

In C. D. Hyder's day, and later, besides the flowers that I have been able to remember, and that I have set down, there grew in the garden here, many "herbs," as we call them. Lavender, sage, chamomile, mint, thyme, rue, sweet marjoram, wormwood, anise. Lavender was the most prized. I must add, elecampane and comfrey. The two Box bushes here are at least seventy years old now, 1909. And I believe them to be several years older. They have preserved their symmetry very well, considering that this variety of Box, unlike the pyramidal Box, is apt to become unsightly with age. The mock orange-blossom bush here, is also seventy, or more. I spoke, some pages back of the Provence rose-bush here, that is ninety-eight. The Sofrana rose-bush, by the Box, is smartly over fifty years old, and the pink roses, nearly that age. About 1866, (forty-three years ago,) some slips of oak-leaf honeysuckle were planted at the picket fence in the yard, with result that, spite of the anathemas of the neighbors, (on account of the seed,) there is now, 1909, a fine hedge, completely covering the uninteresting pickets.

In the Hyder cemetery lot, Uniontown, Md., which lot is covered with *Vinca*, locally known as ground-myrtle, a luxuriant *evergreen*, there are two well-preserved and symmetrical Box bushes, planted there by C. D. Hyer, sixty years ago; two pyramidal arbor-vitae, fifty years old; two pyramidal Boxes, twenty years old; all still symmetrical and well-preserved. Within a few feet of the lot, are twin cedars.

*Juniperus Virginiana*, over forty years old now, 1909.

The hat-rack, in the front entry, is made of a reel used by C. D. Hyder, about one hundred years old, the *frame* of the glass in it, is over seventy, but the glass had to be replaced. The bureau with hanging handles of brass, and the walnut candle-stand, were C. D. Hyder's. The book-case, with brass hinges on the doors, was John Hyder's. The red and white "compass-work" bed-quilt was made by Adeline. The mirror with brass frame is at least, over seventy, likely much older. The papers in a canvas bag on the garret, should be preserved by the people of Uniontown, Md. They contain much writing, by John Hyder and others, pertaining to the village. They are of no special value, but the older they get, the more interesting they will be. The Hyder letters, &c., are in a walnut box and a brass-marked box that belonged to the family.

During the Civil War, about 300 Confederate Cavalry, Col. Rosser, passed through Uniontown, Md. Mary Hyder was a "Southern sympathizer," so was M. A. W., a girl-friend of mine, living near the village. [For myself, living in Maryland, a Border State, I did not know then, I do not know now, which side I was on, I swayed]. It was a fine, sunny day, when the cavalry, C. S. A., passed. Mary Hyder, M. A. W., and myself, were on the Hyder stone pavement. M. A. W. wore a "duster," the latest style of wrap, a circular cape, three-quarters long, of black and white Scotch plaid, with a hood of the same, attached, that could be drawn over the head. In the most cautious way, she lifted a tiny end of her duster a tiny way, and waved it. A handsome young cavalryman, they were riding very near the curb, bent low in his saddle, and said smilingly, in a stage whisper,— "Three cheers for the ladies of Md."

When the *Federals* were in Uniontown, Md., a blind man, his son, and daughter, were summering in the village. They had been traveling in Europe. He, the father, was treated for his eyes in Holland. The son had got in Europe, a shawl, or handkerchief, over four feet square, of white silk, with the flags of England and of the Southern Confederacy of America, in their colors, crossed in each corner. The handkerchief was unfolded and supported outspread, by a circle of admiring young people, in the parlor of a house next the Hyders. Though the shutters had been carefully closed, next day an officer demanded the handkerchief of the son, and ran his sword through it. The son was carried off to camp, (on horseback, behind the officer) a prisoner, but was released, upon taking the "oath of allegiance." Some boys took it with "a mental reservation."

Mary Hyder had a valued collection of photographs, of officers of C. S. A., which she hid in the garret, when the *Federals* were here.

There is a small photograph here of Sophia, youngest daughter of

*Caroline Hyder*, that is so fine, I should like to have a life-size oil-painting of it, by a good artist. That is an iridescent dream of mine. But, at least, I should like to see the photo enlarged. It represents a girl of nineteen, or about, and reminds me of those pictures that appear in *The Century* and other standard periodicals, copies of portraits, by celebrated artists.

"A Collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions, with occasional Notes," by Rev. T. Alden, A. M., says that Nicholas Delaplaine was a dignitary of France, as I have stated some pages back, and that he died at the uncommon age of 105 years, that an original painting of this remote ancestor still exists, that it represents him as having a remarkably long and thick beard, and with a solemn and most venerable aspect.

The *Pennsylvania Magazine*, Vol. 4, says that one Nicholas Delaplaine was a Huguenot, who went to England, 1643, thence to New Netherlands. His marriage, 1658, to Susannah Cresson, of Ryswich, is recorded in the Dutch Reformed Church, New York city, and the baptism of their children is also recorded there. The practice of continuing given names from one generation to the other, prevails much in this family.

