

WESTMINSTER IN THE GAY NINETIES  
and  
THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

To reconcile these two titles is a problem on which I would like to ask your help. You can see they present a complication. The first implies a sophisticated point of view; the second .... through the eyes of boyhood ....unsophisticated.... or it ought to have been. On one side.. a review of the town's progress from a single street of houses strung out along the highway to the splendidly organized municipality you can see all about you. I must, therefore, hope for your indulgence as I undertake to steer through .... not between Scylla and Charybdis exactly ... yet still demanding a skill in navigation even beyond that of Ulysses' helmsman. That the two points of view do not mix any too well .... you will presently perceive.

The town's progress might be shown in three views taken at three difference stages .... and fortunately it has not changed too much. Then there are two exposures through the eyes of the boy, the native: one a rambling account of the home on Green Street and the town and its people whom he knew and admired; and the second, of the town on Saturday night.... when Main Street really comes alive. This view, however, is held back for the end. In between will come a few words about some survivals of the past that are mythological, lie in the field of superstition and yet have an odd way of being also expressions of practical wisdom, for which the early inhabitants were noted, and should be included in any survey of a way of life.

The Green Street place was bounded by two streets and

two alleys, though the alley west was called South Court Street in an 1887 directory published by Vanderford Brothers in their booklet on Westminster. On this lot stood the house, a big barn, several outbuildings, many big trees. Behind the house was an Orchard.... with too few apple and pear trees in it, however, for it really to merit the dignity of such an admirable name... but to the Native those trees looked like a forest, and he and his chums climbed all over them and played violently on a long swing that hung from the branch of one big apple tree in the middle of the yard.

In front of the house were lindens and Norway spruce and down towards the lower fence on Sycamore Street two summer apple trees. Boys like apples; maybe it is part of our original sin ... or original innocence. We climbed those trees like monkeys, all but the locust trees that were ranged along inside the fences.... for besides their thorns they had colonies of big black ants. You will hear more about those ants later.

Between the house and the barn there were more trees: maples, quince, cherry, even one big English walnutt This yard sloped down towards the south or south-east and one could roll down it easily in a barrel in summer ( one boy did that very things; but forgot to take out the nails first) or on a sled in winter, though the going was better in the Winchester Place across the street. If you ran into a tree there, you rolled off sideways.... and only the sled needed repairs.

This back yard was level enough in the half towards the west and big enough to serve for baseball and football. The

Orchard was often the scene of mock battles, with green apples for missiles; but other weapons were sword and shield, bows and arrows, slings and pavisses made of matting slung on a cross-bar fastened to a pole that you stuck up in the ground and were safe behind it against stones and snowballs.

The Garden was his mother's pride and joy. It sometimes came on before others in the town. It produced outrageously, more than the family could use.

The Barn was a big barn with lots of room for little boys to play in. Not one trapeze but two and a horizontal bar... also a wire or tight-rope that you walked with a pole to help you maintain your balance.

In the Yard we would put up a short ladder, some seven feet long, and you had to climb up one side, over and down the other without upsetting. It took neat balancing to make the trip..... and sometimes you would have to go to the house for First Aid.

To our gayety in playtime the Barn was chief contributor. Once we found an eye-bungers' nest in a window on the alley side. Instantly the call to arms went out, and the boys went in to battle with the bees. No Siege of Troy was ever more hotly contested. Joyously the bees poured out to defend their home, although there were already hex signs built into the barn wall to protect them. Mighty blows were dealt, and severe wounds received. It took several days to finish the war, and I am not sure but that Mother won the last battle.... and she did not get stung.

The Garden did its part too for gayety.... a colony of yellow jackets. More diplomacy this time.... a cold war that continued

till no yellow jackets were left.

We went to the Centenary Methodist Church. The native attended Sunday School. He had good teachers: Miss Jennie Shreeve, Mr. Charles Gorsuch, Mr. Joseph Shreeve, Mr. John Wampler... and liked them all. But it is hard for a little boy to be an angel, and sometimes he drew cartoons and sometimes he drew attention by laughing out loud... as when one happy day he heard one good old gentleman say in prayer: "O Lord, look down on these dear little lambs and make them meet for the Kingdom of Heaven"( think this was the butcher, too).

Central Hall School was just a block away. There were five rooms, one each for the first four grades and the Principal's room for the upper grades. The teachers... Miss Carrie Mourer, Miss Ida Lockard, Mrs McGirr, Mr George Morelock, Mr Simon P. Weaver.... you could not have found better anywhere. The little boy learned quite a lot from them and sometimes they may have learned something from his group of boys. On Friday afternoons the whole school would assemble for singing and recitations. Miss Lockard played the piano and led the "spirited" singing (That 's what Miss Carrie called it and she had to listen to it.). The little boy could not sing .... and when he did make his voice heard at that or any other time, he devoutly hoped nobody would trace it to him. Friday was an unlucky day; for he hated to stand up before people and recite. They made him do it just the same, but he never got over that feeling. The

The piano legs were enclosed in colored cloth to protect their carving from the dust. One day Miss Mary Shellman visit-



ed the school. She said, when her eyes fell on that piano, "I knew you were modest but I did n't think you were so extremely modest as to cover the piano legs."

The Gang began to form while we were still in Mrs McGirr's room. Mr. Morelock taught Fourth Grade... the native was in no hurry, believe me, to get into his room. So he tried to flunk the examinations; but the teachers were so indignant at his ridiculous answers, all the more so because they had to laugh over them, that they shoved him along anyhow. And he found Mr. Morelock the best teacher of mathematics in the state, and felt sure he was the best in the world. True, when he went on to college, he found Dr. McDaniel just as good -- but he had already been taught by Mr Morelock to like mathematics and enjoy it. At college he found other good teachers: Dr. Lewis, Dr. Wills, Dr. Bonnotte, and Dr. Reese, who taught him to like Greek and Latin.

In the Third Grade the Gang started the Cable Line, Unlimited. The black thread for carrying messages ran along under the seats up each aisle of boys, and you could send a message anywhere in the three rooms... except to the teacher's desk. thanks to openings in the walls. Dont ask how they got there. Some of the Gangwere engineers. But the girls learned what was going on and made their line.....out of ~~coarse~~ white cord. Miss Molly Runkles, who had come in one day to see Mrs McGirr, spotted that white cord, said "Humph!" in a know-it-all tone, walked right over to the little boy's desk..... and the Line went immediately into the receiver's hands..... she had a

whole spool of fine black silk to wind up.

