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rowing guard around Bellerophon, an English frigate that laid off Swan Point, and which occasionally sent her boats up the Chester River to reconnoitre. I also recollect my Father's negro servant Jacob, a tall stately man, dismounting from his foaming steed and presenting to my Mother the shell of a Congreve rocket which had been launched at my Father's Troop of Cavalry, but had passed over without exploding. This was, I believe, on the occasion of a march which was made by Gen. Beckwith of the British Army, who landed on Kent Island, where my father had a farm, and marched to Queen's Town, which, for some offence, he burned.

At this village I had an uncle living who was a physician, educated at Edinburgh, Scotland, whose house stood a little out of town. The General and his Staff occupied this house, but left everything untouched, except a long staff or cane of bamboo mounted with gold, the Doctor's name inscribed on it and that of the donor, who was one of the Edinburgh faculty. This was no doubt taken surreptitiously, and without the knowledge of Gen. Beckwith, for many years after the War the cane was returned to Dr. Troup from England with a polite note. Beckwith's forces committed few or no depredations but seized beef and mutton and other things required by the Commissariat, and allowed all the slaves who desired to go aboard the ships and sail for Great Britain. I recollect my Father telling of a visit he made with Judge Earle of the Supreme Court of Md. under a flag of truce to the British Flagship laying off Kent Island. They found on board several of their own servants dressed in British livery, and they were treated with such marked civility and kindness by the British, they both concluded, and I have often heard them express the opinion, there would never be another war with England. After the return of these Officers who