I have mentioned, a few pages back, an old Delaplaine house, Philad., Pa. The *Pennsylvania Magazine*, Vol. 4, says that James Delaplaine, of New York, settled in Germantown, Pa., 1692, on a tract of land including Market Square, which was conveyed by him, in 1704, as a gift to the borough. Alden, whom I have already quoted, speaks of this J. D., as a man of wealth. James Delaplaine married Hannah Cocke, of Long Island, Aug. 28, 1692. He was bailiff of Germantown. He died, Apr. 12, 1750, and is buried at Christ Church, Philad., Pa. The old Delaplaine house, as I have said, was taken down, 1885, but a picture of it was first taken. A copy of it was made, 1905, in two newspapers of Philadelphia. It was two-story, and attic with dormer windows. The account, 1905, said that a bronze tablet on Mutual Fire Insurance Bldg., Main Street & School Lane, Germantown, Pa., marked the site. The account said further, that James Delaplaine owned two lots,  $66\frac{1}{4}$  acres, and that Market Square was taken from one lot, that during the Revolution, Squire Ferree, who married Miss Delaplaine, and who was a man of wealth and position, had occupied the old house.

The will of Joshua D., (one of the sons of this James D.,) was probated, at Philadelphia, Feb. 15, 1788, and bequeaths to one of his children,—“my plantation in Earle township, (Berks Co., Pa.) on which I now reside.”

Judge N. N. Delaplaine, Hillsboro, Ohio, in a letter to his first cousin, Mary Hyder (daughter of C. D. Hyder) speaks of Gen. Geo. P.

Delaplaine, saying,—“the grand-father of Gen. D, was a brother of our grand-father.” He, Nat, gives quite an interesting account of this kinsman. The grand-father of Gen. Geo. P. Delaplaine was private secretary to President Jefferson. Gen. D., himself was secretary to Gov. Dewey, the first Gov. of Wisconsin. Gen. D. bought the property, in Madison, Wis., that afterwards was the Governor's mansion. Senator Thorpe, a millionaire, bought the property from Gen. D., in the latter part of the 60s. Senator Thorpe's daughter married, 1870, Ole Bull, the celebrated Norway violinist. [Ole, it seems, is pronounced oley.] Mrs. Thorpe was a friend of Longfellow. Governor Rusk bought the residence from the Thorpes. Joseph Thorpe married a daughter of Longfellow. Nat writes, of Gen. Geo. P. Delaplaine, that he is an extensive traveler and an antiquarian. He once sent a newspaper clipping which stated, at some length that Gen. D. was, at that time, in the island of Madagascar.

John F. Delaplaine, who died in 1885, was Secretary of the Legation at Vienna. He left an estate of one million, half of which was to be divided among certain organizations named.

In Balto., Md., *Sun*, Sep. 11, 1902, among other Book Notices, was a Book, from the Publisher, Paul Delaplaine, Paris, France.

I have on file, a copy of the voucher as to the authenticity of the photographs made from the original oil-painting portrait of Nicholas Delaplaine, also files of the clippings and letters from which part of what I have written here is gathered.

Notice, that now, 1909, the house in Uniontown, Md., built for John Hyder, and occupied by him and his family, is ninety-eight years old. That the house has not been materially changed. That the four open fire-places, with brick hearths extending some distance out in the rooms, still remain. That much of the furniture, &c., is one hundred years old, most likely, much over.

## SUPPLEMENT.

The following [epitomized] letters were written to me, 1907, by J. Albert Beam, M. D., practising medicine at Yochow City, Hunan, China. His father, Rev. S. Z. Beam, D. D., Carrollton, Ohio, is my first cousin.

MISS ELLA BEAM,

Uniontown, Maryland.

\* \* \* \*

I dined, by invitation, with the Taotai. [Tao is pronounced as tow in towel, tai is pronounced as tie.] The taotai is the chief civil official of Yochow, or rather of the prefecture. About 11.30 a. m., our chairs arrived. Two soldiers in uniform headed the procession, which brought us to the Yamen, or official residence. Here, one could imagine himself playing a part in a story, such as, "The Prince of India," for when we reached the Yamen, we passed, through a large gate in a high wall, into an open space, and saw, ahead of us, another entrance around which were painted fantastic forms, dragons, &c., and large Chinese characters. This was opened for us without question, and we entered the first court. Here was a broad granite pavement, with a wide green lawn on either side. One hundred feet farther, we came to a terrace, and passing up this, were brought to a stand-still, before a large, closed entrance under a long Porch, decorated with lanterns, and old-fashioned arms. We sat here, while our men went in, by a side way, and presented our invitations to the host. Finally, we heard some orders given, and the great doors swung open. We were carried into the second court, at the end of which is the judgment hall. We got out of our chairs and were escorted by a servant into the inner or private court. Just as we entered, the Taotai himself appeared at an entrance, and shook hands with us. We sat in the guest-room, talking and drinking tea, until dinner was announced. In the banquet-hall, imagine our surprise at seeing a foreign-laid table; that is, foreign to China. White table-cloth and napkins, silver forks, knives and spoons. Also, neat floral decorations, roses, and a little row of flowers around the table, inside the plate-line. The *menu* card was written in Chinese and English. There was soup, fish, ham, eggs, baked pigs kidney, pressed chicken, toasted bread, and lemon wafers. At the end, sponge-cake, and coffee. Finger-bowls, with tooth-picks floating on the water, were passed.

