

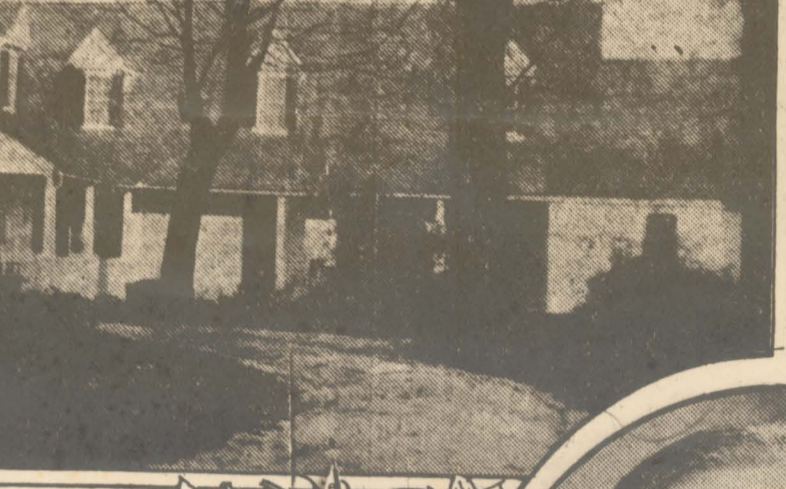
THE MORGANS AT THE PLYMOUTH ROCK OF THE SOUTH

J. Pierpont and His Son-in-Law Invade the Quaintest Region in Maryland, Where Their Summer Home Will Be on Historic Ground.



IS the house of Morgan to be planted on the sun-kissed shores of the Patuxent River, among the historic romances of Southern Maryland, where the clasp of the express comes not and no evidence of the busy world is within a day's travel?

This is the question raised by the recent purchase of Satterlee, an ancient manor estate well down toward the mouth of the Chesapeake, by Herbert L. Satterlee, son-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan, and the declaration on the part of his wife that she intends to move there. There is certain it is that the stillness of those great reaches of ancestral estates that make up the peninsula that lies between the Chesapeake and the Potomac is being broken by an activity that promises the transformation of at least one of these homes of somnolence. For Satterlee is being overhauled. Mr. Satterlee himself is spending much of his time there. Mr. Morgan has sent there the men who have proved themselves most fit in developing his other estates. There are architects and artists to advise in the restoration of the ancient house. There are landscape gardeners to plan the laying out of the estate. There are foresters and farmers, road builders and wharf builders, plowmen and plutocrats, all trekking toward obscure Satterlee, for there, it is planned, shall be developed an ancient estate such lines that it will be the quaintest of them all and the best example of the restoration of one of those homes that were built no less than two centuries ago.



away, is another room in another part of the house, that is a duplicate of this one. Further east is another duplicate. Each of the three houses has other earmarks that go to show that they are the handiwork of the same builder. There is the story handed down from generation to generation that this builder was an indentured man. That is to say, he was one of those me of the prisoners of England who, in their early days, were bound out to the planters of America. Yet this prisoner had sided well and the monuments of his handiwork remain long after all traces of his more aristocratic fellows are lost to the world.

The Satterlee mansion is two stories, gable roofed, dormer windowed. Its great high-ceilinged rooms are of banquet-hall proportions. There are nine of these on

may be made in an hour and a half by State in compliance with the redemption of his new estate that he is threatening to build the road himself.

Then by water there is access in plenty by yacht or gasoline launch. The Chesapeake and its tributaries, the Potomac and its tributaries, are historic.

H. L. Satterlee, Son-in-Law of J. P. Morgan.
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This is supposed to have broken up the family, and one branch of it is believed to have come with the early settlers to Maryland a few generations later. At any rate, the belief that these were his people is so strong with Herbert L. Satterlee that he has bought the old estate and is going to restore it and preserve it for his children's children. So may the house of Morgan be build upon the lost home of Satterlee.

Mr. Morgan has been asked by the people of Southern Maryland to join them in the enterprise of building a railroad into St. Mary's County. Mr. Morgan has, however, turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. This is the last thing in the world that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Satterlee want done.

They want the solitude of the region into which they plan to retreat occasionally undisturbed. They want it as different as may be from the intense activity of pursuing their business lives. They hold that Southern Maryland is the most accessible and at the same time the most attractive solitude that the United States boasts to-day.

