REMINISCENCES

By

LUCY MARSHALL BENTLEY

written during
1930's
In Pendleton, Oregon
about
her life at Walnut Grove near Washington, Kentucky

Untitled

Lucy Marshall Bentley

Born at Walnut Grove Farm, Mason Co. Ky Sept 22, 1851
Married John Bayn Bentley Nov 29,1877
He was born in Essex County Va May 16, 1843
Paxton in his book The Marshall Family said she was tall, stately, dignified, uncommonly handsome and intelligent
He said John Bentley was the oldest son of John G Bentley of Essex Co Va and a Miss Parker. They were wealthy but the adversities of war greatly reduced their income.

Mr. John Bentley Jr was preparing for college when the war broke out. He entered the Confederate Army and served until the close; he entered Roanoke College, graduataed first in his class and received the A M degree, the highest honor conferred by the college. The Greek orataion delivered by him on the occasion is still preserved by the college. He came to Mason Co Ky and opened a High School at Washington, Ky. After marriage he started a grocery store in Maysville and at the time the book was written was doing well.

Their children were
Charles Marshall Bentley born July 30,1881
Frank Marshall Bentley born April 10,1882
(Paxton says Charles was born in Va and Frank in Ky. Since parents were married in Ky in 1877 I wonder about the Va. birth)

Lucy Marshall Bentley's connection to living Mason County Marshalls:

Mrs. Bentley's father was Captain Charles Alexander Marshall born 1809 who in 1833 married Phoebe Paxton. Mrs. Bentley was born 1851
She was one of eight children:

Thomas born 1834
Maria born 1836
Lizzie born 1841
William born 1846 who graduated from West Point and became a General
Paxton born 1848
Lucy Marshall Bentley born 1851
Sallie born 1858
Ben born 1861 was the Great Grandfather of Bill Marshall who still lives on Walnut Grove Farm and is married to Mary Frances Peddie Marshall. Their two children are Charles Scott Marshall and Julia Elizabeth Marshall.

One of Lucy's brother was Ben. His eldest son was, Charles A. Marshall Sr. born 1894 was married first to Julia Webb Marshall and one of their sons was Charles A. Marshall Jr. Born 1918, who was married to Nell Jo Click Marshall. That Mrs Marshall also still lives on Walnut Grove Farm.

When Mrs. Bentley spoke of her Grandfather, he was Thomas Marshall born 1761 and was the brother of Chief Justice John Marshall.

MEMORIES OF THE SOUTH

BY

AN OCTOGENARIAN

In my youth I was a frequent visitor to a delightful old country house of which the most cherished inmate was a Grandmother who sat placidly in the corner, her knitting needles always busy.

She was a lovely old lady, her silvery hair crowned by a handsome lace cap, her neck always covered by a snowy neckerchief. She abounded in reminiscences of Kentucky in pioneer days, having made the trip from Virginia on horseback and flat boat as a bride, coming to a wilderness inhabited by Indians and wild animals. She had returned twice to Virginia, also on horseback, the last time with a child riding behind her and bearing a baby on her lap, being attended by a Negro maid. This was always a very arduous journey, my father often telling us of his eldest brother, with a servant and pack mule, making the journey to Washington City on horseback, it taking two weeks of hard riding.

My friend was very old when I knew her sixty years ago, but as one would expect from such a life, vigorous still, both mentally and physically, save that every few minutes she would interrupt her narrative to exclaim, "My Aunt Susan used to say she had outlived the world," immediately resuming the thread of her story until the memory of her Aunt Susan would return to her. This I thought very amusing until now, when, as I sit in my lonely old age, I frequently feel that I, too, have outlived my world. I would often sit by the hour to be entertained by her memories of Kentucky in frontier days, finding them not only interesting but full of information.

Many of her anecdotes I can still recall, particularly those of her trips to and from Virginia, her descriptions of what she called the "Road Taverns," and her experiences that I found especially delightful, so much so, that in after years, I made it my business to inquire about those old "Taverns." The old trails before my day had given place to the Lexington and Maysville turnpike, which followed the old trails leading to Wheeling, West Virginia, and to Washington City.

Sixty years ago very few of those old taverns remained even in ruins, the very memory of the greater number obliterated. The only one that remained in its entirety in that early date was the one on the Lexington pike, at the summit of the long hill leading down into Maysville.

In the long ago, driving by this tavern and with the interest excited by my old friend, I inquired as to its history and observed it closely. Though weather-beaten it was still entire, surrounded on three sides by a large porch, which I remember was decorated by a scalloped ornament around the ceiling. I was told, that in years gone by there were often seen resting in the large treeless yard, five or six covered wagons bearing the families and household treasures of immigrants to Kentucky. Sixty years ago, I think, this old place was still in the hands of the original family, Newdegate. With the curiosity of age I have inquired about this old house and find that only a few years back it was sold to a successful young lawyer of Maysville, who, with rare good taste had altered the exterior of the old house as little as possible, when beautifying the grounds and interior. I hope there are many of the Kentucky homes that are treated with the same consideration, any number of them are very beautiful.

As I have written before, mine is coming to be lonely as all old lives are and I feel that having outlived my little world, am left alone with my memories. The play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is on the screen in the neighborhood and I am filled with sadness that young Kentuckians should have that as a correct representation of life in Kentucky in the old slave days. I have endeavored to find some book or

pamphlet that presents a more loving and true picture of our dear old state. So far I have found nothing describing life on a better class Kentucky farm during what Hergesheimer terms, "The days of beauty." I am over eighty years of age and a member of an old family whose name is closely associated with the early history of our country. My recollections of slave days is that of a child surrounded by innumerable relatives and a large number of slaves; I feel that my memories will be of interest to my descendants, possibly a few others. It is mainly for my own family, however, that I will employ my idle old hands in writing these recollections.

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Our home was in the "Blue Grass Region," the garden spot of Kentucky. It was a large old colonial house, built by my great grandfather on the plan of the old home in Virginia. Long halls, large rooms with ceilings very high, and large open fireplaces. In front of this house and through which it was approached was a thirty acre walnut grove, which even to my childish eyes was a scene of beauty.

The living rooms were reached through a front hall thirty-three feet long; divided by a large arch of carved walnut, separating the stairway from the front hall, the latter being used in the summer as a very pleasant sitting room, with its carved arch, cornice and high paneling, though when built, was not so expensive, it was very handsome. The doors leading into this hall were opened by brilliantly polished brass door knobs. In the winter, as a child, I regarded it as a journey to be dreaded, running down the stairs, crossing the large hall and opening one of those doors, the knob of which I could only turn by using my little apron, to protect my childish hands from the cold of the contact.

The living rooms were partially heated by the large open fireplaces, very beautiful with their brightly burning logs and highly polished andirons, presenting a vision of comfort, which from my recollections, was highly deceptive as the large rooms were rarely every warm.

These fireplaces in summer, were decorated by immense bunches of asparagus fronds, on grand occasions brightened by peony blossoms or other brilliantly colored flowers, ordinarily offering delightful roosting places for flies. We children used to run through the rooms always knocking the fireplace decorations to enjoy the buzzing produced, receiving severe rebukes from the house maid for not "leavin' dem lay." There were no screens in that day, so life for a housekeeper was one unceasing and hopeless battle with flies.

My father inherited quite a large land estate and a number of slaves. The family, when I can first remember, numbering something over forty white and black. To this large estate with its many responsibilities, came my mother, a child of seventeen. It has always been sad to me to think so young a mistress had to assume so many cares. I heard her say frequently, in after years, that she "never knew what real untroubled rest was until the emancipation." There came to her twelve children, three dying in early childhood; numerous relatives visiting, with always two or three cousins attending nearby schools, with often an orphan relative to be mothered.

She found faithful and splendidly trained servants in her new home, but the physical well being of over thirty persons was placed in her youthful hands. There were few garments worn on that large place that were not cut out by my mother and then turned over to the older Negro women for completion.

There were several of these older women on the place who did little but sew, knit and spin; whom we children called "Aunt," treating them with the greatest respect, obeying them as representatives of my mother. We would as soon have been guilty of impudence to one of the older relatives as one of these old colored women.

Fortunately my mother was of a very merry disposition, my earliest recollections of her was standing by her cutting table singing "Gaily the Troubadour Touched His Guitar," an old song I never heard any one but her sing.

Everything she did about the house was always accompanied by some lively little song; mixed with her singing, laughing gaiety, there was a stern sense of duty and a perfect regard for truth. Her happy lilting songs kept the family cheerful until the death of my oldest sister, when the songs were stilled, not for months but for years. When at last the cloud lifted we were happy to hear the old songs again; though always cheerful her youthful gaiety never returned.

My mother generally remained at home looking after the ways of her household. There were one or two schoolgirl friends and a sister whom she visited several times a year, occasionally going to church. So long as they were at home all neighborhood visiting was done by my older sisters; immediately upon their return my mother was sought and entertained by everything that had been said during the visit, she listening with pleased interest.

My mother's greatest pleasure was her flower garden. She had a gardener entirely at her command, but her rarest plants she cared for personally. Her crepe-myrtles, oleanders and other tender plants were carried through the winter in a large pit of easy access from the house being brought forth in the spring for the adornment of the large front yard. There were always seven or eight oleanders of various hues placed around the driveway; the large flower garden becoming a thing of beauty with its brilliant annuals and perennials. It was laid out in beds of various shapes, flowers of each variety massed; guests always requesting a view of the flowers.

My father was a native of Kentucky, though my great grandfather had been a schoolmate of Washington. He with two of his sons had spent the bitter winter at Valley Forge with the great patriot.

My father inherited the home place of 600 acres which was improved by my great grandfather. This home place, though much reduced in acreage, I am happy to say is still in the hands of the immediate family. In my childhood it was still the day of the wealthy, cultivated country gentleman, at that time a life of ease and

elegance. Not only the doors, but the hearts of the old aristocrats of Kentucky were ever open; their means at the command of friends in distress; their tables spread profusely with always a plate for any wayfarer that might appear. My father through family connections occupied quite an influential position in the state, and from his own character acquired the respect of his associates.

In order that the management on the rich farm may be understood, the status and character of the different darkies on the place will receive a great deal of attention in these reminiscences. Most of them were simply members of the family, they and theirs were hereditary and had been for several generations. There was first an old Negress who had accompanied, as a child, my great grandmother from Virginia. She afterward became my father's nurse and was called by him, "Mammy," we children always calling her "Grandmammy." She lived about half a mile from the big house, in a little two-roomed cottage, having her little yard adorned by "pretty-by-nights" and other annuals. For her "pin-money" she raised quite a number of chickens which she sold. My father rode over the farm early every morning invariably calling first to see if Grand-mammy required anything for her comfort. If there was any article she desired, immediately upon his return home a little darkey was dispatched with the wished for supplies.

Every Saturday we children visited Grand-mammy, when we were regaled with eggs, which were wrapped in wet paper and roasted in the ashes with lumps of brown sugar for dessert. I never have liked brown sugar, but always devoured it with the greatest gusto when donated by Grand-mammy. While partaking of these dainties the old lady would entertain us with blood curdling tales of Indian uprisings, her favorite story being the way-laying of my great grandfather's flat boat by Indians under Simon Girty, invariably ending with the remark, "Old Marse called dat white man a scoundely runagate." (Simon Girty was one of the sons of an Irish immigrant who settled in Pennsylvania and was adopted into an Indian tribe becoming even more cruel than the Indians in the treatment of his own people.) I remember that

my childish mind construed this to mean that Simon Girty cheated in some unexplained manner at horse racing. She would tell us how the bullets "puttered ginst" the water, "den we niggers would git down in de bottom de boat." My father took care of Grand-mammy for quite a few years after the war, she sometimes deciding she wanted to visit elsewhere but invariably returning home, where eight or ten years after the war she died among those she had loved and served all her life. She left several descendants who were faithful and well trained servants.

The oldest woman on the place was Granny Patty who enjoyed life sitting in the sun, entertained by the comings and goings of the place. Granny Patty was deeply religious, so, at regular intervals, one of we children were sent to read the Bible to her, not a very enjoyable task as she invariably asked for "Dat part of de good book dey calls Rebelations," which, of course, was so much Greek to her as it was to us. Granny Patty was not popular among the children of the family, as often she was cross and at her death she turned into the most malignant of ghosts, causing us to make lengthy detours to avoid passing her grave. She left several descendants in the family, one daughter, Aunt Hannah, boasting a romance in her life that cropped out quite a few years after the war.

