

BAMBURY NECK, TRAPPE, MD.  
by Wilson M. Tyler  
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“BAMBURY NECK’ IS OF ENGLISH ORIGIN  
Believed That Name is a Corruption From the Castle of Bamborough Which  
Was Forfeited to the English Crown in 1715

There is a large eastern section of Talbot county, locally known as Bambury. One thing is certain as to its boundary, that is, Bambury does not cross the Choptank river. The other lines are indefinite and not located on the maps. Farming is what the country is adapted to. If a farmer is doubtful, if or not he actually lives in Bambury, and his neighbors are good, and they say they live there, he does too. If the neighbors are not to his liking he is disposed to draw the boundary line of the section between him and them. But this story has a definite limit. It starts north of Raccoon Creek mentioned in this series of articles last week and skirts the river to Miles Creek, taking these two water courses as boundaries, and closed in by the county road from Wright’s mill pond to Barber.

Draw a pentangular figure with two sides each one-third shorter than the other three, and one can see an approximate outline of Bambury. The short sides are two miles long, and the other sides three miles. Windy Hill is the port of entry on the Choptank, and its twin city, Bruceville, one mile distant inland. Barber guards the entrance from the junction of the two short sides and “The Cliffs” marks the junction of the two long sides on the Choptank. Miles Creek forms one long side, while the county road and Raccoon Creek complete the short sides of the “pentagon.” This is the best map, for the present writing, obtainable.

No historian, so far as the present writer is informed, has located the exact origin of the name, Bambury. All this section seems to have been a part of the original tract granted to Col. Nicholas Lowe, known as Lowe’s Ramble, this was during days of turmoil in England. Early colonists brought with them names from their English associations. It is just probable that Bambury is corrupted from “Bamborough.” The Castle of Bamborough and adjoining English estate on the coast of Northumberland was forfeited by the Crown in 1715, was purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, and bequeathed by him for charitable purposes. This act gave to the name a halo. If Bambury inherited the name there are no signs of the halo at the present time.

One way to enter Bambury: At Barber, turn to the left at the Collin’s lighthouse, that is Charles Collins’ gas tank. By the way, one will find Mr. Collins a very information [sic] gentleman living the quiet life of a single man. He is a brother to the late William R. Collins, once prominent in Talbot politics and member of the legislature. The direct road to Windy Hill, about four miles, is studded with wooded tracts and farming lands. Nothing spectacular. A good road, comfortable homes, peaceful and wholesome. The wells produce a drinking water that compares with the best anywhere. In late years the saw mill has robbed the woods of its best timber, yet in some places the stately pine and sturdy white oak still give the landscape a rural dignity which delights the beholder.

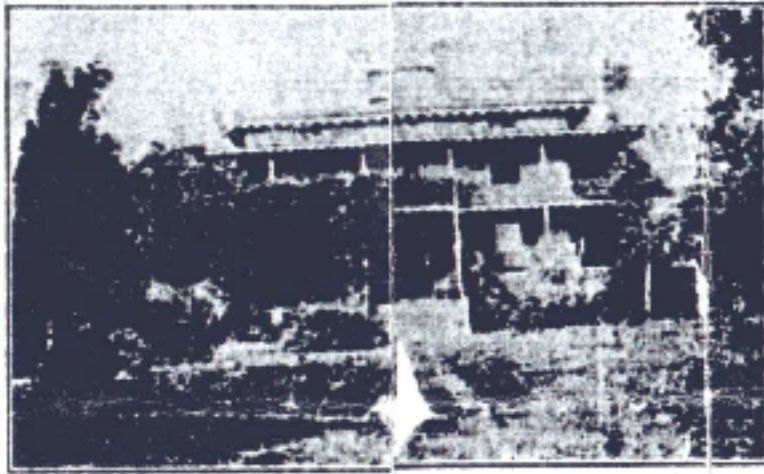
Soon on the left we are passing the farm owned by the heirs of S. J. Merrick, now occupied by Samuel Merrick, in a modernized home reconstructed from an old frame dwelling. It is a small farm but a good producer and has nice fruit thereon. Adjoining is the Frank Saulsbury farm, owned by him, and like his numerous relatives of the Saulsbury family, runs his farm in a business-like way. This property has passed through several hands since the day it was owned by George H. Dawson, grandfather to William Mason Shehan of Easton, and later by I. Davis Clark, of Trappe. The substantial house is of most unusual shape, built of brick, hip-roofed. Well appointed out buildings and trees add a bonus to the often monotonous farming life.

