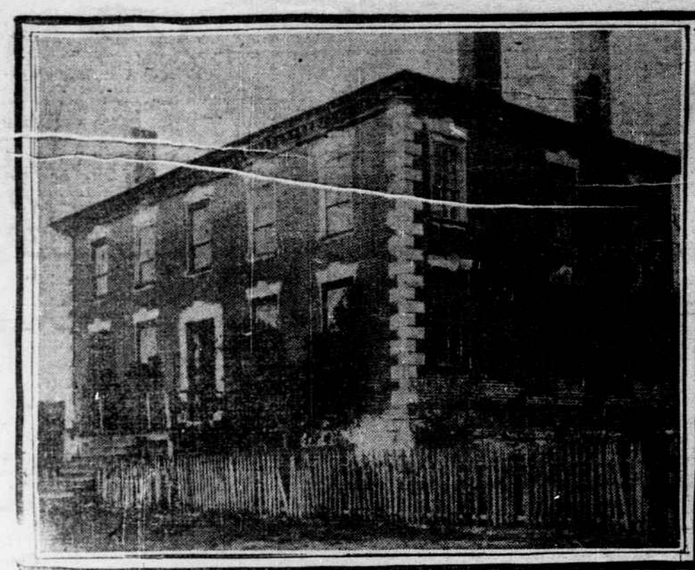
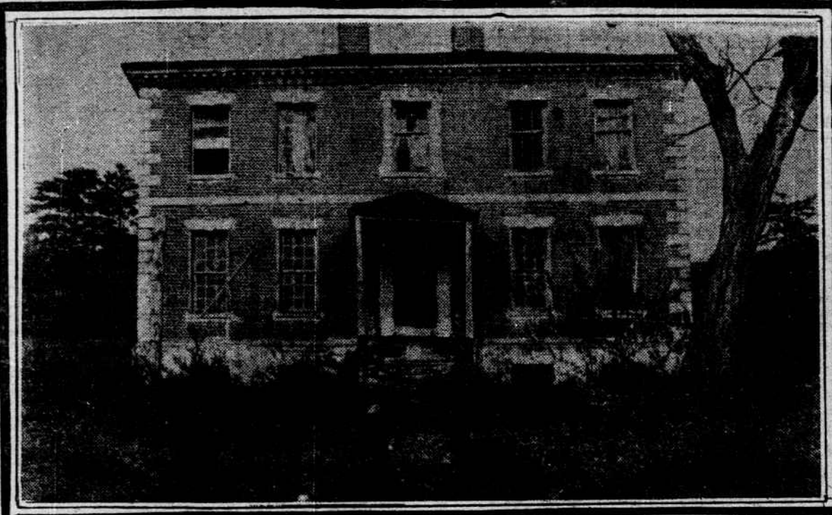