Aunt Winnie, one of older women on the place, was said to be a descendant of an African prince, whom a Yankee skipper had enticed onto a slave ship, brought to Virginia and sold to a cruel planter, presumably one of our ancestors. True it was that Aunt Winnie and her descendants were the smartest Negroes on the place. Aunt Winnie while not popular with the other darkies, was much admired as she claimed to be very aristocratic, and was regarded by the other Negroes as the "glass of fashion and mold of form." She was very original, full of darkey humor, a wonderful mimic, very found of "taking off" sundry and various of the visitors, much to the amusement of the other Negroes, who while enjoying her humor regarded her as unworthy of entire credence.

My earliest remembrance of Aunt Winnie was her mimicry and comic songs, she coming to entertain my older sisters and their youthful guests. In the songs she would never indulge until assured by all that her daughter Carolina or "Calline" as she called her should never be told. "Calline" was a true chip off the old block, just as dishonest, just as tricky, just as smart as her Mammy but pretending sanctification, a fact which did not prevent her being utterly unscrupulous regarding everything but the singing of profane songs, which was a mortal sin. "Calline" was the only human being of whom Aunt Winnie stood in awe and hated to offend.

"Calline" was the family pastry cook. She had been placed for some time with a confectioner to learn his art and my oldest sister had taught her to read; all of which did not add to her popularity with the other darkies; "des made her mo' tricky." Caroline's accomplishments as a fancy cook caused her to be in demand on all state occasions throughout the family connection. There were no weddings, large parties or stately dinners at which Caroline did not officiate as the maker of the chief dainties, always returning from such labors with numerous cunning anecdotes and critical ridicule of the cooking and management of the darkies of other families; the other women listening with keen enjoyment to her gossip, but "Lawsamassy, Calline made most of dat up, she suttenly can lie." Caroline had married a man from a distance, whom my father had bought on her account. He was a fine trustworthy man nothing like the equal to his wife in capacity. Aunt Winnie's descendants were all capable, full of humor and very beguiling in their manners and ways, but the one family on the place whom the other blacks distrusted and the whites thought necessary to watch.

Mammy, Grandmammy's daughter, was our nurse. She was really a jack of all trades, my mother relying upon her in any emergency. She was an excellent cook, good seamstress and head nurse; in fact was more of an assistant manger than anything else. As head nurse she kept close watch on our manners and conduct,

even occasionally correcting our language, which she classified as not proper. She listened very carefully to any corrections made by my mother and endeavored most conscientiously to benefit her little charges by those corrections. "What dat you say 'you is hot.' I tells you now ladies never get hot, dey gets 'cessively warm.' I hern you say de udder day you was sweatin', nobody never sweat on dis plantation but niggers and horses, and you jus remember dat." Then again: "Oh, you ain't, ain't you? Well, I hern your mamma say des yestiddy dat 'ain't' and 'got' was boff vulgar words, an I tells you now, de ain't goln' to be no ain'ins' and gotins' on dis plantation." The old darkey was very careful according to her knowledge and I have to thank her for the correction of many faults of diction. I have a very affectionate remembrance of Mammy, her love, patience and care and it pleases me to recall that my father always saw that no want came to the old darkey in her last days. Mammy was really quite an imposing person when she thought the occasion demanded. She was short and fat, must have weighed nearly two hundred pounds and was as black as possible; with generally a very pleasant expression, however, when Mammy got on the war path, there was consternation felt among us children. She was always neat in her attire, wearing a nice clean dress and apron, on ordinary occasions, a colored bandana, generally of blue upon her head calling it her "head rag." When Mammy entered the dining room on state occasions, with her large white apron, white head rag, the ends tied in a bow in front trained to stand straight up like a pair of horns, she was an imposing figure as she always assumed a great air, which I am sure she copied from "Ole Miss." The young waitresses were required to step lively when under her supervision and woe betide the one that was guilty of handing plates on the wrong side, invariably receiving a scolding rebuke from Mammy.

Then there was Tabby, a tall handsome mulatto, who was the most delightful cook, excelling in her beaten biscuits and in the baking of meats. Her mutton was noted throughout the neighborhood being a great source of pride to my father who

always referred to it as "Tabby's mutton." She was a thoroughly efficient and trustworthy servant but as she was not hereditary in the family was not thoroughly recognized by the other servants who regarded her as a make-believe aristocrat or as they termed it, not "quality," which did not prevent my mother's recognizing her efficiency, trusting her more than she did Calline.

There were seven women on the place and seven men in addition to several half grown boys and girls, with numberless children who were kept about the Negro quarters. These girls were in training under the older women, their business was to meet lady visitors at the door and escort them to their rooms where they were supposed to wait upon the needs of these visitors. They waited on the household generally but especially upon the older servants, whom they helped about everything; one always keeping flies off the table with an immense pea-fowl brush. When shooing flies they were supposed to keep their eyes and ears open for the reception of any conversational tidbits to repeat in the kitchen thus learning to be very observant and retentive of memory, cultivating an immense capacity for putting two and two together.

The boys were learning to be handy men about the farm, opening gates and saddling horses for visitors, cleaning knives and candle sticks and being generally on call when needed. Everything, thanks to the older servants going on very smoothly and pleasantly.

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My first recollection of this estate were those of a child. Some little occurrence would make a deep impression on my mind and even now rises to my remembrance but I am not sure of their correctness.

Ours was a large family, when I first remember there were seven of us and in the early sixties my oldest sister was taken, causing my mother sadness. There were then four children with a gap caused by several deaths, then four younger children; my oldest brother being twenty-eight years older than the youngest, the

baby. We were thus divided into the younger and older sets of children. With the exception of the youngest of the older set, a brother, they were all educated before the war receiving superior advantages to the ones that came afterwards, so much better that we youngsters regarded it as a decided reflection to be spoken of as the "younger children."

My childhood was like that of every child in the south. My old trusty Mammy kept supervision over us all, then a young personal nurse who watched over and amused us. There was in addition always a black child several years older than ourselves who followed us around being our own personal property. When a southern girl married this little Negro girl who had been raised with her accompanied the bride to the new home. becoming her personal attendant and, in latter years, the Mammy of the little white babies who blessed the new home. Apart from my numerous playmates, white and black, my chief recollections are Bible stories with tales of horror from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," both related by my oldest sister. Then there were wonderful fairy tales from the German, related by my second sister who was a fine German scholar. Then a young male cousin whose special delight was "Tam O'Shanter," usually recited in the spookiest of tones at least once a day and occasionally serving it with "Lochinvar." All this mixed up with horrible ghost stories and innumerable Negro superstitions, while I plead guilty to a great fondness for Scott's writing with an especial weakness for the Stuarts, though I know they were never good for anything above adorning the pages of romance. I can well remember Uncle Davies absolutely refusing to go into the ice house for the family supply of ice because the day before he had distinctly heard "de Debil laughin' down thar," with my mother's laughing rejoinder, "Oh, hush Davie, you know there is no worse devil there than yourself." With her afterwards wondering what mischief Davie had been in, to cause so much fright, be that as it may, a terror stricken substitute had to go for the ice comforted by the assurance that the devil was after Davie and no one else.

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At that time hemp was one of the most important crops raised in Kentucky. After undergoing the winter's snows, freezes and thaws the latter part of February and early March the chief occupation on the farm was the breaking of the hemp, while at night the hemp shaws were always burning in a huge semicircle about the house. The circling fires were very beautiful, the sky being brightly illuminated by their glare. I can remember as a child, passing from window to window for a sight of the fires and their tending figures. I could picture witches, gnomes and border ruffians and go to my repose nervous from my imaginings, all produced I am convinced by the fearful tales of the day. We have all read James Lane Allen's wonderful description of the Kentucky hemp fields but when my memory reverts to the hemp of that day it is the circling fires I best remember. It was a very beautiful crop in its green luxuriance but it long ago gave way to one not so beautiful but far more remunerative, tobacco. At that time tobacco was not raised in our neighborhood save for a few little patches in each Negro garden which, when ripe was cured and twisted becoming what was known locally as "long green."

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The middle of the fifties, were in my baby memories, days of pleasure and peace. If there was friction on the place it did not come to my childish knowledge. I was six years old when I was taken to Sunday school and church. To me this was an important event. Mammy Liza gave me such advice as to my conduct, always to remember I had to behave in a manner to reflect credit upon the family, but especially to use my eyes and ears for the entertainment of Mammy and her following. At church there was much to interest me. Our neighborhood was mainly settled by Virginians, who in turn, were principally of English descent. The church building therefore was, I imagine, of the English style of architecture. I have since seen many exactly like it in Virginia. It was an ugly square, red brick building, severely plain and heavy, with extremely uncomfortable seats, each

pew with a high back and small foot stool, each with a little door to be opened upon entrance then closed tightly as if to prevent escape. Every five or six pews there was a high post for lights; as I never went to evening worship I do not know how the church was lighted. Then I can first remember an oil lamp was perched upon each post, occasionally misbehaving and having to be removed in haste. Over the back of the main seats a balcony was in use on the occasion of a crowded meeting, and always affording seats for the colored members of the church of whom there were quite a few. The pulpit, with its rostrum, must have been at least six or eight feet high. With the minister in place the heads of the congregation were slanted upward at a very uncomfortable angle. At communion service, individual glasses were unheard of, therefore, two silver goblets with two silver plates were used. Thirty years ago this communion was still in use in the church.

When the collection was taken up plates or baskets were not used, instead there was a deep black velvet bag with a heavy tassel hanging from the tip, all attached to a long mahogany rod. It used to delight my childish soul in the long ago to drop a penny into this bag and hear the resultant jingle. As I write I wonder if these velvet bags are still in use, they were thirty years ago. I do hope those dear old fashioned customs are still preserved in the old church.

The minister in this church was a dear old man who had preached the gospel for us for twenty-five years, officiating at all funerals and weddings occurring throughout the years. He was much beloved by his congregation, tho it was often laughingly remarked he had written no new sermons since the first three years of the twenty-five, simply turning the pile and giving them over again. It was taken very non-complainingly, however, though all of his congregation knew what was coming when the text was announced. There were many handsome turnouts halted at the doors of that old church in the days of the long ago. Each carriage with its pretty horses, Negro driver and each occupied by ladies in their best

habiliments, church being a round up of the community for miles around. In the summer there was one arrival that aroused my childish admiration, it was that of a wealthy widow of the neighborhood whose coachman drove up with a flourish, descended from his elevated seat, opened the carriage door with a bow, and wonder of wonders, lowered a flight of three steps down which his handsomely appareled mistress stepped. It was the only carriage with steps I had ever seen or indeed have ever seen. I considered it very impressive, though now I know that carriage was a relic of bygone grandeur. This same lady occupied a seat diagonally in front of ours, so I had the privilege of witnessing on winter Sunday mornings, her impressive entrance into church. She came in preceded by her coachman who opened her pew door, bowed her to her seat, deposited at her feet a little charcoal stove, with another bow closing the pew door, returning up the aisle with the air of importance which none but a Negro can assume. I am sure that the darkey counted the days from one appearance to the other as he clearly recognized it as his "occasion." I had never seen a footstove before, as at that time, most persons used hot bricks or stones in the carriages and sleighs during the winter months. I even now remember this lady's appearance at church as a very elegant one.

Immediately in front of us sat the wife of one of our wealthiest neighbors, always accompanied by her two maiden sisters. These three usually were the most elegantly attired ladies in the church. I can still close my eyes and recall some of their wonderful bonnets. In the winter all three wore long black velvet circulars and in the summer their figures were draped in black lace shawls that I frequently heard spoken of as "worth their weight in gold."

The gentry in that day never wore imitation lace or jewelry. It was considered much better taste to go without than have to wear shams. Much of that old lace and jewelry, together with old china, cut glass and silver is still prized in Kentucky. Beautiful old quilts, pieced and embroidered by hands long at

rest, are still in existence. Many years ago I saw in Maysville a wonderful old quilt that I considered worthy of a museum. It was the most exquisite Kensington embroidery. Every flower, every leaf on the quilt having been drawn from nature by the embroiderer. Most wonderful of all was the fact that the work was done on cotton, the quilt being lined with linen. In the day of the beautiful embroidery, flax was grown in Kentucky, while woven cotton was produced in the New England mills, having to be brought south by pack mules and flat boats. I have often heard my mother say that in her trousseau the most expensive dress was a French chintz, which far eclipsed in price the silks purchased for her wedding outfit.

