

The Free Lance

*WL.
2. Carter
Vash DC.
Cemetery
-1908.*

RECOLLECTIONS
of the
EARLY HISTORY
of the
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
of
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

50. Carter, Anne J. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA. (Fredericksburg), (1906) 20pp. One of these scarce items that eludes many collections. Ms. Carter died, 1908.

Professor [unclear]
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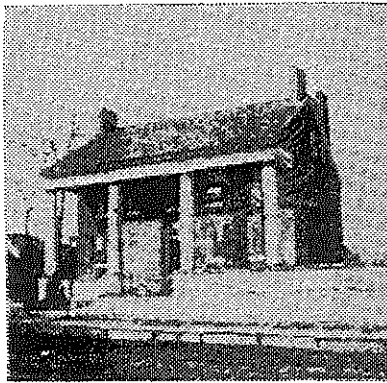


By ANNE J. CARTER.

*With Appendix giving List of Officers
of the Church since its Organization.*

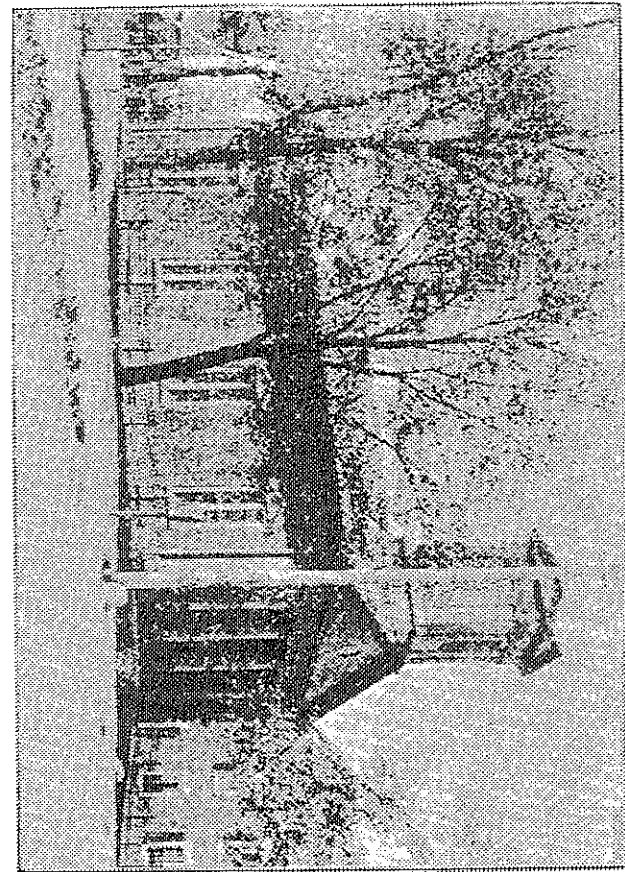
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SMITHSONIA.

Built on the Site of the First Presbyterian Church.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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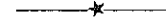
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SOME RECOLLECTIONS

OF WHAT

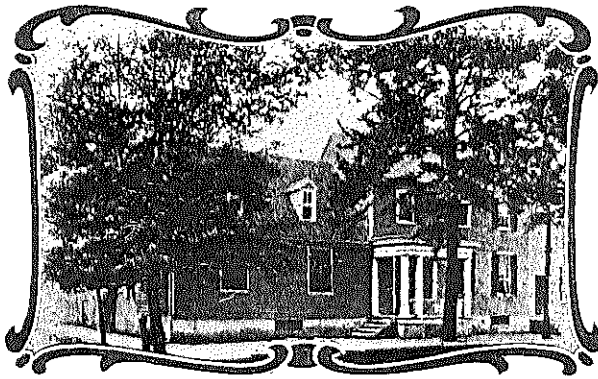
I HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN FREDERICKSBURG



Almost from my infancy, when I used to play at the feet of Miss Nancy Brown, and loved to nestle close to sweet "Grandma" Thatcher, two mothers of the Presbyterian Israel, whose habit it was to spend one day in seven at my father's house, it was one of my chief delights, as I childishly expressed it, "to hear old people talk about old times."