There are many other estates in the same section that are comparable with Satterlee in their attractions. The time may come when there will be other

was Chief Executive of the State, and it is said that he is buried here. It is even said that the State Legislature once met in this old house, and that it was for a time the capitol. St. Mary's, near by, was the capitol of Maryland for a hundred years after its founding. It was, in fact, the center of the population of the State. Then the settlements further up the bay grew into greater prominence, and old Kent became a rival to St. Mary. An attempt was made to remove the capitol to Kent Island, and it vacillated for awhile, and during these unsettled times the Legislature is said to have met at Gov. Plater's home at Satterlee. Later the fight was renewed, Ann Arundel town, now known as Annapolis, urged her claim. She won out, and the capitol of Maryland has ever since been at Annapolis.

Maryland is cut in two by the Chesapeake Bay. The western half of it is a peninsula shaped something like a bare foot. The big toe side is bounded by the Chesapeake Bay. The small toes are delineated by the indentations of the Potomac River, which meets with the waters of the Chesapeake at the point of the great toe. This is Point Lookout. A little peninsula is the mouth of the Patuxent River, and five miles up its course is Satterlee. Washington is forty miles away across the peninsula. Baltimore is eighty miles to the north.

The toe of the peninsula is St. Mary's County, one of the cradles of the white man in America. The town of St. Mary, the county seat, was the first settlement in Maryland, and ran close upon the heels of Jamestown and Plymouth. It was from these sunny fields that it was that the fathers of the South sent an invitation to come down and join in their fairer fortune and prosperity.

hereabout should be so deep and craft-inviting long puzzled the geologists. Finally investigation showed that, from a geological standpoint, the whole region was slowly sinking. It goes down a foot in a hundred years. What was a river bottom 10,000 years ago is now 100 feet lower than then. But the slow flowing streams have brought down no erosions to fill up the former beds. So to-day the small streams even are incredibly deep, and great ships may safely up what were once little more than brooks.

This condition invited the trade of the world in those times before the advent of the railroad and its usurpation of the handling of the Nation's production. Before the war fleets of vessels constantly plied these waters. The lands adjoining were more favorably situated for marketing their crops than all others.

But transportation by water other than in the great courses of trade passed through the region, and small there was a fertile community, but small. There was not enough produce to pay for the building of a railroad. Gradually its communication with the outside world was cut off. For fifty years it has slept with merely the memory of its past as its glory.

James, and all those streams that reach into Virginia, may be reached from this point without encountering the hazard of the open sea.

By the time the road from Washington is completed the Morgans figure that they will have all connections made for roads leading to and over the estate. This work has as yet scarcely begun. The road which leads to Satterlee what is now being diverted so it will not pass through the rural people bringing their squabbling pigs and cackling chickens down to the occasional river boat that takes their produce to market will be avoided.

Herbert L. Satterlee and the rest of the family in America have long lived in New York, Connecticut, and neighboring States. The family record shows no Maryland Satterlee. Still there is the conviction that Satterlee is a corruption of the original family name. With this opinion Mr. Satterlee has searched industriously in his attempt to establish a connection. He has even delved into the records of the family in England in his investigations. These records seemed to show that neither the name he bears nor that of the Maryland mansion is in accordance with the original spelling of the name.

of wealth who will seek the same solitude and restore their estates. Even a colony of the very rich, chiefly friends of the Morgans, may develop country homes here, and repair to them in their yachts and automobiles when the din of things in New York falls.

These attractions would appeal chiefly to men who are interested in yachting, hunting, fishing, and other sports connected with the water. The Patuxent River is alive with fish. It is the native habitat of the oyster. There is an enclosed lagoon on the Satterlee property into which the tides ebb and flow. One may go to this pond, drag up an over-

public law imported from Brazil and Paraguay 40,000,000 kilograms, valued at 22,000,000. These figures are of course in excess of the native crops. The Argentine Government was very anxious to encourage the cultivation of maté. The difficulty lay in the fact that the seeds of the native crop, which germinate spontaneously, do not sprout unless they are first soaked in water, but they are not normally after being placed in hot water. The odd fact was that the seeds from plants thus obtained germinated successfully without having resort to the hot water process. This may be explained by the fact that in nature the seeds are softened through their stomachs. The Jesuits had discovered the secret of soaking the seed in warm water, but they carried it to Europe with them at the time of their expulsion from the country. Mr. Thays rediscovered it. More than once an attempt has been made to introduce the habit of maté drinking into Europe. I do not think it will easily come about. It would, however, be a great boon to the South American, as in that part of the world the use of alcohol which threatens to destroy us.

There was one great, central room in this strange, rambling old house that was always of absorbing interest to Bishop Satterlee. It formed the nucleus of the house. It is a room of such richness that it would be hard to duplicate even in the houses of the very wealthy of to-day. A great fireplace stands out from its walls. Both sides of this fireplace are necessarily alcoves. Into these the builder of the house has fashioned in wood great seeming conch shells, reaching to the ceiling. They are fashioned most exquisitely and are of either mahogany or walnut.

