

PAPERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DELAWARE.

VII.

ANCIENT FAMILIES
OF
BOHEMIA MANOR;
THEIR HOMES AND THEIR GRAVES.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

ON March 21, 1887, at the request and in the presence of the Historical Society of Delaware, the Rev. Charles Payson Mallery, of New York City, delivered an address on the "Ancient Families of Bohemia Manor; their Homes and their Graves." There was present a large and intelligent audience, including representatives of the professions of law, medicine, and divinity. The address was listened to with untiring interest to its close, when a vote of thanks was tendered the author, and a copy of his paper requested for publication by the Society.

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I.

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IN the list of secular studies history is among the most interesting and important. Indeed, there seems to be an almost universal desire to lift the misty veil of the past and note the changing scenes that mark the progress of Adam's family through all the centuries past and gone. Not alone to satisfy the cravings of a curiosity that is commendable, but because the richest lessons of wisdom are drawn from the experience of the past. Still more interesting and important is the general, and especially the biographical, history of our own locality. Here, with emotions of

strange delight, we trace the heroic lives of the pioneers, and with ever-increasing interest watch the growing fields succeed the forest, the pleasant home supplant the rude log cabin, and the gradual development of society as it joins the onward march to a higher civilization.

On the other hand, there is a desire no less universal to be remembered by those who come after us. Prompted by this desire men have sought out the most enduring material by which to transmit their names and their achievements down the ages. They have reared monuments of granite, carved the solid marble, and written their names on the everlasting rocks. But all have yielded to the corroding power of Time, and their mouldering fragments are but subjects of doubt and speculation to the antiquarian.

“Written history is the great conservator of the past, and the most enduring memorial for the ages to come. The wondrous tower on the plains of Shinar is levelled with the dust from which it rose, and the glory of Babylon is shrouded in darkness. The pomp and pride of Pharaoh, the armies of Amalek, the power of Moab, the Syrian, the Chaldean, and all the heroes and nations of antiquity are known only through the written chronicles kept by the scribes of Israel,—chronicles that point the student to the dim and broken fragments of crumbling monuments that strew the track of finished centuries, and tell him what they are. Written history will be faithful to its mission when statues of bronze and columns of marble have crumbled away. It will not perish from the earth. Its universality, its capability of reproduction and translation

into all languages, insures its duration to the end of time." *

But apart from the history of the world, apart from the discovery, history, and growth of our country, apart from the settlement of the territory now constituting the States of Delaware and Maryland, apart from all this, *Bohemia Manor* has a history all its own, a history of deep and absorbing interest, not only to the descendants of the old pioneers, but to all who have found a home within its borders, or have become familiar with its traditions and the names of those who in the long past made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. May we not then with pleasure and profit devote an hour to the more prominent features in the history of Bohemia Manor?

Charles the First, King of England, in 1632 granted to George Calvert (a royal favorite), whose title was Lord Baltimore, a charter for the territory that was called Maryland in honor of Queen Mary. But Lord Baltimore died before the title was perfected, and his son Cecil Calvert, according to the laws of primogeniture, inherited the title and the grant designed for his father. This son, and in fact each succeeding proprietary, laid claim not only to what is now the State of Maryland, but to all the land and water east of it as far as to the present State of New Jersey, including the settlements on the Delaware, claimed and occupied by the Dutch.

Under these circumstances it became the duty of Petrus Stuyvesant, the Director-General of Holland's interests in

* Dr. Brower, Danville, Pennsylvania.

America, to challenge these assumptions, and vindicate the claims of his own government. He accordingly despatched an embassy to the governor of Maryland to adjust, if possible, the controversy. For this important business he appointed Augustine Herman, a man of ability, with whom was associated as secretary and interpreter, a person named Resolved Waldron. This embassy reached the Peninsula by way of the Delaware River, crossed it, and entered the Chesapeake Bay, down which they sailed until they arrived at St. Mary's, the seat of government.* Here they met the governor of Maryland, with whom they conferred.

On his return voyage it is probable that Herman ascended the Bohemia River and crossed the territory that in the near future was to come into his possession. At all events, he was anxious to own and occupy some of Lord Baltimore's broad acres, and, therefore, wrote to the latter, offering to prepare a map of Maryland in consideration of a gift of a manor. The proposition was accepted. Lord Baltimore got the map and Herman became the happy possessor of more than twenty thousand acres of the most attractive and fertile land in Cecil and New Castle Counties, to which, in honor of his native land, he gave the name of "Bohemia Manor."

But little is known concerning the early history of Augustine Herman. Born in the city of Prague, in the kingdom of Bohemia, about the year 1621, he came to New York in 1633, in the employment of the West India Company. Later he was in company with Arent Corssen, and

* See Schuyler's "Colonial New York," vol. i., p. 55.

in June, 1644, he was with Laurens Cornelisson, an agent of Peter Gabry & Son. Three years later, he was appointed by the Director and Council of New Netherlands, one of the "Nine Men," a body of citizens selected to assist the government by their counsel and advice.

Herman was a man of good education, a surveyor by profession, skilled in sketching and drawing, an adventurous and enterprising merchant, and, as some one has said, "the first beginner of the Virginia tobacco trade." A friendly notice of his speculative genius is given by Van der Donk, who describes him as a curious man and a lover of the country, who made an experiment in planting indigo-seed near New Amsterdam, which "grew well and yielded much." He engaged in mercantile pursuits and acquired a large estate in New York. His residence embraced an orchard and extensive garden, situated on the west side of the present Pearl Street, covering the line of Pine Street.*

There are various traditionary stories about the causes which constrained Herman to surrender the comfort and convenience which the occupancy of these possessions afforded for the then wilds of Delaware and Maryland, with all their attendant discomforts. It is known that a serious disagreement, perhaps of long standing, existed between Herman and Stuyvesant, because, as some suppose, the Director-General insisted upon having the map which Herman had drawn for Lord Baltimore, and which, no doubt, would have been serviceable in adjusting the long-disputed boundaries; or because, as others suppose, a love-rivalry

* See "New York Genealogical and Biographical Record," 1878.

had once existed between Herman and the Dutch governor for the affection of some charming Dutch *Frau*, in which Herman was the successful suitor, and which so aroused the hostility of Stuyvesant that he made New Amsterdam too hot for Herman, who, poor man, as soon as possible, transferred himself and his property to Calvert's country.

If the lady who was the bone of contention was Herman's second wife, of whom we know a thing or two to her discredit, the contentious governor had much reason for gratitude that he missed her, for traditionary testimony affirms that she became a miserable wife, neglecting her husband, and making it so hot for him and his household that he was no longer the master of his home, and his children were compelled to find shelter elsewhere. But a more reasonable cause can be suggested for Herman's leaving New York and settling in the South.

Among the early settlers in this country very many, from ambitious feelings and long contact with titled men and monarchies, manifested a strong inclination to introduce the custom of entailing their lands, and establishing "manors," for the purpose of erecting large hereditary estates, and thus, as they hoped, titled families for their descendants. The Livingstons in New York, and Calvert and Carroll in Maryland, as well as others elsewhere, attempted it. But all these cob houses fell in ruins before the clay bodies of their founders had returned to dust, and the evils which the law of primogeniture inflicted upon the junior members of a family, and especially the interruption to agricultural improvement, and the settlement and prosperity of the community, induced the American statesmen and legislators of the past century

to set their faces against the continuance of the system, and by establishing modes of legally destroying an entail, in perhaps nearly all of the States, have greatly limited and largely defeated these intentions.*

But that these intentions were among the principal motives that induced Herman to desire and eventually to establish a manor, no one familiar with his history can doubt. A few facts will substantiate this statement.

The tract of land which, with the title and privileges of a manor, was granted to Augustine Herman in 1660 consisted of more than twenty thousand acres of some of the best land in Cecil and New Castle Counties, and is described and bounded as follows: It commenced on the old Choptank Road, near the present residence of Mr. Thomas Murphy in the vicinity of Middletown, thence north to the head of Back Creek, thence down its waters and those of the Elk River to their confluence with Bohemia River, and up that stream to the place of beginning. To this large tract he gave the name of Bohemia Manor, in honor of his native land, and to it, in 1661, he transported from New York his family and as many of his friends as he could induce to accompany him. Under the above date Herman himself, in writing of his colony on the river, says, "I am now engaging settlers to unite together in a village." If this village was ever established, all trace of it is obliterated, unless, as I think probable, one or two very ancient structures still standing on the Manor are remnants of it.

At the time Augustine Herman founded and seated

* Thomas C. Hambly, author of "The Legend of Moore's Run."

Bohemia Manor, he was about forty years old, and his family consisted of his wife, Jannetje, daughter of Caspar and Judith Varleth, of New Netherlands, who was born in Utrecht, and was married in New Amsterdam on December 10, 1651; and their five children, whose names were Ephraim George, Casparus, Anna Margareta, Judith, and Francina.

Herman selected a beautiful building site on the banks of the Bohemia River, commanding a view of a broad expanse of waters towards the setting sun, and here he erected the manor-house, a large and substantial structure that stood for about one hundred and twenty-five years. A few bricks and the outlines of a large cellar alone remain to indicate where the building once stood.

It would be interesting to know something of the domestic and social life of the distinguished owner and occupant of this manor-house. Even before he moved from New York he was reputed to be wealthy, and, from all that we know of him afterwards, we conclude that for years he must have lived in baronial ease and opulence on his Manor, enjoying an abundance of the good things of this life, including a well-spread board, a rich wardrobe, as well as wines, fish, fowl, horses, and cattle. The walls of his house were adorned with beautiful and expensive portraits of himself and several members of his family, and not far from his door was a deer-park, the outline of whose enclosure may still be traced.

II.

HERMAN'S SONS AND OTHER HEIRS.

Herman's Famous Charger—His Celebrated Ride—The Death of Herman—A Visit to his Grave—The Herman Portraits—The Succession to the Title, etc.—Fruitless Litigations—The Ensors—The Lawsons—Colonel Edward Oldham's Family.

WE have referred to Herman's horses. One of these has immortalized himself and his lordly rider by a most extraordinary feat. Tradition says that Herman, during his residence on the Manor, had occasion to visit New York in the interest of his property there, and that he made the journey on horseback. We can well imagine that no gallant knight, in the days of chivalry, ever bestrode a nobler animal than the favorite horse that bore the lord of the Manor through the almost pathless forest to the great city. There he found his estate in the possession of squatters, who ignored his rights and imprisoned him in a large stone warehouse, up the high steps of which, to the second story, he bravely rode, refusing to part from the companion of his journey.