Dumfries, a Place of Ancient Memories

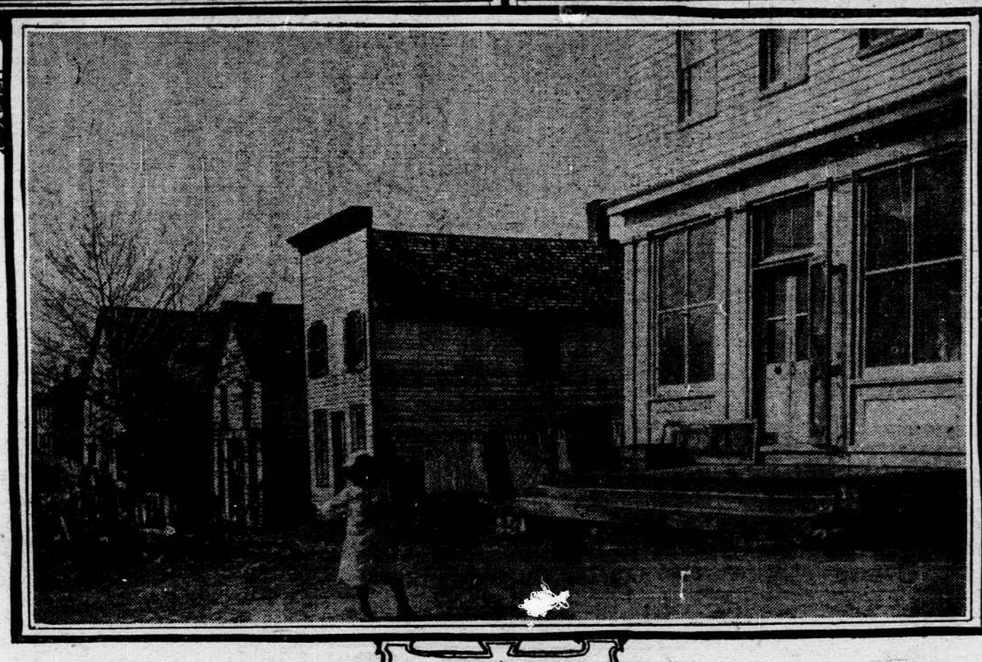
ANCIENT INN OF DUMFRIES



THE TIBBS HOMESTEAD ABANDONED

CHURCH IN OLD BURYING GROUND

RAPID TRANSIT IN DUMFRIES



THE NEW DUMFRIES

DUMFRIES, Virginia, is one of those places of solemn interest and ancient memories, which, though close to Washington, few Washingtonians visit. Dumfries, now a ruin, was a considerable city in its day, and its day was so long ago that Dumfries was old before the city of Washington was laid out. A stranger walking through a cornfield comes upon a mound of brick and mortar, and his guide, some venerable man of the neighborhood, says: "The Dumfries Theater stood here;" coming upon another mound in a meadow the guide says: "This was the Bank of Dumfries," or "the market house stood here, or "along this street where the cattle are pastured there once stood a row of business houses occupied as a bakery, butcher shop, a tailoring shop, a hat store, tavern, hotel," etc. It is all a great lesson in the changes that time may bring.

Dumfries is on Quantico creek about five miles above where the creek empties into the Potomac. For two miles above its mouth Quantico creek is a stream of marked beauty. Contrary to what its name implies the creek is a wide body of water. In places it appears to be half a mile wide, and it is narrower than two or three hundred yards in only a few places till about three miles above the Potomac, where wide marshes are encountered. Over these marshes the creek simply oozes. These marshes extend perhaps two miles back from the wide water of the creek and beyond the marshes the Quantico creek is just a little "run" or branch like hundreds of others draining the country. The wharves of Dumfries have been covered in earth from the hills.

* * *

Quantico creek or the broad part of it which is sometimes called the Quantico river, passes between high hills closely timbered with hardwoods. It is a thickly overgrown country through which the creek passes, and although several sawmills are running, yet the big timber seems to have been pretty cleanly cut out. On the south side of the creek the woods, after crossing a hilly country, stretch away into the great Chappawamsic swamp. In many places along the course of the creek the hills drop bluffly to the water and fine views may be obtained.

To reach Dumfries one may leave the railroad at Quantico village and follow the wagon road through the woods on the south side of the creek. Or one may leave the railroad at Barrow's Siding on the north side of the creek and follow the line of a narrow gauge railway which runs to a pyrites mine about two miles above Dumfries. Or if one should choose a slower way of reaching Dumfries he may follow the old north and south stage road (now called the Telegraph road), from Alexandria, through Lorton, Occoquan and thus on to Dumfries, for the ancient town stands where the old stage road crosses Quantico creek.

Dumfries was settled by Scotch merchants, but the date is a question. It was in the seventeenth century and not many years after the settlement of Jamestown. Among the men who early appreciated the opportunity for trade with the Indians and increasing European population in the Potomac country were many Scotchmen. It is recorded that these Scotch traders were the first whites to settle on the site of Washington city. Davy Burns, proprietor of much of the western part of the site of the federal city at the time of the location of the city and whose daughter Marta and her husband, Gen. Van Ness, were prominent in the early Washington, was a descendant from some of these Scotch settlers. A number of these adventurous traders settled on Quantico creek, and in memory of their European home called the place Dumfries.