By the time we got into Mr. Weaver's Room the Gang was better organized....and it continued through the winter at the Main Court Inn ( where school was held during the erection of the New High School building on Centre Street ) and on into the New High School. Members were: Larry Rinker, Charley Himler, Rob Ebaugh, Oliver Schaeffer, Wynn Roop, Phil Hunter, Hal Shriver, Harry Fowler.... I may not recall all the names. All these could be trusted. It was a secret society patterned after Tom Sawyer's. The bigger boys were glad to let us alone after we demonstrated our unity with emphasis. And the Society made itself felt in the life of the school, so that Mr. Morelock said that he would like to join. We understood why, and he was duly admitted to the Third Degree, after an initiation that he took like a good sport. We liked him all the more for his fortitude. But boys cannot admit adults into all their secrets; so we immediately organized a Second and a First Degree.... with three only in the First Degree or Inner Circle.

In the main room at Central Hall the native's desk had been carved into a thing of beauty.... for a boy's appreciation, that is. Along the edge were little projections like corks, only they were parts of the desk except two or three that were hard wood stoppers to holes bored in the desk top. Ants were kept in those holes.... nice big black ants. Now an ant is good to take to class. The class sat in two rows, girls in front, facing the teacher's desk. You put that ant on the back hair or neck of the girl not in front of you but in front of the fellow next to

you or even farther away if you could manage it.... maybe it will bite, maybe it will crawl and its legs will tickle. The girls did not laugh. The class was in commotion. They moved the chairs to other parts of the room. But the plague continued. Did those ants drop from the ceiling? Did they crawl up the legs of the chairs? Why did they never get on the boys? They never found out where those ants came from. There was no Philo Vance at Central Hall to unravel the mystery.

Gunpowder can add to gayety on the Fourth of July. But why, we thought, have only one day for fireworks? So a trench was dug across South Court Street just where it touches Green Street, a little powder laid along this trench....not as much as a pound but quite enough for the purpose....then covered over with earth and patted down lovingly.... and finally set off by a fuse from inside the fence to flame up impressively in front of a belated company of our darker citizens coming down the alley from Main Street. Consternation and flight. This Operation Gunpowder was not repeated.

Then.... the Place must have a ghost. The native had a magic lantern, and one slide was a dancing skeleton. When that skeleton was shown dancing on the big barn doors, more than life size (Can you show a skeleton life size?), visible on dark nights from that same South Court Street, what a pattering of bare feet was heard as they scampered towards Charles Street! What exclamations of "Oh Lordy, look at dat!" This Operation Skeleton could not be repeated often.... once nine days was enough.... and so much for another nine days' wonder.

Among our grown up friends must also be included Mr A H Huber, to whom we could listen for hours as he would tell us about the campaigns of Napoleon or the Battle of Gettysburg ; Dr. D.F. Shipley,

a true disciple of Hippocrates.... though Hippocrates' patients are all dead, and Dr. Shipley's lived to feel grateful for his care; Mr. Zahn, the shoemaker ... in whose shop was held that celebrated argument about Is the Earth round or flat?... Mr. Weeks, whose wise sympathy saved more than one youth from going to the bad; and Mr Himler, who kept a store on the corner of Main and Court Streets and once showed the native something he wanted to know and did it without laughing at him. The native was ten then and had been to school in Washington, D.C. where he was expected to work problems in mensuration but was never shown what a peck or a bushel, a pint or a quart actually looks like. Mr. Himler measured out these quantities for him and helped him to understand why there was some sense in mensuration. Pythagoras could have done no more. (\*)

Some of us had guns. We could go hunting. This took us out into the woods all about the town. We wandered all over town too. In Irishtown you could be sure of a good fight. No animosity in it either, just for the fun of it.(\*\*)

But the Circus was the thing. I remember one circus that had a big side-show tent with a sign up: "For Men Only. Ladies and Children Not Admitted." Naturally, I hung around. Most of the sons of Adam in town filed soberly into the bog tent after first

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(\*) By no means should I have omitted mention of Dr. Henry M. Fitzhugh whose public spirit was manifested in 1900 plus, the year he freed the town of flies. You can read of that campaign elsewhere. The little boy, then older, came back for a visit to his home and found.... no flies anywhere in town. Was he surprised?

(\*\*) See the story of Wink Dell in Appendix

paying a quarter to get in. When they came out, each man had a funny look on his face, a sort of grin. What could be in that tent? They would n't say. And a boy had to know. Well, there was n't anything in that old tent but a pair of suspenders hanging up on the canvas. Yes, those were the days of the thimble game and the pink lemonade with what looked like a cake of ice floating around in the bucket but was really only a chunk of glass.

We now leave the native for a while and turn to the town. It is now the county seat of Carroll but not when it was first laid out in 1764 by William Winchester, who came from England. His house still stands ( \*\*\*) and his monument is in the Cemetery. He called the place Winchester at first, but as it was then in Frederick County partly ( the line between Frederick and Baltimore Counties ran along Sycamore Street as now ) and for this reason often confused with Winchester in Frederick County, Virginia, the name was changed. "It is," says Footner in his book on Maryland (\*\*\*\*) " a sober, old-fashioned town, a reminder of an earlier America with a deceptively sleepy air. It may well be the longest town for its size in America, since all of it is spread along one street. The reason for this is that, at the time when the great Western Road passed through Westminster, everybody wished to build on the main stem. Later a shorter route was laid out to the south.

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\*\*\*\* Hurlburt Footner: MARYLAND MAIN AND THE EASTERN SHORE p/119

"The Carroll County Courthouse, built immediately after the erection of the county ( that was in 1837), is a building of considerably more dignity than the Victorian aberrations scattered around the state. Since the town was in existence long before the county was established, the courthouse had to mbe built on a side street and most travelers drive through town without being aware of it. Standing aloof from the town's traffic under fine old trees, it is the most peaceful spot imaginable, but the same passionate dramas are acted there as in other courts." ( See p.9, \*\*\*\*)

There is no need now to remind you of how Colonel Joshua Gist made the mob take down and saw up the plle they had set up in travesty of the Liberty Pole to signify they would pay no taxes on whiskey, nor of Westminster's claim to Francis Scott Key as her son, since he was born at Terra Rubra nearby. Perhaps one of the town papers, if it has not done so already, will run a series of articles to review the men who have helped keep Westminster sane and sensible.