\* \* \* \*

June 16, 1907. In the Lu Shau mountain range just south of Kiukiang about two hundred and fifty miles east of this place, is a Sanatorium called Kuling, where many hundreds go every summer for



recuperation and recreation. The climate of the valley is wearing on all foreigners, especially so on women and children. Three years ago, when I was at the Kuling mountain-resort, I made over one hundred professional calls, on foreigners spending the summer there. When I went away, I was not quite sure that I had a vacation, except for the change of scene. Our dispensary, or out-patient work, has been carried on with few interruptions since the spring of 1903. All classes of society are found among those who apply to us for assistance. We have been called to the homes of the highest civil and military officials, and have given aid to the vilest of beggars. On dispensary days we see anywhere from twenty to fifty patients bringing complaints ranging from the clearly imaginary to the most pitiful and distressing conditions ever brought to the notice of the medical profession.

Of my dwelling-house, began the fall of 1903, I was architect, contractor, and master-builder. This was the first foreign house erected in Yochow city, so the workman had to be taught our methods of construction. When I was settled in the house, my home, trying to do hard work on the language, I was called upon in the erection of a dispensary building and hospital. So again I became architect and builder. Result:- "The David Schneder Hay Memorial Hospital," and "The Frantz Dispensary." Parts of the hospital plant are, a home for native hospital assistants, and other necessary features, as laundry, kitchen, and store-rooms. Next began the erection of guest-rooms, for the reception and entertainment of those Chinese who come here daily, some in a social way and others, to learn something of our religion. According to Chinese custom, there must be separate reception-rooms for the men and women. In the last four years, we have erected a church, a boy's school, four dwellings, and the above-mentioned buildings.

On the fourth of March, our hospital was formally opened. It was a red-letter day in the history of our work. In response to invitations issued, over twenty of the civil and military officials, Chinese, attended, attired in their gorgeous robes of office. Of the Chinese literary, gentry, and merchant classes, some two hundred were present. The Hsieu, or city mayor was present, and made an address. Of patients treated since that time, only about ten per-cent. were women.

As best we can, we are trying to relieve suffering, and break down some of the prejudice against all things foreign.

I am enclosing a copy of the souvenir given to all the guests, at the opening of the hospital at Yochow city, Hunan, China. As you see, the souvenir is a folio, on scarlet paper, with a velvet finish,  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . The photograph on the cover, shows the hospital, the roof of the dispensary building, at the foot of the Pagoda, and the church-tower in the background. The first page, inside, announces, in

Chinese, the opening of the hospital. The second page, quotes, in Chinese, St. John, 3, 16.

\* \* \* \*

[Description accompanying a set of exquisite photographs of China, which came with one of the letters.]

1—The *Trumpet-Lilies* were found growing wild, on the Kuling mountains, China, where people resort during the heat of the valley, in July and August. The stalks are from 3 to 4 ft., and the blooms, from 5 to 7 inches long. I never saw their equal for beauty.

2—*Baby Robertson's* name is Helen. She crossed the Pacific with us, and met us in the mountains this summer.

3—*The Taotai*. [Tao, as tow, in tower, tai, as tie] Is the highest civil official in the city. He is very friendly to me, has called a number of times, and I dined, by invitation, with him once.

4—*Junks on the Yangtse*. Between Shanghai and Hankow. There are thousands of these junks, sailing on the river. Their main business is the transporting of rice.

5—*The Life-Boats*. Belong to the city. They stay in the harbor, on a sort of life and patrol duty. One day, they sent two, to take a party of students over to a beautiful island in the lake. The photograph is the start.

6—*Ploughing the Rice-Fields*. The rice-field is a mud-hole. The plough is a one-handled implement, with a point like a cultivator at home. The animal is the water-buffalo.

7—*The Chinese Shoemaker*. Goes from house to house with his box of tools. He makes and repairs the soles only. The women of every household make the tops of cloth, in many instances, beautifully embroidered. The soles are sometimes many layers of cloth, pasted together.

8—*Yochow City Harbor*.

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[From Rt. Rev. I. L. Nicholson, Bishop of Milwaukee, died, Oct. 1906.]  
Feb. 20, 1906.

I well remember you, and so many others of my dear Maryland Mission life and experience. The years have passed rapidly, and I am now old and broken down. It is not likely that I have much longer to live on this side of the Great Mysterious River of God. I read every line of your Memorials, [A Family History] and with pleasure. How well I recall the strong and striking face of dear Miss Mary Hyder! And the Delaplaine's, I was wondering but the other day, whether this life still held those true and devoted souls, or whether the other life was nourishing them. I am allowed to write but little. God's peace be with you. Affectionately your Friend,

I. L. NICHOLSON.

# A Family History









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