There is a stairway leading up from this room, and it, too, is exquisitely done in the best of wood. In fact, all the interior woodwork of the house is found to be mahogany and walnut. These rare woods are now covered over with paint, but one of the first acts of Mr. Satterlee will be to remove this and leave the native wood exposed.

phant, lying in the shade of a great bank of shelving foliage. Heavy folds in the gray carapace denote a gigantic limb, a rounded shoulder, a gigantic head half concealed. These are the tremendous roots of the ombu, whose delight it is to issue forth from the soil in the form of astonishing animated objects. When by foot and stick you have ascertained that these living shapes are in reality mummified within a thick bark, you turn your attention to the trunk itself and find it hollow, with a crumbling surface. Another surprise, for the finger sinks into the trunk, and in fact, is indescribable, fall into your hand and crumble away into an impalpable dust, which is carried away by the breeze before you have had time to examine it. Now you have the secret of the ombu. Its wood evaporates in the open air; at the same time there springs from its strangely beautiful roots young and living shoots from the parent tree. Since it is impossible to burn the non-existent, you cannot, obviously, have recourse to the ombu to cook your lunch. Here is an example of paradox in the vegetable world, which has no mission in life but a glorious uselessness. If it were but beautiful I should recommend the ombu to poets who profess to prefer the beautiful to the useful. But as its appearance does not impress the beholder, the wisest course is to impute its existence to momentary abstraction on the part of the Creator.

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The passing of the years has been kind to Satterlee. It is still in a state of good preservation. The old-fashioned method of its building known as brick-knocking is largely responsible for this. A brick-knocking house is one so built that there is an inner shell of brick, but this is covered inside and outside with a plaster of Paris. To all appearances the house is as good as new. In winter and cool in summer, and saves it from decay.

The weather boarding on the outside of the house is of a material which appears similar to the so-called Georgia pine. It is milled cut and ornamental. It probably crossed the Atlantic. A plant of English ivy once grew up one face of the house. This ivy crept under the weather boarding, and as it grew crowded many boards from their fastenings. The thrifty farmer who was then in possession of the place tore down this disordered face, and put perfectly good modern weather boarding in its place. The restoration of this old wall to its original character is one of the first things that Mr. Satterlee will have seen to.

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Continued from preceding page.

has here the larger share. Here are displayed specimens of the principal species of fauna to be found in the district lying between the frozen regions of Terra del Fuego and the equator, the antarctic beech, the carob palm, the eucalyptus, (rendered extraordinarily durable by the quantity of tannin it contains, and in great request for the sleepers of railway lines.) walnut, and the cedar of Tucuman or Mendoza, which, by the way, is not a cedar. It is made of its wood that cigar boxes are made. It is used in the woodwork of rich houses, for it is easy to handle and highly decorative by reason of its warm coloring. Its fault is that it warps continually. Wherever you find it, the doors and windows refuse to open or shut properly.

But you should see M. Thays doing the honors of the "Ombu" (gr. Ombou) and the "Palo Borracho".

The ombu is the marvel of the pampas, the sole tree which the grasshopper refuses to touch, and which for this reason alone has been allowed to grow freely, though not even man has found a way to utilize what the voracious insects of Providence decline. For the ombu prides itself on being good for nothing. It does not even lend itself to making good firewood. It is itself to look at, but that is sufficient. Imagine an object resembling the lacks of antediluvian monsters, mastodons or elephants, lying in the shade of a great bank of shelving foliage. Heavy folds in the gray carapace denote a gigantic limb, a rounded shoulder, a gigantic head half concealed. These are the tremendous roots of the ombu, whose delight it is to issue forth from the soil in the form of astonishing animated objects. When by foot and stick you have ascertained that these living shapes are in reality mummified within a thick bark, you turn your attention to the trunk itself and find it hollow, with a crumbling surface. Another surprise, for the finger sinks into the trunk, and in fact, is indescribable, fall into your hand and crumble away into an impalpable dust, which is carried away by the breeze before you have had time to examine it. Now you have the secret of the ombu. Its wood evaporates in the open air; at the same time there springs from its strangely beautiful roots young and living shoots from the parent tree. Since it is impossible to burn the non-existent, you cannot, obviously, have recourse to the ombu to cook your lunch. Here is an example of paradox in the vegetable world, which has no mission in life but a glorious uselessness. If it were but beautiful I should recommend the ombu to poets who profess to prefer the beautiful to the useful. But as its appearance does not impress the beholder, the wisest course is to impute its existence to momentary abstraction on the part of the Creator.