What people will remember .... is hard to determine. Why they remember what they do ... still a bigger puzzle. Carroll County is full of ghost stories..."no doubt," says Footner ( \*\*\*\*\*),"owing to the influence of the Pennsylvania Germans, who to this day are prone to dabble in the supernatural.

"There is the story of Leigh Master, who in the middle of the 18th century established the first iron furnaces. He had a negro servant, Sam, whom he disliked intensely. One night when the furnaces were in full blast, Sam disappeared, and there was much talk as a result. Once a workman, walking along the edge of Furnace Hill woods, heard a clop of hoofs approaching, and lo! Leigh Master rode by on a big gray horse crying for mercy on his soul. He appeared again to the accompaniment of horrible groans and clanking of chains, and again a third time. Others saw Leigh Master, always on the gray horse emitting smoke and flames from its nostrils. Sometimes he was followed by three little imps carrying lanterns and sneaking along as if looking for something. This story persisted for more than a century and lately has been given a new lease of life by a tenant in Leigh Master's old home who, in removing some bricks to get at the seat of a fire, uncovered an old oven which contained a human skeleton (\*\*\*\*\*)

"So much for the ghost. Carroll County has another reason for remembering Leigh Master. In summer the fields are white with the English daisy. It is said that Leigh Master imported the seed and sowed it in mistake for clover. They call it 'Leigh Master's clover' .

"Until recently the ruins of the Union Meeting House stood in Westminster Cemetery. One Lorenzo Dow, a famous evan-

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\*\*\*\*\* On November 8th, 1951 Mr and Mrs James Shriver, present owners of Furnace Hills, told me of the very recent discovery of another skeleton in their cleaning up old buildings.



gelist of the day, held services here in 1801. Three times in the course of his sermon the preacher called on Gabriel to sound his trumpet, and each time a mighty blast resounded from the sky. The effect was stupendous; weeping sinners crowded to the altar rail; it was probably the most successful revival ever held. Later it was whispered about that Dow had concealed a trumpeter in the branches of an elm tree outside the Meeting House. By that time the preacher had departed for other fields.

"During the Civil War the peace of Westminster was only once interrupted. On July 28, 1863 there was a Confederate Raid, and the First Delaware Cavalry defending the town was chased as far east as Pikesville. Horses were taken and the merchants forced to accept scrip. The Rebs were driven out by Federals the next day and immediately afterwards the whole Union force passed through on the way to Gettysburg. During the battle Westminster was the central point for Federal supplies; hospitals were established in the churches and school houses, and a mad activity prevailed. After a week the army moved on and the town resumed its usual quiet serenity, which has scarcely been interrupted since." (\*\*\*\*\*)

The first settlers in the town were English, but soon in came Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch( really German), and Miss Mary B. Shellman (\*\*\*\*\* \*) has this to say: "Their intermarriages produced a race of, people combining the fine qu

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\*\*\* \*\*\*\* o.c. p.121

\*\*\*\*\* \*\* Mary Bostwick Shellman: THE PIONEERS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF WESTMINSTER, p. 13

The people of this little village had three churches to worship in. Kreider's Church (John Greider built it): St Benjamin's Union Lutheran and German Reformer Church, originally a log building a storey and a half in height, built in 1763, located on the Gettysburg Pike on the left side a mile and a half from Westminster. Here is the oldest burying ground in the County. Later they built a handsome brick church. The Roman Catholic Church at

Main Street, and the Union Meeting House in the Cemetery, but this third church exists no longer... though still in 1800 there were only these three churches for the town.

The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Protestant Church, both on East Main Street, were built circa 1839; the Protestant Episcopal Church ( Ascension Church) on Court Street in 1844.

Later, the Lutheran or German Reform on Belle Grove Square in , the United Brethren ( Dunkard) Church, also on that same square, in .

Other churches ?

qualities of the nationalities of which we may well be proud. Some of the land grants dated back as far as 1721 and many tracts are still in the possession of their descendants and in the same name."

The population has been stated as being then 500, but I doubt that figure. Most of the settlers in this village had a trade. They all lived along the one street that had grown up along the highway. At that time there was no thought of its ever being much more than a village.... like "sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" that Goldsmith has celebrated. Friendly cows and inquisitive pigs might wander peacefully along the grassy side walk and the only sounds to break the summer silence would be the rattle of passing vehicles, the family carriage, the farm wagon, or the great covered Conestogas, and the laughter of children playing here and there in street or field.

The building of the turnpike through to Pittsburgh called for the "erection of hotels and taverns to accommodate the large number of travelers passing through daily and to induce others to settle in the town".

Incorporated in 1830, the town was erected into a city by Act of Assembly, 1837, the same year Carroll County was established from parts of Baltimore and Frederick Counties ..... and did Baltimore County hate to see this done!?

There was still only one stret by 1822...1832, as noted by Mrs Katherine Jones Shellman in her diary (\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*) . But that street by then ran as far north-west as half way up Terrace Hill.... on which the College now stands. Mrs Shellman says (\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*) says: "There were 61 voters and one

resident minister. Including dwellings, shops, churches, and school houses, there were 100 buildings all told." She lists as in the town at that time: 4 tan yards, 2 clock makers, 5 cooper shops, 4 blacksmiths, 1 pump maker, 1 apothecary shop, 2 tailors, 1 carriage maker, 4 physicians, 1 brewer, 2 cake and confectionary stores, 3 cabinet makers, 1 bank, 7 dry goods and and grocery stores, 3 hatters, 3 saddlers, 3 butchers, 1 dyer, 5 taverns, 1 school teacher, 1 potter, 1 huckster, 1 tinner"... ... 56 different trades and occupations.