Among the favorite subjects of reminiscence with my grandmother and her contemporaries, were the early history of the Presbyterian Church in Fredericksburg, and the labors of their first and well beloved pastor, the Rev. Samuel Blaine Wilson.

When one hundred years ago that minister, then a young licentiate, was journeying and stopped to spend a night in Fredericksburg, he found the whole town alive with excitement about the races, which were then in progress at Deep Run, and the people betting on the success of their favorite horses. In the tavern where he put up, it was his hap to be assigned to a chamber adjoining a room in which some racers were spending the night in betting, gambling, drinking, swearing, and it was then and there



MARY WASHINGTON HOUSE.

The Home of Dr. Samuel B. Wilson during his Pastorate.

that on his sleepless bed, it came into the mind of Mr. Wilson that Fredericksburg was the field where he must begin his ministry in the gospel of Christ.

In the morning, on making inquiries, he found there were three Presbyterians in the whole town—Mr. and Mrs. Marks (the great grand parents of the Rev. Walker Gilmer), who joyfully received him into their house, and Mrs. Polly Skelton, a grandmother of Mr. John Caldwell, of our town. This old lady had been housekeeper for Mrs. Mary Washington, the mother of the "Father of His Country," and in early life had been a member of one of the congregations of Dr. Samuel Davies, of Hanover. She, too, was delighted to meet Mr. Wilson and to have the opportunity again of hearing a minister of her own denomination preach, a privilege she had not enjoyed for forty years. From the time Mr. Marks found a place of worship, the handsome, dignified young minister of twenty-three might be seen with the old lady in her eighties on his arm, gently leading her to service and returning with her home. This was his custom as long as she was able to leave the house.

These the nucleus of the Presbyterian Church in Fredericksburg. There was no Baptist minister in the town, for when my grandmother was to be married July 26, 1806, a Baptist preacher living twenty miles across the river, had to be sent for to perform the ceremony. Mr. Wilson had himself gone away to be married to Miss Elizabeth Hanna.

It is true that one of the Methodist persuasion, Daddy Clarke, as he was affectionately called, a teacher I think by profession, certainly a rare arithmetician, used to hold daily prayer meetings at his house, and was indefatigable in calling to repentance the erring youths of the town, but there were no public ordinances, and almost the only means of grace were prayer, private and family, and the reading of the word of God.

Had Mr. Edward McGuire been rector of St. George's parish

at that time, the Presbyterian church would not have been what it became, for he certainly lived a godly life and faithfully preached Christ and Him crucified. But as it was, as soon as notice was given that Mr. Wilson would preach, the room was thronged with Episcopalians. Mrs. Robert Lewis, the Chews, the Pattons, the Peacocks, one of which family was the step-mother of Mr. William H. White; the Wellfords, among them the lovely and saintly first wife of Mr. Spottswood Wellford; Dr. Charles Carter and wife, the Rootes and Miss Nancy Stevenson, herself the daughter of an Episcopal minister, were among the crowd, all "hungering," as Miss Stevenson expressed it, "for the doctrines of grace."

Soon a small church was organized, of which the elders were Mr. Marks, Mr. Andrew Glassel and Dr. Elisha Hall, father of Dr. John Hall, and great-grandfather of the Misses Caldwell, whose large donation was the foundation of the Catholic University in Washington. They have, however, returned to the Protestant church of their father's.

Among the ladies were Mrs. Lewis, the first to leave the Episcopal communion, and Mrs. Ann Patton, mother of Mrs. John J. Chew and Mrs. John M. Herndon. Mrs. Patton donated the site for the erection of a church edifice. The membership increased rapidly, and to those already mentioned, were added the Brooks, Vass, Barnes, Buchanan and Seddon families, of Falmouth; the Bernards, of Mansfield, the Thompsons, just across the railroad bridge; the Skinkers and Allisons, of Hartwood, and the Gordons and the Grymes, of the Wilderness. Mrs. Jane Stevenson and Mrs. Eliza Maury, both eminent for their humble piety and mothers of Confederate generals, were among the early members of our church.