During the night he remounted his horse, and, spurring it into fury, forced an opening in one of the large windows, when horse and rider alighted on the ground below. So great was the shock that the blood gushed in a stream from the nostrils of the horse; but so little did that affect

either horse or rider that they forthwith swam the Hudson River, then traversed the unexplored forests, swamps, and streams of New Jersey, until they reached the banks of the Delaware River opposite the town of New Castle, where they crossed the stream, and finally arrived in safety at the manor-house.

Other versions of the same tradition are extant, so that it is difficult to decide which is accurate. Suffice it to say that something of this general character occurred, for Herman himself had the feat pictured on canvas, and when the celebrated charger died gave him decent burial in his own family graveyard. Other misfortunes overtook the lord of the Manor. In a few years after his removal to Maryland his first wife died, and she was the first, or certainly one of the first, to find burial in the graveyard which he had laid out in his vineyard on his home plantation. His older children, now still older grown, had married, and moved from under the parental roof to establish homes of their own.

Thus left alone, in course of time, Herman, that he might have some one to assist him in the superintendence of his large establishment, but especially that he might have some one to care for him in his declining days, decided to take to himself a second wife. This was a mistake and misfortune that proved fatal to his peace and prosperity. The new wife neglected him, and sorrow and sickness became his portion. Finally, worn out in body and disquieted in soul, the once wealthy and influential lord of the Manor breathed his last, and was buried beside his first wife, and near the noble horse which had delivered its

owner from imprisonment. At the time of his death Herman was about sixty-six years old, and had occupied the Manor about a quarter of a century. Over his grave was placed a large stone tablet, which Herman had ordered previous to his death, and which bears the following inscription:

AVGVSTINE HERMEN, BOHEMIAN,
THE FIRST FOVNDER &
SEATER OF BOHEMIA MANNER.
ANNO 1661.*

This stone that has withstood the wear and tear of two hundred winters I have frequently seen. It is about four inches thick, three feet wide, and seven feet long. Years ago it was removed from the spot it was intended to mark, and now lies several hundred yards distant therefrom, and the grave itself is entirely obliterated. I doubt whether three persons, besides myself, are living to-day who could tell just where Herman lies buried. I may remark in passing that the grave is about five hundred feet due north from the house, long ago destroyed by fire, which was the Bohemia Manor home of Governor Richard Bassett, who, by the way, became the possessor of the site of Herman's grave and Herman's house, and of a portion of its furniture, including the portraits of Herman and his horse, his wife, and one of his sons.

Just here let me quote a few lines, in simple language, from the diary of a young girl who, as long ago as May,

* Evidently the inscription is the work of an unskilful and illiterate artisan.

1815, visited the spot I have just described. She says, "We strayed all around Governor Bassett's garden, accompanied by the gardener, who is a Swede. There was a spacious orchard. Mrs. Hodgson asked me if I had ever taken a walk to the old manor-house. I told her that I had not, but that I would like to see where the old manor-house once stood. She said I might also see where old Herman was buried. His tomb is there yet. By this time we had reached the end of the orchard. . . . Henry, the gardener, opened the gate. We soon reached the spot where Herman and his horse were buried. We found his grave among the sumachs and elders. We saw the place where the house and garden were once located.

"Mrs. H. told me that she had all their pictures in her room. . . . When we returned to the house Mrs. Bassett asked us to tea, and after tea we went in to see the pictures. There was one of old Herman in life-size, one of his wife, one of his son, and one of his son's wife."

Copies of the above-named pictures, or at least of those of Herman and his horse and Herman's wife, are now in the possession of Mr. James R. C. Oldham and Mrs. Dr. C. H. B. Massey, both of whom are descendants of the brave Bohemian. The features of the latter, as represented upon the canvas, are decidedly German. His hair parts in the middle and falls in thick locks to the shoulders. He has a beardless face, prominent cheek-bones, firmly-set lips, and piercing eyes. He wears a straight-breasted, red-colored frock-coat, an ample white necktie that falls upon his bosom, and ruffles that are so full and long that they half cover his hands. One of his hands is besmeared with

blood that flows from the nostrils of the panting charger at his side.

The portrait of Madam Herman is probably the only representation extant of that distinguished lady. Her hair is black, her forehead high, her nose sharp, and her mouth small. Her skirt is of a light-colored material, while her overskirt (which does not completely cover her dress) and its body are of green,—the latter being pleated. Her arms are bare from the wrists to the elbows. Her dress is cut moderately low at the neck, where is a broad lace collar.

Of all the distinguished men of provincial and colonial times I cannot recall one who so earnestly endeavored to immortalize himself as Augustine Herman. He called his Manor by the name of the land of his nativity and he gave his own name to a cove, and a stream, and other natural objects within his territory. He willed that his heirs should adopt his name, and even provided that his name and his title of “lord of the Manor” should be engraved on the monumental stone that was to mark his grave.

But alas for the transitory character of terrestrial things, to-day there does not live a man who bears his name; the streams that he named after himself are now called by other titles; his grave is levelled with the adjacent ground and is lost to view; and the substantial stone that was intended to mark the grave has been removed. The late Richard Bassett Bayard, of Baltimore, on whose farm this stone is located, requested the writer to arrange, at his expense, for the re-erection and preservation of this tablet, but before the work could be accomplished Mr. Bayard died. It would be highly proper for the Delaware or

Maryland Historical Society to see that this stone is re-erected in its appropriate place, or that it find lodgment among the interesting relics of the Society.

Augustine Herman died in 1686, and his title and Manor descended to his oldest son, Ephraim George, who at this time was about thirty-five years old. He had accompanied his father's family on their removal from New York, to which city he returned, and held an office under the government. He moved to Delaware about 1676 and settled at New Castle, and became an influential citizen. He was married in New York on September 3, 1679, to Elizabeth Van Rodenburg, a daughter of the governor of Curaçoa, and died in 1689, at which time his Manor passed into the possession of his only brother.

This brother, whose name was Casparus Herman, previous to the death of his father and brother, owned and occupied a place on the Delaware River below where Port Penn now stands, and called it Augustine, during which time he was for several sessions a member of the General Assembly from New Castle. In later years he represented Cecil County in the Maryland Legislature. He inherited from his father a large tract of land south of Bohemia Manor, called Little Bohemia, or Bohemia Middle Neck, which is to-day in part the property of the Crawford and Flintham families and the heirs of the late Judge Edward G. Bradford, of Wilmington.

Casparus Herman was married three times. First to Susanna Huyberts; second, in New York, on August 23, 1682, to Anna Reyniers; and third, on August 31, 1696, to Katharine Williams. He was associated with Colonel

Edward Cantwell in the erection of a mill on Drawyers Creek, over which stream, at Odessa, Cantwell built a bridge, which gave to the town the name of Cantwell's Bridge. It was not until a later date that the place was called Odessa, from a fancied resemblance to the great grain-shipping port of that name on the Black Sea.

One can hardly believe that, but a few years since, the now immense transportation of freight carried on by railroads, barges, and sailing vessels was formerly brought by sloops only, up the Chesapeake Bay to Niedy's Wharf, on Bohemia Manor, and thence, by a few country teams, transported across the Peninsula through where Middletown now stands to Cantwell's Bridge, or Odessa, as it is now called, and thence reshipped to Philadelphia. Those were slow times, but the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which, by the way, nearly touches the northern boundary of Bohemia Manor, and finally the construction of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, changed and improved that state of trade into the pace and volume of to-day.*

On June 3, 1690, his brother being dead, Casparus Herman was formally granted, and he assumed possession of, the manor-house. Here he resided for a number of years, enjoying the honors and emoluments of the third lord of the Manor, and then, with but little to signalize his last days, he died at the age of fifty years, leaving his estate to his only son, Colonel Ephraim Augustine Herman, who became a man of affairs; several times represented his county in the

* Thomas C. Hambly.

State Legislature, and wielded considerable influence in the civil and social interests of the community. He leased, in 1713, to Henry Linton a farm on his Manor, where may still be seen the house and the room in which Doctor Bird wrote the play entitled "The Gladiator," which became one of the tragedies of the distinguished actor Edwin Forrest.

Colonel Ephraim Augustine Herman's first wife was Isabella, daughter of Maurice Trent, of Pennsylvania, by whom he had two daughters, Catharine and Mary. His second wife was Araminta, by whom he had one child, a son, who survived his father only four years, dying previous to 1755, and with whose death the last male bearing the surname "Herman" passed from earth.

The children and grandchildren of this family were for many years contending in the courts for their respective rights in Bohemia Manor. It would be tedious to write, and more tedious to read, of all the intricacies and ramifications of these civil suits. Suffice it to say, that "the litigation that had lasted for more than half a century ended about the termination of the Revolutionary war, and at the same time ended the legal existence of Bohemia Manor, that had continued for a period of one hundred and twenty-eight years."*

I ought to have said that Colonel Ephraim Augustine Herman's youngest daughter, Mary, married John Lawson, whose share of Bohemia Manor was eventually owned by Governor Richard Bassett, and that his eldest daughter, Catharine Herman, married Peter Bouchelle, and had a

* See Johnston's "History of Cecil County, Maryland," page 185. This history is an interesting and valuable work.

daughter Mary. The latter, in the year 1757, became the wife of Captain Joseph Ensor, of Baltimore County, Maryland, and, subsequently, the mother of a family whose history is replete with adventure and romance.

Of three members of this family special notice may here be taken,—Augustine Herman Ensor, Joseph Ensor, and Mary Ensor. The first named, Augustine Herman Ensor, was born January 28, 1761. While yet in his minority he was the acknowledged lord of the Manor, but, alas, on the very day on which he, with several gay companions, was celebrating the attainment of his majority, he was thrown from his horse and killed.

The second named, Joseph Ensor, Jr., or “Josie Ensor,” as he was familiarly called, was the next succeeding heir, but, being an idiot, he was incapable of occupying and enjoying his inheritance. Yet, after all, he was not so feeble, intellectually, as to forget that he was “lord of the Manor,” as he was wont to style himself, in vindication of which claim he would, with his cane, draw a circle about him in the soil of his domain, and defy any one who disputed his rights “to cross that circle.”