Capt. Lewis Ross many years ago, became owner of part of Lowe’s Ramble, indeed a considerable part. Among these acres is a farm now occupied by Leslie Merrick, from his father, Judge Samuel B. Merrick [sic]. It one time belonged to Caleb Griffin the grandfather of haberdasher, Sam Griffin, who is at this time on his way with his family to southern Texas. Here is a house, the construction of which, in duplicate, is hard to find. It is bricked in between the studding, and weather boarded on the outside. It is but a story and one-half, with two sections, and presents the appearance of home comfort. Rumor says that Col. Ross bought a thousand acres of land between Bruceville and Windy Hill for a hundred dollars. In

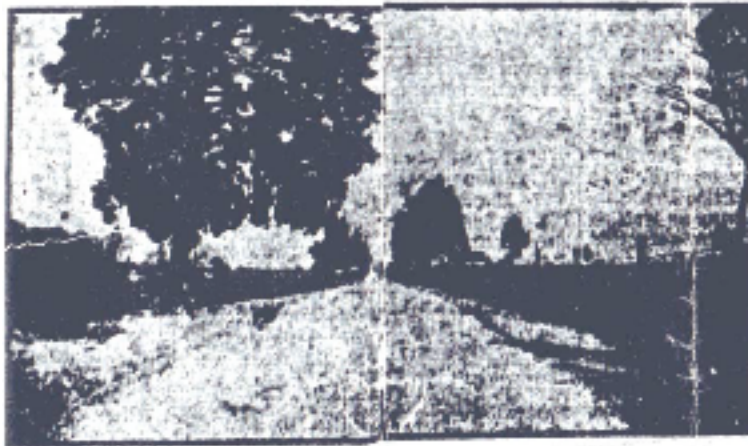
those days it was remote from trading centres, containing marshy meadows along the river, and probably considered a charitable act to accept it and pay the taxes.

Deep Point farm, after long ownership by George R. Cooper, finally came into possession of the late Ezekiel Corkran, father to Easton's present Percy. Mr. Corkran improved the place with ample buildings. Close by is the farm recently sold, which at one time, belonged to William Henry Hare, an Englishman, who gravitated to Talbot on a school-teaching mission, and located in Bambury. This gentleman, like many in those days of the '60's rated his importance according to the amount of aristocratic liquor he could bottle within his anatomy. Those live today who can remember how he handled the classes, with an occasional "nip" between questions. Hare willed the farm to Robert Henry Kemp, druggist, of Trappe, later owned by Capt. L. Parrott. A saw mill is now cutting much of the splendid timber on the farm.

The Cliff farm is at the turn of the river, the point projecting into the Choptank here, is directly across from the mouth of Hunting Creek between Caroline and Dorchester counties at close range. These acres once owned by Thomas Price and later by I. Davis Clark, have passed into several hands since. The location, the elevation, the easy land to till, makes it attractive to the owner.



Allonby In Its Dream Garden



On The Road To Windy Hill

Capt. William Cryer was a great fisherman. A man much thought of. His memory savors of many pleasant reminiscences. He was said to have been as eccentric as a Junebug in a harvest field. He could foretell the state of the weather in a degree which made him phenomenal to those who knew him. On one

bright, beautiful summer's day, when rain was needed, he was asked when would rain come- with the accent on "when". He replied that if it did not rain before night, it never would rain again. That afternoon a deluge of water fell. He got his tip from the "squeal" of a hop-toad. He lived on the farm adjoining the Cliff farm.

Leaving the last mentioned place and continuing toward Trappe is a well-appointed farm, with attractive residence shaded by old trees in a spacious yard. Simply another comfortable home not intended to surpass its neighbors. Three generations ago it belonged to Gibson Wright, father of Easton's formerly well-known livery-man, Frank G. Wright, and the Republican politician "Bill" Wright. From the Wrights it became the property of Col. Robert H. McKnett, father of the late Sheriff and County Commissioner, Percy McKnett, of honored memory. The farm is now owned by the widow and tenanted by the nephew, Griffin Merrick.