It was in Philadelphia, whither he had gone as a delegate to the General Assembly, that Mr. Wilson, a guest of Mr. Hanse, the grandfather of Mr. Edward McDowell and Mr. Conrad Hunt, first saw a Sunday School. Delighted with the work and its possibili-

ties of extended usefulness, he communicated his views on the subject to some of the ladies of his congregation, Mrs. French, Miss Elizabeth Maury, afterwards the second Mrs. Vass; Mrs. Ann James and others.

The young people were enthusiastic, especially the beautiful Miss Janet Henderson, daughter of an elder, Mr. David Henderson, and afterwards the second Mrs. Spottswood Wellford. She would go with Mrs. James and canvass all Fredericksburg and its immediate vicinity for scholars. All were invited high and low, rich and poor. Dr. Hall used to watch for the ladies and come out in the street to meet them in eager desire to inquire about the progress of their mission, and would listen with beaming countenance to their reports, such was his interest in the Sunday School.

The want of suitable apparel was an obstacle to many, who wished to send their children to the school, and to obviate this difficulty, old clothes were solicited and soon contributions were sent in from all directions to the house of another elder, Mr. Daniel Grinnan. There the ladies of the church would meet and spend long, happy days in cutting and making jackets and trousers for the boys, dresses and capes for the girls, while Mr. Grinnan, a semi-invalid, would look with admiration at the piles of clothing finished for distribution, and congratulate Mrs. Allison and others on their ability to make new garments out of old ones. Mrs. Allison was the grandmother of Governor Kemper and Mr. Timothy Kellogg, of Richmond.

Some of the children had no other means of learning to read than those they received at this school, and to such, copies were also furnished that they might practice writing at home. The catechisms, Watts' and the Westminster, were taught, hymns committed, but the main lesson was memorizing the Testament, for which the scholars received tickets, and when a requisite number of verses had been recited, there was given a Bible as a prize.

Mrs. John Alexander, a Baptist lady, told me how she valued a Bible, which had been presented her by my grandmother, who was Mrs. James, the first superintendent. Years afterwards Mrs. Vass wrote to Mrs. Caruthers that this was the first Sunday School in Virginia. Mrs. Edward McGuire, the daughter of Mrs. Robert Lewis (who was a tower of strength in our church) and the wife of the rector of St. George's Church, soon after this founded a similar school among the Episcopalians.

They were truly wrestling Jacobs and prevailing Israels in those good old times. In the ladies' prayer meeting held for years at Mrs. Rodgers', who resided with Mrs. James in a solitary house upon Gunnerly Green, there were but few who did not take part. Besides the ladies already mentioned, may be added Mrs. English, the grandmother of Dr. Ayler, of Newport News; Miss Judith Towles, the mother of Mrs. Robert Mackey; Mrs. Fisher, who used to have boarders at the old "Rising Sun," and that lovely follower of Christ, Miss Marion Briggs. But those in whom they depended to lead in prayer were Mrs. Robert Lewis, Miss Nancy Stevenson, the Misses Lomax and my great-grandmother, Mrs. Rodgers. She, too, though now a devoted Presbyterian, had been an Episcopalian, nor could she ever forget the times in her old home in Essex county, when in want of ministerial service, her widowed mother having gathered together her neighbors, would devoutly kneel with her children and friends and earnestly pray in the words of the Book of Common Prayer, and then read them a sermon of Archbishop Tillotson or Bishop Burnet; nor would she any sooner than myself have failed on Christmas Day or Good Friday attending service at the Episcopal Church. Miss Nancy Stevenson was one who devoted all she was, all she had, her time, her fine intellect and her pen of a ready writer to the Lord. The Misses Lomax were, as Mr. Brooks, one of our elders, called them, "natural Presbyterians." They had lived in Caroline county all their

lives, gay young ladies, devoted to dancing and similar pleasures, when one day ransacking a closet they found some old volumes of Baxter and Flavel, which they eagerly read, and thenceforth the whole tenor of their lives changed. Coming to Fredericksburg soon after to visit their sister Miss Hunter, they heard Mr. Wilson preach, and were surprised to find that he and their favorite writers were ministers of the same denomination, and so they became Presbyterians, delighted to be in the same communion as had been the authors of the "Saint's Rest," and of "Keeping the Heart" and the "Fountain of Life." What a privilege it was to know those saintly sisters as I knew them in almost daily association during my early womanhood. Has there lived a more devoted Christian or one more holy than Miss Ellen Lomax from the time she presented herself a living sacrifice to God till called by Him to enter into the joy of her Lord. Ever in the spirit and habit of prayer, she was always ready to accompany any laboring, sorrowing, dying soul to the throne of grace and pour out her heart in prayer unto "Him whom my soul liveth," to use her own words; and Miss Kitty Lomax, humble as a little child, what a grand teacher and example was she of righteousness and true holiness!

