



The Quaker Hill Quill



Quaker Hill Historic Preservation Foundation
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A View from the Hill--by Ashley Cloud, Executive Director, QHHPF Celebrating the Second Annual Friends of the Arts Festival



A forecast of potentially stormy weather ended up being a blessing in disguise for our much-anticipated Second Annual Friends of the Arts Festival, sponsored by PNC Bank. The decision was made to utilize the gorgeous interior of St. Peter's Cathedral, and the outcome was magical. With the backdrop of that 200- year-old work out of art, the Quaker Hill Historic Preservation Foundation was able to promote the beautiful history of Quaker Hill while featuring the works of an amazing group of artists. The decision to collaborate with the Harmony on the Hill Committee to hold our Festival alongside the Annual Berry Festival at the historic Wilmington Friends Meeting House created a true community event. These historic neighboring edifices allowed Festival goers to flow from one family-oriented activity to another: enjoying delicious barbecue and fresh strawberry desserts, live music, games, face painting and art projects for children. Eunice LaFate was on hand not only with her beautiful art for sale, but also her hands-on folk art lessons and collaborative projects for children of all ages. The QHHPF is grateful to both the artist and also the Delaware Humanities Forum for sponsoring Ms. LaFate's educational presentation. Many children participated and created thoughtful pieces that reflected

their ideals of what makes their neighborhoods special or what they would like to see in their neighborhoods. Images representing inclusivity, safe havens, love, and play resonated through all of their drawings, creating a tapestry of how to shape our city for this precious generation.

Thanks to joint promotional efforts on the part of QHHPF, Harmony on the Hill, and Downtown Visions, the Festivals drew hundreds to historic Quaker Hill, many of whom were discovering its beauty and history for the first time. In the true spirit of community, St. Peter's own Girl Scout Troop set up a table at the corner of 4th and West between St. Peter's and the Meeting House, tempting Festival goers with their delicious cookies and encouraging them to flow back and forth between the two events. Another Quaker Hill historic church, Tabernacle Baptist, donated all of the folding tables used for the Arts Festival while historic Hardcastle Gallery donated display panels for the art to be hung. Father Klein from St. Peter's gave tours to interested groups, and those perusing the art were regaled with a harmonious organ performance by St. Peter's Director of Music.

Amidst of these joyful activities, let us not forget the art! QHHPF is quite grateful to the gifted artists who participated in the Festival. From the established and renowned to the up and coming and debuting, the Festival featured photography and paintings, in different mediums and styles, to engage the eyes and feed the soul. There were watercolors and oils from

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“My Dungeon Shook”: Richard Allen’s Conversion and Liberation

by Cheryl Renée Gooch, Ph.D

Delaware is a part of the genesis of this country’s largest African American religious denomination, the African Methodist Episcopal Church. It was near Dover that Richard Allen (1760-1831) experienced his spiritual conversion while enslaved, and it was in Wilmington as a free man that he embraced his calling to ministry.

Decades before Allen was elected bishop of the AME Church, Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia sold Allen, his parents, and four siblings to a Dover area slave holder. Witnessing the further disruption of his family when his mother and some sibling were sold, Allen embraced religion and joined the Methodist society. His affiliation with the Methodist society intensified his determination to live as a free man, both spiritually and socially.

Drawing inspiration from Biblical stories of God delivering the faithful from bondage, Allen experienced a life-changing conversation which he described often throughout his lifetime:

One night I thought hell would be my portion. I cried unto him who delighteth to hear the prayers of a poor sinner; and all of a sudden my dungeon shook, my chains flew off, and Glory to God, I cried.

During Allen’s lifetime the saying, “My dungeon shook and my chains flew off” was a common theme of sermons, songs, and personal testimonies. It was a testimony of the power of faith to overcome adversity.

Allen’s faith emancipated him. Having been spiritually liberated, he said, “I accordingly had it impressed on my mind that I should one day enjoy my freedom, for slavery is a bitter pill.” His brother and he conspired to work harder in order to continue their religious education and eventually to buy their freedom.

My brother and myself held a council together that we should attend more faithfully to our master’s business, so that it should not be said that religion made us worse servants, we would work night and day to get our crops forward, so that they should not be disappointed. At length our master said he was convinced that religion made slaves better and not worse, and often boasted of his slaves for their honesty and industry.

In effect, Allen and his brother employed a strategy of working harder to secure their freedom.