Now in the gay nineties there were 26 places in and around Westminster ( See Appendix A 1 , the story of the camouflaged bar signs), where you could buy liquor, and at the same ratio ( about 4000 people being in town in the Nineties) 5 taverns would have sufficed for 769 people. But then the taverns of that earlier date had to cater to the men who came through town driving those big wagons, and if they were like the heroes of today, five taverns would hardly suffice to quench their thirst. Then the people must have drunk more water than liquor ... and of water there was an abundant supply. One spring at the Winchester home on Main Street next to the Shellman house was so inexhaustible that legends grew up about it. Miss Mary Shellman (\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*) says: "You are all no doubt familiar with the beautiful legend of the Well, which stood in the yard of those pure Christian women ( she means the Misses Lydia and Betsy Winchester) when they lived on Main Street. How in

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\*\*\*\*\*      \*\*\*\*\*      Mary B'Shellman: THE PIONEERS OF THE EARLY  
DAYS OF WESTMINSTER    p.            .

the time of a great drought, they refused to lock their gate, even after every other well in the village had failed, but standing it wide open, put on it a placard reading: 'Free admittance to all. Water belongs to God.' "

That well which supplied the town in the time of the great water famine went down to an underground stream that flows southward till here on what is now the Legion Square it was tapped by another well perhaps dug by Mr. Trumbo, and used by him and other tenants on the place till the Westminster Water Works was started and modern plumbing was put in the house. There was never any danger of either well running dry... not with an underground river to draw water from. There may even be caves along that river ... but not in this immediate vicinity.

Mrs Katherine Jones Shellman lists the houses and the people on Main Street in her time. You can read all this in Miss Mary Shellman's book, already referred to.

On both hills, Mitten's and Terrace, there were race courses, and all about were apple and peach orchards. In the woods were many chestnut trees and they were there as late as the nineties, for the native and his pals used to bring in quantities of them ....after the frost... when you could get persimmons too ( See Appendix A 2, the tale of the persimmon wine ).

Now you are at liberty to believe that the original village had a population of 500, but if so, it looks as if the population had decreased by 1832; but in 1860 there were 1200 in the town and in 1861 the railroad came through. There were more streets by that time too. Main Street was about the only

street till 1877 when Center Street was runnnorth; and though by 1863 Main Street had not gone beyond College Hill and there were then besides only Union Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, by 1887 Green Street had been extended across the railroad as far as Bond Street, and there were also Liberty Street, Madison, George, Belle Grove Square, Bond, Church, perhaps a few more. A picture of the town in 1887 is given in the little book on Westminster published by Vanderford Brothers in that year. (11\*)

By this time surely the town should have become accustomed to visitors. One indication of this is that the jail was built in 1837; but there had been taverns before that. Now there were not only taverns and hotels but a summer boarding house as well .... and it was filled with guests. In fact they all were. I do not suppose the jail held so many? For though there is a direct relation between taverns and jail, Westminster does not encourage sloth and drunkenness; but as a resort for people who seek quiet and a healthy climate, it is to be highly recommended. And this little booklet does just that. It tells us the town then had: 3 brick yards, 2 printing houses, 3 newspapers, 2 carriage factories, 1 flour mill, 1 ice-cream factory, livery stables, jewellers, 3 drug stores, 4 banks, undertakers, post office, grocery stores, dry goods stores, stationers, shoemakers, 1 harness store.... but I don't recall that it mentions the barbers. And they were an important part of the population....for not only did men gather in the barber-shop for a shave and the news, but little boys had to have their hair cut..... and little pitchers have big ears. (12\*)

Western Maryland College was founded as a private academy in 1860, reorganized as a college in 1866. Westminster Theological Seminary in 1822. The churches and the college have always been centres of culture and have helped immeasurably towards keeping the town a place where one has every incentive to good.



Now, however, with three newspapers besides, the town could be kept informed on all the news and all the local gossip.

The picture of the town given by Miss Mary B. Shellman overlaps that of the Vanderford Brothers' book and that of the native's sieve-like memory. On page 16 she says: "Yes, Westminster has changed beyond all recognition. I wonder if we have improved. Surely not in the simple, childlike faith which marked our early settlers, when every pew was filled on Sunday, and every member of every family was expected to be in his place in the family pew, and the Pastor was an honored guest at every fireside. It was a strong and vigorous race of men and women who settled in this part of God's Own Country, and their names should never be forgotten nor their memories (allowed to) fade away." On that I have no comment to make. I was more interested in what Miss Mary had to say about ghosts. On page 21 we find:

" ..... Morley, whose sunken grave in the Cemetery was a most mysterious spot; and the ghost of Big Tom, who cut his throat in the jail, and whose head was carried in a bag to Uniontown by Dr. Zollifoffer for examination .....(13\*)

"We were told that if we went to Morley's grave and called three times, with our pockets turned out and our hats or bonnets worn backwards, "Morley, Morley, what did you die of?" he would answer, "Nothing!" and although we tried it over and over again, to this day he has answered us nothing. Now that was Miss Mary's experience; mine was different. You see, he was an Irishman, and the Irish understand each other. Though I am only part Irish, I could pass.... and when I asked him, "What did you die of?"

sure and what did the owld gossoon say but "I died of a Tuesday and was buried of a Thursday." But don't misunderstand me. The ghost assured me that he was perfectly sober at the time.

But to return to Miss Mary's book, still on page 21: "The headless ghost of Big Tom haunted the grounds surrounding the jail, and I suppose he is still walking, looking for his head. At all events, I have never heard the story contradicted." (14\*) And we read of another headless ghost on page 22, "the headless ghost in the rear of Odd Fellows' Hall, and the really truly ghost of Furnace Hill." That of Furnace Hill was the ghost of Leigh Master.

"There ~~was~~ an old Ben Biggs," says Scharf in his History of Western Maryland (15x), who used to tell a queer story about his wrapping himself in a white sheet and going through the woods at night, crying, 'Stick, stuck!' which scared a great many people and secured for him an mnsavory reputation. He was a great wag. One poor fellow, a little superstitious, in going through the woods from a neighbor's house, with a pole balanced over his shoudlers and hung full of shad and herring, ran against Master's ghost, and hearing the voice shouting, 'Stick, stuck!' was so frightened that he took to his heels and dropped all his fish on the ground in his rapid flight, hallcoing to his old woman, as he came in sight of his house, for God's sake to open the door as Leigh Master's ghost was after him." I like the way Miss Mary settles this yarn (16\*): " ..... At all events Sam was never seen afterwards, and when Leigh Master died, years after ( He lived to the ripe old age of eighty years, dying March 22, 1796), the story

was circulated and believed by the ignorant and superstitious, that his ghost haunted the hills, and that nightly he would appear, always riding a white ( sic. gray in the earliest accounts) horse which emitted smoke and flame from its nostrils, and followed by three little imps, and that the clanking of chains could be heard in the distance as he was pursued by the devil ( As though the three little imps were not enough!). And although the closest investigation failed to show him as anything but an honest, public spirited, charitable gentleman, although rough in his manners, as were many of the men of that day, the tradition never failed to find plenty of believers, who under no circumstances or ( for no) consideration would travel Furnace Hills after nightfall."