Immediately behind our pew was that of a dear old lady who must have been even then over sixty. In my childhood I inferred she must at one time been leader of the choir. We had one organ and frequently no one being present competent to raise the tune save this sweet old lady. Her very sweet, quivering notes ever appealing to my childish heart. Twenty years afterwards, the morning I was married, I received from this sweet old soul, a message which, when remembered, always brings a dimness to my eyes. She was then on what proved to be her death bed from which she sent me her love and blessing. Is not that a message to be treasured following the long years that I had loved that quivering voice.

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After starting to church I also began attending little children's parties given in the neighborhood. All the little girls, myself included, gave these entertainments, generally birthday parties. To have gone to one of them bearing gifts would have been a serious solecism; it simply was not done. Each child attending these parties was under the care of a grown nurse, who kept a close lookout on the conduct of her little charge, but indulged, on the side, in a great deal of gossip to be repeated at home. Our attire at these parties almost amounted to a uniform; a little full skirted white dress, low necked and short sleeved, sometime with a broad ribbon sash; invariably with a necklace and sleeve

loops of coral beads. The parties of our dress of most importance being our pantalettes or, as the darkeys called them "panties." These reached very nearly to the tops of our slippers and were elaborately trimmed. Hamburg was unknown in that day, only French embroidery or Valenciennes lace, real at that, were procurable at the stores, both entirely too expensive for little people's wear.

Nearly every southern girl excelled in beautiful needle work. My "panties" were ornamented by hand made tucks and ruffles with insertions of embroidery or drawn work, all the work of my sisters' nimble fingers. As these "panties" were so long, they soon became soiled. I can remember when a guest appeared in the offing, Mammy's first order was to run upstairs and put on a clean pair, a dirty dress could be forgiven but soiled panties, never. It is amusing to remember that in the early or middle fifties even the youngest babies wore low neck and short sleeves with their coral sleeve loops, which their small heads were covered with a highly ornamented little cap. To be sure, those large old rooms were always cold, so each baby had bright cashmere wrappers with warm quilted linings. Their state dresses were always over a yard long, resting on the carpet when their bearers were seated. It is a wonder that a generation of bow legs was not the result.

Now to return to the dress of our childhood, with our little white dresses, we wore broad leghorn hats, ornamented by a wreath of bright flowers. When so garbed every unfortunate little creature was supposed to have ringlets; many a tortured night have I passed in order to present to the world a head of corkscrew curls that could never be mistaken for the natural article.

In winter we little people wore to church, close fitting black coats with sometimes a fur tippet, our heads covered with bonnets of brown silk or satin, if velvet was used it was generally edged with some dark fur, both bonnets and hats were furnished with strings which were tied in stiff little bows under the childish chin. With this attire each little creature assumed an air of conscious

propriety. I wish I had pictures of some of these prim little figures that afterwards developed late the gracious, graceful girls of my youth.

My mother never wore caps, but most of the older ladies wore them. These caps were very modish, handsome affairs. It required an expert to manufacture or renovate them, being very elaborate and expensive. They never wore these caps under a bonnet, so when one of these old ladies went out to dinner, their caps were borne in a fancy cap box of a particular shape and quite handsome, the cap being donned in the privacy of the dressing room. I remember as a child slipping upstairs to admire the various cap boxes reposing on the bed. There is in existence a most beautiful picture of one of my aunts painted about this time, her cap being one of the most conspicuous objects of her handsome attire, such a beautiful elegant old lady as she was. I still think of her beauty, grace and dignity with pride.

There was a little story told in the family which was mainly amusing from the aftermath which occurred thirty years later. When my two older sisters were very small there was kept for the amusement of the children a pet coon, which from what I heard was given over to many tricks, as was generally the case there was also a pretty little cousin attending school from the house. One spring my mother went with her to the county seat and assisted her in selecting a beautiful new bonnet. The band box containing the bonnet was left on the table in the bed room and considered perfectly safe, several hours after the little cousin ascended to her room, the family being immediately startled by a horrified scream; rushing up the miserable little coon was found seated in the middle of the floor surrounded by a mass of flowers, laces and unplaited straw, the beautiful bonnet having been completely destroyed, of the time when I write the bonnet was of the coal skuttle pattern, one can imagine the mess; my dear mother ordered the carriage and driving to town had the bonnet duplicated. The offending pet coon was relegated to parts unknown. I have often heard my cousin relate with laughter this incident. It is

mainly amusing from the connection with a later occurrence. My pretty little cousin married and living about five miles from us, visits were frequently exchanged. Thirty years later my second sister wearing a new bonnet went over to spend the day, her bonnet being placed on one of the beds, in the afternoon her bonnet was not to be found; the house was searched and the bonnet eventually located in a mud puddle in the back yard. A mischievous puppy had dragged it there and dismembering it, had left it in a sight to behold, of course there was such laughter and many reminiscences.

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My remembrance of my father now took more definite shape. I had recognized him as the source of many childish pleasures, but I also stood in much awe of him. This must have been in the middle or early fifties. In those days my father had an overseer, or rather foreman, who assumed complete charge of the estate, when he (my father) was attending legislative duties and other county and state affairs. I remember my two older sisters accompanying my father to Frankfort; can recall the pretty things purchased for their adornment, but cannot remember any incident of their absence or anecdotes of their visit, I am sure was related upon their return to my mother.

Our overseer was Mr. Argo from one of the New England states, who was simply a supervisor of the work on the farm, being denied the privilege of punishing any of the men under his direction. Any trouble was always brought direct to my father for adjustment, as a consequence of friction between Mr. Argo and Uncle Davie, our old gardener Uncle Charles, was retired and Uncle Davie became the gardener, thus being removed from the scope of Mr. Argo's influence. Uncle Charles became a "free nigger," and with his wife, Aunt Candace, moved into a little cottage in town, coming home during the season to raise watermelons by the wagon load. Of course I do not remember much of that matter but from after occurrences, I am confident Uncle Charles only became an object of my father's charity while

occupying the position of what the darkies called a "free nigger."

I have a very indistinct remembrance of Aunt Candace, who occasionally visited us to oversee the other women by her aristocratic airs. Uncle Davie was Grand Mammy's son and together with Mammy Liza was rather a privileged character upon the farm.

I am sure that at this time much of my father's energy was directed toward keeping the men on the place busy and out of mischief. We had more Negroes than we knew what to do with; it was almost a crime to separate a family by selling one. In consequence of their rapid increase they were becoming such a financial burden that, from an economic standpoint, emancipation came none too soon for the south. In my father's endeavors to keep the men busy he occasionally made expensive plans for beautifying and improving the home place, while achieving his main object. There was a deep defile at the back of the walnut grove, through which ran a little stream where we children caught minnows, waded and dug pools. About 1857 my father decided to dam this little defile at its narrowest point, thus causing the little stream to form a lake in full view of the house and its approach. We children were promised a gaily painted boat in which to disport ourselves. Across the narrow end of the little lake was to be a rustic bridge, from which we youngsters would be privileged to fish. Great was the excitement among we little people as the work progressed; for over a year every spare moment was spent upon this dam, it being completed in the fall; our little bridge and boat were to materialize in the spring. The little stream swelled into the proportions of a small lake which we admired hugely. Before Christmas a heavy snow fell which was something unusual in Kentucky, remaining with us until mid-February. There were parties galore for my older sisters and brothers; the sound of sleigh bells was unceasing. The servants going around in a state of high good humor, the excitement of a special rush of company suiting them exactly. The house girls reaping a fine collection of hair ribbons, dimes and quarters from

visiting beauties. My mother never retired without having the fires throughout the house made up and banked, with a lunch set out for my sisters and their guests. My father complaining that if sleighing lasted much longer his horses would be ruined. I realize now that all this was a strain on my father's nerves; he was very uneasy about the safety of the just finished dam. When, in early February, a warm rain set in lasting a week, the eyes of the whole plantation were fixed anxiously upon the year's work. The little stream became a river, the little lake a swirling menace to the dam, at last one night the blow fall, and down the defile swept a roaring stream doing much damage in its progress. I never heard the loss referred to but am quite sure it cost my father a pretty penny to settle for the damage done to those below us.

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In my father's boyhood there was a school of great repute in the state conducted by Dr. Louis Marshall, youngest brother of Chief Justice Marshall and father of Thomas F. and Edward C. Marshall. The old doctor had studied medicine in Paris, was there during a portion of the French revolution. Upon returning to Kentucky he founded this school from which in after years, many brilliant young Kentuckians were sent from this school with a fine classical preparation for their future careers. My father had attended this school for several years forming an extended acquaintance throughout the state and acquiring fine literary tastes. I can well remember his lying on a couch in the beautiful old front hall, perusing by the hour some Latin poet in the original, an entertainment doubtless very common at that day in Kentucky, but entirely obsolete now.

When I was a child Dr. Marshall had closed his school, but occasionally would come to spend a few weeks with my father, who always treated him with great respect and affection. I stood in mortal terror of the old doctor, he was quite fleshy and I considered him very stern. He always came bearing a ten pound box of candy for we children, candy with which we considered him very unjust. My second

brother had Louis as his middle name, while the old gentleman had caught my third brother imitating him in a very ludicrous manner, so when, twice a day we youngsters were summoned for our treat, Louis received a stick and a half of candy with a pat on his shoulder and a "you are a little man," while the other received only a half stick, a stroke of the long cane and "get out you young scamps." Dr. Marshall had quite an appetite of his own with an especial fondness for boiled cabbage. In deference to this taste my mother had it served frequently during his visit. At this time Mr. Argo had been relinquished and a young man raised in the neighborhood had taken his place as foreman. At meals Dr. Marshall sat at my mother's right, the young foreman on the same side of the table at my father's left. One day at dinner the doctor helped himself to a heaping ate of cabbage which was then handed my father for a helping of meat. The heaping plate was thus presented at the young foreman's side, who mistaking it for a dish of cabbage helped himself from the Doctor's supply, my father placing upon the plate a slice of meat acquainted the foreman and adjacent children with the mistake. A painful blush on the face of the foreman, with a smothered laugh from the children was the result; the laugh swelled until checked by my mother's "Children!" with my father's stern, "Children, don't you hear your mother?" But when the old gentleman innocently inquired, "What are you children laughing at?" showing he had not missed the cabbage, my unpopular brother rammed his napkin into his mouth and sank under the table, the fly brush and its bearer disappeared into the kitchen, even my father was compelled to allow a smile to twitch his mouth while my mother assured the doctor that it was only a piece of childish foolishness, but during the remainder of his visit boiled cabbage was a source of merriment to we children and uncomfortable blushes to the young foreman.

The friends my father made at Dr. Marshall's school often came to see us, the old house receiving many distinguished guests and their children. Among the latter there was a certain Basil Duke who afterwards became the General Duke of

whom all Kentuckians were proud. When I was a girl of eleven or twelve, together with other little girls I climbed a hill to watch Duke's tired troops ride by. He used to make raids through the upper tier of counties capturing horses and enlisting recruits for the Confederate army.

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As I have written before there were seven women about the house, each of whom had a particular portion of the work under her, being considered proficient in her department. In that day there was no such thing as concentrated lye and about February, the hopper was filled with fresh clean wood ashes, through which rain water filtered, forming the lye used in making the family laundry soap. The present day youths are very ignorant of the primitive modes of their forefathers. The making of the soap is to them a mystery. I can describe to them an ash hopper in my childhood used for making lye. It was a large V-shaped affair, supported on each side by uprights so the point of the V would be down, from this point protruded a spout under which was a trough. The primeval forests were mostly of hard wood furnishing splendid ashes for leaching. In the early spring the hopper containing fifteen or twenty bushels of ashes were filled, the spring rains with the assistance of many buckets of salt water were run through these ashes, the trough receiving a stream of lye, then the soapmaking process was begun, as soon as sufficiently warm for work out of doors. The quantities of fat from beef, hogs, and mutton preserved through the year was sorted and used. The nice white tallow being used in the candles while the remaining scraps were sorted and made into various grades of soap under Aunt Winnie's supervision.

Two huge iron kettles were suspended from cranes with overhead shelter. Fires were kept burning under these kettles during the day for about two weeks.

The second grade fats were made into laundry bar soap this was used for just the ordinary laundry and the cleaning. The linens and finer clothes were always washed with the bought laundry soap. The bar soap was made by pouring the hot

soap mixture into pans about one and one-half inch deep, these pans were placed on tables until the soap congealed then cut into bars. These bars were taken out of the pans and placed on planks and finally put into a dry house and left for several months to harden. In case the bars wrinkled after hardening it showed the soap mixture was not cooked long enough but this seldom ever occurred as Aunt Winnie was an expert soap maker.