We frequently went to meeting on every other Thursday, but if we were likely to be backward with our crops, we would refrain from going to meeting. When our master found out we were making no provision to go to meeting, he would frequently ask us if it was not our meeting day, and if

we were not going. We would frequently tell him, “No, sir, we would rather stay home and get our work done.” He would tell us, “Boys, I would rather you would go to your meeting; if I am not good myself, I like to seeing you striving yourselves to be good.” Our reply would be, “Thank you, sire; but we would rather stay and get our

crops forward.” So we always continued to keep our crops more forward than our neighbors, and we would attend public preaching once in two weeks, and class meetings once a week.

The strategy worked. The brothers bargained with their owner “to pay him sixty pounds of gold and silver, or two thousand dollars continental money.” This transaction occurred between 1775-1783. It appears they were working to earn their freedom during the Revolutionary War. He cut wood, earned \$50/month working in a brickyard, and drove a wagon hauling salt from “Rehobar” [Rehoboth]. All this while he was evolving as a preacher. “Sometimes I would awaken in my sleep preaching and praying,” he wrote. “I had my regular stops and preaching places on the road. I enjoyed many happy seasons in meditation and prayer while in this employment.”

My Lot Was Cast in Wilmington

After the war Allen continued preaching throughout Delaware.



After peace was proclaimed I then traveled extensively, striving to preach the Gospel. My lot was cast in Wilmington. Shortly after, I was taken sick with the fall fever, and then the pleurisy. September 3, 1783, I left my native place...and went into New-Jersey, and there traveled and strove to preach the Gospel until the spring of 1784.

Allen, Absalom Jones, and others established the Free African Society in Philadelphia in 1787, out of which the independent AME Church grew. Their focused effort was to organize a congregation where free and enslaved Blacks could worship without the racial tension they experienced in predominantly white churches. The formerly enslaved Allen admonished slaveholders to abandon their livelihoods based on oppression:

If you love your children, if you love your country, if you love the God of love, clear your hands from slaves, burthen not your children nor your country with them, my heart has been sorry for the blood shed

of the oppressors, as well as the oppressed, both appear guilty of each other's blood, in the sight of him who hath said, he that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

In 2016 the United States Postal Service's stamp commemorates the 200th anniversary of Allen's founding of the African United Methodist Church.

Work cited: *The Life, Experiences, and Gospel Labours of the Rt. Reverend Richard Allen*. Philadelphia, Martin & Boden, 1883. Electronic Edition, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, 2000. <http://doc-south.unc.edu/neh/allen/allen.html>

Cheryl Renee Gooch, Ph.D., is author of *On Africa's Land: the Forgotten Stories of Two Lincoln-Educated Missionaries in Liberia*. She conducts research for the Delaware Historical Society and is keenly interested in uncovering obscured aspects of the Black Delawarean experience.

Hunn Town and Wildcat Manor by Justin Wilson

My last article focused on the courageous works of the abolitionist John Hunn and how he devoted his life to emancipating freedom seekers. This article focuses on a small African American community called Hunn Town located outside of Wildcat Manor, the ancestral home of the Delaware Hunns, located to what is now known as Camden, Delaware. Wildcat Manor at this time was owned by Ezekiel Hunn, brother of John Hunn. Ezekiel was a prosperous and successful attorney and merchant. His brother John and he were active in the Delaware segment of the Underground Railroad. Ezekiel was an agent for freedom in the Camden area, and John Hunn was an agent in the Middletown area.

Ezekiel Hunn promised a parcel of land to his daughter Guliema Hunn, which would be used for the creation of the small African American community. That land eventually became the promised land to African Americans.

Ever since Africans were brought to America's shores, they have wanted a place to call home, a community in which they could live in peace and harmony with individuals who wanted to do the same. At least eighty-eight and perhaps as many as two hundred black towns arose throughout the United States during

eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries. The first such community established in North America was called Garcia Real de Santa Teresa de Mose--"Fort Mose," the first legally recognized community of ex-slaves. This community was founded in St. Augustine, Florida in 1738. The site of this free black fort is now a National Historic landmark run by the Florida Park Service. It is considered the focal point for the first Underground Railroad, which ran not from the south to north, but rather from the British southern colonies to Spanish Florida all the way down to the Caribbean and as far as South America, where escaped slaves would gain their freedom.

After the creation of this town, there were others such as Nicodemus, Kansas; Boley, Oklahoma, and Mound Bayou, Mississippi.

Delaware had few such communities created after the Civil War. Hunn Town was one. Near Wildcat Manor, at Forest Landing, once stood a row of gambrel-roofed tenant houses, known collectively as Hunn Town. A survey done of Forest Landing in 1822 showed two houses from the stylized sketches that appeared to be typical of Delaware farm workers'

"Hunn Town," continued to page 8.