And Miss Mary gives the story of Lorenzo Dow's revival correctly. For he was not, in my opinion, trying to fool his audience but rather wished to impress their imagination; and he did it very simply and dramatically. "The meeting not having been as successful as he wished," she tells us (17\*), "he preached a powerful sermon on the Judgment ~~Day~~, asking the question, 'If Gabriel were to blow his trumpet, announcing the Day of Judgment is at hand, would YOU be ready?' and in response came the blast of a trumpet, seemingly from the air. Again he asked the question, 'Would you be ready?' and again the trumpet blast, a little nearer. ~~The~~ The third time the question was asked, and again the sound of the trumpet. And the altar rail was filled with people,

pleading for mercy, and the revival was crowned with success from that night. Although it was afterward learned that the sound of the trumoet came from a trumpeter stationed in one of the tall elms which once stood sentinel-like on either side of the Church, many of our strongest and most faithful members of the early days of Methodism were the result of Lorenzo Dow's great revival." Now whatever you may think about this, you 've got to hand it to Lorenzo. Since it had been his custom to call the people together early in the morning with a trumpet, they might have known ..... they might have known .... that a stage property has the function of assisting drama towards climax.

In Mrs Shellman's day there was only one place in town where a child could buy licorice; in Miss Mary's day and mine you could get it almost anywhere... and we ate enormous quantities of candy. Some houses kept a candy jar that was more than half full most of the time... in anticipation of our visits. But when I first went into Mr Waesche's shop, that was next door to the Democratic Advocate office, and asked for a "poke of sweets", the clerk looked at me in wonder .... he did not know those words... and I had to translate my request to "a sack of candy".

It would seem from all this that it must have been dangerous to travel in or around Westminster by night; for if you did not meet the ghost of Leigh ~~Master~~, you might run into the Eternal Hunter. But his story that is told by Branford Gist Lynch in her A HUNDRED YEARS OF CARROLL COUNTY ... I shall not tell you now. It is not derived

from the myth of Orion.(18\*)

Now in such communities as Westminster, villages that grew up along highways, legends and signs, especially signs, spring up naturally. Some writers ascribe the belief in signs to the Pennsylvania Dutch more than to other settlers in our state. But ... take yourself for instance... if you are of other blood... and you will have to admit that you still entertain a few private superstitions, though you might feel offended if, like a smart psychiatrist, I should psychoanalyze you and point them out. Still, Lynch has this to say, on page 22: "Omens are events supposed to presage future events. From prehistoric times it has been the universal belief that any important occurrence is preceded by omens, or using the traditional English word, signs. The result has been a mass of popular rules handed down from generation to generation which exhibit great similarity all over the world, therefore the collection and classification of omens belong to all countries. The following "signs" have been handed down to us by our forefathers.....

1. In starting on a journey, if a rabbit or squirrel cross the road to the right, the journey will be successful. Misfortune may be averted by making a cross mark with the foot.

2. A black cat crossing the road is an evil omen. You must turn back at once.

3. If a crow flies in front of a man as he leaves home, it presages evil.

4. It is bad luck to hear the cry of the whipper-will when about to start on a journey.

5. The chirping of a cricket foretells sorrow; the advent of a bumble bee into the house is a sign of news or company.

6. If a person carry a hoe or a spade into the house, it is a sign of death to one of the household."

And one could add to his list:

7. On New Year's Day if the first visitor to a house be a man or a boy, it means good luck; but he must not leave by the same door he came in through.

8. If you spill salt on the table, you must take up a pinch of it and toss it over the left shoulder.

9. When one has finished eating, knife and fork must not be crossed on the plate but laid side by side with the edge of the knife turned in.

10. Making the 'cross' is an apotropaic sign or gesture that is still employed. Cf. "Cross my heart" and "Keep your fingers crossed"..... and not always are such signs used by children.

11. Then there is the belief that bad luck is attached to the number 13. And what about the "Eight Ball"?

Of course there are the weather signs.... as becomes a place frequented by travelers.

12. Before a severe winter, animals will store up much food and build warmer dens.

13. A heavy coat of fur on wild animals is a sign of a hard winter ahead.

14. If the crescent moon stand perpendicular, dry weather; if horizontal, there will be rain before the next phase of the moon.

15. Red sunset promises fair weather next day; red sunrise, bad weather " But this is only the familiar:

Evening red and morning gray  
Will speed the traveler on his way;  
But evening gray and morning red  
Will bring down rain upon his head.

The farmers in the Gay Nineties, however, did not have to depend on signs alone to tell them when to plow or sow; for they had the Hagerstown Almanac, which little boys liked to read for their rare jokes. When I say rare, I mean there were so few of them in those rare old almanacs.

Many of those old rules that appear to be only superstitions actually work out. The phases of the Moon have something to do with the growth of plants and the conditions of the weather. And, besides, we all have our own pet hallucinations. I remember once asking a First Mate on an Atlantic liner if he were superstitious. I said, "Do you believe that superstition about THIRTEEN being an unlucky number?" "Not at all," he answered, "Thirteen is my lucky number."

Consequently we really have no right to feel superior when we read of ghost stories and the signs and popular beliefs of our forefathers. They had a reason for telling them, they enjoyed telling them, and they believed them as far as it



suited the demands of the occasion. The proper formula for a tall tale, as told in the mountains, was... "Wal, stranger, if I did n't know this to be true, I would n't never have told you." Today Advertizing and Politics have taken over the tall tale, the ghost story, all the meat of mythology.

My wife got hold of my picture of the town in the Gay Nineties and censored many passages. What was left after her surgical operations I have already given you. So I may now go on to the picture of a Saturday night town.

Westminster is a Saturday night town. From seven in the morning till ten that night Main Street in the business section is thronged with people. The crowd is thickest just west of the railroad that cuts across the middle of the town; but so few trains run through nowadays that the strolling multitude would be uninterrupted were it not for a side street that here joins Main and along which an occasional motor car picks its way gingerly while the people surge along before and behind it, confident that the driver has all the time in the world and nothing to do half so urgent as their own important errands. On Saturday the countryside comes to the county seat. Some farmers, who own two cars, even send one of them into town early in the day in order to secure a good parking place at some vantage point from which can later be surveyed the glorious spectacle of Main Street as if from reserved seats. Then, when evening comes, they drive to town in the second car and take their places reserved to see the show. The townsfolk come out on their stoops and porches to

view thw passing throng or walk out up and down the street the better to learn what was going on and the better to feel themselves a part of all this buoyant life. This is a weekly festival. The country has come to town and the town extends a hearty welcome.