The darkest and dirtiest of fats were used in the soft soap this being boiled until a little thicker than molasses, then poured into fifty gallon barrels of which there were several stored in the large front cellar.

Aunt Winnie was not over-worked by the manufacturing of the soap as she simply sat by with her knitting and bossed the five or six half grown girls both white and black who assisted in the work. I remember running by the steaming kettles and stopping to stir the mixture with a large wooden paddle feeling important at the task.

With the advent of the early fruit, canning and preserving began, all of which was under Mammy's management with numerous assistants. Preserving, pickling, catsup making with sundry and various sauces was an intermittent business for the whole summer, reaching the peak with the ripening of the wild blackberries. These grew in profusion a few miles from home, all the colored women on the place spent several days during the season blackberrying, carrying a picnic dinner with them and going equipped with numerous buckets and nice clean wash tubs returning in the evening smiling and happy with every bucket and tub full of delicious fruit. Mammy and her assistants boiling assiduously until all the berries were stored in large earthenware jars and sealed with sealing wax as very few glass jars were used in Kentucky at that time. In the early sixties the tin can was manufactured and these were used to can the tomatoes, the can being used one year only. Tomatoes were boiled hard before putting into the can and while still boiling a cover was put on, held down by a weight, sealing was put around the edge of the

cover and the weight removed as soon as it was cool. Corn was dried or put down in salt. The first canned corn coming out in the early sixties. Fruits were all dried or preserved and some of the vegetables were also dried.

The farm work was solely the men's work although at apple picking time all the half-grown boys and girls were put to work. After the apples were picked, sorted and barreled they were stored in the cellar. The back cellar was the whole length of the house and half its width. An aisle was left up the center and on either side there were three rows of barrels in double tiers. The apples to be used were placed in the most convenient position and this back cellar kept locked. Every morning during the winter a bushel basket or two was brought up from the cellar, everyone on the place having all the apples they desired. When I go down the street and buy a box of apples for two dollars, a vision of the old back cellar in my "Old Kentucky Home" comes to me and I grow lonesome for the "far away and long ago." Oh, the waste and plenty of those days of old! You young people cannot take it in and I, who saw and remember it all am filled with real awe when I reflect upon my careless youth.

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In the fall the colored women under Aunt Winnie's supervision dipped and molded the candles for the family use. The dipping of the candles was started by putting a number of wicks upon a suitable frame so that the wicks hang down at a distance from each other equal to about double the intended thickness of the candles, these are then dipped in a trough of melted tallow and hung upon a rack until cooled, then dipped again and again, until the required thickness is obtained. The dipper has a number of frames prepared before commencing the operation and by the time she has dipped the last, the first rack is cool enough to redip. The tallow has to be kept a little above its melting point for if it were much warmer it would melt a portion of the tallow already on the wick. In molding the candles tallow is poured into metal tubes, along the sides of which

the wick has been previously fixed. These tubes are well polished on the inside, several of these tubes are filled in a frame, the upper part of which forms a trough into which the molds all open, thus, by pouring the tallow into the trough all the molds are filled at once. As tallow is soft and burns with a smoky flame it was used for the cheaper grades of candles. As I mentioned before the nicer of the fats was saved for the molded candles which were used in the dining room and the bedrooms, there were pounds and pounds of dipped candles for the kitchen and the Negro quarters, the candles for the parlor use were purchased and termed "star candles," though for special occasions there were generally wax candles. We children were not allowed to chew gum but we never passed the box of wax candles without helping ourselves to a bite from one of the candles, deeming it fine chewing gum.

After the corn cutting in the fall the butchering of the hogs took place, a time of united effort among the blacks. In that large family about fifty hogs were butchered, half in mid-November and the other half in early February thus divided off the sausage, pigs feet and what the darkies called "scraps" could be disposed of before becoming stale. Much of the sausage was stuffed in natural cases and slightly smoked for spring consumption, the hams also being smoked by the use of hickory wood. The cleaning of the pig feet and rendering of the lard was work in which all the women united. The quantities of fat was cut in small cubes and put into the large kettles hung on the crane in the huge kitchen fireplaces, as it was too cold to work out of doors. This was stirred very often and as the cracklings turned brown the crane was pulled out and several tablespoons of soda was carefully put into the hot lard. This was done to keep the lard sweet and white. The crane was then pushed back until the cracklings were brown all the way through, after which the crane was pulled out and the lard was left to cool partially, being dipped out with a large gourd dipper, strained and put into ten gallon jars. After the lard was cold it was stored in the front

cellar.

The smoking of the meats was a long and tiresome job as the fire had to be attended to very carefully five or six times a day keeping the smoke about the same at all times. The smoke house was built of logs about fifteen feet square with girders across to suspend the hams, shoulders, sides and sausage. In the center of the room a small iron kettle in which a fire of hickory wood was made and after this was burning it was covered with ashes making a dense smoke. This was kept smoking about six weeks and all the meat was left there with the exception of the sausage which was smoked only a few days. At the end of four weeks the hams and shoulders were taken down and the parts that were not protected by the skin rubbed over with a thin coat of molasses and then hickory ashes and black pepper. The meat was left hanging in the smoke house until it was to be used.

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The potatoes, turnips, onions and such vegetables that were stored for winter consumption would run a well stocked grocery store of today for several months. There were four acres in the vegetable garden besides several acres in the truck garden used for raising the potatoes, cabbage, and other bulky vegetables that had to be stored in trenches outside. Even after the war when the family was much reduced, I have heard my mother remark that seven hundred heads of cabbage had been hilled up for the winter supply. I had no idea about the quantities of vegetables thus stored in those early days, but I imagine there were plenty.

In the autumn we children were put to work, ours was the fun of gathering the pop corn, hickory nuts and black walnuts to be enjoyed during the winter evenings. There was always one of the colored men who would climb the trees for us shaking down a profusion of nuts which we children were to pick up. The little white girls were never allowed to hull the nuts as the stain was too hard to remove. The black walnuts were put in a large pile and the hulls were removed by beating

with clubs. There were little parties of children from the adjacent town who would often join the party to have their little baskets filled with the nuts, to enjoy the delightful picnic dinners that were served on these occasions.

In the early fall, Uncle Davie had his work cut out for him. Every Negro cabin on the place had to have new window panes to keep the winter winds out but before spring appeared these new panes had mostly disappeared and their vacancies were filled by rags of the most brilliant hues, whether for ventilation or simply because a Negro is not happy unless his residence is so decorated, I have never been able to decide.

There was a huge walnut tree within a few hundred yards of the houses, through a massive limb of this tree, large iron rings had been driven at the height of forty or fifty feet from the ground, through these rings what might have been termed a cable was closely knotted forming the finest swing that I have ever seen. This was a source of the greatest pleasure to the young people on the farm from the early spring until late in the fall, the younger members of the family being frequently summoned to bed time prayers by the ringing of a bell from the front door. Forty years ago this prized tree showed signs of decay so my father had it cut down and converted into lumber, it furnishing over 1300 feet. Think what that tree would have been worth in this day of walnut veneering. For that matter walnut was so plentiful that a great many of the fences rails used in the old worn fences were of walnut. I have heard of these rails being sought by furniture manufacturers for use in their business, but cannot say positively that this was done.

I have mentioned my father's prize mutton and every Saturday afternoon the year around one of these fine sheep or lambs was butchered, thus keeping the family, both white and black, in the very best of fresh meats. There were from four to five hundred of the sheep on the place and were useful not only for their meat and tallow but their fleeces furnished all the winter clothing worn by the

Negroes. During the winter the old Negro women on the place carded and spun not only the yarn for the socks and stockings but for the clothing worn by the darkies, the next summer my mother had much of the wool sorted and dyed then sending it to the woolen mill about ten or fifteen miles from home where it was woven into beautiful fluffy white blankets; blue and gray jeans for men's clothing; pretty red and blue, green and black, black and white plaids for the women and girls, they taking keen delight in their nice warm "linsey-woolsey" dresses as they called them. My dear mother cut and fitted all these dresses so the wearer would be trim and neat. On week days these were protected by a coarse gingham apron while on Sunday a white cotton or light calico was used. In summer cotton dresses were bought for the women, my mother invariably selecting dress goods of some cheap but pretty material, the older women taking turn about for the first choice, these dresses were used for Sunday and best, while the everyday dresses were made of a plaid cotton goods generally blue and white or green and white selected by my mother and purchasing enough of one pattern to make several dresses. The little darkies always going bare-foot in the summer but the older darkies having cotton stockings, this cotton was bought by the hank and the older women knitted it in stockings. The same cotton mill that this cotton was purchased from about seventy years ago is still is business and the cotton warp to crochet a counterpane was bought from them several years ago.

I have often heard my father tell how tow linen was woven in Kentucky during his father's life time, the old looms and wheels used in its manufacture were all stored in the old attic until destroyed by fire that took the loved old house that had been the home of the family for five generations.

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The old attic I consider worthy of further description. It extended over the entire house, having many uses, it being as immense receptacle for cast off treasures, a play room for the children and occasionally when the old house was

filled to over flowing a bed chamber, always and ever a very interesting sitting room for any one who loved antiques, old books and such things.

There were huge deer hide covered trunks ornamented by large brass headed nails, brought by my great-grandfather across the mountains and down the river from Virginia. Old looms, spinning wheels, broken chairs and tables and from the cobwebbed rafters were suspended old guns, rifles and swords used in the Revolutionary, Indian and Mexican wars by my forebears. Old cast-off pictures were there, some of them entirely unknown to we children but afterward, I understood were of distant relatives long gone the way of all flesh. In one corner stood barrels of old letters, some I am sure of great value as they were written to my great-grandfather and grandfather before Kentucky became a state. There were also barrels of popcorn, hickory nuts and walnuts with two large stones to be used to crack the nuts. Barrels of torn rags and barrels of rags to be torn with sacks of carpet balls ready for use. The floors of the rooms used by the little people were always covered by rag carpets and on rainy days that was supposed to be one of our occupations, sewing carpet rags.

Extending down the side of this large room were what we termed "cubby holes" only to be explored by the dim light of a lantern and with fear and trembling that a misstep would put us through the plaster of room below. These cubby holes were filled with everything imaginable, old dresses, old bonnets and hats, old pewter, discarded knives and forks, worn carpets and curtains all placed there for fear of a future need that never came. When the wind sighed around the old house and the timbers cracked we were assured by our Negro associates that the evil spirits inhabited the cubby holes and were angry or in trouble, either state dreadful to our childish imagination. There was a legend among us that on one occasion the old looms and wheels had started to turn, moved by no earthly hands, this tale caused us to keep a wary eye on the massive machines. I cannot picture the result had one begun to turn. In one portion of the attic was a set of book shelves.

Oh! If I could have access to those old books now! Many of them were printed with the long S and one quaint old history with these was the story beginning with Moses and bringing the history down to later Bible history. I could only look over the huge book by placing it on the floor and so perusing its pages. These old books, among them an encyclopedia long obsolete, a "Gil Blas," odd volumes of various histories none of them printed later than the seventeen hundreds, reposed upon the old shelves untouched, their leaves stuck together while the leather backs of some of them were hanging in strips. I do wish I had examined those old books or had access to them now instead of spending my time as I do reading current literature. They are all gone with the other contents of the old attic.

I have written, in my rambling, disconnected style a great deal of the darkey but I do not wish to leave the impression that our childhood days were spent chiefly with the Negroes. The old house was the seat of boundless hospitality, its portals always open to the great of the state. Through them passed governors, senators, judges, college presidents and preachers. Relatives came from north, south, east and west. They fled from the rigors of the northern winter and from the exhausting heat and yellow fever of the south. The conversation was nearly always of an educational value such subjects as politics, literature and religion were all animatedly discussed. I have heard delivered from the center of the hearth rug as impassioned an address as ever was heard from one of our celebrated Kentucky "spellbinders." In the old front hall to the tinkling accompaniment of iced mint juleps wonderful side splitting anecdotes were told, though we children were often present we had been raised under the old rule, "children should be seen and not heard," so were never allowed to attract attention under pain of punishment. Thus we sat in silence imbibing quite a little of the wisdom of our elders.