Joseph Bancroft: *Founder of an Industry, Creator of Social Community, Promoter of Peace and Unity*

by Mary Starkweather-White and Terence Maguire

Joseph Bancroft & Sons was founded in 1831, first as a private enterprise of Joseph Bancroft's, and then as a partnership with his sons, William and Samuel, in 1865. It was incorporated in 1889.

Joseph Bancroft was born in Salford, England in 1803 into a devout Quaker family. He was educated at a Friends school and then apprenticed for 7 years to his uncle, Jacob Bright, to learn cotton manufacturing. He came to America in 1822 and worked as a manager of a small woolen mill on the Brandywine just south of Rockland. In 1829, he married Sarah Poole, great-granddaughter of William Shipley, the Quaker who was responsible for putting Wilmington on the map.

In 1831 Joseph bought a grist mill on the Brandywine, a mile downstream from Hagley and closer than that upstream from the Gilpin brothers' paper factory. There he began spinning and weaving fine cloth. At the time American cloth tended to be coarse, and while the American public tended to be proud of their simplicity, they also wanted, when they could afford it, the best quality. His intention was to provide American buyers with the kind of cloth they felt they could only purchase from England. Bancroft was primarily interested in the "finish" of cloth: "the color, the printed pattern, the softness or crispness, the subdued tones or rich lustres, were all the work of the finisher who took the rolls...and created the magic effects." (Eckmann, p. 60) To create such a "finish" was Bancroft's ambition --and his achievement.

The Bancrofts' success was due to a tremendous work ethic, but also to good fortune and fine relations with his workers. He worked closely with his brother-in-law J. Morton Poole, the best machinist in Wilmington (whom *Quill* readers will remember from an article by Deborah Martin). Poole actually set up his shop for some time in Bancroft's mill. He was also fortunate in his friends. In 1839 a winter flood rushed into the Bancroft mill, "demolishing in hours the work of many months, sweeping through the mill with resistless violence everything that impeded its progress, leaving behind a scene of desolation and ruin." (Harvey Bounds, p. 14). When the deeply depressed

Joseph offered to give up and turn his mill over to his chief creditor, Thomas Janvier, Janvier refused and instead extended more credit for the repairs. It was good luck for the Bancrofts and good business for Janvier.

In his relations with his employees, Joseph was far ahead of his time. He was influenced by his Quaker beliefs and also perhaps by his uncle Jacob Bright, whose son John became a reform-minded member of Parliament in England, a champion of the middle class. The Bancrofts built homes for their employees, hired a teacher for employees' children, and paid his employees cash so they would not be victims of a *company store*, a convenient but insidious feature of almost every manufacturing village in 19th C. America. At company stores credit was extended to employees, but the prices charged were higher than usual. The careless (or desperate) worker would often spend as much as or more than his week's wages and find himself in steadily growing debt to the employer. This situation became a kind of economic slavery; the worker could not leave for a better job because of his debt. Bancroft also set up a saving and investment



plan for his employees.

And his wife Sarah was of a similar mind. Historian Jeanette Eckmann, writes, "Sarah Poole Bancroft adopted the whole community, and it became a close part of her life." She brought the daughters of many of the workers into her kitchen "not as servants but to train them as future wives and mothers." She cared

for those young apprentices, separated from their own families, and “to the adults she was a bulwark in every crisis” (pp. 32-34).

Joseph retired in 1868 and devoted his time in efforts to heal the breach between Orthodox and Hicksite Friends, writing *A Persuasive to Unity*. He died in 1874, leaving his sons William and Samuel to carry on and expand the business. They also followed Joseph’s example in treatment of employees. The company hired welfare and social workers, maintained a kindergarten founded by William’s wife, Emma, built an industrial cafeteria, established benefits such as liberal pensions, insurance and medical plans, and hired the handicapped!

The Bancroft family was renowned for its philanthropy. Joseph’s oldest son, William Poole Bancroft, was largely responsible for the creation of the city park system in Wilmington and the founding of Woodlawn Trustees, designed to provide affordable housing, wise planning, and the assemblage of parklands and open space. William was also a major benefactor of Swarthmore College, Wilmington Friends School, and the Wilmington Institute Free Library. William’s younger brother Samuel Bancroft was a founder of and important contributor to the Delaware Art Museum. Theirs is a legacy that will never be forgotten.