The third named, Mary Ensor, on November 21, 1784, was married to Colonel Edward Oldham, of the Revolutionary army. The latter was engaged in almost every action in the South, and, with the exception of Kirkwood, of Delaware, and Rudolph, of the Legion of Infantry, was probably entitled to greater credit for fortitude and bravery than any officer of his rank in Greene’s army.* In the celebrated

* See “Memoirs of the War of 1776,” by Henry Lee.

charge on the British at Eutaw, of thirty-six men, whom he led, all but eight were killed or wounded, yet he forced the enemy. At the North he was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. At his death he was buried on his wife's inheritance on the Manor, which then was, and still is, called "The Mansion Farm." His tombstone bears this inscription:

THIS MONUMENT
is erected in love and honor
to the memory of
COLONEL EDWARD OLDHAM
who departed this life
Nov. 4th, 1798,
in the 42d year of his age.

His wife, mentioned above as Mary Ensor, died in 1819, aged fifty-four years, and lies buried near her husband.* His children were Maria, Elizabeth, Ann, Edward, George Washington, Charles Herman, and Harriet. George Washington Oldham's grandson, Oldham Massey, is the only representative of the family now residing on Bohemia Manor.

* The writer has, in his historical collections, many interesting items relative to the descendants of these noted personages. He has also a genealogical chart of the Oldham family.

III.

HERMAN'S DAUGHTERS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

Anna Margareta marries Matthias Vanderheyden—Their Beautiful Ariana—Colonel John Thompson and his Family—"Old-One-Hundred-and-Five"—Broad Creek Meeting-House—Bethel and Bishop Asbury—Governor Clayton's Life, Death, and Burial—Herman's Village—The Labadists settle on Bohemia Manor.

THUS far we have followed the fortunes of the sons of the first lord of the Manor and their descendants, but have had nothing to say of his daughters. These were three in number, and bore the names of Anna Margareta Herman, Judith Herman, and Francina Herman, to whom their father bequeathed a large tract of land adjoining his Manor, consisting of three contiguous necks, which tract he entitled "The Three Bohemia Sisters."

The first-named daughter, Anna Margareta Herman, was married, about 1680, to Matthias Vanderheyden, formerly of Albany, who was related to the distinguished Schuyler family of New York. Their daughter, Ariana Vanderheyden, born in 1690, was noted for her beauty and accomplishments. She became the wife of Hon. Thomas Bordley, of Bordley Hall, Yorkshire, England, afterwards Attorney-General of the Province of Maryland, whose son John Beale Bordley, was the last of the admiralty judges of Maryland under the provincial government, and, by the

way, the step-father of General Thomas Mifflin, governor of Pennsylvania, and president of Congress when General Washington resigned his commission.

On the death of her husband, Ariana married Edmund Jennings, Esq., of Annapolis, the son of Sir Edmund Jennings, of Yorkshire, England, and in 1737 accompanied him to England. She was there inoculated for the small-pox, of which she died in 1741, leaving a daughter, who became the wife of John Randolph, of Virginia, and the mother of Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State during the presidency of General Washington. A portrait of the beautiful and accomplished Ariana was preserved by her descendants* up to a recent date, when one of her great-granddaughters declared it to be so defaced and decayed as to appear worse than a skeleton, and had it destroyed.

The second daughter of Augustine Herman was Judith, who became the wife of Colonel John Thompson, a provincial judge, who was distinguished in the history of the early treaties with the Indians on the Delaware. Through his wife he became possessed of many acres† that had formerly belonged to his father-in-law, the lord of the Manor. But, besides these, he had large possessions elsewhere, including a house in New Castle and a farm in New York, which he and Colonel Bayard held in partnership. He

* The writer has facts of interest relative to other descendants, namely, the Griffiths, of Indianapolis, Gibsons, of Philadelphia, Cummins, of Washington, D.C.

† Now possessed by his descendant, Mr. Samuel Thompson, and by Colonel Fletcher Price, the Harbert family, and others, residing near Pivot Bridge, Maryland.

lived, as is supposed, to the advanced age of one hundred and nine years, and then died, leaving his eldest son in possession of the property he had inherited from the first lord of the Manor.

This eldest son was Richard Thompson, born November 1, 1667, who, like his father, became a centenarian several years before his death. Indeed, he lived so long that his neighbors began to think that he did not intend to die at all. And when he passed his eightieth year without dying, and his ninetieth, and his one hundredth, and then his one hundred and fifth, and still did not die, either to distinguish him from the paternal centenarian, or for some other reason vulgar people called him "old-one-hundred-and-five."*

Many years before this, in 1723, this same Richard Thompson leased for a term of twenty-one years, for one ear of Indian corn, one acre of his land near, if not bordering on, the present Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, near Pivot Bridge, to the "Bohemia and Broad Creek Presbyterian congregation," who erected thereon a church edifice, within and about whose walls, in the long ago, occurred a proceeding which, in our day, would be considered unusual in the extreme.

Alexander Hutchinson, a licentiate from Scotland, was about to be ordained to the gospel ministry by the Presbytery then and there in session and installed pastor of the church. Immediately preceding the solemn service the clerk of the body made proclamation three times at the

* For further historical, biographical, and genealogical data, see the author's monograph of "The Thompson Family."

door of the sanctuary that, "if any persons had anything to object against the ordaining of the candidate, they should make it known to the Presbytery now sitting." No objection being offered, the said Mr. Hutchinson was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry by fasting, and the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery. Every trace of the existence of this old structure and of the graveyard that surrounded it has long since disappeared, except several inscribed tombstones, the oldest of which is to the memory of Gabriel Clark, who died on July 27, 1757.

Not far from this spot, at a much later date, was erected, on ground given for the purpose by Ephraim Thompson, a grandson of the above-named Richard Thompson, what was long known as "Old Bethel Methodist Church," to whose erection two governors of Delaware—Governor Richard Bassett and Governor Joshua Clayton—made pecuniary contributions. Bishop Asbury visited this church, and his services so affected his hearers that they sang and leaped for joy. In the same pulpit, in still later times, appeared that zealous and eccentric preacher Lorenzo Dow, whose preaching-appointments were so many, and whose circuit was so large, that he was accustomed to ride at the rate of thirty miles a day and preach in several places between breakfast and bedtime.

On the occasion to which I refer, a great congregation had gathered in old Bethel church, filling the pews and aisles. When his sermon was ended, the eccentric preacher, rather than waste time and strength in forcing his way through the crowd to the door, deliberately jumped from the pulpit-window to the ground, and hurried on to his next appointment.

A graveyard now occupies the site of this old sanctuary, and here rest the mortal remains of not a few who were prominent in church and state a generation or two ago. Among these may be mentioned the governor of Delaware referred to a moment ago. He and his once beautiful wife lie buried beneath one gravestone, whose inscription reads as follows:

Sacred
to the memory of
HON. JOSHUA CLAYTON, ESQ.,
who departed this life
Aug. 11th, 1798, in the 54th year of his age.
Also of
RACHEL, wife of Hon. Joshua Clayton, and
mother of James L. Richard and Thomas Clayton.
She died Jany 7th, 1821, aged 70 years.

One of the above-named sons, Thomas Clayton, was chief justice of the State of Delaware, and also represented that State in the United States Senate.

Governor Joshua Clayton was a physician as well as a statesman, and happened to be a member of Congress from Delaware when that body held its sessions in Philadelphia, and while the yellow fever scourged that city. He gave medical treatment to persons afflicted with the fever, and was very successful. When the fever began to abate he returned to his Bohemia Manor home, where he died, having contracted that malignant disease. His last will and testament prescribed that his body should be buried in the most convenient burying-ground in the neighborhood, and directed that neither sermon nor funeral-service should be delivered at his burial.

It may be remarked, in passing, that not far from where this distinguished man died was the home of Mary, the daughter of Alexander Stuart, who became the wife of Rev. Thomas Read, D.D., who at one time preached with great eloquence to the Presbyterian congregation in Wilmington, whose services were held in the ancient structure now occupied by the Delaware Historical Society. The remains of Dr. Read were, at his death, buried within these walls, but subsequently were removed to the graveyard adjacent. Some of his descendants may be found in the family of Read Jennings McKay, M.D., of Wilmington.

The third and youngest daughter of the lord of the Manor was Francina Herman, born about the year 1662. In her girlhood she went from Maryland to Holland, but soon returned to this country. She married Joseph Wood, and inherited from her father several hundred acres of the tract of land called "The Three Bohemia Sisters." On her inheritance, and near the present homestead of Mr. Thomas McIntire, stood, until a few years ago, a substantial brick mansion whose ornamentation, in carved wood and chased cornice, was admired by many. The history of the house is involved in obscurity, and at the time of its demolition an atmosphere of "ghostly" mystery surrounded it. Francina had a son, grandson, and great-grandson who bore her husband's name. The property passed out of the possession of the family one hundred and fifteen years ago.

Augustine Herman, immediately after establishing himself upon Bohemia Manor, made several attempts to organize a colony or village there, but only indifferent success

attended his efforts for more than twenty years. Discouraged and aged, he wellnigh abandoned all efforts in that direction, when, in December, 1679, two travellers unexpectedly arrived at the manor-house, where, by letter, they were introduced to Herman as Petrus Sluyter and Jasper Dankers, representatives of a religious society called Labadists, located at Wiewert in Friesland, who were anxious to colonize in America, as soon as a suitable tract of land could be obtained for that purpose.

The Labadists were a communistic body founded by a French Jesuit named Jean de Labadie. He abandoned the order of Loyola, and, in 1650, joined the Reformed church, and entered the Protestant ministry. Finally he seems to have lost all religious reckoning, and so found it necessary to organize a new sect to suit his own distempered imagination. Eloquent as a preacher, he soon aroused the enthusiasm of those who indulged in golden dreams of paradise on earth under the social system so eloquently described and painted in the glowing colors of the finished orator. He exerted himself to the utmost for the restoration of Apostolic religion on pietistic principles, and gained many partisans.* But Labadie died in 1674, at Altona, in Denmark, whither he had gone with his followers, who soon removed to Wiewert in Friesland, where, gaining but few adherents, they resolved, as has already been stated, upon colonization in America.

Their agents, Sluyter and Dankers, were well pleased with a tract of land on Bohemia Manor, consisting of four

* Dr. Brower, Danville, Pennsylvania.

contiguous necks of land and comprising three thousand seven hundred and fifty acres, for which a deed of conveyance was executed by Augustine Herman on the 11th of August, 1684. Secure in the possession of this tract of land, which has thenceforth borne the name of "The Labadie Tract," Sluyter and Dankers prepared immediately to establish the community on it. A company of men and women, including several families, arrived from Wiewert. A few persons residing in New York also removed thither. Sluyter declared himself bishop or abbot, and installed his wife a kind of abbess over the female portion of the establishment. Thus was formed not only a new colony but a new church of Labadists in America.