Next in line is the Ross farm, a part of the original land of Capt. Ross, whose name still clings to it. There is an old brick house well back from the road and next to the river. It once belonged to a Burkett who cut a canal through the marsh to the river to accommodate barges loaded with wood which could reach vessels in deeper water. Between this farm and the Wright farm at one time could have been seen "Devil's Lane." His satanic majesty zig-zagged his way down the narrow pass between two side-by-side fences of the worn-rail design. Trouble between the owners kept the Devil busy and on the job. They could not agree close enough to enjoy a fence in common, so each farmer hedged in his own stock with his own fence, going as close to the boundary line as the rails would allow it. Parallel rails belonged to the railroad, except where the Devil takes a hand and orders parallel division fences for his highway.

William Reddie, President of Talbot bank, owns the next farm, known as the "John Small" farm, whose son was once county surveyor, now occupied by J. Harry Wise, tenant. A noted shell-bank is here, that is, a quarry of Indian's relics. Many have been taken away in bygone years, and occasionally others are found. The county controls a public landing on the shore, with road leading to it, but no wharf is available. Whatever is put on or taken from sailing vessels at that point, is by means of the small, flat bottomed boat. The farm is one of the most productive along the river front. No marsh land in front of this beautiful farm.

A real old land mark is the place and house once owned by Peter Ross and built by him some hundred years ago. Here are hewn sills and solid black walnut banisters on the stairway. The house has been somewhat modernized, and the place is inviting to the tenant. It is now owned by James B. Parrott of Trappe. Back to the Raccoon Creek line is the property owned at one time by William Guest, who also owned the Maltby House in Baltimore, in which Guest's daughter and son-in-law resided, after which it fell into the hand of Capt. Dan Feddeman, thence to Morris Feddeman, thence to the late Dr. I. L. Adkins, of Easton, father of Judge Adkins of this Circuit. It is now owned by the McMahan brothers and tenanted by Linwood Parrott. From this farm come vegetables and fruit to many Easton households.

The three little groups of houses within Bambury, Windy Hill, Bruceville and Barber-are just what might be expected, with the environment of the "dirt farmer" and fisher folk combined. There is sufficient culture to meet the demands. There is a sturdy, wholesome activity. There honors from other schools of the county in some contests. The teachers rank with the best of their grades, and the children neatly dressed and well behaved reflect the home atmosphere. Windy Hill is treated to the arrival and departure of the steam boat once during the week. This is Sunday when some of the good people are otherwise engaged, but the coming of the steamer is an event not accorded any other landing between that point and Oxford on the Talbot shore. A few years ago the port was "alive" with commerce. Steamers and vessels touched it daily. Auto trucks have killed river traffic. The cannery has ceased to function. The little gardens grow as pretty flowers as ever and the vegetables there raised can hob-nob with those raised in more wealthy communities. A neighborhood placidly exists. The babies are robust if they do not have paved sidewalks for their carts. The waters of the river furnish employment and food during much of the year. The name is a misnomer, for there is very little hill and they have no monopoly on the wind. Bambury asks no favors of other sections. If in former days it was looked upon as being less progressive, less cultured, than some of the neighboring sections of the county, it takes only the present good roads, and good means of transportation, to link it in with Talbot's best. "We live in Bambury, thank you, in God's country and among God's people."

But brief allusion was made last week to the Bayless farm on Bolingbroke Creek. More should be said, for the place is worthy extended notice.

The mansion is conspicuous from the river steamers which pass before it. it was called "Retreat"

by the builder, William R. Hughlett, but when sold to Col. Bradford the name was changed to "Allonby." This was shortly after the Civil War. Then it fell in to possession of John Riker of New York, who beautified the place in every way that was possible, giving it a park-like environment with walks, flowers and shrubbery. It was easily recognized in its day as being the handsomest spot in the country. It still retains much of its past glory. From Mr. Riker it passed into the hands of the present owner, Mr. Bayliss, of Baltimore." [*Easton Star Democrat* Nov. 5, 1927]

Editor's note: There is no evidence Bambury Neck got its name from Bamborough Castle. It was probably from someone's surname. There was a John Banbury in the area in the early 1700s. Saulsbury house still stands and dates from circa 1705. Leslie Merrick's father was Samuel J. Merrick, not Judge Samuel B. Merrick.