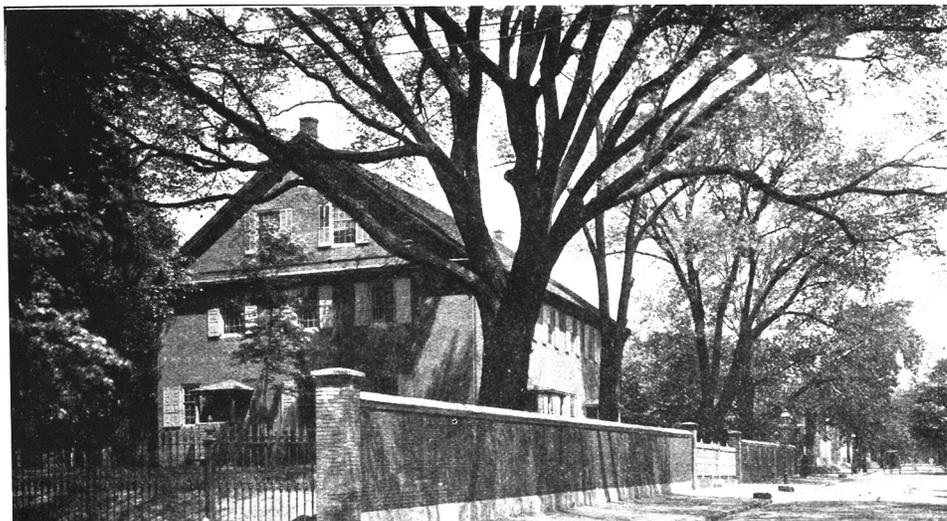
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Upcoming Fourth & West Meeting House Bicentennial

*Quaker Hill is thus called because the earliest European inhabitants were the Quakers who founded Wilmington Monthly Meeting in 1738. Their meeting house was a small square structure, approximately 25 feet each way. In just ten years the meeting itself—that is, the congregation—had outgrown the little building in what is now a largely vacant lot and moved across West Street to a much larger building. However, by the early nineteenth century, the Friends at Fourth and West felt the need for a yet larger structure. Begun in 1816, the “new” meeting house was completed in 1817, and that is the familiar one shown in the photo below. Lisa Samson, historian for Wilmington Monthly Meeting, detailed the planning and execution of that 1817 Meeting House in *Quaker Hill Quills* of November, 2012; February, 2014; and August, 2014.*

In the coming year the members of Wilmington Monthly Meeting will be celebrating the 200th anniversary of that “new” meeting House. To honor their celebratory efforts, the Quaker Hill Quill will, in its present and upcoming issues, publish articles on some of the outstanding members of the Meeting and also publish (we think for the first time) papers that were prepared and presented for the celebrations of the 100th and the 150th anniversary celebrations. Some of these articles have been freshly written, like that about Joseph Bancroft in this issue, while others, like the Memorial about T. Clarkson Taylor, have been reprinted from the past.



The third and current Meeting House at Fourth and West, from a late 19th C photograph found in Friends’ School catalogues of the time.

Letters by Thomas Garrett to the *Blue Hen's Chicken*, Part II --edited by Dr. Peter Dalleo

For a number of years Dr. Peter Dalleo pored over the Historical Society of Delaware's collection of a 19th C. Delaware newspaper called the **Blue Hen's Chicken**. It began publication in 1845 and ran until 1854.

As was stated in the May issue of the **Quill**, the **Blue Hen's Chicken** became known for its advocacy of comparatively liberal causes such as universal education, proportional representation for the state legislature and the abolition of slavery. It had unusual sympathy with the state's African American population.

Dr. Dalleo discovered a number of letters to the newspaper by Thomas Garrett, the eminent stationmaster of the Underground Railroad and champion of rights for African-Americans. In a sense Garrett became a reporter as well as editorialist for the BHC. Here are several other letters in which Garrett uncovers and underlines the injustice of the state laws, both those of Delaware and Maryland, in the arrest and possible sale into slavery for persons entering or re-entering the state of Delaware, who had committed no other crime.

* Letter # 5 BHC, October 18, 1850

10 mo. 12th 1850

Knowing thou has heretofore been disposed to publish cases of cruelty and oppression, I have thought it would be right to give the public, through the columns of the *Chicken*, the facts connected with the imprisonment of Nicholas Hopkins and his wife (colored) of the 31st of the 8th month last, who were, I presume, imprisoned in accordance with the Laws of the State of Delaware. These persons had been living in Lancaster and Chester Counties most of the time for eight years, and had been to Jersey for a short time, and were on their way back to Pennsylvania, when they were arrested by Constables Moody and Moore of this city. High Constable Moody has attained considerable notoriety for the profession of runaway slaves for several years past. They took Hopkins and his wife before Esq. Countiss...who committed them to New Castle jail. He stated to Abraham Allerdice and myself, that he had no evidence of their being slaves,