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My dear mother was not only careful of the physical well being of the Negroes

but also considerate of their pleasures. The Sunday program was very strictly arranged to give as much freedom as possible to the colored people and if they so desired they could attend their church services. No matter how many guests were in the house our Sunday breakfasts were always the same. Large plates of nicely buttered cold sliced bread, cold meat, honey and different varieties of preserves. On Sunday morning the little people were allowed a cup of diluted coffee, this making our breakfast a treat and to this day I enjoy a cold slice of buttered bread with a strong cup of coffee more than anything I can eat. After breakfast the necessary chores were hastily performed, then all the women and half grown girls, save the two whose Sunday it was to serve, were at liberty till the time for the evening chores and supper, after which all were free to enjoy themselves as they desired, the evening meal being generally a cold one requiring very little work.

At that time my father ordered brown sugar by the barrel even sometimes by the hogshead for Negro consumption, a very expensive sweetener as there was always a residue of wet sugar in the bottom of the barrel, each family in its turn receiving it, this furnished the material for candy pulling and dances, when there would be "sounds of revelry" by night. Neighboring darkies were invited and the shuffling of feet together with the tone of the banjo and "fiddle" were unceasing until late hours. These candy pullings were frequent throughout the neighborhood as most of the planters had brown sugar barrels to bestow.

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Peter being Aunt Winnie's oldest, excelled in all Negro peculiarities. Like the rest of her offspring he was very capable, very tricky but like Caroline claimed to be sanctified consequently required much watching. Peter was the teamster being a splendid hand with horses. I remember as a small child being thrilled with admiration at the manner which he cracked his long whip above the backs of his waiting steeds.

He was a tall, awkward, unhealthy looking darkey who excelled in religious exhortations and prayer, consequently was much in demand at colored prayer meetings. I often heard my father remark at breakfast that Peter had been out the night before on one of the horses, rendering both unfit for duty that day. Frequently Peter's ministrations with my father's consent extended far afield, on such occasions his apparel is deserving of description. From the wardrobes of white friends he had been donated a long tailed coat, gray pants, a white shirt with a high collar and black tie which together with the cane he carried on such occasions he presented quite a ministerial air. Between such occasions he kept his hair plaited in pigtails and tied with leather shoe strings. When arranging his toilet for special occasions these locks were combed out and surmounted by a tall hat also a "hand me down." When Peter appeared in these habiliments he was surveyed by the other darkies and little white children with admiration and awe, we thought he had suddenly become worthy of sanctification. Peter, whose religion was of the Calline type had a very fitting place in these meetings.

These Negro prayer meetings were a source of untold pleasure to all the darkeys of the community, the meetings occurred on an average of once a week at the various plantations.

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When the large agricultural fair occurred in September, my mother always arranged it so that every grown Negro could spend one day there. To this fair the family was driven in the big family carriage, my mother standing by as we crowded in and saying "take good care of the children and the dinner, Davie." I never remember my mother attending the fair as she always remained at home superintending the preparation for the next day's dinner. I have realized for years her unselfishness and devotion to her family, for they were always first in her mind. The fair grounds were very nice, the handsome and commodious buildings in which exhibits from all over the state were wonderful. As many as fifteen or

twenty thousand people were present for this occasion. My father being one of the directors, many of the exhibitors were invited to dine at our table. Thus it behooved us to take bountiful and elegant dinners. These huge dinners were packed in a two-wheeled cart under the care of the two women whose day it was to attend the fair, the two Negro men either walking or riding, my father being present to pay their entrance fee, in this way all enjoyed the fair and a fine dinner for one day. When the noon hour came my father, his family and guests found a long table set under the trees, my sisters having no care save the entertainment of friends who were invited to partake of the feast. My sisters' beaux were a great source of delight to me as I was just like the little darkies in the judgment of their quality by their liberality. Candy, popcorn and pink lemonade were all consumed by we greedy little creatures who frequently paid for the indiscriminate indulgence by after pains. There were several who paid court to my sisters by taking us in to see the bearded lady; the pig faced boy or other freaks of nature at the side show.

This fair lasted four days, a gentleman in our immediate neighborhood officiated as marshal, announcing the winners of the different exhibits with his fine distinct voice. To my childish vision his crimson sash, long white gloves together with the splendid horse he always rode so beautifully were among the outstanding features of the fair. He has long, long ago been laid to rest but my memory never reverts to those old fairs without recalling his handsome appearance.

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Like so many of the Kentucky pioneers my great grandfather had been a country lawyer and for his convenience an office was erected near the house; afterwards this was converted into convenient sleeping rooms for male residents or visitors, the young men feeling perfectly free to come and go at any time. One of the Negro boys was detailed to make their fires and to attend to all their needs and announce to my mother, in the morning, of their arrival. She would inquire their

names, ordering the house-girl to inform the cook and help about breakfast. There was no extra preparation for them as they were simply neighborhood boys, who were always welcome, my sisters laughing and chatting with them but never regarding them as beaux. My mother was very strict about never allowing us to appear at the breakfast table in a wrapper as so many unexpected male visitors rendered such dress very improper.

My father had strict rules regarding the family habit. Every child that was able to sit alone was required to appear at the table on time. In consequence on each side of the long table there was a high chair or two, each with its little attending darkey, who was supposed to have care for the comfort and conduct of her charge. There were occasional lapses in behavior when my mother would quietly order the offender removed to the kitchen, a punishment seldom quietly performed as the small victim was generally borne off kicking and screaming in useless objection and always received in the kitchen by its residing genius with severe reproofs and a lump of brown sugar. A trip to the kitchen on ordinary occasions was a rare treat, as we were not allowed to go there and annoy the cook.

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After the work of making everything shipshape for the winter on the farm and in the house there were two periods of supreme delight impending, Thanksgiving and Christmas. The Thanksgiving festivities were only for one day and it was not quite so important as Christmas. The first turkey, cranberries and pumpkin pies appeared on Thanksgiving even if the older members of the family did not entertain they generally dined out, but we little people were under all circumstances treated to an extra good dinner. The darkies always preferred guests and excitement of a big dinner. A dinner was not of much consequence unless there were at least four meats on the table, every vegetable obtainable sometimes amounting to eight, two or three varieties of bread, pumpkin pies, ice cream and sundry rich cakes. Looking back now I cannot conceive how those people lived

through it as well as they did, there being an occasional attack of apoplexy but not many.

In our family Christmas was the time of most enjoyment, preparations began a week or two before the great day. My mother and father drove down to the county seat in the carriage followed by a two horse wagon, both returning in the late evening heavily laden with mysterious boxes and packages, all suspiciously eyed by both the black and white children. By that time, though we religiously hung up our stockings, the two eldest of the younger children had begun to associate Santa Claus with the boxes brought from town, but we never expressed this, being doubtful of the result. At that time we never used fire works on the fourth of July but Christmas morning we were wakened before day by the popping of fire crackers and other noise makers from the Negro quarters, which were soon followed by many Negro voices over the big house with "Chrismus gif Mars, Chrismus gif Mistus" at every door, so the fun went on for quite a while. After a hasty and unsatisfactory breakfast, the contents of the various stockings were examined, and distributed among the black children were bags of candy, popcorn balls, ginger snaps and other home made dainties, together with some cheap little toy, barlow knives, Jews harps, French harps, etc., according to the size of the recipient.

Our wardrobes had all been gone over weeks before, with the result that many nice cast off garments were given the black children. There was quite a pretty little custom in the family; my mother or sisters never appeared in a new dress, that some of the darkey women did not "bid" for it, saying, "I's gwine have that dress when yo is done with it." This right was always respected, and the bidder was recognized as the ultimate owner of the dress, never failing frequently to remind the original owner of that fact. At Christmas these dresses, if ready to be discarded, were given to the bidder in response to the "Chrismus gif."

The Christmas dinner was something to remember. Oysters, plum pudding and mince pies, both warm with brandy, but rather distasteful to us children. For the

older members of the family and their friends there was generally a large punch bowl of egg nog on the center table in the parlor, which I for one never tasted until I was twenty years old. In writing of these dinners given at that time, I must explain there were generally large families, many, many to feed, no transportation facilities, very little sale for farm produce of a perishable nature, so nothing to be done with it but to consume it on the place.

For the Christmas feast there was very little bought but a few luxuries, the rarer nuts, raisins, oysters and such things. Everything else was grown on the farm. It was as cheap to have a turkey and a pair of chickens or ducks as to have two or three turkeys and so on. The Negroes had nothing to do, so eatables were raised in profusion. All this was seventy years ago. Oysters were at that time very expensive, though when rapid transit was developed I remember that thirty years ago in Kentucky a five gallon bucket of oysters could be bought for five dollars. It amuses me now to recall that one of the treats purchased for the season was reposed in a highly decorated oval box with a glass top, from its contents we children were treated once a day to one, just one, imported Italian prune, dried and pressed in pulverized sugar. This was an expensive and rare dainty never indulged in except at Christmas time. Now every few days I drive by acres and acres of prunes, each orchard with its huge drier. Needless to say I never buy or eat one, but I frequently smile at the recollection of the oval box of my childhood.

At Christmas time Mammy received from us children white aprons and head rags sufficient for her appearance in full splendor the ensuing year. I have frequently seen her pick up the corner of her dress apron and heard her explain, "My baby give me dis." She could remember the donor of every apron she wore.

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During January there was little outdoor work done, the men busy mending and greasing the harness, the women spinning and knitting while the only regularly and

unfailing work performed was on Saturday night beating the hominy. This was not an onerous task and was usually done before eight o'clock, none of the men having to beat hominy more than two or three times during the winter. The hominy was beaten in a large mortar made of a huge hardwood log set on end and hollowed and smoothed, a heavy iron wedge generally used for splitting logs was fastened into the split end of a hickory handle and used as a pestle. After being beaten the hominy was placed in a large receptacle and tossed high in the air, thus being freed from husks. All this was very primitive but the hominy was snowy white and very delicious when served in the various styles beloved by the darkies. The finest corn grown was selected for the hominy and the family cornmeal which was ground at the old water mill in the neighborhood. Both the hominy and meal are now produced by steam driven mills and to my old taste lacking the sweetness and lightness of hominy and cornbread of my youth. For cornbread the meal must be rather coarsely ground so the grains are distinct. During the World War even the steam ground meal produced the only substitute bread at all natural or eatable and quite often I was called to the phone to tell girls of southern descent how to make the bread of their ancestors. In my youth no matter how many varieties of white bread were on the table, a meal was not complete unless there was a large plate of corn bread which we ate steaming hot and swimming in butter generally accompanied by a glass a milk with a topping of cream. Even late as the nineties my father considered himself neglected if his corn bread was not served at least twice a day.

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In spite of numerous church and birthday parties with my little visiting cousins my chief playmates were two or three little colored girls, among them was Sally Ann, a Negro girl several years older than I who was my special property. She attended me on all occasions defending and keeping me out of danger and mischief. In the light of after years I know that more was expected of Sally Ann

than was ever performed. If the Lord ever created a creature more fertile in the invention of mischief than a little darkey I have never met with it. Sally Ann was a descendant of Aunt Winnie, she was extremely proficient in all the Negro accomplishments. Sally Ann was very devoted to my interests while leading me into all kinds of mischief she generously did all the necessary lying to relieve the situation and under her leadership I fell into water hogsheads being fished out dripping and frightened, I hung suspended by my skirts from paling fences my screams summoning assistance. Only later by Sally Ann's encouragement and boosting I climbed to the third story of the barn after pigeon eggs being rescued and borne down the ladder by one of the men. I fell out of trees skinning my face and tearing my clothes; eating green apples and gooseberries until the doctor had to be summoned, all these experiences of childhood I have really enjoyed in retrospect. Our most fascinating entertainment was rolling down hill in a barrel. Mammy allowed this sport on the condition that we keep it from my mother and on one occasion a new barrel had been substituted for our old standby, and to me was conferred the honor of the first ride. I had on a new dress for which I had no consideration so entered the barrel to which a strong kick was given to help my forward progress, making only one or two revolutions before I felt a sharp nail protruding from the side, there was no stopping my race so I emerged at the bottom of the hill with various cuts and scratches and a badly torn dress. Under most circumstances we would never have told on ourselves but the damage was too apparent to conceal so we presented ourselves before Mammy for help. The old lady received our account with high indignation and as usual venting her wrath on Sally Ann, "You no count black nigger, I'se done told you to allus look in de bah'l, but you was too plum lazy to do dat, ne min, you des come wid me hind de chicken house and I'll lern you to allus look in de bah'l." She thereupon escorted Sally Ann behind the chicken house from whence soon emanated sounds of woe sufficient to arouse the plantation. When Mammy used her hand in the administration of justice,

it was something to be remembered as I know from experience, but when, as in the present instance she took off her shoe it was something fearful to think about as Mammy's foot was far from fairy like. When she returned with the sobbing Sally Ann she began laying out her plan for the report to my mother. She was to do all the talking, under no circumstance was the "bah'l" to be mentioned. Sally Ann was encouraged to continue her crying and so we entered my mother's presence, Mammy being careful to begin the fray, "I clare fore de Lord dese chillun gwine drive me plum crazy, des look at dat dress. I'se got udder work sides keeping dese little imps outen mischief. I done took my shoe to Sally Ann but dat don't help none." My mother listened quietly to Mammy's complaints inquiring how the dress was torn and being informed that I was "des plain round and hung up on a nail." My mother remarked that the dress could be easily mended and for Mammy not to worry, thus the matter dropped save that for quite a few days Sally Ann never passed Mammy without a disrespectful gesture and always spoke of her as "dat ole nigger."