* * *

The town grew with the country till it came to be classed with Williamsburg as one of the important cities of the new world. In that time Fredericksburg had not been born, the town of the Necostins was where Georgetown stands and the Alexanders and Hugh West, who laid out Alexandria, had not been born.

The seventeenth and early eighteenth century history of Dumfries is largely lost and what there is is scattered through so many old records that to collate them would be a work of months. In the latter part of the eighteenth century chronicles may be found with frequent reference to Dumfries. There is in the Library of Congress an account of a big race meet of the Dumfries Jockey Club in 1774, where the stake of one race was 200 guineas. This is not particularly significant of the antiquity of Dumfries, for in the pre-revolutionary era there were great race meets at Upper Marlboro, Prince George county, Md.; Annapolis, Fredericksburg and other Maryland and Virginia cities.

In the American Gazetteer for 1798 is the item that the exports from Dumfries for the year ending September 30, 1794, amounted to $85,635.

Bishop Meade in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia" relates that in 1755 a glebe was purchased for the Rev. James Scott, and that there were two churches in his parish, one at Dumfries and one near Quantico. The church at Dumfries had been built in 1752 at a cost of one hundred thousand weight of tobacco and replaced an older church which had so fallen into decay that it was sold for fifteen hundred weight of tobacco. When the dilapidated church had been built Bishop Meade did not know. Nor did he know how many Episcopal churches had been built at Dumfries before that which cost 100,000 weight of tobacco.

Bishop Meade writing in 1857 of the ruins of the Dumfries church said:

"I have often seen them in my travels through that region. Dumfries, itself once the mart of that part of Virginia, the scene of gayety and fashion, the abode of wealthy merchants from Scotland who named it after the city of that name in the mother country, is now in ruins almost as complete as those of the old church.

"Quantico creek, through which the trade of Europe came, is now filled up. Desolation reigns around. The old court house was fitted up some thirty-five or forty years ago as an Episcopal Church, but that has long since been abandoned for want of worshipers."

The Rev. James Scott was succeeded by his son, John Scott. This parson challenged a man to a duel and his second, a man named Bullett, trying to make peace between the challenger and the challenged, became involved with the latter and killed him. John Scott fled to Scotland and he was succeeded at Dumfries by the Rev. Spence Grayson, who was followed about 1802 by the Rev. Thomas Harrison.

Bishop Meade gives the names of such vestrymen as he has been able to learn through the records of the church. These follow: Peyton, Reaser, Butler, Desker, Linton, Renno, Blackman, Furgurson, Ewell, Seale, Grayson, Baxter, Whetlige, Fouchee, Rust, Rausson, Crump, Frogg, Harrison, Wright, Bullett, Wickliffe, Bell, Copedye, Thornton, Elsey, Betty, Eustace, Blackwell, Waggener, Nishell, Kennon, Tibbs, Triplett, Carr, Lee, Bayliss, Buchannan, Hoe, Alexander, Fitzhugh, Kinchloe, Washington, Guatkin, McMillan, Adie and Tompkins. Among the lay readers were Thomas Machen, John Peyton and Jeremiah Moore.

* * *

Decay was eating into Dumfries when the nineteenth century opened. The creek was filling up in front of Dumfries' wharves, and the size of ocean ships was increasing. Towns more favorably situated were taking Dumfries' place. The upper Potomac ports were Alexandria, Georgetown, Bladensburg and Piscataway. Half a century ago a fire swept through the broken-down city and destroyed eighteen dwellings and many of the former business buildings. The ruins are now scarcely discernible, grass and corn growing over them.

The oldest citizen of Dumfries is Mr. Waters. The Star man met him in a cornfield. Mr. Waters, though seventy-five years old, was pulling corn as vigorously as a young man. He said: "I was born here seventy-five years ago, and have lived here all my life and can remember as far back as when I was four years old. Even then Dumfries was a ruined town. Then the great fire came and cleaned up what was left of the town. The fire started in a house that stood where that apple tree yonder is growing. I don't know the year the fire burned us out, though it burned our house, too, but it was about fifty years ago. There were big houses in these fields in those days. You see the straight and narrow lanes that lead between these through these parcels of ground? Well, they were streets long, long ago. When ships used to come and go in this creek and the stage coaches with passengers and the mail used to go through here, this was a bustling sort of place."