but there was a discrepancy between the husband and wife of the time they were married, one said they were married before Christmas, the other about six months since, and so far as I recollect that was all the inconsistency he could charge them with. They were sent to prison where they remained until yesterday when Sheriff Grubb informed me, that he had set them at liberty, fully satisfied that they were entitled to Liberty. But the unjust and iniquitous laws of Delaware make no provision for compensating them for their long imprisonment without being charged with any crime except of having colored skin, those innocent people, strangers here, were taken up by Moody and Moore, urged on, it is said, by a certain Bar keeper not a hundred miles from Christiana bridge in Wilmington, no doubt in the hope of making money out of them in some shape. They knew they had nothing to risk, not even reputation, in case the black should prove to be free.

They were black and they could be imprisoned with impunity, and should they prove to be free, the County and the State pays the expense of commitment, and the Board while in prison out of the General Tax. Fellow citizens, it is time to look to those laws which disgrace our statute Books, and pass laws in their place more consistent with Christian or civilized people. Let those whether officer or private citizens who arrest a freeman regardless of color without cause, be chargeable with all expenses of board, and in addition pay full compensation to the aggrieved party for the time of imprisonment. The Laws of Delaware in many respects are the opposite of Democratic, they make a wide distinction between the white and the colored man. Our laws need revising, let them be made to bear equally on all the white and the black, and at the same time, by all means, make provision for abolishing Slavery in our State, for it ever has and ever will, prove a curse to any State where it exists.

THOS. GARRETT

* Letter # 3 BHC September 5, 1851 [no Garrett date]

"Garrett Letters," continued to page 8

Fourth & West Museum Restoration

The upstairs museum at the Wilmington Friends Meeting House (401 N. West Street, Wilmington, DE 19801) has been revived with a display of a Bancroft parlor you can walk around; Bancroft artifacts, including a stereopticon to view antique photographs in 3 dimensions, and a "What Is It?" exhibit of puzzling artifacts to guess. Take the quiz and win a prize!

The three people who put the exhibit together (Darleen Amobi, Linda Powell and Mary Starkweather-White) had a great time doing it! As Darleen said, "I especially enjoyed the idea of touching something that Mrs. [William] Bancroft might have worn. I liked her great-granddaughter [Wilmington Friend Richenda Davison] talking to us about the Bancrofts. Linda's exhibit case was especially nice with the guessing element. The kids seemed to enjoy the notion of mystery. The entire museum was wonderful. I learned a lot about doing historical displays with our group."

New Beginnings - Next Step,
a project of

Delaware *Pacem in Terris*

(a non-profit dedicated to peace with justice),
holds a weekly clothes closet
on Saturdays from 3:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. at the
Wilmington Friends Meeting House,
401 N. West Street,
Wilmington, DE 19801.

The public is welcome! Come and get your pre-washed, gently-used clothing for men, women and children, all for free!

A Republication

Friends in Wilmington: 1738-1938

has been re-published for the first time since 1938! If you have always wanted a copy of Wilmington Friends Meeting's 200th anniversary celebration book, you are in luck! Paperback reprints are available in the 5th Street lobby of the Wilmington

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Friends Meeting House (401 N. West Street, Wilmington, DE 19801) for \$10 apiece. Just take one of the envelopes from near the office door, put in your cash or check, label it "book sale," and put it in the office door slot. There are essays on Thomas Garrett, John Dickinson, Quaker schools of the area, and the beginnings of the Quaker faith in the Delaware Valley. Benjamin Ferris's recollection of the creation of the current Meeting House is included. You can find who was buried at 4th & West and

"Hunn Town," from page 3

houses. Each consisted of one room. Its inhabitants fished off the old piers and worked on the farms and boats around Lebanon. The houses in Hunn Town are shown in *Beer's Atlas* of 1868. By the late 19th and early 20th C., the town was more heavily occupied.

The town started to dwindle as other African American communities did around that time. The community had shrunk considerably by 1945 with vine-covered hand pumps, but by 1950 it was gone. Little is known about the inhabitants of this small community, but the last known Hunn Town resident was a housekeeper named Martha Patton. She became a resident of the town when she was left, as a baby, on the Hunn doorstep before the Civil War. Martha Patton was there when the town was a thriving community. She resided with her husband Gus Wharton, who was of Native American and Caucasian ancestry. The other known couple in Hunn Town was Acora and Tom Tribbett. Tom worked on the land and the fishing post and was also a blacksmith, and Acora practiced Voodoo.

