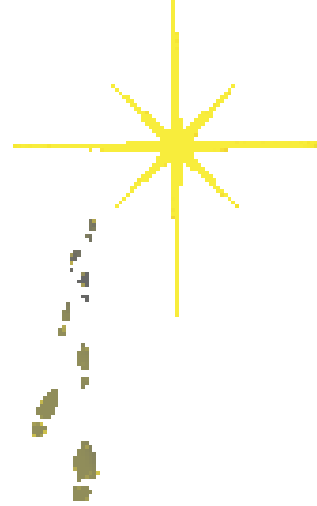


Samuel and Charity Jones Family Album



Charity Richardson Jones

Excerpts from *Legacy to Buxton*, by Arlie Robbins

“It was Charity who drew up the last plan for North Buxton. Unfortunately, this plan was destroyed by fire at the Registry Office in Chatham, but one surveyor redrew it from memory about 1905.”

“A third extension in later years was registered to Charity E. Jones, widow of Samuel Jones, as an extension to Garrel Street and lots 35 to 50 along the newly laid out Charleston Street.”

Sundry Arrivals

About the first of June, 1855, the following arrivals were noted in the record book _____, James Crummill, Samuel Jones, Tolbert

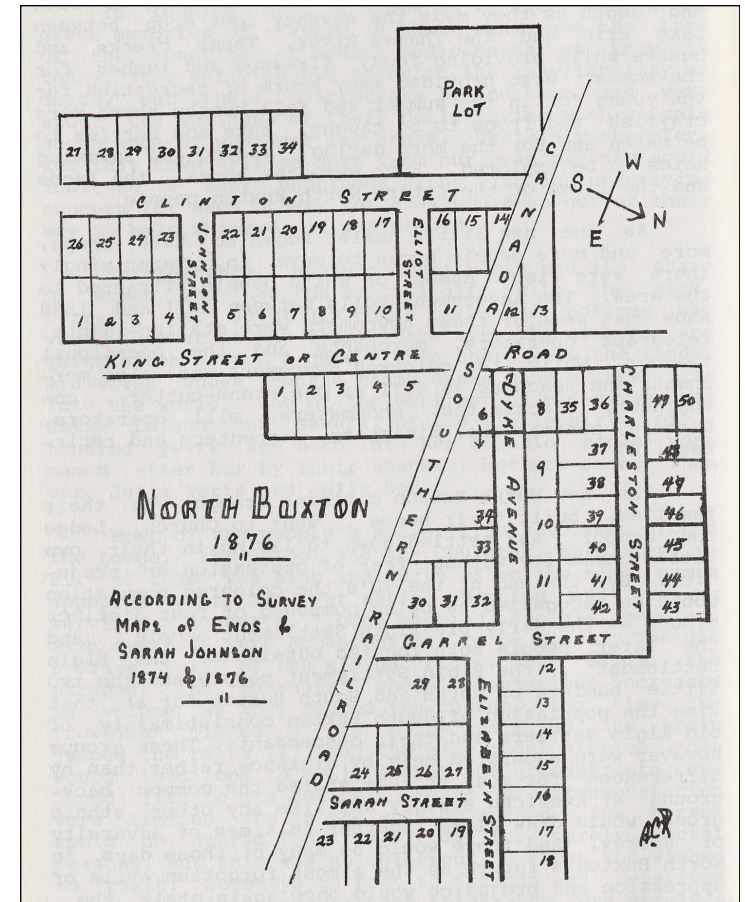
Jones and Henry Howard, Haverford Co., Maryland; _____

The road at this time, was doing a fair business, in a quiet way. Passengers were managing to come, without having to suffer in any very violent manner, as many had been called upon to do in making similar efforts. The success attending some of these passengers was partly attributable to the intelligence of individuals, who, for years, had been planning and making preparations to effect the end in view. Besides, the favorableness of the weather tended also to make travel more pleasant than in colder seasons of the year.

While matters were thus favorable, the long stories of individual suffering and of practices and customs among young and old masters and mistresses, were listened to attentively, although the short summer nights hardly afforded sufficient opportunity for writing out details.

James Crummill, Samuel and Tolbert had been owned by William Hutchins. They agreed in giving Hutchins the character of being a notorious “frolicker,” and a “very hard master.” Under him, matters were growing “worse and worse.” Before the old master’s death times were much better.

From *The Underground Railroad* by William Still



THIS IS NOT THE COPY of the North Buxton village plan prepared by Charity Richardson

Audio Story
Charity Richardson Jones

Hello, I thank you fine young folks of the Sunday School for askin' me to talk on a subject that's near to my heart — Community.

I was born around 1840 in the state of Virginia. My parents were slaves and yes, that made me and my sisters and brothers all slaves, too. I have heard the most heart wrenchin' tales of families that was separated or sold apart from each another. Can you imagine bein' separated from your babies or your husband...? There just aren't words for that kind of cruelty. But we aren't here today to discuss the evils of slavery. Anyway, I was blessed that my family was all together, both of my parents - you might remember them, Jonathan and Louisa Richardson, they was slaves on the same plantation. But we was slaves with no say so.