The Sabbaths when the communicants used to go up to the long table covered with white which was placed before the pulpit, present their "token" to the elders, and seat themselves to partake of the Lord's Supper were very solemn occasions. Never, I have been told, did the kind face of Mr. William Herndon so shine as when he handed round the symbols of the body and blood of Christ. These days were preceded by seasons of self-examination and special prayer by the ladies, who would retire to their retreat upon the Gunnery Green, where was no interruption of gentlemen or children. The first Mrs. John L. Marye, whom the cares of a large and growing family detained at home, used to say how she looked over from Brompton and longed to be with her sisters in

the Lord on these occasions. Here the ladies would walk in twos and threes in the large, beautiful and well-kept garden, pray, read the Bible and selections from their favorite writers, sing hymns, some of which Mrs. Lewis was the author. Their supplications ascended for blessings temporal and spiritual on their pastor, the congregation and individuals. Before the annual election for Mayor they would earnestly pray that Col. Robert Lewis might be the chosen one, "so that Sister Lewis might continue to dwell under the eaves of the sanctuary," since were he not elected Col. Lewis would have moved to his country residence; and so the day was spent without tasting food until the going down of the sun, when having partaken of a bountiful supper, they would return to their respective abodes. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart used to tell me how she enjoyed these delicious repasts, the batter cakes, broiled shad and choice preserves, for my grandmother was a fine housekeeper. Dear Mrs. Stuart, what a friend she was to me, to my father and mother and grandmother, to all her friends and to all who needed a friend.

The literature of the ladies during the early years of the church's existence, which must have been a season of almost continual revival, was almost exclusively religious. Novels had been laid aside with other vanities, and even Richardson was a thing of the past, though I can't help thinking that "Sir Charles Grandison" and his Harriet Byron were very tender memories. Even Shakespeare was eschewed by these ladies, though not by their pastor. But the works of Newton, Bunyon, Romaine, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, Doddridge and other writers on experimental religion were diligently perused, as well as Josephus, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History and Predeux Connection, for these ladies were great readers. Great was their enthusiasm when the commentaries of Dr. Thomas Scott were published in numbers, and their pages were eagerly devoured from cover to cover. Sir

Walter Scott's novels appeared about the same time, but these ladies were not to be seduced from the charms of their beloved commentator even by the tales of the "Wizard of the North."

The choir to which my grandmother and Misses Lomax belonged had no organ, but they sang their "set pieces," in which to the accompaniment of the bass viol, the voice of Mrs. Mary Nelson would soar in strains of seraphic sweetness. What a sweet, noble spirit was hers, so meek and lowly in heart; and her sister, Miss Betsy Henderson, was in the eyes of all who knew her, the embodiment of all that is pure, lovely and of good report. There was another sweet singer in Israel, my mother's most intimate friend, and in early womanhood the Sunday School teacher of Mrs. Jane Beale; a saint herself was Mrs. Beale, and precious is her memory. Their teacher was Miss Mary Cady, who when scarcely more than a child, was almost a leader in the choir. She moved North with the rest of her family and became the wife of Mr. Jonathan Sturgiss, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York. She was a leader even in her old age in every work of Christian benevolence. Her life from early sunrise to a late sunset was one long day of goodness, sweetness and beneficence. She was the first mother-in-law of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