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"THE ORIENTAL BAND," AND "CLEMENCEAU SEES"

Continued from preceding page.

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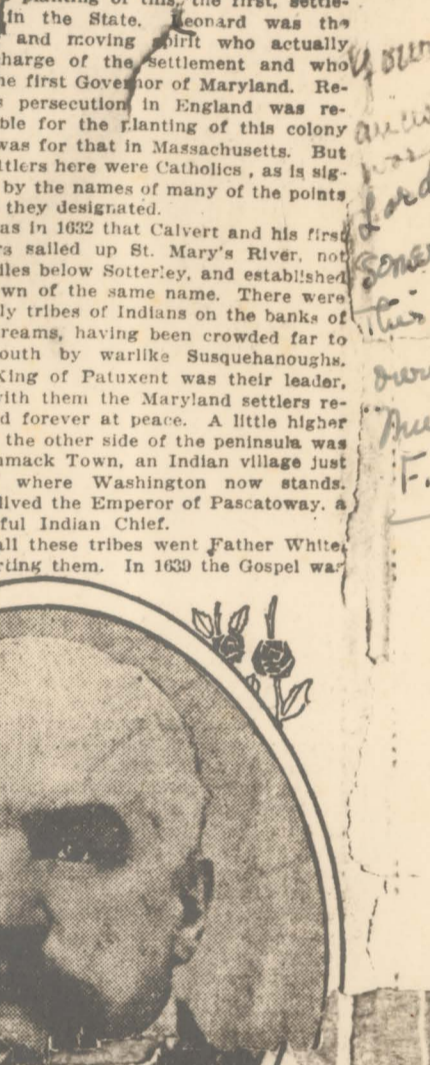
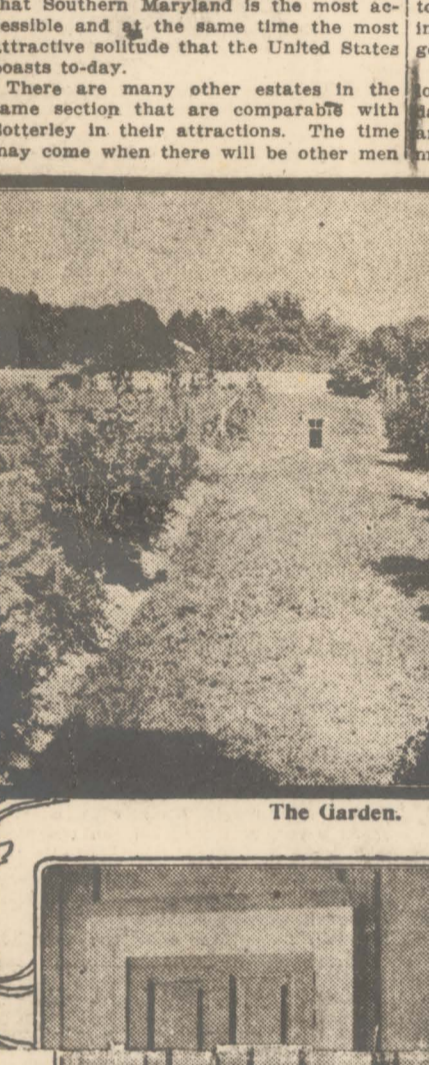
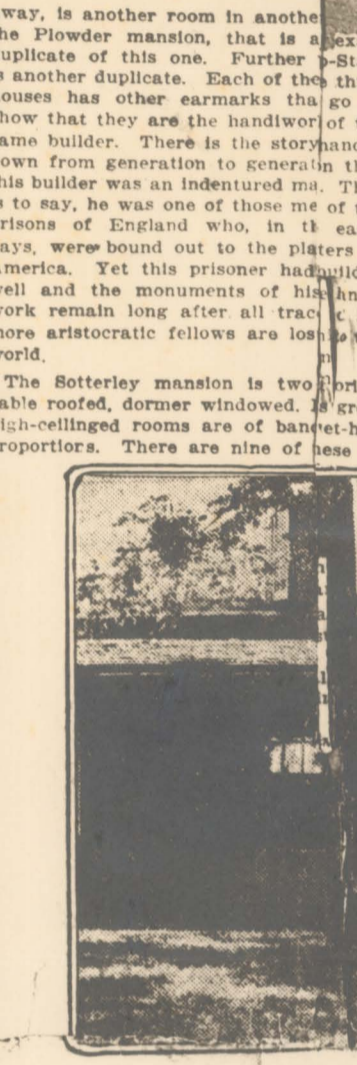
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The Front Door of Satterlee House.

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