In 1856, my parents could no longer put up with slavery. The master's health was poorly and his sons walked around all us slaves takin' stock like they already owned us. We didn't know what would happen when the master was gone. I guess, my parents figured there might not ever be a better time to set foot on the road to freedom, so we got together what little we had and hit the road. My brother Albert and I was sixteen then. There were eight of us on the run - Daddy, Mama, myself, Albert, my sisters Susan and Catherine and my young brothers Daniel who was age five and George barely age three.

We had our trials before coming to the land of Queen Victoria and making a new home here in Buxton where we could live with pride. But we got here and we made a new life. Now, many of you folks here will remember how hard those early days in Buxton was. Fugitives arriving with little or nothing but the clothes on their back, like us. You see, this fine settlement didn't accept charity—We knew folks was watchin' us so we proved to them, ourselves and the rest of the world that we could take care of our own. The people of Buxton helped us get on our feet and we helped those who come after us as best we could. We worked from dawn to dusk clearin' land and buildin' homes. We worked from see to can't. But those was good days because we weren't slaves, we was workin' for ourselves and for our families.

Daddy bought land on the thirteenth and we got busy. We was only about a mile from the Mission School and Church. Let me tell ya', I was mighty jealous of my younger brothers and sisters—who got to go school most days weather permittin'. But my parents were elderly and I was needed on the farm. I surely was grateful to get to the Thursday night classes. It may sound strange to you all, but I wasn't shy askin' my little brother George for help on my lessons and I was as proud as a peacock when I could read from his lessons! You know when we was slaves we wasn't allowed to learn to read or write or do sums. It 'twas against the law to teach a slave. I was like a thirsty sponge and soaked up all I could.

Now I know that you all know my good husband, the Rev. Samuel Bowser Jones. We was married in 1861, one day after Christmas, I was twenty one years old then.

We met here in Buxton in 1859, when he was just plain Mr. Sam Jones, before he took to preachin'. Sam runaway same as me, but he came from Maryland with his older brother Talbert. Maybe some of you have read Mr. William Still's book, The Underground Railroad? Mr. Still talks about our Sam and he tells all about him and Talbert stopping at his house in Philly on page 317. Sam and Talbert made their way to Buxton. Well, when he got here the Buxton Liberty Bell rang to announced their arrival in our settlement and the whole community welcomed them. He worked powerful hard to make money to buy land and to get hisself an education. Sam bought property near my family on the thirteenth concession. Before long he bought land on the eighth and twelfth concessions too. We met here on the twelfth at the First Baptist Church, where we was both members..

Sam and I raised our twelve babies, we provided and cared for each of our children. My daughter Priscilla was a great help with the younger children. But don't you fool yourselves, we couldn't be everywhere at once~! Our neighbours kept a watchful eye out for our youngsters, just as we kept an eye on theirs. We knew who was doing what. Our boy Joseph stayed busy keeping the wood box full, after he forgot to get his chores done before he went fishin'. All us women shared remedies to cure fevers and sickness... We went to each others' children's weddings and now we watch them raise their families. We come together to bury our loved ones... Sam and I have been proud to belong to such a caring community and was glad to be able to contribute anytime we could. I was just speechless when I was asked to draft the village plan for North Buxton... Can you imagine—my work is recorded in the Registry Office of Chatham!

When the war broke out in the States, we wanted to fight, but we wasn't allowed. We were mighty proud when finally got to see our men marching off to join the Union Army to fight against that evil slavery. But you know we worried terrible 'bout our men fighting. All that we could do was pray for their safe return home. My own dear brother, died fighting in November 1864 in the state of Alabama. After the war ended, many more dear friends left Buxton to help with the re-construction of the southern states.

Samuel Bowser and Charity Jones Statistics

Name : Samuel Bowser Jones

Date Born: 1837

Died: May 13, 1913

Siblings: Talbert

Occupation: Farmer, Minister

Married: Dec. 26, 1861

Wife: Charity E. Richardson

Date Born: 1840

Died : May 27, 1920

Siblings: Albert, Susan, Catherine, Daniel,
George (all born in the US)

Occupation: Homemaker

Children: Joseph Augustus, Priscilla, Emily,
Elbert, John, William, Ellen, Millie, Joshua,
Thadeus, Sylvester

In: Haverton County, Maryland

In: Raleigh Township

Religion: Baptist

Came to Buxton Settlement: 1856

Residence In Buxton: 13th Conces-
sion

In: unknown place

In: Virginia

In: Raleigh Township

Religion: Baptist

Came to Buxton Settlement: 1856

Residence In Buxton: 13th Conces-
sion

*** Samuel Bowser Jones purchased property on the 12th and 8th concessions; he was a minister at the First Baptist Church on the 12th Concession until 1883 when his congregation joined with the newly built North Buxton First Baptist Church, which he helped to plan.*

*** Charity created the final draft of the village of North Buxton which was recorded in the Chatham Registry office; her work was destroyed in 1905 when the registry office burned down.*

*** Descendants of Sam and Charity still reside in Buxton.*

JONES

Provided by Buxton National Historic Site & Museum