Martha became a housekeeper for the Hunn family. According to Katherine Hunn Krasner's book entitled *Wildcat and the Hunn Family*, Martha became part of the family: aiding the children whenever they came down with a cold, prepared wonderful meals with a splash of love in her recipes, and often showing her magic as she made her delicious sugar cookies with no actual ingredients. As Krasner recalled it, she could tell by the feel; that's how she would prepare things.

Krasner wrote that Martha's home remedies saved the life of her her brothers, who came down with severe colds, one having his tonsils removed. "I remember one story that was told to me by the last living survivor of the Hunn House/ Wildcat Manor who actually knew Mrs. Martha Patton." The last living matriarch, Mrs. Shirley L. Hunn, said Martha was a fiery woman. Shirley would be afraid for her because Martha was going blind and would still try to cook and cut down fire wood for supper. She would ask Martha, "How are you?" And Martha would reply, "I'm fine, thank you, if I could only just see or if I only just had one good eye." But through that ordeal, Martha remained the extremely neat, sweet, and gracious woman who kept a song in her voice and a smile for everyone she would meet. A chapter of Krasner's book is entitled "Reminiscences of Martha Patton and Martha Patton's Funeral."

In one of the chapters, Krasner writes that the residents of Hunn Town felt a oneness with the Hunn Wildcat House. The reason, it has been told as passed-down history, was that the residents of Wildcat Manor aided freedom seekers. Krasner's book said there were stories that there had been shelves in the cellar of Wildcat Manor on which slaves slept when they were hiding during the time of the Underground Railroad, but this has never been authenticated. Martha Patton was familiar with this story and would chastise the children of the House if they were to play in this specific area of the cellar. Martha Patton's stepfather and the father of Acora Tribbett, known as "Daddy" Tribbett, who had been a son of a slave, passed these stories down to his children.

To those African Americans who were former slaves, Hunn Town was a refuge from an outside world that would have rejected them and their ideas of freedom.

from "Garrett Letters," p. 6

Oh, shame on the state of Delaware! Methinks a man of principle, sitting as a magistrate, would resign his office rather than execute such an inhuman and cruel law; there are colored men who own real estate here worth several thousand dollars, and contribute their share towards our taxes, that dare not come into the State to collect their rents or look after their property; and those people born and brought up in our city. Well may the Turks and Hindoos cry shame on our people who, professing to be Christians, could pass such a law, and much more shame on the officers who would consent to execute them. I have not time to pursue this project further at present.

T. Garrett

Letter no. 4

BHC September 19, 1851

Wilmington 9 mo. 17, 1851

...Thomas Stewart [colored] who was fined fifty dollars some three weeks since, for coming into the state contrary to the law of the late session, and committed to the jail at New Castle till the fine and costs were paid, has been discharged this day by order of Squire Jones, as the payment of the fine and costs, and giving