The members belonging to this community did not at any time greatly exceed a hundred men, women, and children. They had all their possessions in common, so that none could claim any more right than another to any part of the property. They worked at different employments in the house or on the land, such as the manufacture of linen and the cultivation of corn, tobacco, flax, and hemp. The Labadists ate their meals in silence, the men by themselves and the women by themselves, the former with their heads covered, except during a short season spent in inaudible thanksgiving. They slept in the same or adjoining buildings, one of which was designated "The Great House," in the garden of which was the common graveyard in which the members at their decease were buried. The dress of the Labadists was plain and simple. Gold and silver ornaments, jewelry, carpets, lace, and other fancy work, were prohibited. Eschewing all fashions of the

world, they confined themselves to the useful and necessary.

But the seeds of dissolution were developing themselves to such an extent that in so short a space of time as fourteen years it appeared certain that the perpetuity of such a social system could not continue. Hence, in 1698, Petrus Sluyter, who had become sole proprietor of the entire lands, perhaps by the withdrawal of most of the others, resolved to divide the property between the remaining members. He conveyed three of the necks to Hendrick Sluyter, Samuel Bayard, and others, while he retained one of the necks himself, and became a wealthy man in his own right. He died in 1722, after his wife, about which time the Labadists seem to have disbanded. Certain it is that nothing of them remained, as a religious community on Bohemia Manor, five years after his death.*

This was, so far as we know, the first attempt of the believers in this visionary scheme of social life in this country, which has since been tried by the Shakers, the settlers at Harmony on the Ohio, and in other places, but always with nearly the same results as followed the scheme of the Labadists, although often the end was farther postponed and wealth more largely accumulated. The sole memorial that survives to the present to tell us that the Labadist body once lived is that the tract of land on which it lived, died, and was buried, still bears the name of "The Labadie Tract."

* See publications of "The Long Island Historical Society," vol. i., Introduction.

IV.

THE SLUYTER AND BOUCHELLE FAMILIES.

The Sluyter Family—The Labadist Bishop—He reserves and occupies Third Neck—Hendrick, the Ancestor—The Ancestral Estate—The Ancient Graveyard—The Labadie Mill—Solomon Hersey—St. Augustine Church and Graveyard—Lege de Bouchelle and his Descendants—Dr. S. Bouchelle's Elaborate Tomb—The Old Family Graveyard.

I SHOULD not do justice to the history of Bohemia Manor did I not refer at some length to the more prominent families who descended from the Labadists, and who inherited the so-called Labadie Tract, some of whom still have representatives on that historic ground. I refer to the Sluyters, the Bouchelles, and the Bayards.

Of the first-named family, the most distinguished member was Dr. Petrus Sluyter, formerly of Wesel, in Germany, but more recently from Amsterdam, in Holland. His first appearance in America was in 1679, when, as has already been stated, he was commissioned by the Labadists of Friesland, of whose society he was an influential member, to find in the New World a suitable territory to which they might move. He and his wife, whose name was De Vries, settled on Bohemia Manor about the year 1683. On the death of the latter, Petrus Sluyter married Anna Margareta Couda, who was the widow of Lege de Bouchelle, and the mother of Dr. Petrus Bouchelle, and also of Susanna Bouchelle who became the second wife of Samuel Bayard. Petrus

Sluyter spent his last days on the Third Neck of the Labadie Tract, which he had renamed Providence, and from it, unattended by wife or children, all of whom he had survived, his mortal remains were in 1722 borne (as he expressed it in his will), "to be buried after our own humble way in the garden of the so-called Great House, where several of my brethren and sisters in Christ repose." His papers and books were bequeathed to his brother Johannes, and his watch to his kinsman, Hendrick Sluyter.

Hendrick Sluyter,* just named, was probably the ancestor of all the Sluyters who have lived on Bohemia Manor since 1722, and his plantation, which has descended from father to son from his day to the present generation, may be considered the ancestral seat of the family. It is located at the confluence of the Bohemia River and the Labadie Mill Creek, and was occupied by him in 1717, when, it is supposed, he built thereon a residence long since gone to decay, near which may still be seen the old Sluyter graveyard. The spot, which is overgrown with weeds and wholly neglected, reveals but two inscribed gravestones, on one of which are the characters "H. S." In this obscure and unsightly spot lie buried nearly all who bore the name of Sluyter.

Hendrick Sluyter died in 1722, and was succeeded in the possession and occupancy of this large estate by his son Benjamin, excepting from it, of course, the widow's legal dower. The latter has been adversely immortalized in her

* The author has in his possession a genealogical chart of the Sluyter family, and many interesting facts relating thereto.

husband's last will and testament, which declares, "as my wife, to my sorrow, had always some difference with my friends, it is my desire that she retire to her former home in Philadelphia, or elsewhere." No matter what may be said disparagingly of this woman's disposition, she could not have been devoid of some redeeming qualities, else she would not have succeeded, as she did, in winning to herself the heart and hand not only of such a prominent gentleman as Hendrick Sluyter, but also of a second husband, named Jawert, and a third husband, named Lawson, and even a fourth husband, named Boom.

Her first husband, Hendrick Sluyter, died on February 4, 1722, when his son Benjamin took possession of his inheritance, and probably occupied the house his father had erected. Here he resided for about thirty years, enjoying the heritage of lands and slaves and other wealth which his ancestors had accumulated. In 1754 he sells to Solomon Hersey the historic Labadie Mill, which for nearly seventy years had ground the grain of the industrious and frugal Labadists. The old mill was located in a picturesque and romantic region, and a tale or two might be told, if its crumbling walls could speak, of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments experienced there. With little stretch of imagination we can picture a handsome and venerable man, whose name we will not give, returning to the scene of other days and early joys, and soliloquizing thus:

"Here, from the brow of the hill, I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill, with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eves.

I hear the clatter that jars its wall,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

"I rode there often, when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

"'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day;
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round."*

While Solomon Hersey was in possession of this mill-property, the pioneer preachers of the Methodist church often slept and conducted religious services beneath his hospitable roof, including Bishop Asbury himself, and it is said that beneath that same roof the first Methodist Society on the Eastern Shore of Maryland was organized in 1771.

The same Benjamin Sluyter, who sold to Solomon Hersey the mill-property, parted with another acre or two of his plantation, but for a very different purpose. On August

* Lines by T. Dunn English, in *Harper's Magazine*. "Into ruin and wreck" the old mill has at last fallen, and but little remains to mark its site.

6, 1751, he sells for "four hundred pounds of good merchantable tobacco," to the vestry of Augustine Parish, so much of his land as was at that time used and occupied by the St. Augustine church. As the early records of this church, when it was yet a chapel of St. Stephen's, on Sassafras Neck, were long ago destroyed by fire, the date of its erection is lost. Suffice it to say that it was an ancient structure when the great-grandparents of the present generation were little children sporting around its crumbling walls, or playing hide-and-seek behind and beneath its time-worn tombstones.

This old Manor church was held in veneration, not only for its antiquity, but also because it had been the Sabbath-home of so many of the early settlers, and because that, under its shadow, scores, if not hundreds, of them had found sepulture.

"Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile;
 Thou art hastening to thy fall;
 And round thee, in thy loneliness,
 Clings the ivy to the wall.
 The worshippers are scattered now
 Who knelt before thy shrine,
 And silence reigns where anthems rose
 In days of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"And sadly sighs the wandering wind
 Where oft, in years gone by,
 Prayer rose from many hearts to Him
 The Highest of the High.
 The tread of many a noiseless foot
 That sought thy aisles is o'er,
 And many a weary heart, around,
 Is still for evermore.

“How doth ambition’s hope take wing!
How drops the spirit now!
We hear the distant city’s din;
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now guilds their lowly graves;
The zephyr which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

“Oh! could we call the many back
Who’ve gathered here in vain;
Who’ve careless roved where we do now,
Who’ll never meet again:
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,—
The lights of other days.”*

A structure that had been so long historic as this old Manor church is worthy of description, which fortunately I am able to furnish in the language of a distinguished gentleman, who, by the way, had large landed interests on the Manor. I refer to the Hon. Richard H. Bayard, who, writing under date of May 7, 1860, says, “The old Manor church was a brick quadrangular building with a circular projection on the eastern side. It had a hipped-roof with a heavy wooden cornice round the four sides. The entrance was on the western side, and I think there were two large windows on each of the other sides. There was a gallery along the western side, a board floor, and the body of the church was divided into the old-fashioned box pews.

* The above lines were found, written anonymously, on the wall of the old Blandford church, Virginia.

"I recollect it," continues Mr. Bayard, "while it was yet in a decent state of preservation. But as most of the inhabitants of the Manor at the period I refer to, in the early part of the present century, had embraced the discipline and form of worship of the Methodist church, there was no Episcopal congregation to repair the ravages of time, and these were hastened by the depredations of obscure persons living in its immediate neighborhood. Its gallery, its pews, and its floors were carried off piece-meal for fuel, and finally its brick walls were demolished and used in the domestic architecture of its despoilers. . . . The lot on which the old church stood is still enclosed, and a frame building was some years since erected on it, in which divine service is occasionally performed."

It may be observed that the recent improvement of the building, and especially of the graveyard surrounding it, is due, in large part, to the generosity of Colonel Alfred Nowland, of New Castle, whose parents worshipped in the ancient structure, and of the late Augustus Nowland (father of the Hon. Henry A. Nowland), whose remains, according to his request, and in indulgence of his poetic and romantic fancy, were buried in a certain previously designated spot, on the site of the old sanctuary, under whose shadow, seventy years ago, he played with schoolmates who now lie near him in death.

But I must return to mention again the Benjamin Sluyter who parted with the ground that was devoted to these religious purposes. He died about the year 1752, leaving his large estate to be equally divided among his sons, Henry and Peter. The last named took possession of the

lower half, which bordered on Bohemia River, and occupied the old mansion, which is said to have been a building of considerable proportions and pretensions, while the other son, Henry Sluyter, took the upper half, and built thereon a strong, substantial, and attractive brick building, which may be considered the home of each successive generation of Sluyters from that day to this; and, surprising as it may seem, though this old structure has twice been tried by fire, its walls appear as strong as when first erected, more than one hundred and thirty years ago.

