



Fall Dinner Meeting

Saturday, October 26, 2019 • 5:00 p.m.

The Maryland Veterans Museum at Patriot Park

11000 Crain Highway, Newburg, Maryland



Don Zimmer will present:

Forgotten: The Story of the Port Tobacco Great Mill

Menu

*Fried Chicken, Crab Balls, Garlic Roasted Potatoes,
Green Beans, Carrots, Rolls & Butter, Tea & Coffee and dessert*

\$24.00 per person

Please r.s.v.p. no later than October 19, 2019 to Carol Donohue

16401 Old Marshall Hall Road~Accokeek, MD 20607

Please make checks payable to: The Historical Society of Charles County

Extracts from the Journals of Three Ladies from Billerica, Massachusetts, In the Time of Our Civil War, 1864

Billerica, v.1-12, June 1912-May 1913. Billerica Printing Company, Billerica, MA

*I*n the time of our civil war the ladies of Billerica held meetings, made garments for the soldiers, knit stockings, raised money, and did what the women all over the land did so nobly.

Miss Hannah Stevenson, of the Freedmen's Bureau, called for volunteers to go South and work among the liberated slaves. Three Billerica ladies, Miss Eliza A. Rogers, daughter of Calvin; Miss Ann R. Faulkner, daughter of James R., Miss Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of Josiah, and two ladies from Concord, Mass., Miss Angelina Ball and Miss Jean Brigham, responded to the call.

They left Boston, Wednesday Jan. 13, 1864...A little after ten o'clock the next day they entered the mouth of the Patuxent River, and somewhat after midday on Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1864, they reached the wharf at Benedict, one week from the time they left Boston.

(A.R.F.) Well into the ambulance we gathered ourselves and through the deep mud over a corduroy road a black boy whipped tow lank horses for more than half a mile until on a high hill we were landed at the General's headquarters and house combined. It commands a view of the camp and harbor and a fine view it is. The door through which we entered led into the keeping room. At the door stood Mrs. Birney with a very cordial welcome.

(E.R.) The house was formerly the residence of one of the wealthiest of the planters in this section, but such a house! There are two good-sized rooms on the lower floor. One of these is the General's reception room and office; the other, the cooking room, dining-room and room general; from this an open staircase conducts to the two chambers above. One of these Mrs. Birney has generously given to the five ladies and taken all her family into the other, comprising the General, his wife and five children. What volumes this speaks for Mrs. Birney's interest in the cause!

Imagine our room, twelve by fourteen, with a wall about seven feet on one side, sloping down to four on the other, with four French windows, a pane of glass out of one, and fine ventilation everywhere. As a compensating luxury we have an open fireplace with as much wood as we want. Mrs. Birney has given us dinner and tea, but tomorrow we must take care of ourselves. Few women could live as she does.

(A.R.F.) Jan. 21st. We have had an immense barn, formerly used as a tobacco press, fitted up for us today for a schoolroom in which it is intended to collect five hundred men at a time...

We have a little outhouse assigned us for cooking and eating. It has an immense fireplace but not even a window. That we are to have put in, but until our barrels arrive, our cooking, eating, sleeping and drinking are all done in one room. We form a rich scene for a painter.

(E.A.R.) The second day after our arrival we drew our rations: A whole leg and roasting piece of beef, a box of hardtack, enough for two mouths. D I should think; four candles, rice, good white sugar, tea and coffee. These are put in an outer room which is to be our kitchen. We have thus far lived in our room entirely, and it has been like camping out all the time, only more-so.

(E.R.) Jan. 22d. We started out directly after breakfast. The morning was lovely, very much like ours in April. The scene before us I could not describe. We stood beneath the Flag which has a significance here it never had before: below us lay the camp, the 7th, 9th and 19th Regiments, separated from each other by a little distance, and the blue smoke arising from each white tent, around which evergreens are tastefully planted, and on the broad plain beyond, between the camp and the wharf of Benedict proper, were squads of soldiers performing morning drill; their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, and still farther was the blue water of the Patuxent River. It was a lovely view...