See "Garrett Letters, p. 11

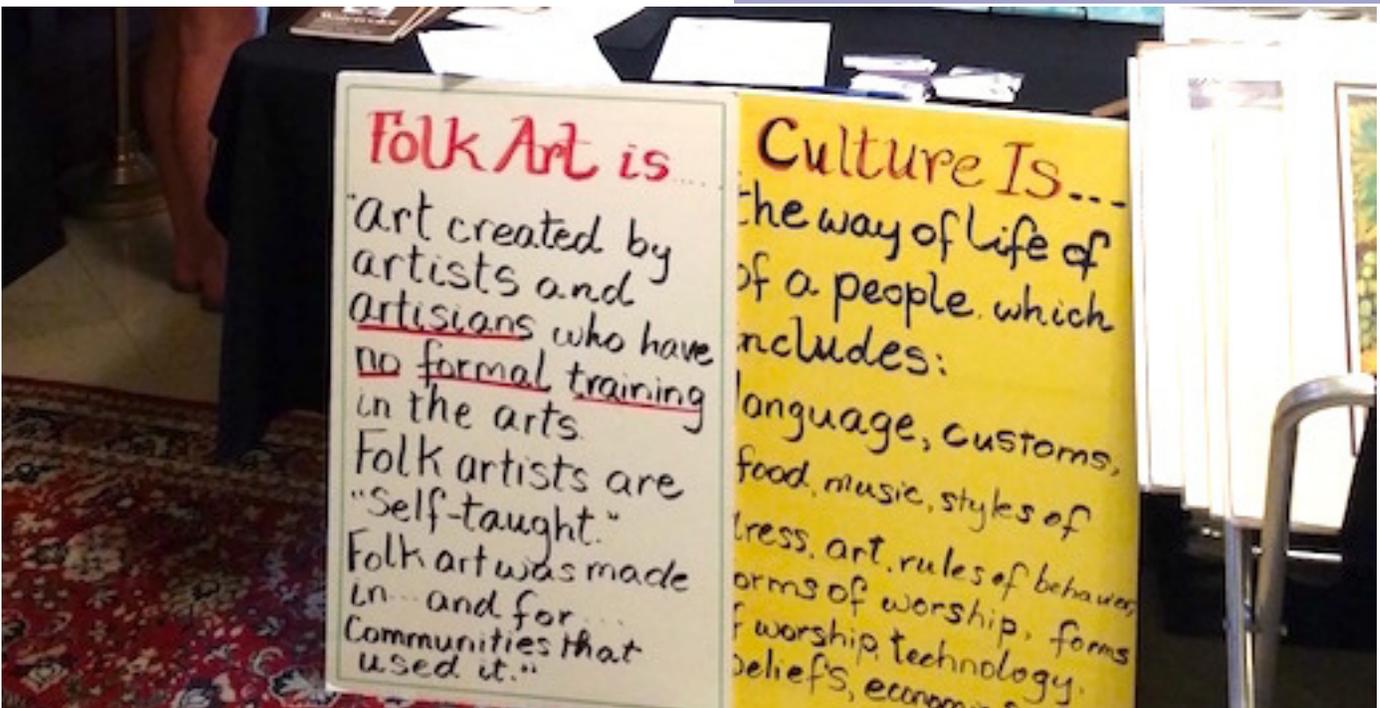
"Arts Festival, from page 1

Wynn Breslin, showcasing her talent and proving that age (84) cannot contain or dim a youthful and talented spirit. Precise still-life watercolors from Riva Brown highlighted the beauty of ordinary objects, reminding us that art and beauty is all around us. Vibrant folk art from Eunice LaFate illustrated how organic artistic talent cannot be denied and how art can bring joy to the soul while also touching on themes of diversity and community. The colorful and eclectic pieces by Madeline Porter reflect her diverse background, interests, and growing sense of community activism. Debuting photographer Kaitlyn Altieri captured the beauty and architectural elements of Quaker Hill through her discerning yet romantic lens.



By all metrics, the Second Annual Friends of the Arts Festival was a success. The talent on display and the surrounding Quaker Hill community allowed art to do what it does best: reveal beauty, engage conversation, build community, and uplift everyone it touches.

Scenes from the 2nd Annual Friends of the Arts Festival





Thomas Clarkson Taylor: A Memorial

Below are excerpts of a memorial made to honor a man who was arguably the most influential and beloved teacher of late 19th C. Wilmington: T. Clarkson Taylor. From 1852-57 he was a teacher at the old Friends' school across from the meeting house, greatly reviving it from a period of poor attendance and low expectations. In 1857 he founded his own Academy, at Eighth and Wollaston Streets, which was quite successful. He expanded it several times until his untimely death at 46, from a ruptured artery in October, 1871. His funeral at Fourth and West was said to have had the largest attendance of mourners apart from the service for Thomas Garrett. Among the mourners were many notable educators and leaders in the fields to which Taylor had devoted much energy and provided effective leadership: temperance, abolition, adult literacy, treatment of Indians, concern for the working poor, conditions of the black population once abolition had been gained by the 13th Amendment. "Lucretia Mott spoke most impressively," recalled Taylor's fellow educator and Quaker, Emma Worrrell.

Taylor was named after Thomas Clarkson, a highly influential British anti-slavery advocate, one of the founders of the Committee for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, which aided eventually in the passing of the bill abolishing slavery by the British Parliament in February, 1807. T. Clarkson Taylor's energy and devotion to abolition, black rights, and adult literacy did honor to his namesake's lifetime of devotion to the

elimination of slavery.

IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS CLARKSON TAYLOR

Late Superintendent of Friends' First-Day School,
Wilmington, Del.

Read before the Quarterly Conference held in
Wilmington, First Mo. 20th, 1872,
by Elizabeth W. Smith

Three months have elapsed since our last assembling. The Angel of Death has paused in our midst, and today we sit bereaved indeed. Our hearts recognize a sad, yet loving duty, and feeling that you sorrow with us, you will indulge us in paying a just tribute to the memory of our dear departed friend, Thomas Clarkson Taylor, late Superintendent of our First-Day Schools.

Not only have his personal friends and the Society of which he was a recommended minister sustained a painful shock, but the whole community shares alike in the loss of one of its most valued members.