In course of time Peter Sluyter died, and his inheritance, which, as already stated, included the old homestead and the old family graveyard, became the possession of his brother Henry, from which time until the present the two farms have been considered as one, and were, at Henry's death, inherited by his only son, Benjamin Sluyter, who had already married Francina Thompson, a descendant of Augustine Herman, the first lord of the Manor. In this family is instanced a widower with a son, marrying a widow with a daughter. But not only did the widower marry the widow, but the widower's son married the widow's daughter, and thus was begun a series of relationships that are intricate and perplexing in the extreme. Think of it, a man has a wife, and cousin, and step-sister, all in one. The father of this family died in 1812, and during an April hail- and snow-storm his lifeless form was buried; and his son, Henry Thompson Sluyter, succeeded to the possession of the property and the occupancy of the brick mansion which his father and grandfather had owned before him.

Here he enjoyed the luxuries and conveniences that wealth affords, and here he dispensed a generous hospitality until, in the very midst of his days and enjoyments, he was unexpectedly stricken with a fatal disease. On Valentine eve, in the year 1821, having invited his friends from near and far, he expected to enjoy festivities with them beneath his own roof, but while awaiting the appointed hour and the promised pleasure, he was attacked with sickness, and lay agonizing in the arms of death. The next night he who was known as "the gallant" Henry Sluyter breathed his last. He left several children, one of whom became the wife of the late Augustus Nowland, and another, Benjamin F. Sluyter, became the inheritor of his father's estate,* the possession of which he enjoyed for many years, and then died at a good old age. Long before his decease he expressed a desire to be buried beside his father and his father's father, in the old family graveyard, but the spot had become so utterly neglected and forsaken that his friends decided to bury him in the beautiful Bethel Cemetery, where many of his kindred are interred. There, to-day, a beautiful and substantial granite monument marks his last resting-place. It may be added that in the death of Benjamin F. Sluyter became extinct a family that for the previous two hundred years had been prominent on Bohemia Manor,—a family that had in several alternate generations of father and son transmitted the Christian names "Henry" and "Benjamin" to their descendants. So far as is known, the last named was the last of his name in America.

* This estate is now the property of Mr. H. H. Brady, of Chesapeake City, Md.

Another noteworthy Bohemia Manor family bears the name Bouchelle. Its first representative, so far as we are informed, was Lege de Bouchelle, who had married Anna Margaretta Couda (subsequently the second wife of the Labadist bishop, Petrus Sluyter), and whose children were Susanna Bouchelle, who became the second wife of Samuel Bayard, and Dr. Petrus Bouchelle, who became the sole heir of his step-father, Petrus Sluyter, on whose property, which consisted of the third neck of the Labadie Tract, he settled, and which, by the way, became the ancestral homestead of the Bouchelle family, in the possession of which family it has remained until within a comparatively recent date. Dr. Petrus Bouchelle was prominent in his day, and, as a Presbyterian elder, was instrumental in the organization or sustentation of churches at St. George's and Middletown, Delaware, as well as at one or two points in Maryland. He was the father of three sons, Peter, Sluyter, and Thomas, whose names are prominently associated with the history of Bohemia Manor.

The first son, Peter Bouchelle, married Catharine Herman, one of the co-heiresses of Colonel Ephraim Augustine Herman, a grandson of the founder of the Manor. The parties to this marriage, conformably to the express wish of their eminent ancestor, adopted his name, and thenceforth respectively subscribed themselves Peter Augustine Bouchelle and Catharine Augustine Bouchelle. They had but one child, a daughter, who became the ancestor of the Ensors and Oldhams,—families whose history has already been noticed.

The second son of Dr. Petrus Bouchelle was Sluyter,

who became a physician of extensive practice on Bohemia Manor and in New Castle County. Besides inheriting one-half of his father's farm, he received the contents of his father's apothecary-shop, including, it is thought, a now well-worn and antique mortar and pestle, which have come down through many generations to his descendant of to-day, the venerable Anthony M. Higgins, of St. George's, Delaware. Dr. Sluyter Bouchelle owned property in other States, and was considered a man of wealth. When advanced in years he moved to North Carolina, where he died, providing in his will for the erection of his burial-vault near the residence of Colonel Waight Still Avery. The vault was to be an imposing structure, consisting, in part, of ten marble slabs and six marble columns, with capitals in the Doric order of architecture. For some unexplained reason the vault was never erected, and though the doctor's remains were buried on the spot he had designated, yet afterwards they were disinterred and deposited elsewhere. He died in 1799.

It should have been stated that there accompanied him to North Carolina his nephew, Thomas Bouchelle, who remained in the South, establishing himself as a practising physician, and became the father of a large family of children, only one of whom is now living, namely, Mrs. Ellena Bouchelle Jones,* of Columbia, Missouri. Her

* In the possession of this family is a finger-ring once the property of old Dr. Sluyter Bouchelle. On it is engraved his monogram, and in its locket is a braid of his snow-white hair. The writer has the genealogical chart of this family and copies of interesting documents.

sister, the late Mrs. Sarah Bouchelle Lenoir, to whom I have been indebted for interesting facts concerning her father's family, died in 1877, in the seventy-ninth year of her age, remarkable for her mental and physical vigor. She left five children and many grandchildren to mourn their loss.

Another son of Dr. Petrus Bouchelle was Thomas, who married Sarah Price, and became the father of Peter A. Bouchelle, whose descendants may be found on the Manor at the present time. The latter and his brother, John Bouchelle, divided between them the old homestead that for so many generations had been in the Bouchelle family, and that still holds the dust of their buried dead. The graveyard is a low mound the shape of an inverted saucer, fifty or sixty feet in circumference. The oldest representative of this family still remaining is my venerable friend Mr. John W. Bouchelle, whose hospitality I have frequently enjoyed, several of whose children I have married, and some of whose grandchildren I have baptized and buried.*

* A genealogical chart of the Bouchelles from their arrival on Bohemia Manor is among my papers. Through the kindness of Mr. Duncan Cannon and Mrs. Emma Bouchelle Craig, of Baltimore, I am in possession of copies of the Bouchelle coat of arms.

The name Craig, just mentioned, has been well known on Bohemia Manor ever since the year 1769, when William Craig purchased and occupied on Town Point an estate which is known as "The Lone Tree Farm." It still is, and has been for the past one hundred and nineteen years, in the possession of the Craig family.

V.

THE BAYARD FAMILY.

Their Origin—Arrival in America—Coat of Arms—Petrus Bayard—His Son Samuel—Old Dutch Bible—Colonel Peter Bayard's Mansion—Rev. Dr. Rodgers—Vandegrift—Local Celebrities—A Military Character—Remarkable Dream—Bayard Souvenirs.

THE Bayard family, originally from France, derived the surname of Bayard from their château in Dauphiny, six miles from Grenoble. The family name was Du Terrail, and the celebrated knight of that family bore the name of Pierre du Terrail Seigneur de Bayard. He died April 30, 1524, at the age of forty-eight years, unmarried and without issue. The members of the Terrail family, his collateral kinsmen, adopted his arms, and, being Seigneurs de Bayard, bore that surname. During the religious trouble which distracted France in the sixteenth century some of the family emigrated to Holland, and one of them married Anna Stuyvesant, sister of the last Dutch governor of New York. Madam Anna Bayard, her husband being dead, accompanied her brother, Peter Stuyvesant, to New York, then called New Amsterdam, with her three sons, Balthazar, Nicholas, and Petrus, where they landed in 1647.

While this theory of the origin of the Bayard family has been generally accepted, it has not gone altogether unchallenged. There are some genealogists who believe that

there has always existed a mistake as to the origin of the family who came to America in 1647, which, though without doubt emigrated from France into Holland, were, as they say, from Languedoc instead of Dauphiny, where the family of Terrail de Bayard resided; and by a comparison of the coat of arms, to be found upon the various pieces of old silver in the possession of different members of the family, one cannot but remark the exact resemblance to the arms of the Languedoc family, while it totally differs from that of the Terrails.

I do not know of any authority stating whence came the Rev. Balthazar Bayard (the grandfather of Balthazar, Nicholas, and Petrus, who accompanied their mother, in 1647, to this country), but he must have passed into Holland early in the seventeenth century when the persecution of the Huguenots was so bitter, and as there appears the name of a Bayard among the names of the professors of the University of Paris, who was compelled to leave on account of his religious sentiments, it is not unlikely that the two were identical.* The family in its numerous ramifications has spread all over the United States, with many representatives in Nova Scotia and England; therefore it would be an undertaking involving a great deal of trouble to hunt up authentic data. Our task, however, is comparatively easy, as we propose to limit our researches to the descendants of but one of the three brothers, Petrus Bayard, who landed in New York in 1647.

* Mr. H. R. Sadler, of New York, a relative of the Bayards, has furnished me with interesting and valuable historical items.

The Petrus Bayard* just named was for a time one of the deacons of the old Dutch church in New York, but, as would seem, becoming dissatisfied with his own religious attainments, and grieved at the worldliness that surrounded him, he decided to seek opportunities for continued and uninterrupted meditation and prayer in the seclusion of Bombay Hook, an island of six hundred acres in the Delaware River, which Governor Andros had granted him in 1675, and which four years afterwards he purchased from the Indians. But just previous to his proposed removal to this island he became acquainted with the religious colonists called Labadists, already referred to, who were about to settle on Bohemia Manor, with whom he cast in his lot, assisting them in the purchase and occupancy of four necks of land which have ever since borne the name of The Labadie Tract.

For some unaccountable reason he shortly afterwards disposed of his share of this property and returned to New York, where he died in 1699, being survived by his wife, Blandina Kierstede, whom he had married in New York on November 28, 1674. The issue of this marriage was three children, of the eldest of whom only we care now to speak. His name was Samuel Bayard, and he was born in the year 1675. While yet a young man he was married to Elizabeth Sluyter, and came into possession of a portion of territory

* The author has prepared, at considerable expense, complete and accurate genealogical charts of the descendants of Petrus Bayard, and possesses very many interesting facts concerning the family, which could not be introduced into these pages.

on Bohemia Manor that had belonged to his father. On the death of his first wife Samuel Bayard was married to Miss Susanna Bouchelle, the daughter of Lege de Bouchelle and Anna Margareta Couda. The mother, at this time being a widow, had married for her second husband the Labadist bishop, Petrus Sluyter.

Samuel Bayard was twenty-four and Susanna Bouchelle twenty-two years old at the time of their marriage, and they lived together for twenty-two years, when, in 1721, death claimed him, and he was laid to rest among his kindred and friends. The wife, who mourned her loss, was a woman of fine talents, many accomplishments, and deep piety. She could write and speak the Latin, French, Dutch, and English languages. Her family record, kept by her own hand, may still be seen, though faded under the influence of more than one hundred and seventy years, in an old Dutch Bible now in the possession of her descendant, Mrs. General James Grant Wilson, of New York City. Besides the Bible, she left voluminous manuscripts, which were lost during the Revolutionary war. She was a lady of spirit, and exerted considerable influence. At seventy years of age she mounted her horse with agility, and controlled it with the dexterity of a skilful rider.