L. E. Merchant, native of Dumfries, and son of one of the prominent citizens of the old town, has several relics of the Dumfries of other days. He has the day book and ledger of Richard Dunlop, a leading eighteenth century merchant. Under date of January 31, 1788, there is this interesting entry: "Cash to Gen. Washington £7 2 shillings." It would appear that Washington, probably traveling between Fredericksburg and Mount Vernon, became temporarily embarrassed and borrowed a small sum from his friend Dunlop. Mr. Merchant has the great key of the old Dumfries jail, a heavy pewter spoon marked 1706 and a pouch of English coin found in the fields where the town stood.

* * *

A new Episcopal Church stands on the ruin of the church Bishop Meade writes of. About it are hundreds of graves. Most of them are unmarked, many of them are marked simply by a rude piece of undressed rock without inscription. One or two of the eighteenth century graves are well taken care of and quite a number of early nineteenth century graves are carefully kept. The oldest marked stone The Star man saw was this:

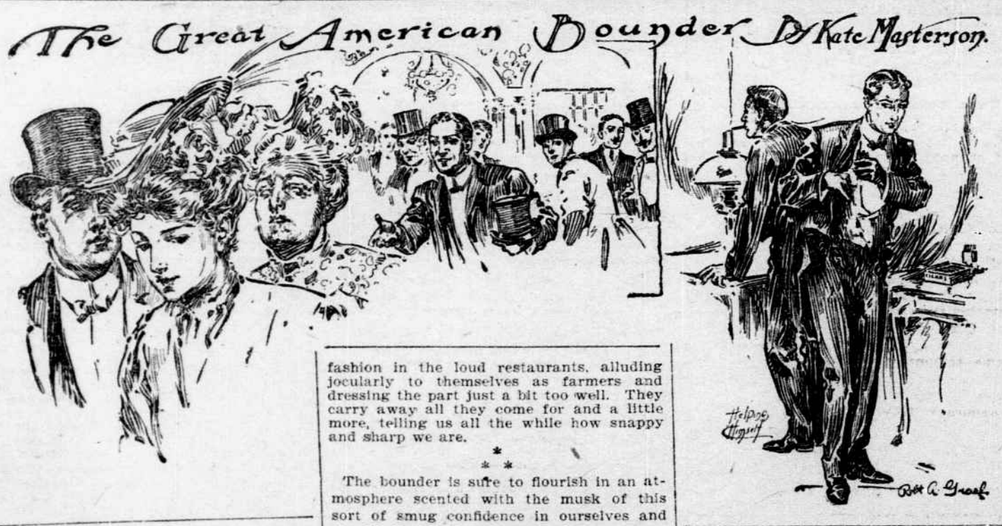
"Here lies William Dunlop, merchant, son of Alexander Dunlop, Greek professor in the University of Glasgow, who dyed Dec'r the 21, 1739, aged 82 years."

Thus the man whose bones lie there was born in 1657. That is reaching well back into the olden time!

Some of the tombs near Dunlop's grave are marked as follows: Margaret Alexander, died 8th of June, 1806; William F. S. Dunnington, died 1800; Charlotte Brundige, died 1807; Joseph Huber, 1817; Mrs. L. Colquhoun, 1815; Mrs. Sarah Williams, 1812; James W. Colquhoun, 1815, and David Boyle, 1818.

The Great American Bounder

By Kate Masterson.



A VERY few years ago the bounder was entirely unknown in this country. Our social code did not begin to grow complex until within comparatively recent years, and the bounder was as far from our comprehension as the coster.

We heard the word used in the English comedies, in which we hear many other things we appreciate but dimly. Little Mary is only a somewhat unpleasant jest to us, yet it sets a fashionable London audience laughing (not such an easy accomplishment) and nine references in an evening do not seem to much.