By the time I was seven my older sisters had taught me to read and write after a childish fashion and I practiced on the piano a half an hour every day which was very hateful to me. After the morning lessons Sally Ann and I were seated in out little chairs and given our sewing and knitting lessons. There were always dish towels to be hemmed and socks on which to learn to knit, so many rounds each day and all this had to be reasonably well done or ripped out and done over being told "It's cheaper to do it right the first time." After learning to do the work well we were timed and raced to see which was the faster. By the time I was fourteen I had learned to sew beautifully and was quite an expert at all varieties of fancy work and had made myself several dresses with my fingers. As for Sally Ann she was free, had passed entirely out of my life but I am sure she was often thankful for the training of these old days.

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In the afternoon the whole six hundred acres was ours if we so desired, though

we seldom wandered far away from the house, our favorite playground was the locust grove which was located on the rear left hand side a quarter of a mile from the house. I've been frequently told that in frontier days when my great-grandfather located the home the thirty acre grove of walnuts had been set out under his direction, planning to form a park through which to approach the house. In my childhood these walnut trees had grown into large size trees, this thirty acres with its heavy blue grass sod, was frequently used as grazing ground for my father's short horn cattle. This walnut grove with its beautiful grass the shifting shadows of those stately trees and forty or fifty head of grazing cattle was a very beautiful scene from the front of the house. The locust grove at the rear of the house was just as beautiful, though I never heard how it originated but I imagine that it too had been set out by my great-grandfather. There were ten acres in this grove the trees not over five yards apart, making a lovely shady place for we children to play. I think my father took more pride and pleasure in his locust grove than in the more pretentious walnut grove as it was such a pleasant walk through the garden and especially beautiful when in bloom. There was a legend among the darkies that in the old frontier days, a pedler had been given shelter by the owner of the big house, as was the hospitable custom of the old days. The pedler was taken ill and eventually died being buried, I presume, on the place. However that may be, the darkies declared that after he had taken sick he slipped from the house, wended his way to the locust grove, the trees at that time were small and by the light of the moon he was seen to deposit a box at the foot of one of the trees. The observant Negro could never locate the tree so the lost treasure, if existent, still remains buried where the locust grove one grew. When we children were tired of play there was always one thing to enjoy, that was digging for the buried treasure, as our implements were generally halved shingles we never achieved much of a hole.

My memory is so uncertain that my dates are often indefinite but it must have

been in the late fifties that I heard my father tell my mother he had been offered two thousand dollars for the timber in the locust grove. He had declined to sell it as he considered the standing trees added more to the beauty and value of the farm than the two thousand dollars would be worth to him. I remember this occurrence very distinctly as at this time so much happened to impress it on my mind. It was late May, the beautiful locust grove was in full bloom. I remember running across the large yard begging Uncle Aleck to let me ride in the ox cart when he went to feed the mules but instead of letting me go he peremptorily ordered me to go to the house as it was thundering and he looked for a heavy rain. I had scarcely entered the house when the storm broke. My father termed the storm a tornado. In less than three minutes every window in the front of the house had been blown in followed by flying leaves and small limbs of trees, the shrieking and howling of ten thousand demons around the house with the crashing of twenty-seven large trees in the grove and close proximity to the house and worst of all the screaming and prayers of the frightened house servants who knelt at the feet of my sisters begging for their lives as the end of the world had certainly come. Indeed it sounded as if there was some terrible convulsion of nature. The pale gray walls of the front hall were so plastered with leaves they had become a vivid green, the floor several inches deep in water, in which floated more leaves and much debris from the outside. When the storm passed we were surrounded by a scene of desolation, worst of all the safety of the absent members of the family was in doubt. In about half an hour my father returned reporting a miraculous escape from falling trees. He had taken refuge in one corner of a worn fence, holding his horse by the bridle and watched the destruction of many trees. One by one the absent members returned, frightened darkies reported from work all with an ashen look of badly scared Negroes. Several hours elapsed before my father thought of his beloved locust grove and went to investigate. On the whole ten acres there was scarcely a tree left standing their shattered trunks lying in

windrows across the whole space, we children jumping from one trunk to another. There was much mourning in the family as our beauty spot had been destroyed and no two thousand dollars to take its place. All that summer we children spent our time digging with improved implements for the peddler's treasure but to no avail. For myself the confusion and fright left me in such a nervous plight that for several years there was never a high wind that my screams and terror did not have to be soothed. I must mention that before the war the two groves were kept in beautiful order not a weed was allowed to mar the appearance of the blue grass turf and for a few years after the war the walnut grove was still carefully tended.

A small locust grove of about one acre near the walnut grove was used as the Negro graveyard and avoided by us children as "hants" particularly as Granny Patty's was supposed to wander about. We also avoided the corn fields whose green coverts were supposed to afford hiding places for run-away Negroes from the south, of these run-away Negroes many gruesome stories were related to us children and we were very careful to hie ourselves home before the shades of night fell for fear the "patter rollers" would get us, both bogies used by the darkies to get us home early. I never heard of a Patrol being used in Kentucky. From our proximity to the underground railroad one would suppose it would be necessary to have the Patrol there if anywhere. The Negroes, both male and female were at perfect liberty after dark to indulge in nocturnal wanderings, a practice I am sure not discouraged by my sisters, as they were the invariable recipients of the gossip gathered by the young women with whom they had been "raised." The news thus brought was said to have come by "grapevine telegraph" and must never be repeated until verified. During the war the "grapevine" was very busy and occasionally very useful as it often informed us of impending raids, enabling us to prepare. Through the Negroes' great desire to make their story exciting some little matter was presented in a very vivid manner. There was never a house party or

entertainment in the community that emissaries from adjoining farms did not appear at night in the Negro quarters to glean every interesting fact regarding the "big doins." All these stories when exaggerated, dressed up to make a good tale, and repeated in Negro dialect were very amusing, as for instance, "an Mimy do say her old mistus des jump on her same as a chicken on a tater bug," presenting a picture to us children of Mimy's being swallowed whole, when she simply received a well deserved rebuke.

On one occasion we heard a story of a run-away team and a smashed buggy at a neighbor's and related by the family as a simple occurrence but the next morning I stood by one of my sisters and heard Judy, her maid, tell this little tale. "You all know dat 'gemman' whats a courtin Miss Rose? Milly says deys been a ruckus twix dem two. Day fore yestiddy dey started out a drivin dem ornery roans longin to Mars Bob and long in de middle of de afternoon dem horses came a tarin up de road wid no buggy, no Miss Rose, no nothin. Den old Miss she took the plantation, every nigger on de place had to go to git Miss Rose, even if she was daid. Jim tells dat he met dem two a walkin up de road not a sayin a word to each udder. Miss Rose's dress des hangin in ribbons wid one sleeve gone, and de gemman had one side his breeches all pinned up wid thorns. Milly say dat was her blue lawn, for she done bid for it but she jes wont have it now. Jim say Miss Rose's cheeks dat red you could lit a candle at dem. Milly say when Miss Rose was dressin for supper she tole ole Miss all about it. She say dey got on all right till a paper blowed crost de road, den dem ornery roans des start down de road lickety split. Even den dey didn't do no damage til de line bruk den it was goo-by chillun. Dey tuk down de road and when dey come to de big thorn tree one tuk one side and de udder tuk de udder side. Miss Rose, she was flung into a brier patch an de nex thing she know she was standin on one side de buggy and dat white man on de udder and he say, say he, 'Can you give me a pin Miss Rose?' An she say she need every pin she got and den dat gemman say 'Nem mine here's a thorn tree.' Milly say when

Miss Rose say dat she just laugh an laugh but Milly say Miss Rose suttinly treat dat white man uppish at de supper table. He's done gone now an Milly say, nex mornin when he tellin Miss Rose goodbye she des happin to be in de dinin room an hear him say he had plenty to remin him of a very thorny sperience and he haul out a han'ful of thorns an say he not comin back til he was invited. When Miss Rose tell her mammy bout the thorns she say she not going lower herself 'vitin him back she would have to come of his own v'lition. Milly say it mean on his own feet, but Jim say dat white man suttinly is keerless of his dimes and quarters an sho can git a horse whenever he want one. Mars Bob suttenly is mad about dem horses, and he say dey plum ruint and dat what comes of a town man a trin to drive 'em." All which was very amusing but we knew the high lights and also the Negro exaggeration. They were always very dramatic and generally very humorous but were thoroughly understood by the whites who took everything they related with a grain of salt.

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With so many children on the place there were many incidents occurring which I now recall with amusement. On one occasion my mother offered one of my brothers fifty cents if he would weed the strawberry bed, whereupon summoning his attendant he proceeded to the berry patch. In an hour or two there was quite a commotion when my brother came running to his father crying with a bloody nose and a tale of woe. It seemed that upon completion of the task a settlement had to be made between the two, my brother giving his assistant a dime, the latter demanding half the money. The difficulty ended in a pitched battle in which my brother got the worst. My father listened to the story, then calmly remarked, "Son, I never interfere between a gentleman and his servant." My brother regarded him with a look of mystified surprise then ran for my mother. I cannot recall how the matter was decided but as friendly relations were soon resumed I am confident my mother's justice settled the matter.

On another occasion an eight year old brother determined upon a fishing excursion which terminated in a "pleasure exertion." On a hot July afternoon he and his dark shadow bearing poles, hooks and lines, with a large towel afterwards proved a friend indeed, started on their outing with many promises of fresh fish for supper. About five o'clock we were all assembled in the old hall, whose front door afforded a view of the road through the walnut grove. Suddenly there was an exclamation of "what on earth?" Of course all crowded to the front and surveyed a wonderful figure advancing through the trees, not until much closer could it be identified as my brother in nature's garb except for the protection of the towel. A harrowing tale was then unfolded. The two had fished until convinced there were no fish when my brother decided to go for a swim. Leaving Ned in charge of his clothes he dived into the water remaining longer than intended and coming to the shore he found the towel but Ned and the clothes were gone. He searched everywhere, calling for Ned but to no avail and finally concluded that the darkey Ned had played a trick on him taking his clothes and going home. He did not know the path through the woods so wrapping the towel around himself he plodded his weary way home by the way of the public road. To my mother's horrified questions as to whether he had met anyone, it seemed that he had met a party of ladies on horseback and upon seeing them he had crawled into a fence corner hiding behind weeds and the towel. We were all convulsed with laughter but the poor youngster's back was blistered and had to be treated with sweet cream and he was unable to lie upon it for several days. Just at dark a forlorn little darkey appeared bearing the missing wearing apparel, fishing tackle and even my brother's hat perched upon the top of his own, tears running down his cheeks and upon inquiry he burst into loud sobs stammering, "Oh, Mars, him done drownded, him done drownded." My father looking at him exclaimed, "You good-for-nothing rascal, I should give you a good hiding but go around to the kitchen and ask Mammy for some supper," remarking as he returned to the hall that the poor little darkey had been sufficiently

punished. This was not Mammy's opinion and like all the old Negro women when angry grew quite eloquent. "You low down black Nigger a comin to me for bread is you? and youse been so smart you wants sugar on it, I s'pose. Mars oughter tuk every bit of dat black hide offen you. I'se a great notion to do it myself for leavin dat po' little white child to take ceer of hisself when you knows its your business, den comin to me for bread and butter. Well, you aint goin git none, you hears me now, you aint goin git none and you better git outen my sight elsen I give you whats a comin to you." Poor Ned beat a hasty retreat being in disgrace for a few days.

It afterward developed that Ned crawled into the bushes taking my brother's clothes and as is the habit of the darkeys he had fallen asleep. Upon waking he could find nothing of his charge and concluded that he had been drowned. My father was very kindly hence evolved many light modes of punishment.