This remarkable woman, Mrs. Susanna Bayard, was a warm friend of the celebrated Rev. George Whitefield, whose preaching so electrified the people of the American colonies one hundred and thirty years ago. She entertained him at her mansion whenever he visited the Manor, and Whitefield himself refers to her in his diary when he speaks of being "kindly received by old Mrs. Bayard, a

true mother in Israel." This mother in Israel, who had been the widow of Samuel Bayard for thirty years, died on November 2, 1750, leaving four children, all of whom were adults, and between whom the large estate was divided.

The eldest of these four children, afterwards known as Colonel Peter Bayard, who was born about the year 1705, was married to Miss Susanna Richardson, whose parents resided on the banks of the Christiana Creek, near Wilmington, in an old mansion that was standing as late as 1833. On its site now stands a house built in part of the material of the former structure, and containing among other things a relic of the furniture of its predecessor in the shape of an antique corner cupboard, of late years the property of Henry Latimer, a relative of the Richardsons.

The above-named Colonel Peter Bayard and his wife, Susanna Richardson, occupied a large brick mansion on Bohemia Manor, which is so elevated that it commands a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country. It is a very ancient structure, and its heavy walls and strong foundations bear indications of the wear and tear of time. To this old home* there used to come, in the long ago, the then young and eloquent pastor of the St. George's Presbyterian church, in Delaware, who afterwards, when a pastor in New York City, was known as the distinguished Rev. John Rodgers, D.D., the intimate friend and confidential adviser of General Washington. In this old home he found his wife, the Colonel's daughter, Eliza-

* Recently purchased by Mr. Joseph H. Steele, of Chesapeake City, whose wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bouchelle, owned and occupied it for many years.

beth Bayard.* She was a woman of excellent understanding, of eminent piety and prudence, and proved truly a helpmeet for him. By her he had four children, two of whom reached adult age, namely, Dr. John R. Bayard Rodgers, an eminent physician of New York, and for a number of years one of the medical professors of Columbia College; and Mrs. Susanna Tennent, wife of the Rev. Dr. William M. Tennent, of Abington, Pennsylvania. (See the "Life of Dr. Rodgers," by Samuel Miller, D.D.)

Mrs. Rodgers, at her death, was buried near the pulpit of the old St. George's church, where her husband so long and so eloquently preached the gospel. Though the church edifice was demolished many years ago, her tombstone may still be seen. It bears this inscription :

" Here lieth the body of
MRS. ELIZABETH BAYARD,
wife of
the Rev. Mr. John Rodgers, A M.,
who departed this life
January 20th, 1763,
in the 28th year of her age."

Colonel Peter Bayard's brother, the second son of Samuel, bore his father's name. He married Francina Maulden on July 3, 1729, and became the father of twelve children, to three or four of whom we will refer. The eldest, whose name was Samuel, was born on May 30,

* Colonel Peter Bayard had two other daughters,—Ann, who married William Scott, and Susanna, who married Jonathan Smith. The latter's son, Samuel Harrison Smith, married a daughter of Colonel John Bayard, and had a son Bayard Smith, of Baltimore, whose family record and other papers he kindly loaned to the writer.

1730, and forty-eight years afterwards was married to Mrs. Ann Lawrenson, the daughter of Nicholas Vandegrift,* and granddaughter of a titled woman, Lady Barnchy Van Kirk Perry. Samuel and Ann had three children,—Ann Bayard, Francina Bayard, and Sarah A. Bayard, three worthy daughters, who became local celebrities, and lived, died, and were buried on Bohemia Manor. They were pious and intelligent women, and each for many years kept a diary of her doings, as well as a record of the history and traditions of her ancestors.

The eldest of these three daughters, Ann Bayard, was born January 1, 1781, and was married in 1804 to Levi G. Foard, whose children were Samuel B., Richard J., Edward L., and Mary Foard. The last named became the wife of Captain Lambert D. Nowland. The next of the three daughters was Francina Bayard. She married Samuel Wirt, and had a son, Dr. John Wesley Wirt, whose children still have property on Bohemia Manor. The youngest of the three daughters was Sarah A. Bayard. She was born on November 22, 1788, and subsequently was married to John T. Wirt, whose children and grandchildren continue to reside in the vicinity of the old Bayard homestead.

But we must return to the children of Samuel and Francina Bayard. Susanna was born June 24, 1741, and died

* Nicholas Vandegrift was on Bohemia Manor as early as 1725. Every vestige of his dwelling-house has disappeared, and only the faintest outline of the family graveyard remains. His descendants intermarried with the Pughs, Chicks, Biddles, Costens, and others. Lewis C. Vandegrift, Esq., a member of the Delaware Historical Society, is collaterally related to this family.

unmarried, aged seventy-eight years,—the last of the Bayards descending from the second Samuel, and the last of the fourth generation since the arrival of the Bayards on Bohemia Manor. She was a devout Christian, greatly esteemed by those who knew her. A remembrance of her, appropriately inscribed by her own hand, is a volume of Whitefield's sermons, now in the possession of her relative, Miss Mary Higgins, of McDonough, Delaware.

Susanna Bayard had a brother Peter, who, by virtue of the law of entail then in force, became possessed of Bombay Hook Island, which had been inherited by the eldest living son of the family in each generation since the death of his great-grandfather, in 1699. To this island he used to repair at least once a year to collect from his tenants their rent, which frequently consisted of nothing but muskrat skins. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-five years, and, though he died a long time ago, he is still remembered by a few survivors as a patriarchal man, with snow-white locks, whose attire consisted in part of short-clothes, long hose, and knee- and shoe-buckles.

This Peter Bayard had a brother Stephen, who, at the age of thirty-one years, raised a company in Philadelphia and received his commission as captain, dated January 5, 1776, and was assigned to St. Clair's Pennsylvania battalion. He was subsequently commissioned colonel, and served faithfully and honorably from the beginning to the close of the Revolutionary war, participating in many of its battles, hardships, and privations. At the termination of the war he settled in Pittsburg, where, in 1783, he formed a partnership with a brother officer, Major Isaac Craig, with whom

he purchased from the Penns the first ground that was sold within the limits of Pittsburg, on a portion of which stood old Fort Duquesne.

In the spring of 1788, Colonel Stephen Bayard retired from Pittsburg and settled on a large tract of land on the Monongahela River, fourteen miles distant, and immediately proceeded to lay out a town, which he named "Elizabeth," in honor of his wife, who, by the way, was a daughter of Colonel Æneas MacKay, an officer of the British army. Shortly after the declaration of war, in 1812, Colonel Stephen Bayard's services were again sought by the government. A major-general's commission was tendered him by President Madison, but age and bodily infirmities constrained him to decline its acceptance. A zealous patriot and a fervent Christian, he spent the best years of his life in the service of his country and his God. He died on December 13, 1815, aged seventy-one years, and was buried in the graveyard of the First Presbyterian church of Pittsburg.

The present writer has enjoyed, in the latter city, the hospitality of a very aged gentleman,* a son of the military character just named, and heard him relate many interesting reminiscences of his father. Among other things related was a remarkable dream which Colonel Bayard once had concerning his more distinguished cousin, Colonel John Bayard, of New Brunswick, New Jersey. We here give the dream in the language of the son, who says: "I, with my elder brother, George Bayard, occupied a room

* John B. Bayard. His son, David E. Bayard, of Pittsburg, was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania some years ago.

adjoining that of my father. On a certain night (and I remember it well, for it made an indelible impression on my memory) we awoke, hearing our father walking up and down his room,—a thing so unusual that we concluded that he was sick, and we arose from our bed to inquire. Our father informed us that in a dream his cousin, Colonel John Bayard, had appeared to him as distinctly as he had ever done and announced to him that he had just died. My father was an intelligent gentleman and by no means superstitious, yet I saw him take down his memorandum-book and make a note of the dream. Some days after, while in the presence of his family, a letter bearing a black seal was handed to him. Before breaking the seal he exclaimed, ‘Did I not tell you that John Bayard was dead!’ The letter, on being opened, was found to contain the full particulars of his cousin’s death, which sad event occurred on the very night of the dream.”

Colonel Stephen Bayard had a brother, Benjamin, whose descendants alone, of all the many members of the Bayard family, continue the name on Bohemia Manor; and it is a remarkable fact that of these descendants now on the Manor only one is a male. This one lays claim to Bombay Hook Island, and some years ago exhibited, in substantiation of that claim, a very large parchment deed for the island given by Governor Andros, more than two hundred years ago, to his great-great-great-grandfather, Petrus Bayard.

One of the sweetest, saddest sights I ever witnessed while engaged in pastoral work on Bohemia Manor was furnished by one of the many descendants referred to above. A fair

young lady lay dying, and from her couch she could see the white marble monuments that marked the last resting-place of her ancestors and more immediate kindred, and also the green sod that was soon to be upturned on her account. Her home was a very humble one, and yet there were numbered among her paternal and maternal ancestors the rich and the influential of long ago, and had she but received her due, a larger share of earth's bounties would have contributed to her comfort in her last days. She had enjoyed the advantages of an education, and on account of her personal charms was admired by a large circle of acquaintances. Her affectionate disposition, winning manners, and choice conversation easily won all hearts. But the hectic flush made even handsomer her already handsome face, and the peculiar brightness of the eye that often foretokens speedy death was hers. She soon faded, and, as I have just intimated, died within sight of the quiet country graveyard that held so many of her precious buried dead, and that to-day holds her lifeless form.

The home of her great-great-grandfather, Samuel Bayard, who was the head of this branch of the family still stands, and has stood for one hundred and forty years. It is a frame structure, and the winds and storms of all these years have dealt severely with it. This, together with the repairs and additions that each successive generation of occupants deemed desirable and necessary, has not only marred the original symmetry of the ancient structure, but has made it one of the most unique if not grotesque specimens of architecture observable for many miles around. Beneath its ample roof General Kniphausen made his head-

quarters when, in 1777, he and his Hessian troops encamped upon the Manor. Upon the walls of this old mansion might have been seen many years ago an elaborate and artistic military display,—the work of a soldier's pencil. Thoughtless hands long since obliterated the picture.