When the younger, liveller set disintegrated itself from the conservative element the American bounder was born, and his growth has been in proportion to our rapid progress in all things. He is the Frankenstein monster of our civilization, and the added years that he slumbered seem to have added power to his amazing advance.

We are apt to know the loafer on sight and can distinguish the lady rowdy a block away. We can pick out other objectionable types without much trouble and can always manage to see them first, but the bounder is so new to us and seems to be accepted so generally that he must be classed as a novel breed of us—a fancy kind, with enough distinct points to win him blue ribbons at any human bench show.

For the bounder is successful in his game. It does not matter to us so much that a disagreeable man stepped on us in a street car or an unpleasant woman pushed us in the gutter. We can insult them with a stare and pass on.

But we find the bounder in the very bosom of the family before we know it, and by the time we discover the reptile we are cherishing he has taken root.

In New York, where we pride ourselves on our acute perceptions, we are, as all the rest of the country knows, the easiest persons on earth. We are the original "some of the people" that you can fool all of the time.

Slick promoters from railroad combines and mining corporations come on here with a little money, which they spend in showy fashion in the loud restaurants, alluding jocularly to themselves as farmers and dressing the part just a bit too well. They carry away all they come for and a little more, telling us all the while how snappy and sharp we are.

* * *

The bounder is sure to flourish in an atmosphere scented with the musk of this sort of smug confidence in ourselves and the bluff that has become almost as national an institution as our pie.

The bounder is the prince of bluffers, and he gains his way with us while in other communities he would be at once detected and crushed. He pushes his way carefully, for he knows by experience the sting of a whip across his back when, once in a rare while, he is snubbed. Then there are others like himself, some of them quite as strong as he, in the push, but once his nose is in the trough it is mighty hard to separate him from what he has gained.

And that, after all, is the key to the situation. Gain is the bounder's star, large or small as the advantage may be he seeks, whether social, political, monetary getting, down the scale to the subject of dinners or invitations, he keeps pushing his way into houses where he is not desired, and clubs where, happily, he is never allowed to stay long.

But he is always after something with a hook, and it is an instinct with him—something he couldn't get away from if he tried. And, most admirable of all this wire-haired human's traits, is the manner in which he recovers on the rebound. You can insult him twice before breakfast, but he bobs up smiling at noon.

He is after a bone and he is bound to get away with it, a most admirable quality in commercial life, but disqueting to get at your fireside. Try to dislodge him from the easiest chair before your gas log, and you will find a dynamite bomb necessary. Tenacity is strongly developed in him, and if you intimate that his absence would delight you he will argue with you about it. You will find you have a large order on your hands if you try to part the bounder from his bone.

The very lair of the type, the jungle where you might hunt for the species, if plenitude did not make the sport so tame, is the large, showy and expensive restaurant where at late suppers patrons playfully water the window plants with champagne.

Here the bounder leaps like an Angora goat, from cafe, to grill, to bar, to table d'hote, showing himself profusely, cashing checks ostentatiously, nodding here and there to the empty air; indulging in what might be called the business of recognizing a large circle of friends.

Manner intensely hurried always, although he never leaves. Air of looking for some one in the halls or telephone booths. Never by chance ordering anything, and entirely willing to cease in his quest of nothing to inflict any party that may be unfortunate enough to signify by so much as an upraised eyebrow or a lifted finger that he may join them.

The bounder is intensely funny at this stage of the game—in the open, where you can get away. He is also a study in the art of bluff. He never falters for an instant; looks at his watch in a worried way now and then; talks easily of clubs, theaters, automobiles, and large amounts of money occur so frequently in his talk that you feel tempted to ask him if he suffers from that virulent Wall street complaint, coupon thumb.

* * *

He is impressive, and other bounders—usually lady bounders—will tell you mysteriously of the several fortunes that he squandered and the one that he is squandering now; of his wild infatuation for Tottie Toeprancer, which has wrecked his career and cast him adrift on the mad, bad, glad sea of French restaurant life.