One morning on his ride over the farm he returned very late, having found the front quarters and hide of one of his fine sheep in a fence corner. He investigated and discovered that Johnson had sold two hind quarters of mutton the Saturday before. Johnson was generally honest but my father knew he had been drinking the Sunday before so after dinner the darkey was sent for, my father receiving him at the back door of the big hall. A very amusing interview took place, my father asking only one question. "Johnson, how much did you get for those two quarters of mutton you sold in town Saturday?" The Negro was so surprised he did not defend nor deny, simply replied by telling the amount of fifty cents. My father exclaimed as if horrified, "You sold two quarters of my fine mutton for only fifty cents? Well, they cheated you. If you had brought that mutton to me I would have given you two dollars for it."

Johnson asked, "Sho nuff now, would you Master?"

"To be sure I would," replied my father, "Now Johnson the next mutton of mine you kill take the front quarters and skin to the kitchen to be cared for and bring

the hind quarters to me and I will pay you two dollars for them." The rebuke he had received was sufficient and he was never caught stealing another sheep. In some of his fights Johnson had lost one eye and I will never forget the mystified way he looked at my father with his good eye during the interview.

Among the various ponies on the place there was one absolutely abhorrent to me, this was an old flea bitten gray that was occasionally turned into the yard to graze and upon such occasions we little people sedulously kept out of the way. When "Old Pony" as he was called, noticed one of us in his vicinity he would lay back his ears, bare his teeth and start for us. Immediately there were screams of fright and a race for the house. Old Pony never caught one of us and we were always assured that he only wanted to have a little fun at our expense. He possessed sundry accomplishments which rendered him valuable and others requiring much patience to forgive. He was kept principally for my older brothers and sisters to ride to school always bearing two of them upon his back and upon dismounting at the school door the reins were tied up, a cuff given Pony, who immediately started upon his journey homeward. In the afternoon Pony was caught, saddled and sent back to school, where he awaited his small riders. To reach home a small stream had to be crossed and if Pony felt in a playful mood he would stop in mid-stream, give a peculiar hunch to his shoulders, throwing his riders over his head into the water. My sisters became so expert in this exercise they learned to land on their feet. Father thought this very amusing until one day in an emergency he mounted Pony for a ride to the village. Pony took him unaware in mid-stream and he found himself standing in water a foot deep while Pony stopped on the opposite bank, looking back at him with a grin of delight.

Pony's many uncommon traits made him quite a celebrity in the neighborhood which proved unfortunate for the school children in the family. A young gentleman appeared with the request that he be allowed to buy Pony. My father refused, upon which the gentleman appealed to his sympathies. It seemed the young man was in

love with a fair damsel who declined to marry him unless Pony was given her as she wanted the old curiosity for her very own. After demurring for some time, my father concluded to sell the old horse, the wedding took place a short time afterward. About six months thereafter my father met the young man and inquired as to Pony's health and was informed that the horse had been sold soon after the wedding. My father was furious to think he had not been given the opportunity to buy the horse back but on finding he had been sold to a gentleman with children who prized their treasure so high he did not try to buy the old pony back.

I was reading Mark Sullivan's "Turn of the Century" a short time ago and he claims the last thirty years have been more productive of inventions and scientific discoveries than the two thousand years preceding that time. This is probably true but we who lived in the late fifties considered ourselves in the forefront of progress. Cooking, in my earliest recollections, was done in the large fireplace, extending nearly the width of the old kitchen. A huge crane was hung in this chimney from which was suspended large iron "pots" and kettles, the Dutch ovens and iron spiders each with its three little feet for straddling hot coals were the cooking utensils, the pothooks of various size hung within easy reach to be used for the different size kettles. All the boiling and baking were done in these utensils while the meats were roasted suspended from a wire in front of the hot fire. A little darkey generally sat on a stool in the corner whose business it was to turn the meat, trouble coming to him if the meat was allowed to scorch. When the first cooking stove appeared in the old kitchen there was real lamenting in the family as my father often said things were not eatable, the old darkey cooks bewailing the loss of their utensils and when they wanted something real nice they would return to their old way of cooking. After trying to become accustomed to an electric stove I can understand their suffering and complaints as the change was just as great to them.

In the late fifties lamps took the place of candles. Oil was then produced in

West Virginia and promoters were going through our portion of the country selling stock. To interest my father a beautiful hanging lamp for the hall with a barrel of oil was sent him. Upon the arrival of company this lamp was lighted and as the darkies say there was a "miration," guests retiring to the far corner of the parlor to read by the light in the hall. Only a short time elapsed before oil was in general use and our material that we used for the candles were sold to the soap factory.

About this time the first sewing machine was introduced into the neighborhood, these machines were the Wheeler and Wilson, costing around one hundred and fifty dollars, a huge sum in that day but it was considered a fine investment. The machines were very temperamental and had to be consulted as if they were human beings, it would indulge in all kinds of stubborn fits and in the midst of a half finished garment refuse to turn, when my mother would remark, "everything has to rest and the machine is simply tired out." It would then be set in the corner for a few days and when brought out would resume work without the turning of a screw. I have never been able to understand the antics of that old machine but in spite of them it was the cause of other "mirations," its achievements being considered wonderful.

The young ladies of that day were just as anxious as now to keep up with the styles and as there were no ready made dresses, the Delineator or other patterns had not appeared. Styles changed more slowly. A dressmaker in our little town would cut out and fit the dresses, these were then finished at home. Later a dressmaker would go to the homes and remain until all the sewing was done for the season.

Godey's Ladies Book was considered infallible when one was in pursuit of fashion and from this book the first glimpse of the hoop skirt was afforded my sisters. I remember several visiting cousins spending one afternoon running hogshead hoops into skirt hems then practicing ascending and descending the

stairs, passing through doors and sitting down, accompanied by shrieks of laughter from all participants, my mother being highly amused. It was only a short time before hoops were in all the stores, these hoops were called "tilters" and they certainly deserved the name as they had the habit of tilting at the most inopportune and embarrassing occasions. The dresses had to be made extremely full in order to fall gracefully over these hoops. Even the little children wore them and one little checked blue and white silk dress that was the pride of my heart, when donning hoops it was discovered was too narrow to cover them, my grief was never forgotten and I shed copious tears but could never sport my treasures at the same time. Some years afterward I was reminded of this heart breaking dilemma. At one of our boarding houses there was a certain Negress who had gratified her taste for bright colors by purchasing a dress of most brilliant red. Soon afterward her mother died, when Fannie assumed deep mourning. The glories of her red dress appealing to her so strongly that she took counsel with her friends when she was advised to wear the red dress one Sunday, her mourning the next. This she did, appearing in all her vividness one week, the next doing justice to her mother's memory.

In my childhood every belle's wardrobe contained several party dresses of the tarleton or tulle. These dresses were very easily crushed and, as the roads were so bad, the parties being generally given in the winter time, they were usually borne in a large box, the toilet being made after arrival. Consequently in those large old houses two or three rooms were reserved for the ladies dressing rooms, while one was filled up with a good fire, easy chairs and cigars for use by the gentlemen. The parties were generally full dress affairs, low neck and short sleeves, white kid gloves and slippers, the girls looking very lovely to my childish eyes in their party attire. I remember one of my sisters had a fine white tarleton, made very full skirt touching the floor all around. This skirt was decorated by two-inch ruffles reaching nearly to the waist, each ruffle edged

with little gilt spangles about an inch apart, a low necked pointed tight waist with a bertha of ruffles and spangles. With this attire her hair was worn in braids three inches wide, these caught by a jeweled comb, the front parted in the middle and passed in satin smoothness over the ears. These braids my mother always put in, my sister sitting flat on the floor before her, the hair divided into innumerable strands held apart upon a pillow by pins. The braiding had to be done very carefully and was a lengthy operation, my sister usually reading aloud from some new novel for the entertainment of my mother and herself. Those glossy braids were very beautiful I thought, and I remember my sister as very pretty, too.

This sister was just back from a visit to St. Louis so this whole outfit was the very top of fashion. My two sisters, after returning from this visit, also wore to church silk velvet cloaks, one wearing a blue dress and the other a green, with close fitting velvet bonnets to match their dresses, each bonnet decorated by a long white ostrich plume. All this was very stylish and beautiful, but how funny it would look today. The dresses, as I have said, were made very full to fit over the immense hoops, with little tight fitting bodices, made with hanging sleeves, under which were worn under-sleeves of either French embroidery or fine lace matching the collar, a narrow little belt, generally with a gold belt buckle, long ear-rings and a breast pin, which was called a "set," just one bracelet on the right wrist, all as prim and precise as possible but considered very elegant. There were very elaborate parties given in those days, with fine suppers the expense of the suppers being gauged by the number of "pyramids;" if a long table five were considered the thing, the shorter ones were sufficiently decorated by three. These "pyramids" were works of art from the hands of the foremost confectioners. When three were used there would generally be one of macaroons, one of spun candy which was usually in the center of the table, one of quartered oranges. There was frequently a jelly pyramid and one of fruit, Malaga grapes and

red ones accompanied by bananas and oranges; all considered very elegant. It was considered quite a compliment to a girl to be asked to break one of those pyramids as it required quite a deft touch to do so, the macaroons and oranges being put together as are popcorn balls. When one reflects that all this was when Kentucky had scarcely passed frontier days, it is rather wonderful. I never attended one of these parties but sometimes they were given at home.

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In those mid-Victorian times the gentlemen were very gallant and sentimental. I remember one of my sister's receiving a gorgeous bouquet with a box of candy, bearing a card with the donor's name and the couplet: "Sweets to the sweet, Roses to the fair." As the candy and flowers had been packed together and a day or two was spent in transit, the candy was none too good and was quite a disappointment to me.

This was the day of the handsome valentines, elegant and expensive ones were sent to admired fair ones. There was treasured, in the old home, a valentine sent one of my older sisters, a very beautiful affair about eight inches square reposing in an ornate box and in addition to the large valentine there were twelve small ones, one for each month of the year each bearing a sentimental verse.

There was also at this time much serenading, young southerners always bestowing this honor upon any visiting fair one and expecting a bouquet to be flung from some upper window in appreciation, sometimes being invited in to partake of cake and wine. When this was done the young ladies would dress and descend to thank the serenaders in person. All this which I consider the "days of beauty" being much derided now as a maudlin sentiment. The present day lack of reverence may be all right but time will tell.

Round dancing was not indulged in at this time. All was square dancing with the Scotch reel immediately preceding supper and another at the close of the party instead of the present day "Home Sweet Home." There were two old darkies in the

neighborhood who furnished the music, sometimes accompanied on the piano by some of the white girls, turn and turn about. Uncle Si, one of the fiddlers, and a regular Turveydrop in deportment generally called the figures. Uncle Si realized the importance of the occasion and performed with the most extreme elegance of manner and language. Sixty years after all this I sat in a rough little frontier school house where neighbors for miles around were assembled for a merry making. The ubiquitous Missourian was there to call this figure,

"First gent forward and salute his girl
Now step in and give her a whirl
Now stand back and watch her smile
Then walk in and swing her a while
Now step back and watch her grin
Then jump in and swing her a'gin."

And so on ad infinitum. This figure was a product of the Ozark and considered quite the thing, being duplicated at every following dance. I enjoyed it as much as ever but when I thought of Uncle Si's performances I thanked God for the small modicum of humor I possessed, enabling me to be so genuinely amused.

At these large parties in Kentucky the windows were unguarded so there was generally a crowd of dusky onlookers outside, all expressing admiration for the appearance and deportment of the various participants. I recall upon the occasion of a summer entertainment being outside perched on the shoulder of one of the Negroes, the little darkies being vastly entertained by the bright scene within.

In the late fifties the daughters of the best families were supposed to spend a few weeks during the summer at some resort. In Kentucky the favorite "springs" was Blue Lick or Crab Orchard, though there were numerous less popular medicinal springs. My sisters generally went under the chaperonage of some relatives or friends, my mother never leaving the home. The last time they went for this summer outing was about fifty-nine, when under the care of my sister-in-law they

went to Blue Licks, Uncle Davie with the carriage and horses, driving them through and being subject to their orders during their sojourn. These trips were in the discard before my days of outings, if I was allowed to go to the springs for a day I considered myself fortunate. During the summer a pitcher of cold Blue Lick water was served, we children being compelled to drink at least one glass before breakfast. I thus acquired a great fondness for the Blue Lick water though I actively dislike all other medicinal waters.

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There are in America, a number of old roads worthy of the pen of a historian. So much of beauty, romance and general interest attaches to them.

