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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY BOYHOOD

Munise, Del. County, Ind.

January 29th, 1872

I was born in Cecil County, Maryland, Nov. 4, 1800. My earliest recollections are connected with the farm of Tobias Rudolph where my father Capt. John Sample, then lived. It was on the Glasgow road, opposite the Cowden farm (now owned by Rev. James McIntire. From there I used to go to school over Ginn's Hill-where the residence of Postmaster General Creswell now stands-to Elkton, about a mile and a half. Then we lived about three years at the Landing, moving to Elkton about 1811, I think.

I remember many of the scenes and incidents of the war 1812; and particularly how the red-coats beat up our quarters so often in Elkton, while they blockaded the Chesapeake. Often we the women and children-and some men took what we could conveniently carry and fled for safety. One afternoon after the battery (as we called it) was erected at the Landing, and the good men and brave were there to meet the foe, very many of the women and children were collected at the creek north of the town, awaiting the result of an approach of barges, two men came sneaking by-John and Jim Anderson-and the women opened on them a fire of ridicule, which was very severe, but they kept on, observing the adage, "He that runs away, may live to fight some other day." My mother and the younger children went to the residence of Mr. John Thompson, near Newark, in Delaware, and remained for some time. The prominent men who stood foremost in the defense of our homes then were Col. James Sewell, Major Andrew Whann, (of the calvary) Capt. Sample and Ensign Thomas Howard-I have forgotten the Lieutenant. A part of the time there was a company from Lancaster, Pa., quartered in Whann's house, near the mill.-The British fleet lay in the bay, down about Pool's island and Spesuita island, and from thence they

sent marauding parties in barges up Sassafra, Susquehanna and Elk rivers, robbing hen roosts, firing private property, and turning up Jack generally. They thus destroyed warehouses and schooners at Frenchtown, where we had an unfinished fort. They also destroyed Havre de Grace. I saw the smoke at Elkton of the burning property. They essayed to reach Elkton, but finding a chevaux-de-frise across the river, and the little battery at the landing ready to receive them, they retreated, remembering that discretion was the better part of valor. They were a wretched, cowardly set of marauders, going only to those points which were unprotected. A large body of Pennsylvania Militia was collected and encamped at Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, contiguous to the heads of the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, ready to succor any post where most needed; from thence was a chain of videttes leading down through Elkton to Bull's Mountain, at the head of the Chesapeake, and that means constant watch was kept over the movements of the British fleet in our bay. Their headquarters, in Elkton, were at the Fountain Inn, kept then by Joshua Richardson. They each rode about ten miles, and I have often seen them coming on a gallop, the horse covered with foam.

We could distinctly hear the booming of the cannon, during the bombardment of Fort M^c Henry, at Baltimore. In February 1815, when the news of peace was received all of our citizens repaired to the Landing to fire a salute from the battery. Ezekiel F. Chambers, then a sprightly, slender, sharp faced young lawyer-I think he was State's Attorney at the time took charge of a nine or twelve-pounder cannon. It was at the north end of the battery, near the stone house, where a tavern was kept in the early days. In loading the gun, some imprudent person, after the ball was rammed home, stuck a frozen clod in the muzzle; they were firing at a barrel on the ice, some half mile below,) Chambes touched the gun off, and it busted. I was standing on the rampart, near him, watching the effect of the shot, when on looking down, I saw chambers lying against the bank, bleeding, and the debris of the gun lying on him. He was badly hurt, but no bones were broken, although there were some narrow escapes. A large piece of the gun was thrown into one of the garret windows of the stone house which stood near, and a little girl was looking out of the window at the time. Tobias Rudolph stood upon a barrel to see the effect of the shot, right in rear of the gun, the breech of which knocked the barrel to pieces under him. I met Chambers, in August, 1859, at Newport, Rhode Island. He became one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals for Maryland.

In those days, Earl, Worrall and Purnell composed the Circuit Court for Cecil county. Wm. Alexander, Jere Cosden, John Partridge, Tobias Rudolph, Wm. H. Ward were the prominent resident attorneys; James Sewall, Clerk and perhaps Robert C. Lusby, Sheriff. Henry Stump was perhaps a student