
Jonas Green, his Family and his Associates

good comrade, there seems to have been no local activity of any importance in which the "printer to the Province" was not concerned.

It is in the minutes of the Tuesday Club of Annapolis¹ that Green as a social being may be seen at his best. Comprising in its membership some of the principal gentlemen and leading professional men of the Province, this typical eighteenth-century Club for many years held fortnightly meetings whereof its secretary, in spite of the prevailing high conviviality, succeeded in recording minutes as careful as those of a legislative assembly. In gaining other things, our more sophisticated age has lost something of the faculty for spontaneous enjoyment possessed by these breeched and powdered Annapolitans. Echoed through the pages of their treasured record are the guffaws and chuckles of honest gentlemen at their ease. In their company one breathes an atmosphere spiced, but not overladen, with the aroma of hot Jamaica rum and "Lisbon lemons," and peering through the soft tobacco haze one recognizes the mirthful faces of men seen before only in some starched and formal part in the Provincial drama. Jonas Green was a leading spirit in its "sederunts" or meetings. Mock trials, mock orations, fantastic ceremonies, serio-comic political and literary discussions—these and the punch formed the material of the fortnightly entertainment. Each member was known by a grandiloquent title, the significance of which in many cases does not appear, but "Poet Laureate" and "Master of Ceremonies" applied to our printer are terms that need no explanation. If the key were not supplied by the record, however, one might puzzle indefinitely over the meaning of that subsidiary title, which was represented by a string of five capital "P's" after his name, but there one discovers that in addition to the functions named above, Green exercised also in the club those of "Poet, Printer, Punster, Purveyor and Punchmaker general." Of his skill as punchmaker and purveyor we know nothing; of his poetry not much need be said, but with a full heart, we can return thanks that his printing was better than his punning, of which a few examples are represented in the minute book. He has been remembered, however, as a man of wit, and it does not become one century to judge the humor of its predecessors, lest in its turn it too be judged. With the knowledge that we gain of him in his hours of relaxation, he appears to us as a whimsical, good-natured man, quick of wit, kindly and obliging, the friend and comrade of all his little world. One may not doubt that the printing office and residence in Charles Street, the latter still occupied by his descendants,² formed a rendezvous

¹ One large volume and a few sheets of these minutes, in manuscript still, form one of the chief treasures of the Maryland Historical Society. A smaller volume is in the Ms. Division of the Library of Congress.

² "The building occupied by Mrs. Anne Harwood, in Charles Street, is said to be the most ancient house now