Yet it was not all plain sailing, there were rocks even in these quiet seas. The Rev. Adoniram Judson, before he began his grand life work in Burmah, made with Rev. Rice a tour of the United States and came to preach in Fredericksburg. The people were familiar with the lives and work of Elliott and Brainard, the missionaries to the Indians, but the subject of Foreign Missions was almost new, and crowds, our congregation included, went to hear these ministers. They had been lately Congregationalists, and so they not only preached on missions, but on the doctrines they had so recently embraced, Baptism, its mode and subjects. There was raised a great commotion. Two young sisters of Mr. Thomas Bar-

ton, one of them afterwards the mother of Mr. Seth French, baptized in infancy in the Episcopal Church, left our communion and were rebaptized by immersion. Mr. Wilson quietly went in and out through his flock and applied to any other perturbed spirits words of wisdom. There were no more departures, though some of the very pillars of our church were for a while shaken, among others Mrs. Dr. Carter, oldest sister of Mr. Charles Wellford, whom I so well remember both in her own hospitable home and in our own, where she used to spend the day. This most estimable lady used to say that Mr. Wilson's exhortation to her in the language of St. Paul, "having begun in the spirit are ye now made perfect in the flesh?" was the scripture that allayed her apprehensions and quieted her heart.

Our church used to be in the Winchester Presbytery and a meeting of the Presbytery was an event of great interest, when the congregation and their friends at a distance would have an opportunity of hearing the ministers from Alexandria, Winchester, Romney, Charleston, Martinsburg and elsewhere. Mr. Grinnan's hospitable doors were always open to any traveling clergyman, whether he came by vessel, stage coach or on horseback with his saddle-bags, and Mrs. Grinnan, who could enjoy no pleasure without sharing it, would almost always send her man-servant down to the Gunnery Green with an invitation to my grandmother to dine or take tea. But there was one minister of whom I have heard more than of any other, who by his persuasive eloquence, so magnetized the whole town by his sweetness of manner, child-like simplicity and utter self-forgetfulness so charmed and captivated every heart, that years after when Dr. Moses Hoge in the early days of his ministry visited Fredericksburg, he said he distrusted his own ability to preach at all in a community where his uncle was still held in such affectional and reverential remembrance. The name of this preacher was John Blair Hoge.

Years had passed since Mr. Wilson used to give out notice in the morning of service "in the evening at early candle light," and the ladies picked their way through the muddy streets in clogs and galoches. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Rodgers had gone to the places their Savior had prepared for Them in their Father's house. Mr. Wilson had reared a large an interesting family of devoted Christian children. His salary was small, but he had a very industrious and most judicious wife, "My Betsy," as he tenderly called her among friends. He had kept school and had solemnized the marriages of the children he had baptized and educated, among others that of my mother and several daughters of the numerous Howison family. His assistant in the school, Miss Polly Rawles, had married old Mr. Herard a Frenchman, who, having in the convention of 1792 voted to spare the life of Louis VI, when that King's own cousin, Philip L'egalite, voted for his execution, had fled with his daughter Victorine, from his native country and taken refuge in this land of liberty. The Louberts and other French emigres had also found an asylum in Fredericksburg. The way in which the Southern people after the war with such quiet dignity accepted the conditions, so different from those to which they had been born and bred, reminded me of what I have been told of the life of these emigres. Of high accomplishments, they did not disdain any work by which they might earn an honest penny, so appreciative of any little service and so self-respectful, so devoted to the memory of their murdered king and indignant at outrages heaped upon the royal family, they effaced from their conversation their own privations and reverses, and always courteous, genial, affable and the best of good company, "Noblesse oblige." But Mrs. Herard! Who else was so unbounded in sympathy, generosity and benevolence. Like Mary of Bethany she did what she could, like the poor widow she gave away all her living. How I delighted in her visits at our house when I was grow-

ing up. She was so intelligent, so affectionate and so entertaining. A characteristic letter written by her to my father, and several from Miss Ellen Lomax are among our family treasures.

Mr. James Harrow, one of the most interesting men to those who knew him well, the Sunday School teacher of my mother and her young companions, had become the editor of the "Virginia Herald." It was at his father's school that my grandmother saw Gen. Washington. She was a little girl in the same school with Mr. Spottswood Wellford and Mr. Byrd Willis, the father of Madame Murat, who were then the big boys. Gen. Washington had come from Mount Vernon to see his mother, and Mr. Harrow had invited him to visit his school. Though but a child, from what my grandmother told me of his dignity and grandeur, she must have felt as I did at seeing Gen. Lee.