Our school met from ten to twelve. Such eagerness to learn you can hardly understand, nor the surprising facility of some. They come in by companies, many of them fine-looking men, but it is so sad to think of their condition.

After school Anne Eliza and Miss Brigham went in an ambulance to the Southron [sic] plantation, where are the women and children whom General Birney is anxious to get clothed and sent to General Butler.

(E.A.R.) We found five men, twenty-one women, thirty-six children, besides six women, six small children and two men, who were friends and relatives of Colonel

Continued on page 3

Southron's slaves, and wished to go with them. It was our first view of slave life. Imagine a shed of one room with no window, but instead a square opening which could be closed by a sliding board, leaving the room dark. The chimney was outside at the end. We first encountered an old gray-headed negro, quite a shrewd, nice person. His was spinning rolls of her won carding, and several younger women were knitting socks and mittens which they said the soldiers would buy. Charles called all the women and children together who were in the quarters there. Then starting on his old white pony he rode to the lower farm, about two miles off, to call the people together there. The women were clean, though their clothes were very old and patched. The children were very destitute. We saw one baby, three days old, and I really should not have known it was not a white child. It was dressed in a dark calico dress with cheeked muslin sack, tire bound with buff and a white muslin cap. It looked quaint and cunning. The father, I was told, was a yellow man. They said they were all married by a minister there, and it was very seldom that one was sold off the plantation, yet they were all eager to go off and be free. Some of the girls about sixteen were regular wild Topsys

(E.R.) We had school from six to eight, then home to supper and all but myself to bed. It is past mid-night and I must close.

Jan. 23d. Went to school at eight o'clock. Should have enjoyed it very much if we could have had books. The poor fellows seemed so disappointed, and it is no easy task to teach a hundred men from two or three cards. The labor in itself is exhausting, and the consciousness that one just leaves so much undone is still more so...

(A.R.F.) Jan. 23d. The village of Benedict before the war had regular steamboat communication with various ports. It was an oyster place and a port for the export of tobacco. The three principal buildings of the village are used for the three regiments for hospitals.

Eliza, Lizzie and I visited the hospitals. I wrote a letter for one man. The men are very eager to hear reading. I asked whether they liked me best to read a story, a hymn, or the Bible. They all gave preference to the latter. I read in three different rooms. They prefer the Old Testament...One of the surgeons remarked that he would rather be among the black than the white sick men, for he heard not a word of vulgarity or profanity from them and they were very patient.

(E.R.) Jan. 24th, Sunday. About one o'clock Anne, Eliza and I started for the hospitals at Benedict, a mile distant. As I was leaving the house my attention was attracted to an old negro who was seated on a log surveying the troops who were out for weekly inspection. I asked him if he enjoyed it. Oh, he said I likes to look at Uncle Sam's men.

Jan. 29th. The weather is charming, not a cloud have we seen since we came. We have three sessions of school now and the warm weather is rather enervating... We have witnessed battalion drill, which on such a lovely day as this could not look otherwise than finely.

Sunday, Jan. 31st. Another damp, foggy day. I have very unwillingly stayed in the house most of the day. I wanted very much to go to the hospital this morning and to hear the colored preachers this afternoon but must wait till another Sunday. Lieutenant Cheeney returned last night. He safely delivered the Southrons [slaves] to General Butler and saw them assigned, all tighter, to one of the best plantations, and left them as happy a company as possible. They are safely anchored at last on a farm where they will receive their first wages.

(A.R.F.) Sunday, Jan. 31st. I went to the convalescent ward of the 9th Regiment and talked or read with all the men there. Miss Ball came while I was there and joined in interesting the men. I am surprised at the ignorance of these men, even where they affect some little religious experience...I read to one set of men the 'Commandments,' the 'Lord's Prayer,' and told them the origin and celebration of the 'Passover.' There is no mistaking their interest when telling them of such things...At two o'clock Miss Brigham and I started for the school room to attend 'the colored meeting.' The people began with singing, then prayer, quite low-voiced, and in no way attracting attention...'Set your house in order, for you shall died and not live.' It was a respectable discourse in which the preacher stuck to his text with nothing about it striking or peculiar.