The shops are all open. In the glare of the many lights how bright the yellow glory of bananas displayed in front of the fruit stores! How white the gleam of the icing on the cakes in the restaurants! How brilliantly the window displays twinkle and glitter, the innumerable packages, cans and cartons in the food stores, and the drug stores that sell everything but drugs.... candles, Christmas cards, chewing gum, soft drinks, cigars, cigarettes, sandwiches, ice-cream, magazines, cheap books, cosmetics... everything that might appeal to the taste of man or woman, child or moron, busy shopper or idle stroller. These displays have all been given a special touching up for the occasion; for this is a Saturday night town and this is Saturday night.

In front of the Cinema ( though in this comfortable community where we speak English as we choose and not always as the grammars direct, one hears more often such expressions as "the movies" or "the movin' pitchers") the crowd divides, returns upon itself in an eddy that rolls out against and along the curb to form a line of waiting men and boys and their wives and girls, especially at such times as coincide with the termination of the showing of a film and the coming out of the previous audience. Are the patrons of

the movies mostly women and children? Does the comely matron and the laughing girl go to the movies in quest of romance, some thrill their ordinary lives have failed to give them? Do the movies add to the richness of our lives or flourish on the poverty of our experience? And why, I ask you, should anyone wish to go to a movie on such a night, on such a night as this? For all the interesting sights are in the street, the spectacles worth seeing are all on Main Street. Old friends you know well, and new friends you might like to know better ..... especially that pretty girl over there smiling at you. Yes, Westminster is a Saturday night town.

There is another crowd surging about the doors of the Five and Ten. If the street is a pageant, here is the museum. Here you can feast your eyes on all the marvels of modern manufacture. Utility there may be in many of these cheap gadgets; but the amazing ingenuity of them is to me a continual source of wonder. How can anyone think up so many things that I would n't have if you tried to give them to me! Thrifty souls may here rejoice in what sentimental souls find in the movies, that is, its equivalent in more concrete terms: the subdivision of a dollar can here become as fascinating as following the action if not the plot of a movie and shivering with ecstasy at the clinches in a scenario saturated with sentiment.

The crowd is a good American crowd, though here and there you may see a 100-per-center and maybe heard his foreign accent. In fact it may not be so very long until the only way you can spot an American will be by his foreign accent.... but

let that pass. There are old folk as well as young folk in this talkative mass that surges past and around you. You may even come upon a couple of country husbands whose wives fancy them safely parked, while they themselves go shopping, but do they stay put? Not much. They will just wander off by themselves to do a little sight-seeing on their own, to foregather with a few chosen spirits of their acquaintance or... here is one who has to go back to the car with a lot of bundles that the bustling wife has just brought out of some brightly illuminated emporium and deposited so possessively in his humble arms that she has not only robbed him of his "peace of mind" for the moment but also dislocated my overburdened sentence. No, one does not come to town every day, and though pleasure is all very well, all very well

there is the rest of the week to go through.

How many cans of beans will last us till next Saturday? Don't forget the sack of smoking tobacco either. Did you get the paper napkins? Where is the box of chocolates? And keep away from the tavern too .... unless you see an old friend just going in. For this is Saturday night and Westminster is a Saturday night town.

On all faces.... good humor, expectancy, glee. Haste, however, on but few. The pace along Main Street is unhurried, and if you have nothing urgent to attend to, the crowd will not be in your way. But on such a night, on such a night, on such a night as this.... you're in no hurry, you're no Romeo.

You see your old friends, you stop here for a little chat, there for a little chatter, you give and receive the news of various neighborhoods, you hear a joke or two, feel rather clever yourself at telling some bright thing you have picked up or passing on some pungent news item. There is laughter, there is amiable confusion, there is good fellowship, there is love making, there may even be a few bootleggers at your service.... for this is a Saturday night town.

On Sunday we shall have to go to church and mayhap confess our sins; but today is sacred to Saturn, and what so appropriate on such a day as this as a Saturnalia?

Let us join the gay company that passes up and down, up and down, in and out along the Street. A continual hubbub assails our ears and mingles ~~with~~ the hum of voices with the steady tramp-tramp-tramp of the marching, pacing, shuffling feet. Here and there a street-vendor hawks his wares. But we do not stop to listen, for we too are of the crowd and must be moving on. You can see so much more when you are free to move along with the crowd. It is a Saturday night crowd. The country and the town are both here.... for Westminster is the county seat..... and Westminster is a Saturday night town.

When I was just finishing this paper, I saw in the Saturday Evening Post of October 10th some verses entitled

#### SATURDAY AT THE COUNTY SEAT

and this is it:

Men halt in the littered spot before the bank

Or on dusty corners ... meet each other and stop

To light their blackened pipes, to gossip. Lank

Sun-wearied sages with sagging trousers prop

Their feet on the parked car's bumpers to talk, guffaw

And lament the state of religion, politics, law.

The street is noisy. Women and children crowd

And straggle and dodge through traffic. The pained

ear rings

With horns and whistles, with voices talking loud

Of sickness and death or crops and the cost of things.

The town wears a veil of dust and smoke above it;

Down here it is raucous and gritty and crude. I love it.

Nothing raucous or gritty or crude in Westminster. And do we  
love it?

## APPENDIX A

1. The snow was gently falling one way in the gay nineties, not very long after schools had opened in the fall. At the College the Freshmen had begun to feel conscious of their unimportance... and to long for achievement.

In the town there were 23 saloons.... three more in the country close by. But these 23 were mainly along the Street. On this day of falling snow... well, on any day of falling snow... the mind grows clearer, great ideas easily move in and the soul recognizes its inspirations.

The snow continued to fall... into the afternoon, into the evening. Snow covers many things. Even the signs on the saloons were harder to see in the twilight... and in the night practically invisible.

Along the street.... young men moving along... with white sheets... anticipation of camouflage... preventing criticism.. strange signs moving along under those sheets... and the young men climbed College Hill.

Next day... might have been Sunday... no signs on any saloons in town. Monday came too... as it usually does.. but no complaints to the police from any saloonkeeper. Why did they wish to hush it up? Never a word about the grand coup.