Dr. Wellford had succeeded his father in his practice, had gone about doing good and had become the "beloved physician," not only in Fredericksburg, but in all the counties around. Mr. John Howison, though but a boy, had made confession of Christ in the church in which he was afterwards an elder.

Mr. William H. White, a most earnest Christian and a public spirited man, had been ordained an elder. It was he who was mainly instrumental in having the water brought into the town from Poplar Spring, in having the old cemetery laid out and opened and in having gas introduced.

Another elder was that pure-hearted man, Mr. Layton Y. Atkins, who Dr. A. A. Hodge said was the most wonderful man he had ever known for his knowledge of history, botany, geology, biology, astronomy and theology.

Mr. Charles Wellford, another beloved and honored elder, was the superintendent of the Sunday School.

Another saint, Mrs. Charles Wellford, and my father, Mr. Edwin Carter, made confession of Christ at the same communion. He was afterwards an elder for many years, and at that time was the

Sunday School teacher of several older sons of the Marye family, Dr. Robert Howison, Mr. William Little, Mr. Robert Grinnan and Mr. John B. Steward. Mr. Steward's father had become a most humble, devout follower of Christ.

Mr. James McGuire, afterwards a worthy and honored elder in our own church, and his friend, Mr. Beverly T. Gill, an Israelite indeed, in whom was no quile, afterwards an elder in the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, were also members. These two young brethren were greatly beloved by Mr. Wilson.

Mrs. Arabella J. Little, the widow of one of our elders, Mr. John P. Little, had begun a work which was to be a power in Fredericksburg. In her early widowhood she taught her own children, and was induced to take with them two others so small that in inclement weather they had to be taken to school in their nurses arms. This was the blade of wheat that was to grow to a large development. Such was Mrs. Little's character for fervent piety, such her reputation for culture and elegant manners that the school increased rapidly. She employed competent assistants from Northampton, Mass., and soon the pupils came in great numbers from the headwaters of the Rappahanock through its entire valley to the extremity of the Northern Neck.

A quarter of a century had elapsed since Mr. Wilson's first arrival in Fredericksburg. The old wooden church had become too small for the growing congregation. They must have a new church edifice and one of more enduring materials. There were rich men in our congregation in those days and liberal. Among others, I will mention Mr. Jas. Vass, an elder, one of the members at the church's organization and grandfather of the missionary, and Mr. James Fitzgerald, who had also been made an elder, pious, scholarly and elegant. Mr. Wilson was not rich, but in one day he contributed one hundred and thirty dollars, marriage fees which had been given him by Mr. James Parke Corbin and Dr. George Car-

michael, who on the same occasion married two daughters of Mr. Spottswood Wellford. The new church was built and paid for by the sale of the pews and was solemnly dedicated July 26th, 1833.

But what disposition could be made of the old site? It could not be appropriated to any common use, for, as the ladies said, it was "holy ground."

I don't know whose bright idea it was to erect there an Orphan Asylum. It may have originated with Mrs. Fitzgerald, a childless woman, whose mother's heart was large enough to take in every form of distress. She had been one of Dr. Wilson's first pupils and was then in the early prime of her grand, noble life, so intelligent, so good, so upright, so generous, so affectionate and withal so clothed with humility. At any rate, while they heartily joined with the Misses Lomax, Mrs. French and others in praying for the success of their plans, she and her cousin, Mrs. Vass, worked, collecting money in Fredericksburg, sending letters, soliciting contributions all over Virginia, to Philadelphia, New York and New Orleans until funds were raised and the Asylum built. Miss Ellen Lomax and Miss Lucy Turner were appointed teachers and Mrs. Sarah Stevens housekeeper of the institution. Mrs. French and Miss Kitty Lomax used to teach Sunday School under the Asylum roof. Miss Kitty Lomax lived with her sister, Miss Rebecca, an Episcopal saint, who to my young eyes, was the perfection of refinement and elegance.

Though these are recollections mostly of things I have been told, I cannot refrain from speaking of some of more recent times and of my own experience. Of Miss Henderson Dunlap, afterwards the second Mrs. William H. White, who in the infant class of our Sunday School used to point out with a rod to me and other little tots of my age pictures on the wall of the Deluge and Sacrifice of Isaac.