Feb. 2d. Inspection this a.m. caused school to be postponed, so we three cousins went to the hospitals at Benedict.

(E.R.) Tuesday, Feb. 2d. On account of a general inspection this morning we had no school. After breakfast Eliza and I started for the hospitals, where we passed the forenoon. In going there we cross a march on which

Continued on page 4

planks have been laid for pedestrians, but when the tide is high it is hardly passable. As we reached the place we found a negro who had put down his basket and bundle and waited until we came up that he might help us across, which he did in such a respectful, gentle way, saying, 'My Misses always taught me to be tender of the ladies.' IN the 9th hospital I found four men had died since my last visit.

Feb. 3d. We heard last night that the camp was to be broken up here in about two weeks and the troops to be sent into the field. It is difficult to know anything certainly here, and we probably shall not know about our leaving until it is time to pack knapsacks...

(E.A.R.) We went to every negro hut we could. First we found a family of free blacks. The father got his living by oystering. They said they were comfortable save that their house was very cold. It was full of cracks where you could look out of doors. Not a glazed window did we find in any habitation, and we went to six different ones. The doors stood open or else they were in darkness except where there was an opening which could be closed by a wooden shutter. The free blacks paid \$15 yearly rent, generally in labor.

In the second family we found a woman and four children. Her husband, a slave, died last autumn. She said she had got along comfortably so far with what money he left her and what washing she could get to do. When he was living he worked for his master all the time, except a short time at noon, at breakfast, and in the evening. He was furnished with clothes, a half-bushel of meal, and three pounds of meat once a fortnight.

(E.R.) In one cabin we found a group of four little black children sitting on the hearth with their little black toes drawn up to the warm ashes. The oldest might have been eight years, and in her arms was a babe of a few months, and in a box in the chimney corner, covered with a mess of rags, was a tiny baby of a month or two, asleep. Here were six little ones and quite a picture they made.

They said their mother's name was Julia. We commended the motherly little girl for taking care of so many, two of them her cousins, and went on.

We went around among the Moulton slaves and the contrabands. We found one poor woman who had come from over the country, whose life had been a hard one. All her children had been sold from her when young—

with one exception. She is now alone and doing very well in taking washing from the soldier. All the water has to be 'toted' on their heads or in buckets from the ravines up the steep hills. The houses have no windows and we asked if they could keep warm. They said, 'Oh no, not in cold weather.' We should think animals would suffer with so little protection...Tomorrow we shall try to distribute clothing among these poor people. The contrabands must all be hurried away from here, for after the troops leave they will suffer from the rebels.

(A.R.F.) Feb. 4th. When talking with the young men at dinner about the experiences of the morning they said we could see nothing of the effects of slavery here, it had existed in a mild form, but go to Georgia if we wanted to see what it was...

Talk about discomfort for us, why, we have not known anything but luxury. We have not tried anything yet that has not provoked mirth rather than a groan. We 'give up' and 'come down' daily in our fancies and notions, yet we could part with a great deal that we have now and yet not suffer in the least...

(E.R.) Camp Stanton, Feb. 5, 1864. Anne and I called on Mrs. Thomas and then with a bag of clothing we started for Julia's house where we saw the six little black children. We made the mother's heart glad by giving to each child something, and to the oldest we gave the little doll that Belle Talbot sent to 'some little black girl.'

Saturday, Feb. 6th. After breakfast we went to witness dress parade, which was finely done. On the field we were introduced to Captain Granville who said he had been to Billerica. From school, Eliza Anne and I went to visit the neighboring plantation of Mr. Sly. The Sly mansion has rather more of the Southern elegance than any we have seen...Everything about had, what Yankees would call, a shiftless appearance.

(E.A.R.) I came home and had just time to distribute some clothing to the women from the 9th hospital, and then to dinner on soup, coddled beef, bread and butter.

(E.R.) Sunday, Feb. 7th. At nine o'clock Miss Ball and I started for the hospital, where we stayed till after twelve. As usual, I enjoyed the time spent there very much. The men seemed delighted and to me it is better than any sermon I ever heard.