The gift of gab and a great deal of unnecessary manner are the two distinguishing characteristics of the bounder, but sometimes he has accomplishments. He can sing or he can dance; sometimes he can tell a story, or perhaps he drinks heavily.

At once in the mysterious lexicon of the day he is put down as a good fellow—that terrible and tremendous compound of unseen and unsuggested virtues and horrible expression of everything undesirable.

If the good fellows and the women thoroughbreds were paired off on some little island of their own there would grow up a new and invincible race of bounders impossible to beat. That would be their own specialty.

The advance of the bounder would seem to indicate that before long every home will have a bouncer, as well as a hired girl, which might help some in inducing the maids to remain more than a week, but force is needed to check the onward press at the gates of home.

One might wonder how it is that the bounder is invited to visit homes, but he doesn't require asking. He manages it that some one takes him and then apologizes for him when he is well inside the door.

He gets to receptions and teas and in the light of candles, the odor of flowers and the frou-frou of hospitality, to make the atmosphere warm, he prowls quietly, stalking his prey. He ceases to talk in thousands and to cash checks, for he knows that this is the psychological moment. First thing you know you have invited him to dinner, or he is pushed in to some general invitation, and the deed is done.

Then you commence to learn to know the bounder. One wonders if he lives in a cave or in a zinc-lined room, for, despite his tremendous manner and his tall talk, he is entirely unaware of the real decencies of life.

* * *

At a dinner he is unique and introduces innovations, while conversing splendidly of matters social that make your poor feast seem mean. He puts his cigar ashes in the salted almonds and throws the ends under the table. Still easily keeping up the flow of his experiences, he burns two or three holes in the table linen and the lace doylies, and maybe smashes a carafe or a couple of glasses before he concludes his continuous performance.

In fact, in some manner that is actually mysterious he leaves ruin and desolation in his wake. His manners are cyclonic, and you can tell where he has passed by a trail of burned matches over the carpet, soppy book covers where he places his coffee cup or glass and disorder generally. Polished mahogany and linen and lace shrivel up and scorch as he passes.

Before he leaves he calls up his friends on the telephone two or three times to say "How do you do?" He replenishes his match box and cigarette case. It is not safe to leave much arouund loose when he enters. If there are any new books just from the shop or magazines yet uncut he borrows them or takes them anyhow. Perhaps he picks up a souvenir or two. Anything will do, from a coffee spoon to a bottle of tabasco, something that can be slipped in the pocket, for his sense of humor is profound.

He is such a good fellow, you know, the bounder is, and you win the boon of his undying scorn if you dare thwart him or try to exclude him from the ruin of your house. And even then he is quite likely to appear on your day at home and sit and sneer at you from your own cushions.

This is the real reason why so many persons cling to the primitive custom of chains on the front door. It is not so much to daunt burglars as to keep out bounders.

Too frequently the bounder walks on a banner on which he has inscribed "Bohemia." Because he can paint a picture or write music he thinks it is all right for him to kick over the lamp and hang his hat on the rubber plant. He tells you of a beautiful poem that he has written that morning and then proceeds to set fire to the curtains.

You are a poor-minded person, absolutely bourgeois and small, if you object to this. He writes such stunning book reviews that you cannot possibly find fault with him if he leaves your party and goes to sleep on the dining room sofa.

Even though he takes the pictures off the wall and walks on them you must laugh heartily at the joke, for it all proceeds from temperament, which seethes and boils over like this once in a while in simple fun.

* * *

On with the game! It is not given to all of us to encourage this divine thing we call genius. Let him put his feet on the family Bible and give him a box of matches and an edition de luxe to play with.

The bounder is what he is because otherwise sane and decent persons allow their idea of hospitality and the meanings of acquaintanceship to be distorted into something grotesquely false by the contamination of the bounder tribe, and so the disease spreads.

The bounders, like other criminals, were once children, presumably innocent of all but jam stealing. They have grown to this hideous degree in bounderism through what Stevenson calls "capitulation" to their friends and have taken to the thing in self-defense.