In a few days however new signs appeared on those old whiskey joints. And in many a student's room at the College a new decoration that might have shocked his aunts... but hardly his uncles.

( This happened sometime before 1900. Maybe the Class of 1896 or 1897 could tell you more about it. )



## APPENDIX A

2. The minister's wife was in a hurry and when the minister's daughter<sup>r</sup>rushed in and said: Mama, you forgot to put in the wine for communion and its today. Dad sent me back to get it." she was in more of a hurry and dashed down to the cellar and with her daughter's help took out a number of jars to the car, which the dau-ghter drove back out of town and eastward along the road towards Reisterstown. The minister's wife had work to do at home that mo rning and was staying at home to do it.

Hardly had her daughter driven out of sight than there came a call on the telephone. Yes, that was Miss Sally. She had h eard about the famous persimmon beer that the minister's wife had made. She had n't gone to church either. Might she come over and sample it? Of course.

Then the minister'ss wife went down to the cellar again and discovered..... that she had sent all but% one jug of her persimmon beer to the Church for the cõmmunion.

The minister's daughter told me herself..... that the congregation had to whistle the doxology.

## APPENDIX B

Notes 11\*... to ... \*

11\* . Westminster Vanderford Brothers. Published by the Democratic Advocate Company, Westminster, Jan 1, 1887.

12\* . The notable barber was Jim Hopes, who lived on South Court Street, had a shop on Court Street, and was in the Main Court Inn when the school was held there in the interregnum between Central Hall and the new High School. He had been "body sah'vent, suh," to Edwin Booth and could recite whole scenes from Richard III and Richelieu and other plays... with real talent for acting. A razor strop became a sword and Jim became Booth, the actor. The little boy was an appreciative audience.

13\* Now when a man is killed, his slayer will not wish the body to be buried intact; for a whole body can make a whole ghost .. and such a whole ghost is dangerous. That is why a head may be buried in one place and the body in another... then that ghost can not get back at the murderer... can work him no ill. But after a time... centuries... the people forget the old rationale of their beliefs... for what have come down as superstitions were originally philosophies and religious explanations of natural phenomena and physical law... and could even shiver at headless ghosts.

Perhaps the Indian custom of taking scalps might be included in this preventive "medicine"; for then the ghost of his enemy would be powerless or ashamed to molest his slayer.

14\*. Few adults would be inclined to contradict a ghost story in the presence of children. Right here comes up the question, How can we get the children to stay in at night and go to bed early. I am

sure that ghost stories would be resorted to by some parents and practically all nursemaids and "black mammies"... but these ghost stories in Carroll County do not come from the South. They have their counterparts in the countries of Europe, and might almost be copied from stories still current in Scotland and Ireland.

So you can see there was a practical reason for having ghosts that wandered about in the night.... and I fancy the grown ups were willing to use these stories to keep their children in awe of outdoors at night just as they were willing to use the myth of Santa Claus ... and Santa may be on a higher plane... say, the level of the chimney down which he is believed to come with a bag of toys on his shoulder to give .... to "good little boys and girls". So.. for childhood... our forefathers had a special pantheon of divinities and devils.... that lingered on even after Christianity had been established for centuries. The fear of punishment and the hope of reward... were cardinal principles in these cults of childhood.

But some little boys did not believe in Santa Claus at all. Some little boys went outdoors hunting for ghosts... with sling shots and bows and arrows. Dragon in the closet... better keep out... meant that one little boy tore closet inside out in search for dragon. The parents of my generation in Westminster taught us not to be afraid of the dark... but we were supposed to believe in Santa Claus... until we forgot that we had ever believed in him.

15\* J.Thomas Scharf: History of Western Maryland vol.II, p.923

16\* Mary Bostwick Shellman: The Pioneers of the Early Days of Westminster, 1924, p. 24

17\* Mary Bostwick Shellman; O.c. p.25

## APPENDIX C :GHOST STORIES

1. THE ETERNAL HUNTER. The Eternal Hunter is the title of another ghost story told me by the Rev. Miles Reifsnyder, who frequently heard the story from his father, A Dutch farmer had a large pack of fox hounds, Having bought some new hounds, he decided to take them out for a run with the other dogs, and so they started to hunt. Having hunted for half a day, they struck a trail and the baying and barking dogs all joined in the hunt. And so the master and his dogs went gaily on and on over hill and vale until night approached, and yet they could not find the fox. They kept on going until it grew very dark. When the farmer lost his head and made an oath before God that they would continue to hunt until they had the fox in their possession, God was displeased with such audacity and so he set the hunter and his dogs in the heavens as an example. So on cold nights you can hear the Eternal Hunter traveling through the skies in the van of his dogs in pursuit of the fox, cursed by God to go on pursuing the fox but never getting it. ---- Branford Gist Lynch: A Hundred Years of Carroll County. Westminster, 1939 pp.21

Mr. Reifsnyder's father relates that he having frequently heard the story of the Eternal Hunter, was traveling the lonely road on a clear, cold night when he heard the tramp of the hunter and the baying of the hounds, he thought ~~and on~~ looking up into the heavens, he was sure that he saw the hunter and his dogs, but on closer observation he found that the objects that met his gaze was a flock of wild geese. --idem p.21

## APPENDIX D

1. Mr Morelock's way of teaching led me into an odd experience. This was after we had moved into the New High School Building and the beginning of it was our difficulty in working a certain example or problem that came up during an Algebra lesson. Not one of us had done it when the class met that morning. Instead of working it for us and explaining it to us, Mr. Morelock said we might have another day or two and we should keep at it till he solved it. He would like to see which of us would be first to get the right solution. Larry Rinker, Oliver Schaeffer and I were rivals for the first place in the Class.

That night I worked at it for an hour or more -- no use. Finally I went to bed and fell asleep. Perhaps I was still thinking of it as I dozed off.

When I woke up, I was in front of the register in my room and the example was worked out in pencil on the whitewashed wall right above that register. The last figures were uneven, almost illegible, but still there were enough clear for me to complete the solution, and it was the right one -- thanks to the Subconscious.

The next day I proudly presented my solution. I do not remember whether Larry and Oliver had gotten it too, but I rather think they had not.

It would not have helped to tell my story about the subconscious doing my work for me; nobody would have believed it.

2. Another time Mr Morelock and I worked on a problem that had been going the rounds of Maryland - say in 1900 or 1899. It looks simple enough:  $x$  square plus  $y$  equals 7,  $x$  plus  $y$  square equals 11. He worked it and I have forgotten how he did it. I can now get only

the answers for the first quadrant. There are three other answers, as the equations involved are those of two parabolas that intersect in each quadrant.