To be Continued

The Maryland House & Garden Pilgrimage

Friendship House was proud to be one of the featured sites on this year's Maryland House & Garden Pilgrimage, April 27th. Tour guides for the day were Mike Mazzeo, Ron Brown, Norm Saunders, Madelyn Mazzeo, Melissa Carpenter, Katie Bohannon and Maranda Hoffman. The Charles County Garden Club coordinator for Friendship House was Mary Pat Berry. The beautiful flower arrangements were created by Charles County Garden Club members Mary Pat Berry, Audra Atkinson, Margaret Mona and Danielle Webber with ticket sales handled by Sandra Mitchell, Danielle Webber, Kathy Miles and Ann Page.



Mike Mazzeo was presented with a commemorative poster by Kate Zabriskie, Charles County House & Garden Pilgrimage chair, at a reception held at the end of the day at the Port Tobacco Courthouse.



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New Signs at Historic Rich Hill

If you haven't had the chance, please stop by and see the new 3-sided sign at Rich Hill. Thanks to a grant from the Charles County Commissioners, Department of Tourism, visitors can now learn about Rich Hill Farm in the 19th Century, The Garners of the 20th Century and Archaeology at Historic Rich Hill.



Charles County Manors

Boarman Manor (1674-1676); 3,978 acres in Newport Hundred to William Boarman.

Barberton Manor (1640); 3,000 acres to Dr. Luke Barber.

Causien Manor (1649); 1,000 acres in Cedar Point Hundred to Nicholas Causien and Ignatius Causien.

Christian Temple Manor (1658); 1,000 acres at Port Tobacco to Thomas Allanson and A. Prior Smallwood.

Doyne's Manor (1654); 1,000 acres, a part of Poynton Manor on Port Tobacco Creek to Robert Doyne.

Friendship Manor (1672); 2,000 acres to Bennett Haskins. Thomas Dent acquired it.

Green's Inheritance (1666); 2,400 acres in Port Tobacco Hundred at Port Tobacco and St. Thomas's Creek to Leonrd Green, Robert Green and Francis Green.

His Lord's Manor of Patuxent (1660); 1,000 acres to Lord Baltimore.

Mattawoman Neck Manor (1634); 5,000 acres in Port Tobacco Hundred to Sir Thomas Cornwalley.

Pangaya Manor (1667); 1,200 acres to Lord Baltimore.

Poynton Manor (1649-1653); 5,000 acres in Port Tobacco to William Stone, Thomas Stone, William Stone, Thomas Stone, Matthew Stone, William Doyne, George Stone, Jesse Doyne, by marriage in right of his wife.

Rice Manor (1649); 3,000 acres in Port Tobacco Hundred, later called Wharton's Manor, to William Lewis.

St. Barber's Manor (1665) in Nanjaimy [sic] Hundred on the north side of Piscattaway River to John Llewger, Capt. Thomas Dent and Theodore Wright.

St. Thomas Manor (1649); 4,080 acres to Thomas Matthews, Thomas Copley, Henry Warren.

Walliston Manor (1641-1642); 2,000 acres in Wicomic Hundred to James Neale, and son Anthony Neale.

Wharton's Manor (1676); 2,300 acres, formerly Rice Manor to Jesse Wharton and Henry Wharton.

Zacaya Manor (1667); 6,000 acres to Lord Baltimore.

Register of Maryland's Heraldic Families
Period from March 25th 1634 to March 25th 1935
Tercentenary of the Founding of Maryland
By Alice Norris Parran
Sponsored by the Southern Maryland Society of Colonial Dames
Baltimore: H. G. Roebuck & Son, 1935.

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Friendship House sits proudly on the campus of the College of Southern Maryland. Please join the Historical Society of Charles County in contributing to the preservation of Friendship House for many generations to come.



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Stratford Hall in The Spring



Another successful Spring Trip for the Historical Society to Historic Stratford Hall, the home of the Lees of Virginia, on May 16, 2019.



Members enjoyed special tours and a delicious luncheon on the grounds of Stratford Hall.



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