I have already said that the first Samuel Bayard who settled on Bohemia Manor in 1698 was the father of three sons and one daughter, namely, Peter, the ancestor of the Bayard, Smith, and Rodgers families; Samuel, the ancestor of the few Bayards who still remain on Bohemia Manor, as well as of the Bayards who may be found in Pennsylvania; James, the ancestor of the Delaware and New Jersey Bayards; and Mary Ann or Anna Maria, who married Dr. Sluyter Bouchelle, and was the ancestor of the Bouchelles of the South as well as of the late Anthony M. Higgins and Cæsar A. Rodney.

The latter gentleman possessed and greatly prized a souvenir that had descended to him from his Bayard ancestors. It is a diminutive French prayer-book printed in 1648. Its cover is made of tortoise shell and its back is of steel. On the back is a complicated monogram which neither Mr. Rodney nor his friends have been able to decipher. The book contains the following quaint inscription:

“1790, Polly Higgins, her book.

Mary Higgins, her book.

It was brought from France by her
great-grandmother Madame Bayard in 1660.

This is a piece of antiquity.

Mary Higgins' book.

Wilmington, Sept. 15th, 1810.”

VI.

JAMES BAYARD'S DESCENDANTS.

James Bayard married Mary Ashton—An Ancient and Noted Mansion—An Aged Occupant's Description—"Whitefield's Room"—Old Mrs. Bayard, a Mother in Israel—James's Twins—Colonel John Bayard—His Last Visit—His Death and his Tomb.

THE Mary Ann or Anna Maria Bayard who married Dr. Sluyter Bouchelle had, as I have already stated, a brother James. The latter married Mary Ashton, whom he brought to the Bohemia Manor residence of his widowed mother, whose interests he proposed to superintend during her declining days. The residence itself demands more than a passing notice, as it is probably the most interesting structure, historically considered, now standing on Bohemia Manor, being, as it is, the ancestral seat and the birthplace of the more distinguished branch of the Bayard family. The writer has frequently visited this old mansion, has wandered around its castle-like walls, awed by their solidity and gloom, has been hospitably entertained beneath its spacious roof, and has been permitted to wander from cellar to attic while engaged in antiquarian research.

The mansion is a large, two-storied, brick building, and has a front portico along its entire length, also large folding-doors, on one of which is found a heavy brass knocker.

There are four front windows in the second story, each of which has very deep sills and the old-time diminutive window-panes set in heavy sashes. The front door admits you to a large vestibule, furnished with a fire-place. Immediately facing you is the dining-hall, while at your right hand is a reception-room, and at your left a spacious parlor.

The apartments in the second story, reached by a broad, winding staircase, for the most part correspond in size with the rooms already described, and one of them, that in the northwest corner of the house, is even to this day called "Whitefield's room," in honor of the great preacher whose name it bears, who often occupied it when he labored on the Manor, though his feet crossed its threshold for the last time one hundred and thirty years ago. As the peaked roof of the mansion is very deep, room is found for two attics between it and the ceiling of the second story, so that the house is much more ample than an outside view would suggest. Besides the ordinary cellar, there is a sub-cellar, or wine vault, deep and long.*

I must not neglect to describe the parlor, which, with the exception of the so-called "Whitefield's room," is the most interesting and attractive apartment of the house. It is a large room, whose walls are wainscoted from floor to ceiling, whose mantel-piece is ponderous, and whose ample fireplace in the long, long past, was the spot about which gathered many of the great and good of earlier generations.

* I have in my collection of Bayard relics and mementos a remnant of a Bayard wine-bottle, bearing on its glass seal the date 1740 and the monogram of the original owner.

A relic of great historic interest and antiquarian worth once ornamented this parlor, but now is numbered among my own collection of relics, through the kindness of the present owner,* of this Bayard mansion. The relic is an iron fire-plate about three feet wide and four feet high, in the centre of which is a representation of a scriptural scene, Christ and the woman at the well, with the approaching disciples seen in the distance. Beneath the picture are the characters

“C. D. ANNO 1667.”

It is surprising that the Bayard family could lose sight of this interesting object, on which, probably, have rested the eyes of representatives of each successive generation since the arrival of the first of the name on Bohemia Manor.

The writer received, ten years ago, from a venerable friend, who in childhood had been an inmate of this ancient mansion, a letter describing it, in which these words occur: “At what time it was built I have no knowledge. The iron fire-plate which stood in the parlor fireplace I remember seeing many a time and oft. It represented the meeting of our Saviour with the woman of Samaria, to whom he so freely offered the water, to drink of which she would not thirst again. And I also remember a pair of quaint andirons in the same fireplace, but what has become of these relics I know not. . . . Some one hundred or two hundred yards southwest from the dwelling-house was a family burying-ground, where the Bayards, I believe, are

* Colonel Richard C. Johnson, of Massey's, Maryland.

buried. There used to be, when I was a child, in the top loft of the dwelling-house, a barrel or two of old papers and documents, and, no doubt, if they could be found* they would assist your researches greatly. In my juvenile days the house laid claim to some distinction, the rooms were large, the ceilings high, wainscoted, and corniced. A knocker of brass upon the front folding-doors was sufficient to be heard at the top of the building. The brick was of superior quality and, as I have often heard said, had been imported. Sixty years have passed since I left the place, and thirty since I have seen it. I should hardly recognize anything now.

‘The meadow, the fountain, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And all the loved scenes which my infancy knew,’

alas, are gone, and gone forever.”

It has already been remarked that the celebrated Rev. George Whitefield was a guest at the Bayard mansion. In his Journal he thus refers to his first visit there. Under date of November 24, 1740, he says: “I arrived on Bohemia Manor about eleven o’clock last night and was most kindly received by old Mrs. Bayard, a true mother in Israel, many of whose family are under good impressions. I preached in the afternoon to about two thousand, and have not seen a more solid melting, I think, since my arrival.

. . . I parted from good old Mrs. Bayard in tears and rode with my friends about ten miles to a place called St.

* Inquiry was made as to the whereabouts of these barrels and their contents. An occupant of the house, now dead, destroyed them by fire, because mice had made their nests in them.

George's, where a kind and courteous Quaker received us into his house." Whitefield's second visit to Bohemia Manor occurred in April, 1747. Here he spent four weeks, during which he wrote as follows in reply to a request to labor elsewhere: "Here are thousands in these southern parts who scarce ever heard of redeeming grace. Is it not my duty as an itinerant to go where the gospel has not been named? I am willing to hunt in the woods after sinners, and could be content that the name of George Whitefield shall rot if thereby the name of my dear Redeemer could be exalted." Whitefield's third visit to Bohemia Manor occurred in December, 1754, at which time he was just forty years old. It ought to be observed that this eminently pious and useful gospel minister exerted a wonderful influence for good upon the inhabitants of Bohemia Manor, which was felt even up to within a comparatively recent date.

The old Mrs. Bayard, from whom Whitefield parted in tears, was Susanna, the daughter of Lege de Bouchelle and sister of Dr. Petrus Bouchelle. At this time she was sixty-three years old and a widow. She lived about ten years longer, and was succeeded in the possession and occupancy of her old home by her son, James Bayard, who by this time had married Miss Mary Ashton. By adding commercial enterprise and industry to the cultivation of his large farm he, in a few years, accumulated what at that time was considered a handsome fortune. This, however, he did not long live to enjoy. Both he and his wife died young, leaving two sons, twins, named John Bubenheim Bayard and James Ashton Bayard. It may be remarked.

that the latter was the first James Ashton Bayard, and became the father of the distinguished statesman of that name who was United States commissioner to Ghent. The former, early in life, dropped his middle name, Bubenheim, and thereafter subscribed himself simply John Bayard. These twin brothers received their classical education under the direction of the Rev. Samuel Finley, D.D., afterwards president of Princeton College, and then removed to Philadelphia, John to engage in mercantile pursuits and James to devote himself to the medical profession. Subsequently they married sisters, Margaret and Ann Hodge, the aunts of the late Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D.

About this time the seeds of grace which had been sown in the young heart of John Bayard began to develop in him those Christian virtues which in after years made him so distinguished for piety and benevolence.* He united with the Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Gilbert Ten-
nent was pastor, and subsequently was made an elder, which office he filled acceptably for many years. He became intimately acquainted with the Rev. George Whitefield, who had been the guest of his father and aged grandmother at their Bohemia Manor home, and occasionally accompanied him on his preaching-tours through the then American colonies. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war John Bayard took an active and decided part in favor of his country. He was at first chosen captain, then major, and, finally, colonel of the Second Bat-

* From an extended notice of Colonel John Bayard in the *Evangelical Intelligencer*, vol. i., No. 1.

talion of the Philadelphia militia, at the head of which he marched to the assistance of General Washington at the battle of Trenton.

Colonel John Bayard was thrice married: first to Margaret Hodge, then to Mrs. Mary Hodgden, the daughter of Mrs. Mary Grant (who became the second wife of the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers), and, thirdly, to Johannah, the daughter of Colonel Anthony White, with whom in 1788 he removed to New Brunswick, New Jersey, as the place of his permanent residence, where a few years later he built a handsome and commodious dwelling-house. Here he was elected mayor of the city, and judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and here, on January 7, 1807, he died, and two days later his remains were deposited in the burying-ground of the First Presbyterian church. From the late venerable Judge John Terhune, of New Brunswick, a copy of the inscription on the monument has been procured, which is, in part, as follows:

“The Tomb of
JOHN BAYARD

Benevolent, liberal, patriotic. He was chosen
by his country to fill her first offices, his
integrity and zeal justified the choice.

Generous in his temper, sincere in
his friendship, eminent for every
social virtue, he possessed
the esteem of all who knew him.

He enjoyed the confidence and love of
a numerous family who erect this
monument to his revered memory.

He departed hence in triumph on the
7th day of January, 1807, in the 69th year of his age.”