And it is all intensely American—a part of what we describe as cosmopolitan—an evil that we have allowed to grow and have nourished by our weakness; a vice that does away with ordinary decency, not to speak of the courtesies of life, and kills at once the dignity that should hedge a home.

Even in the very worst sets abroad, in Paris, London, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin—the very cradles of real vice, where they are busy inventing new and beautiful sins that we shall not even suspect in this generation—they know nothing of this bounderism.

For the English bounder is pathetic, and even the cab horses knew him by sight. He never gets anywhere. The English Bohemia is part of the king's circle, and even the poor girls of Piccadilly have their homes, with flowers in the window, where they keep up a sad attempt at what they call "side."

The Parisian demi-mondaine has a code of etiquette rigid as that of a duchess, and Balzac and Daudet and Henri Murger have made us familiar with the simpler types, commanding mysteriously the courtesy of all men.

These are the circles in which one would naturally look for bounderism, but when it does not penetrate these it can be readily understood that no real home abroad would tolerate the rowdyism that is becoming so prevalent with us that anything else seems slow!

American bounderism was born the devil knows where, nurtured in what we call "Bohemia" and finally flourishes under our very noses, and no matter how high in the air we may hold them the whoop la goes on merrily, for it takes more than that to discourage a bounder.

We are letting the bounders play horse with our sense of what is right and no matter how disgusted we may think we are we are growing bounderesque ourselves, for it is inevitable. You can't strike a gentleman loafer on the cheek with a rose and crush him! A pig sticker would be a more fitting weapon! And so we find ourselves meeting him on his own ground.

* * *

When that time came that the Four Hundred marched into the mouth of hell and came back—not the Four Hundred then, but the Smart Set—that time marked the letting down of the bars and the surging in of the bounder idea. Clubs do not smile on the bounder, and long-suffering men rage and fume helplessly while their wives and daughters receive callers at 11 at night, when the cafes have grown dull or the bounder has been thrown out of some conservative bar room.

Women make the social life of this and every other nation. They made the courts of the Louis brilliant and bad and the Victorian era stupid and good; but there were no bounders in either epoch. It remained for us to produce the breed and then allow it to go abroad, labeled American.

We need a recessional in our march of Billy Baxterism. It is a pretty state of things when men, and women, too, of social position, sometimes business rating and standing in the arts, cultivate the gentle manners of the sty. We are mentally nauseated half the time by those we would like to know if they only had the first conception of that fine thing for want of a better word we call courtesy. And there seems to be no way out of the mire and no defense but expatriation, for we can hardly look to learn how to behave ourselves from the younger generation.

We are living in a great age that has given us wonders—the wireless telegraph, the telephotophone and the practicable flying machine, but it should make us humble to realize that it has also given us bounderism, rampant, full-fledged, carrying us before it in a rush and trampling under foot everything that is sweet and true—the sacredness of home, the joy of companionship and the glory of friendship.

A Fascinating Fad.

Once again the fashionable women of Washington have yielded to the fascination of a fad. It is not a home-grown fad, but one that comes straight from China, and it has to do with bells. When the occidental mind takes hold of an oriental idea or cult it is usually a short cry to Buddha images, magic crystals and mysticism. None of these, however, is in the fashionable ascendant at present. It is the day of bells, a brass and copper season of sentiment.

Two very characteristic and utterly dissimilar specimens of bells have made their appearance in Washington. They are rare as yet, but they are part and parcel of a general run of "good luck" which is thought to stream from things ancient, and that is why the women are buying them. They hang them in their boudoirs, and the up-to-date bachelors are bestowing them as gifts upon their sweethearts.

One is a love bell. The very name is charmingly suggestive. Imagine a hoop of brass about the size of a brindle bulldog's collar, from which are suspended lotus leaves of the finest, thinnest brass swung on the airy-fairiest of threads. The love bell is intended to be hung either in a window or some other breezy space, so that soft winds will set the leaves tinkling to the tune of an absent lover's thoughts.