Nor can I ever forget Miss Mary Benson, my comforter in my

first great grief, the death of my little sister when I was six years old. What a blessing she was in our family then and afterwards to the day of her death; and not in ours only, but in many others. Efficient as any modern trained nurse, she gave her services gratuitously to all who needed her. She has received her reward already, and will be openly acknowledged at the resurrection of the just, when the King will say to her and others at His right hand, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Where now are those Soldiers of the Cross? With the church triumphant in the heavenly Jerusalem, where through all eternity they will worship around the throne of God, and join in singing unto Him who has loved us and washed us from our sins in His own precious blood and has made us kings and priests unto God, to whom be praise and honor and glory and dominion forever, Amen.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, their bodies being still united to Christ do rest in their graves until the resurrection.

"Part of the host has crossed the flood and part is crossing now."

ANNE J. CARTER.

April 24, 1906.

My 72nd birthday.

LIST OF PASTORS AND OFFICERS OF THE PRESBY-
TERIAN CHURCH IN FREDERICKSBURG.

PASTORS OF THE CHURCH

Samuel B. Wilson, 1805; G. W. McPhail, Archibald Alexander Hodge, Thomas W. Gilmer, James Power Smith, A. P. Saunders, B. W. Mebane, J. W. Rosebro.

ELDERS

John Mark, Andrew Glassell, Elisha Hall. Ordained 1808.

David Henderson, Samuel H. Skinker, Benjamin H. Hall, William H. Herndon, Alexander Henderson, David Grinnan. Record of ordination lost.

John P. Little, William Brooke. Ordained May 7th, 1825.

Layton Y. Atkins, William H. White, Charles C. Wellford. Ordained March 25th, 1831.

James H. Fitzgerald, installed October 9th, 1833. Having been ordained in another church.

Richard Sterling, Edwin Carter. Ordained June 14th, 1841.

John M. Herndon, Jas. H. Scott, John L. Marye, Jr. Ordained June 25th, 1854.

Jas. McGuire. Ordained December 2nd, 1866.

John Howison. Ordained August 30th, 1872.

R. R. Howison, Wm. Caruthers, H. M. D. Martin. Ordained April 18th, 1875.

Captain J. N. Barney, E. M. Crutchfield, S. G. Howison. Ordained April 24th, 1881.

J. W. Adams, S. W. Somerville. Ordained November 1st, 1906.

The earliest sessional records of the church were unfortunately lost during the Civil War. The first recorded date of a meeting of session is March 25th, 1818. Signed, Daniel Grinnan, Clerk. Mr. Grinnan resigned the office of stated clerk of session on July 4th, 1825.

Mr. J. P. Little was clerk of session 1825-1831.

Wm. Brooke, 1831, six months.

C. C. Wellford, 1831-1855.

J. L. Marye, 1855-1870.

J. M. Herndon, 1870-1872.

John Howison, 1872-1875.

Wm. Caruthers, 1875-1883.

S. G. Howison, 1883-1906.

There were no deacons in the Presbyterian Church in Virginia until 1858. The first who held this office in the Fredericksburg church were Greenhough Daniel and F. Preston Wellford. Those succeeding them in this office were L. B. Rose, C. B. Wellford, H. H. Wallace, John Howison, Wm. C. Carter, E. M. Crutchfield, S. G. Howison, W. H. Russell, H. J. Eckenrode, Geo. H. Chewning, H. Wissner, J. W. Adams, Sr., Wm. A. Hills, John H. Myer, Jr., D. S. Russell, J. W. Adams, Jr., Peter V. Daniel, McLee Lathram, J. N. Barney, Jr., Geo. H. Morrison, J. E. Timberlake, W. E. Price.

Dr. Wilson came to Fredericksburg in 1805, but the church was not organized until in 1808.

Gaylord
PAMPHLET BINDER
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

Professor Hodge says
The Free Lance

Fredericksburg Newspaper

20 + 24 mch. 1908 WL.

Carries obits. of Anne J. Carter

d. 19 March 1908, Wash DC.

b. 24 April 1834.

Buried Fredericksburg Cemetery

Acct. of funeral, 23 Mch. 1908.

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