He was the son of Jonathan and Lydia B. Taylor, was born in Loudon county, Va., and at the time of his death he was in the 47th year of his age. His parents were Friends, and his early life was influenced and his thoughts and feelings moulded by the precepts and doctrines of our religious Society. In all the various relations of life, his character was beyond reproach: as a son he was dutiful and affectionate; to his now desolate and stricken wife and children he was a most tender and loving husband and father; but we may not intrude here.

He was a pupil of Benjamin Hallowell, at Alexandria, Va., and continued to enjoy the love and confidence of that scholarly man. He loved learning, searched after knowledge, and so became himself a successful teacher of wide reputation, not more by reason of his intellectual ability than by his rare power to impart to others that which he knew so well himself.

He never forgot the boy in himself, and he had a boyish gladness that was contagious, which knit him to the hearts of his students. Remembering his own child-life, he entered with hearty sympathy into cheerful labor with his pupils, and by his own love for his work infused ardor into the stolid and incited ambition in the dullest. Genial and happy in his temperament,

with a genuine love for young folks, he was at once their friend and teacher....

He entered heartily and earnestly into the various reformatory measures for the benefit and elevation of the human family. For the temperance cause he worked and lectured; for the Indian he was actively interested; for the workingmen's cause he was an able advocate; for the poor freedman and our own colored population he had an interest and a care; for the advancement of general education, the investigation of science, the growth of liberal Christian principles, for every humanitarian project he lent a helping hand and was an earnest worker. "Truly did he plead the cause of the poor and needy."...

Hundreds of young men have gone from his school room, revering him in becoming not only wiser but better; for he constantly taught that the chief end of Knowledge was Virtue....

Let us rejoice to open up these excellencies to others. It has been truly said that our friend's beautiful life is a nobler monument than a marble shaft,-- a better sermon than the wordiest exhortation.

From "Garrett Letters," p. 8.

him security that he would leave the state in five *By virtue of the act of the General Assembly of the state of Delaware passed at Dover, March 5th, A.D. 1851, will be sold at public sake, at the public gaol of New Castle county, on the 19th inst. at 9 o'clock, P.M., a Negro man named Thomas Stewart, to the highest and best bidder without the State, for such sum as will be necessary to justify the fine and costs, with which he stands charged.*

Sheriff's Office, New Castle, Sept. 1, 1851

SAMUEL CHANDLER, Sheriff

This is the legitimate fruits [sic] of our wise and patriotic Democratic Legislature at their last session. In their wisdom they passed a law that a colored person could not leave the State for more than 60 days and return, without being liable to a fine of fifty dollars, and to be sold as a slave if the fine was not paid. The above named Thomas Stewart's informers are said to be Elijah Loper, colored, and Charles Solomon, who passes for a white man, both well known in the community, as having been engaged for years in hunting up runaway negroes [and report says, kidnapping free

ones] with the aid of magistrate William Hemphill Jones and a constable named Samuel Buzine. This negro, unconvicted of any crime save that of his coldays; a copy of the receipt and fine and costs I give, so that those who were so liberal as to contribute to his release, may know how the money raised, was expended.

Resolved Wilmington, Sep 17th, 1851, of Thomas Stewart, F.N., per Thomas Garrett, fifty dollars, being the amount of fine imposed on him.

WM. HEMPHILL JONES, J.P.

\$25.00	State Treasury
<u>\$25.00</u>	Thos Ritchie
\$50.00	

State of Delaware

Cost of Commitment	\$5.00
Advertising in papers	\$3.00
Hand Bills	\$1.00
Sheriff putting bills up	<u>\$2.00</u>
	\$18.43

Received payment of Mr. Thos. Garratt [sic]

SAMUEL G. CHANDLER, Sh'ff

Per Isaac Grubb

The charge of putting up bills and 23 days of sustenance strikes me as being high, but it might not be more than the usual charges in such cases. Thirty-seven and eighty four cents of the above sum was raised by members of the colored churches in this city by collections taken up in those churches. It is to be regretted than any white man, more especially a native citizen of this place, could be found mean enough to turn informer against a fellow belonging to this persecuted and despised race, for the paltry sum of \$25, when by doing so the probability was, for fines and costs, have been sold into slavery for life, or has been in this case, most of the money to redeem him, raised from a class of people, many of which with difficulty can procure the necessities of life. Shame on a being in human form, that could stoop so low. It would be hard to find a lower.

Yours, for oppressed humanity

THOMAS GARRETT



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 521 N. West Street
 Wilmington, DE 19801

Girls playing in the Meeting House yard across from Friends' School at
 Fourth and West, 1910.



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