A beautiful Chinese sentiment concerning the bell is printed on the paper that wraps this attractive toy, but as even a fashionable woman's education is not apt to include a knowledge of "heathen Chinee," a translation of the oriental sentiment has been printed on a card and goes with the bell. Mr. Kipling did not write the verses, despite his familiarity with pagodas and Burmah girls east of Suez. They are very charming and clever, however, and have added much to the popularity of the love bell. Americans like to understand all about what they purchase. Here are the verses:

Within the window's open space,
Beneath the uprised glass,
Soft breezes wake the music of
The love bell's tinkling brass.

'Tis but an emblematic toy,
A ring from which are swung
Nine fragile, brazen lotus leaves,
On slender threads downhung.

The ring is symbol of true love
Eternal, without end
The leaves are nine immortal joys
The threads of life suspend.

In temple days of long ago,
In oriental clime,
The Burmah lovers listened to
The love bell's magic chime.

But that was on the other side
Of time and ocean's roll,
Ere Chinese sophistry engaged
The Christianizing soul.

While now the ringing of the bell
Sweet sentiment imparts
To occidental lovers blessed
With oriental hearts.

The other bell of extreme popularity is the "go away bell." You may find them here, prayer bell. This is a little bell of copper, of regulation shape, but, oh, ever so old, and with an occasional timeworn hole in its side. Aeons ago it hung in some temple, or perhaps in the shrine of an' almond-eyed maiden's home. The clapper or tongue of the bell is a jingling little ring, to which are tied long strips of prayer-inscribed paper. Again occidental ingenuity has come to the rescue in interpreting the oriental prayers, and a set of the English version accompanies each bell. There are seven prayers, one for each day, beginning with Sunday. They seem a bit Stevensonesque, despite the fact that they are said to be nearly literal translations from the original. The reader must judge for himself of their excellence:

SUNDAY.

A prelude prayer for this week I make—
Seal with success whate'er I undertake;
Prove Thou the day,
O God of sunlit heaven,
A Sun-day in my soul
To light the seven!

MONDAY.

Give work congenial to my hand;
Dear God, my diligence command;
And may Thy just approval be
My recompense for industry.

TUESDAY.

Whether the skies be blue or gray,
Whether I fail or win,
Fair be the purpose of the day,
Unclouded by grave sin.

WEDNESDAY.

Today I turn fresh soil of life
And scatter quickening seed;
Aid me to harvest, without strife,
Tomorrow's perfect deed.

THURSDAY.

Mend Thou my broken purposes of soul;
Half-hearted projects of the day make whole,
Speed Thou the midweek's good intent
And further it to godly betterment.

FRIDAY.

If the day be marked for sorrow,
Error, failure, grief,
With the dawning of tomorrow
Send Thou kind relief;
Or, if wretchedness remain,
Patience to endure the pain.

SATURDAY.

Guide the hour's occupation,
Be it grave or gay;
Glorify my recreation
And my working day.
Let my week-end effort be
Consecrated unto Thee.

The Low Salaries of Teachers.

From Leslie's Weekly.

In the matter of salaries the recent canvass made by the special committee appointed to investigate the subject reports a list showing an aggregate of 53,554 positions, with annual salaries of $4,600 and over, one-half of which pay $800 and upward, besides 14,193 of $500 to $600, and 17,728 annual salaries below $500. In Harvard and Yale the professors receive all the way from $2,000 to $4,000 a year, and the instructors from $800 to $1,000. Small salaries, often pitifully small, they form the incomes that men of learning and superior abilities and accomplishments are ready to accept, where their pay is less than many a mechanic's wages. We hear a great deal about the mania for money-getting in this country, as if it were the sole stimulus to exertion; but more than 20,000 college professors and instructors are spending their energies in an employment which gives them scarcely more than a bare subsistence. The "simple life," of which we hear so much, is theirs. With them it is plain living and high thinking. They are impelled by other higher ambitions than mere money-making. And then, consider the 600,000 school teachers with an average salary of less than $400. The "smart set," the "American aristocracy," you may find them here.