It should be noted that Colonel Bayard, in the year 1788, sold the historic house* on Bohemia Manor, in which he and some of his children were born. Though he thus and forever parted with this possession that was bound to his memory and affection by so many sacred ties, he never forgot these scenes of his childhood. His last visit to this dear old spot was made in June, 1805, when he had become an old man and was within two years of his death. A handsome barouche that had been driven from Wilmington, if not from his home in New Brunswick, appeared, and its erect, stately, and aristocratic occupant, Colonel John Bayard, alighted. At his feet flowed the waters of the beautiful, blue Bohemia, at his left stood the old ancestral mansion in which he had, in his boyhood and early manhood, witnessed scenes of joy and sorrow, while at his right hand were the graves of his father and his father's fathers for many generations. At those graves he no doubt lingered long, shed a tear, and then turned away and departed, never to return. This is the graveyard that Whitefield used to look upon from his window in the Bayard mansion, and which, at one time,

* The purchaser was Edward Foard, who occupied it until January 24, 1822, when he died at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. His wife, Sarah Mansfield, survived him about three years. They had two children,—Jemima Foard, who married James Blackiston, and Mary Foard, who married Dennis James Nowland. The above-named Edward Foard had a brother, Richard Boulding Foard, from whom descended the Foards now owning property on Bohemia Manor, through his son and their grandfather, Levi G. Foard, who married Ann Bayard. Edward Foard had other brothers, Jeremiah, Hezekiah, and Josiah, but they have no descendants of their name now residing on Bohemia Manor.

he desired might eventually become the place of his burial. Nobody would care to be buried there now. It is a lonely, neglected, and forsaken spot, and, if my memory serves me, not an inscribed stone remains to mark a single grave. And yet,

“Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

VII.

The First James Ashton Bayard—Jane, a Devout Christian—John Hodge Bayard—An Interesting Letter—The Distinguished James A. Bayard—Governor Richard Bassett—A Joint Burial-Service—Bayard Graves—Farewell to Bohemia Manor.

COLONEL JOHN BAYARD'S twin brother, who, as has been stated, was the first James Ashton Bayard, was born on Bohemia Manor August 11, 1738. He became a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. He died on the 8th of January, 1780, in Charleston, South Carolina. His property was diminished by various vicissitudes, and his family was left mainly to the care of his brother. This family consisted of a wife, who, in about four years, followed her husband to the grave, and three children, John Hodge, James Ashton, and Jane. The last named, Jane Bayard, was born on February 13, 1765, and was baptized on March 16 of that year by the Rev. John Rodgers.* In a letter written to the author by the late Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, I learn that she never married, became a strict Methodist, and was always dressed as a Quaker lady.

* Dr. Rodgers was highly esteemed by the Bayard family, and frequently officiated at their baptisms and marriages.

Her brother, John Hodge Bayard, was born January 11, 1762. He went to Western Maryland, and seems to have been almost wholly lost sight of by his friends, who supposed that he had died unmarried and childless. But a single clue enabled me to discover that the tradition was altogether unfounded, and that he not only married, but left many descendants.* From one of these I have received several interesting papers referring to his family. One is a letter written to John Hodge Bayard by his brother, the Hon. James A. Bayard, United States commissioner to Ghent. As it refers to matters military and political, as well as social and domestic, I hesitated to reproduce it until, in response to a note of inquiry addressed to the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State of the United States, I received the following :

“ WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1887.

“ REVEREND SIR,—I am very glad to know that you are to deliver before the Delaware Historical Society an address on Bohemia Manor, and can see no reason why the interesting letter of Mr. James A. Bayard (my grandfather) to his brother John, written in 1800, should not be published. It breathes the spirit of a patriot and but confirms the reputation the writer left. . . .

“ Very respectfully,

“ Your Obt. Servt.,

“ T. F. BAYARD.”

The letter referred to is dated April 27, 1800, and says :

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was a great satisfaction to me to find that your confidence in me was restored, and that you ceased to think me so unworthy

* His daughter married, and left many children and grandchildren. I have not space even to name them, nor to relate interesting circumstances connected with the last days, and the death and burial, of John Hodge Bayard.

as to have forgotten an only brother, to whom I owed obligations, and who had ever behaved to me with affection. Nature has not been so unkind to me as to have robbed me of her best feelings, though she has not disposed me to give unavailing proofs of their existence. I never did, nor could, attach much importance to literary correspondence. There is no person to whom I make it a point to write except to my wife, and even as to her I should often probably be remiss, had I not some apprehensions that neglect might endanger the peace of the family. You will probably not hear from me after the adjournment of Congress, till we meet again at the city of Washington. But I beg you not to suppose that I forget or am indifferent to you. The day of adjournment has been fixed on the second Tuesday in May; after that I shall be occupied in the courts. I heard lately from our sister, who is in as good health and spirits as she ever possessed. She is now a plain Methodist, who has discarded, and despises, the pomp, the show, and the vanities of the world, and given herself up to a holy zeal for the cause of religion. . . .

“There is little new on the subject of politics to communicate. . . . The event of the mission to France cannot be known for several months. I have no doubt of a treaty of peace being concluded, though I have little confidence in the observance of it after it is made. The French rulers, through all these successive changes, have demonstrated by their actions that they consider a treaty binding no longer than it is the interest of the nation to keep it. Our only assurance of peace can be derived from allowing war to offer no advantage. This we accomplish by being prepared for hostilities.

“It is impossible to say what effect peace with France will produce in relation to Great Britain. Peace with this country is very valuable to Britain, and yet if Sweden and Denmark should join the coalition, and the United States be left the only neutral maritime power, England would have a great interest to go to war, in order to prevent the great accession to our carrying trade, which our neutral situation would necessarily attract. The event is to be deprecated, but I hope the nation would be found as ready to resist the aggressions of England as of France. For myself, I can say that the dread of no war would induce me to submit to any acts of a foreign government which tended to degrade the character of the nation. I love peace, but I love still more the honor of my country. There certainly will be another campaign in Europe, and from the vast preparations which both parties are

making, it will probably be as fierce and bloody as any which has happened in the war. . . .

“ I remain

“ Affectionately yours,

“ J. A. BAYARD.”

The writer of the above letter was born July 28, 1767. He commenced the practice of law in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1787, and nine years afterwards was elected to the national House of Representatives. In 1804 he was chosen United States Senator as successor of his father-in-law Governor Bassett, which position he retained until he was selected by President Madison as a commissioner, with Gallatin, Clay, and others, to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. He returned to this country, and died in Wilmington, Delaware, August 6, 1815. His mortal remains were borne to Bohemia Manor for burial in a vault which his father-in-law, Governor Bassett, had erected near his country residence.

As Governor Bassett died about the same time, a joint funeral service was held, conducted by his life-long friend, the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, but because of the large concourse of people and consequent confusion no religious exercises were observed at the vault. This vault was broken into many years ago, and some of the coffins despoiled of their rich adornments. Afterwards the late Richard Bassett Bayard, of Baltimore, had the contents of the vault removed to the Wilmington and Brandywine Cemetery, and deposited in a vault, which has since received his own remains. In the late residence of the latter may be seen many interesting souvenirs of the Hon. James A. Bayard, including the inkstand used by him

and his co-commissioners at the signing of the treaty of Ghent.

I have already referred to James A. Bayard's father-in-law, Richard Bassett. He was born April 2, 1745. He became an eminent lawyer, a judge, governor of Delaware, member of the old Congress, and a senator of the United States. He was a delegate from Delaware to the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, and his name is enrolled, on that account, with the names of Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, and other distinguished patriots and statesmen.

His personal friend, the Rev. Henry Boehm, says that at one time Governor Bassett was a very fashionable man, and, being rich, had his good things in this life. But after his conversion he was as humble and teachable as a little child. At this remote period it is impossible to have a correct idea of the position he once occupied, and the influence he exerted in favor of the church of his choice, in whose annals he should ever have a prominent place.

In person Governor Bassett was a stout-built man, of medium height, and looked as if he was made for service. His countenance was full of benignity, his eye was very expressive, and his voice strong and musical. He was distinguished for benevolence, and was given to hospitality. He had three homes, residing part of the time in Dover, then on Bohemia Manor, and then in Wilmington. He has entertained over one hundred persons at one time. His heart was as large as his mansion.

This mansion, let it be remarked, which was distinguished for its antiquity, for the splendid paintings that adorned its walls, for the hospitality that reigned there, and as the home of Bishop Asbury when he preached on Bohemia Manor, was burned down many years ago.* The present owner of the site of this noted mansion, and of the site of the mansion of the first lord of the Manor and his grave, is Governor Bassett's great-great-grandson, Richard Bayard, of Baltimore.

The author has endeavored to sketch the history of Bohemia Manor from its establishment, in 1660, up to the present time, and to describe its ancient families and their homes and their graves. From the commencement to the conclusion of his task he has been embarrassed with the abundance of material at his disposal. For years he has been collecting facts, figures, names, traditions, genealogical records, descriptions of persons, houses, and graves. There is scarcely an object of historic interest on Bohemia Manor, no matter how comparatively trivial, that he has not examined, nor an aged resident with whom he has not "compared notes." The result of all this he has collected into a large manuscript volume, whose five hundred pages it fills. Only a tithe of this has been introduced into this little work. Whether the rest will ever appear in print the author cannot say. He can conclude the present effort no more appropriately than by quoting a local poet, who long since removed, and is probably now dead. His name is withheld because of the personal and sentimental char-

* See "Reminiscences of Rev. Henry Boehm."

acter of his poem. More than threescore years ago he wrote, and now I transcribe a

FAREWELL TO BOHEMIA.

“No more along thy silver stream,
Bohemia, shall I stray
Beneath the pale moon’s gentle gleam
Or brighter beams of day :
While youth and beauty grace thy shore
To mark thy bosom’s swell,
I fondly all thy charms adore,
And breathe my last Farewell.

“The willow, bending o’er the tide,
Shall oft its branches lave ;
The sea-birds on thy bosom ride
And grace thy polished wave ;
Thy verdant banks, with blossoms crowned,
Shall breathe their odors still,
And music float in air around,
From valley, lake, and hill.

“The feathered songsters of the wood
Shall on thy margin sing,
Or gently hovering o’er thy flood
Tune all the notes of Spring ;
While echo, from her sweet defile,
Repeats the sailor’s song,
Or answers, with her sweetest smile,
To beauty’s ’witching tongue.

“Flow, lovely stream, forever flow
Along thy laughing vale ;
When sportive beauty oft shall throw
Her wild-flowers on the gale ;

And, oh, if Mary chance to stray
Beside thy lambent stream,
Murmur thy softest, sweetest lay
And shed thy mildest gleam.

“ Though many a graceful form is seen
To tread thy lily side ;
She moves a modest, peerless queen,
Of beauty's self the pride :
And may she never, never know
The heart's corroding ills,
The pangs that oft from memory flow,
The flood that quick distils.

“ But, lo ! yon murky clouds obscure
The waning orb of night,
And chilling blasts bid me retire
From all that can delight ;
Yet when in foreign climes I roam
Shall memory fondly tell
Of lovely scenes of Mary's home,—
Bohemia, fare thee well.”

THE END.