Could Mr. Morelock have worked another problem that I asked Dr. Branz Mayer Roszel of Winchester to do in 1910? This is to construct a lune equal to a five-pointed star in area, either way you like to construct the other, knowing the area of the one. Dr. Roszel worked it out in five minutes, which I would call a record. Of course when I made up that problem I was hoping to stump Dr. Roszel, as I had no idea of how to solve that question but knew it was far beyond me.

## APPENDIX E :

Mrs Katherine Jones Shellman lists the houses and the people on Main Street, starting at the south-east end north side and going along to the end of town, then returing on the south side to the north-west end of town, as follows:

George Trumbo and son, potters

John Dell, shoemaker, mother and sisters.

Wm. Zollicoffer, physician and family, corner of Main Street  
and the Manchester Road (Noodle Duce) \*\*

Jacob Yingling, tanner, brick residence.

Jacob Yingling, tan yard.

Ludwig (Lewis Wampler ) Tavern.

Benjamin Campbell, cabinet maker (frame house and shop).

Garden of John Wampler, farmer and surveyor, whose brick  
dwelling was in course of erection on the corner of  
Main and Church Streets.

Opposite corner aatwo-storey log house owned and occupied  
by Ulrich (Owen) Eckler, a farmer and dyer.

Bank house, known as the Frederick Branch, John Wampler,  
cashier, and the residence occupied by Jacob Reese,  
father of Prof. James W. Reese.

Blacksmith shop and small red frame dwelling owned and  
occupied by Wm. Crouse, blacksmith.

Vacant lots until you come to the house owned and occupied  
by Covington Barnett of Baltimore as a summer home.

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\*\* Editor's note: The mystery of "Noodle Duce" ( whatever that  
may mean) will require further research by the Carroll  
County Historical Society.

The~~e~~ house was a comfortable ~~sto~~-storey log dwelling occupied by Jacob Taney, blacksmith. The shop stood in the yard.

Small frame building occupied by John Q. Miller, with copper shop attached.

Vacant lots.

Brick, two-storey dwelling built by Wm. Campbell, father of Jacob Campbell of Manchester, who lived there only a short time and then sold it to Michael Barnitz, who built a large brewery back of it and lived there many years. (\*\*\*)

Then came a small square building used as a tailor shop by Abraham Busby, and for many years afterward by David Burns, saddler.

Tavern -- afterward City Hotel and later Main Court Inn. Built before the Revolutionary War, and kept by Isaac Shriver.

Brick store, Jacob Reese, merchant.

Small dwelling, John Anderson, stage driver.

Office (frame), Dr. Wm. Willis.

Small dwelling, Charles Adams and wife (colored)

Dwelling, John C. Cockey, school teacher.

Dwelling, Jacob Grove, carriage maker.

Office, J. Lewis Wampler, surveyor.

Blacksmith shop, Henry Mourer.

Dwelling and office, Dr. Baringheit (German Doctor)

Wm. Frazier, silversmith

John Brown, cabinet maker.

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\*\*\* On the principle that it is better to have your beer brought to you than to be brought to your bier.



Jacob Utz, saddler shop.

Jacob Utz, residence.

"Granny" Weaver, residence.

James Holmes, blacksmith.

David Keefer, tavern.

Miss Peggy Fisher, confectioner.

Mrs. Winters and Miss Connelly, confectioners.

Logsdon family.

Harry Geatty, cabinet maker.

Barn, old Grandadam farm.

Mr. Little (Irishman), beginning of "Irishtown", first  
house west of railroad. \*\*\*\*

Mrs. Henry, mother of Francis Henry.

Francis Henry, storekeeper.

Billy Behoe and wife (colored)

Amos Lowe, at the Forks Tavern, successor to Johnny  
Logsdon.

Becky Elder, foot of Terrace Hill, home of John L. Reif-  
snider, ~~and then back~~

and then back towards the other end of town along the  
south side of the street, commencing at the extreme  
west end of Main Street, the first house was owned  
and occupied by

Mr. Peddicord, cooper.

Midway between there and the railroad \*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\* Another mystery to clear up. If this list was for 1820  
1832, why mention the railroad? It came through in 1861. It  
might be well for some one to collate this list with that in  
Miss Mary Shellman's book and make the necessary corrections.

Betsy Franz (colored)

Vacant lots.

Roman Catholic Church.

John Murray, store.

Charles Stevenson, huckster.

Mr. Crout, tinner.

James Mitten, butcher.

House rented to anybody. (sic!)

John~~n~~ Kuhn, hatter; Austin McKinzie, saddler; Nellie

Weaver. Three families in one house.

Nancy Pinkney (colored).

Philip Jones, merchant.

Jacob Mathias, tan yard and shop, now occupied by the

Odd Fellows Hall.

Jacob Mathias, tanner, residence.

Jacob Krull, shoemaker.

Thomas Gourley, teacher.

Jacob Utz, Sr. merchant.

Wm. Gety, laborer.

Misses Betsy and Anna Torbet.

Salt works (miscellaneous) \*\*\*\*\*

Jacob Grammer, tailor.

Basil Hayden, hatter.

Daniel Shuey, shoemaker

Nellie Addlesperger

(prosit nomen, absit  
omen)

"Old K&az" (Keziah) colored.

Jacob Sherman, farmer.

Dr. George Colgate.

Wm. McCannon, merchant.

John Crouse, cooper.

Jesse Willis, iron store.

# WHIPPING POST

Wm. Coppersmith, carpenter.

Jacob Crouse, Sr. blacksmith.

David Uhler, tailor.

John Fisher, bank cashier and farmer.

Mrs. Fisher, sons and daughters.

Jacob Fisher, tan shop.

Jacob Lemmon, tavern.

Jacob Wolf, clockmaker.

Mrs. Fringer, widow and family.

Mrs. Zepp, widow and family.

Andrew Powder, tanner.

Andrew Powder, shop.

Jacob Powder, Sr. farmer.

Andrew Powder (his son), merchant.

John Dell, shoemaker.

Miss Kitty Yinglong.

Jacob Powder, Jr. farmer.

Tom Mitten, butcher,

Granny Mitten.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wm. Mitten.

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\*\*\*\*\* Just where was the line between Frederick County and Baltimore County?