First among these is the old Post Road between Boston and Philadelphia. In old Colonial days, all business between the different colonies called for travel over some of these dirty roads. The old stage coaches copied from those of England was the common mode of transportation. I imagine that during the excitement over the Stamp Act and England's other aggressions there was much bustling to and fro, conferences being held in either Boston or Philadelphia by the leading patriots of that day.

I imagine that in military annals its old valley road in Virginia will rank among the first. Their roads celebrated by Mary Johnston in her "Long Roll." It runs through the beautiful Shenandoah valley, it formed the pivot from with Stonewall Jackson launched many blows against the invaders of his beloved state. The whole road is a monument to the marching and counter-marching of the great general and his devoted foot cavalry, the weary line of men in their tattered uniforms carrying their empty haversacks, still with heads unbowed blindly following their secretive leader. "Old Jack" knew where he was going and big doings were to follow. The ungainly figure leading them on a diminutive sorrel pony, his hat pulled down over his eyes, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality, always sucking a lemon, obtained from an unknown source, shabby, ugly

but still worthy to be followed into the jaws of death. The blind devotion of his hungry worn men will go down in history, romance and song.

When I rode over a portion of the old valley road, its length was dotted by many standing chimneys, monuments of happy country homes once celebrated in Virginia hospitality. I rode on horseback to a point fifteen miles up the Blue Ridge Mountains and by the aid of field glasses looked down upon several scenes of battle or skirmish fields of the war.

The old Santa Fe and Oregon trails are undeniably the most interesting historically of all roads in the United States. The last connects with the Columbia River Highway, the magnificent gateway to the scenic beauties of Washington and Oregon. The Oregon Trail originally ran up the north bank of the river to the old fort Vancouver. This north bound road is also of great scenic attraction in the views of the mountains particularly Mount Hood also the numerous waterfalls of the Oregon side is really more satisfactory than when more closely seen from the Columbia highway on the South Bank. It is needless to write of this great highway, all nature loving tourists who visit the great northwest make it their objective. This wonderful road was opened in either 1916 or 1917 and has gained a world wide reputation. Romance and beauty are the heritage of many of our old roads.

We of Kentucky, think our old National Pike which traverses the state from north to south deserves quite a place in such fame. Extending originally from Zanesville, Ohio to Florence Alabama. New branches now connect it with the Great Lakes on the north and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, but throughout its entire length it unites with other important roads. I have no date as to the beginnings of this national road but know it was in the early thirties. In its incipiency it was vetoed by Andrew Jackson, for what reason I do not know. The affair dragged its slow way along until the state took the matter in hand. I've understood that eventually the Maysville and Lexington road a connecting link was built by the

combined efforts of the business men of the two cities, Maysville and Lexington, with assistance from the counties traversed by it. From Maysville the chief advocates were Honorable Henry Waller, then a brilliant young lawyer and Judge Lewis Collins, our state historian. It was to their enthusiastic and united efforts that this road, one of the first Macadam roads in the United States was put through. I have no exact information as to when this fine road was opened. People differ as to whether in late thirties or early forties. In 1901, happening to be in the old library in Maysville for some forgotten motive, I asked the custodian of the place if I could obtain some information regarding the road, but found there was nothing save the old compass used by the engineers in laying it out. I was therefore escorted to one of the rear rooms and shown with much pride the most peculiar compass I've ever seen. When I think about it this is the only solar compass I've ever seen. This old library was quite amusing for years it had been a thorn in the flesh to the young Maysvillians, they wanted it modernized and improved but the old librarian who had managed it for about forty years, had turned it into his abiding place, so it could not be disturbed but all of this has been altered and I have been told that there is now a fine library in Maysville, though I have no information regarding the fate of the old librarian, who thirty years ago loved it. The beautiful Maysville and Lexington turnpike, I have been told follows with very few changes the old trail from what was then Limestone through to Central Kentucky. I remember a few years back seeing on the screen "Green Meadows" in which an emigrant train is represented spending five months in the journey through the mountains of southwest Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky to what is now Middleborough. Emigrants soon learned that a less arduous route was down the Ohio River by flat boat from Wheeling and thence by covered wagon to the settlements in Central Kentucky. The old trail was then a lively scene, the old road tavern at the summit of Maysville hill then came into its own. Wagon loads of emigrants with their worldly effects after the toilsome ascent of the mile and

a quarter hill, would stop for the night, to prepare and rest for the next day's drive. Knowing those Kentucky trails as I do, I can well imagine the fatigue of those journeys. However, I am sure all felt recompensed upon reaching the beauties of Central Kentucky. I've been told many stories of that old trail, there is a legend to the effect that Louis Phillipe of France once endured its discomforts to visit the Catholic father at Bardstown, my mother has often related her impression upon being presented to the great Lafayette upon his journey over this same trail. History does not relate the style in which these celebrities traveled the old trail, as Lafayette's visit to Henry Clay. I imagine he made the journey by private conveyance. Clay, himself, followed the old route, going and coming to and from the National Capital, being received at such stopping places with a greater ovation than that received by either of the distinguished foreigners.

Until 1870 there was no railroad connecting Maysville with Central Kentucky. Our mail was brought by stage coaches which also carried passengers. This stage left Lexington early in the morning with its freight reaching Maysville before or immediately after midnight. I have no recollection of the old stage coach. I doubtless saw it, but I think it passed our little town at night when old fashioned children were safely asleep. As late as the middle nineties Central Kentucky patronized the picturesque vehicles. Doubtless as elsewhere these have long been superseded by the motor bus. During the Civil War, the Lexington pike was often enlivened by boys in blue marching through, enduring dust and exhausting heat to join their brigade in active service. I have stood on a slight eminence and watched tired Confederate cavalry on a road through Northern Kentucky, seizing much needed horses and picking up just as badly needed recruits for their cause.

When I think of our beautiful roads and the days of long ago a remembrance of one of our greatest excitements comes to me. At that distant date Aberdeen, Ohio was the Gretna Green for that portion of the state. A certain Squire Shelton with

ever opened doors was there to perform the marriage rite for any couples, appearing in haste to avail themselves of his kind offices. It was his boast that of the 9500 couples he had united not one had ever regretted and repented at leisure.

We used to be highly entertained by the hasty passing of some young couple frequently on horseback with a would-be bride's hair streaming down her back with no time to straighten her locks, so close was the pursuit of objecting parents, we quite often knowing of their returning accompanied by parents. The objectors who were too late to prevent gracefully submitted. Squire Shelton has long since passed to his rewards. I do not know whether his place is filled by a successor who will still perform a justice service.

Leaving Lexington with its university, its celebrated stock farms and beautiful country residences it passed through Paris, Millersburg and several smaller towns, it enters Mason County, leaves May's Lick with its unsurpassed farming lands and after a drive of eight miles over a fine road enters the dilapidated little town of Washington. This forlorn old town was at one time the metropolis of the county. In early days a disastrous fire robbed it of much of its importance but still before the fifties it was the center of Mason County's wealth and culture. The neighborhood had been nearly entirely settled by Virginians, aristocratic families such as the Lees, Nelsons, Marshalls, Gaggins, Wards, Dukes, Taylors, Humphries, Durretts and Keys, all people of fine descent, education and wealth.

Washington is full of monuments to its past, old houses erected in the seventeen nineties each with interesting traditions of former occupants; family graveyards containing stones bearing names connected with early history of the state and county. The graves overgrown with weeds, the stones fallen, the inscriptions almost effaced by time and fungus growths. Near the center of the town stands the house erected by the father of Colonel Marshall Key and occupied

by the latter when clerk of Mason County. This building contains a beautiful salon parlor with large windows at either end, its ceiling surrounded by a heavily hand carved cornice, a lovely mantel adorned by garlands of roses and leaves. A handsome imposing room of fine proportions and beautifully finished woodwork. A short walk from the town is the old Marshall home, built a little earlier than the Key mansion, also having a salon parlor with large windows and carved woodwork. The Marshall place is chiefly noted for its family graveyard located in the center of the large flower garden. There lie buried the parents of Chief Justice Marshall, they lie under massive stone slabs surrounded by direct descendants for five generations. In this old burial ground are stones to the memory of officers in the Revolutionary, Indian, Mexican and Civil wars. When I last visited this spot it was well cared for, the graves shaded by beautiful trees brought from the far south. Most of the old places have passed from the original owners but the Marshall farm is still in the possession the great, great, great granddaughter of Colonel Thomas Marshall. Two miles southeast of Washington is the Lee building also erected in the late seventeen hundreds by General Richard Henry Lee of the Virginia family of Lees. It also has its graveyard but as I have never visited it I know nothing of the interest attached to it. When I first became acquainted with this old town its greatest source of pride was the court house. The county seat had long been removed to Maysville while the buildings which had been left in Washington, being unoccupied, had been turned into a commodious schoolhouse. The building for that day was quite an imposing structure set far back in a spacious lawn and across its broad white front extended a large porch with its lofty roof supported by massive white pillars. Above a large belfry towered a lofty steeple bearing near its apex two huge brazen bells that we little folks knew were as large as a barrel. When visiting the town I would listen for the raucous peal of the old bell followed by the hasty pattering of youthful feet. In the day of its youth there was conferred upon this building an honor that will cause it to be

celebrated in history. Many, many years ago up the broad flag stone walk mounting the rough stone steps toward the pillared entrance walked Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, as a guest of County Clerk Key, seeking material for her celebrated book. I received an account of this visit from Mr. B. D. Perry, who was a boy in his teens at that time and was in Colonel Key's office and upon him was conferred the honor of escorting Mrs. Stowe in her peregrinations about town. He described with vast amusement his feeling of importance during these excursions, her descent from the Court House and her tripping on the rough stone steps, his gallantry rescuing her from a bad fall, laughingly remarking he had often thought it would perhaps have been better had he allowed her to descend as she would, that was head foremost. When a child I shed copious tears over "Uncle Tom's Cabin" especially while listening to my sister-in-law when she sang:

"Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the moaning tide."

My sister-in-law had a beautiful expressive soprano voice and when singing of gently Eva she had the habit of casting her large brown eyes heavenward and turning down the corners of her mouth in a very pathetic fashion, her expression appealing to my childish heart infinitely more than did gentle Eva.

Several years ago I read Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Crowding Memories," which I enjoyed very much particularly an account of a call from Mrs. Stowe upon which occasion some of Mrs. Aldrich's celebrated punch was served and Mrs. Stowe indulged in more than was good for her having to be put to bed for an hour or two. Of course, Mrs. Stowe had nothing to do with these memories, in common with all the charming old people of Washington, her work was done.

Old Washington was the birthplace of Albert Sidney Johnston, General Canby of love bed fame (?) had also lived there as a child. The three Nelson brothers, General William, Colonel Anderson and Mr. Thomas Nelson, the last was one time minister to Chile, were all products of the Washington neighborhood.

Some forty years ago driving through Washington during the heat of a summer afternoon, one would feel as if visiting a dilapidated village which had been touched by the want of an evil fairy; the whole town would be asleep save for a few Negro children who would pop around corners, peeping out to see if the coast were clear for their play. Sitting by the front window I gazed out upon the old town and watched a group of Negro girls, all under ten years of age, each bearing a huge dock leaf which they were carrying aloft as parasols and were giving themselves laughable airs in imitation of specially admired white ladies. After enjoying this exhibition I looked farther down the street and saw three little Negro boys, one playing the jew's harp, another dancing an animated jig, while the third patted time. The dance was good, the music correct and the patter was in perfect time. When the old town awoke these small denizens of the puerile would retire to the privacy of their own back yards. In the cool of the evening ladies would appear upon the street, country gentleman would ride into town for their mail and play a game of chess or pick up some news and gossip of the day as the town afforded. The old town would assume some of its past activity.

In 1860 there was great anxiety and unrest in Kentucky and many excited discussions in which I heard the names of various presidential candidates, state rights, etc., with many severe criticisms of the hot heads in Washington City. The discussions in the old front hall were warm and animated. I was nine years old and about to enter school, taking so much interest in that event that I considered my elders very foolish to spend so much time in political discussions. The school to which I started was quite a large one numbering one hundred twenty five pupils with five teachers. Literature, music, drawing and painting were taught. There were quite a number of regular boarders, with others from Monday until Friday and then the day pupils. I was one of the day pupils as were most of my little friends. Although I had been taught entirely at home I was well prepared for the intermediate department. The public schools of Kentucky were at

that time very poor, the gentry all preferring paying for better tuition. Knowing most of my class mates and being well prepared I soon settled down to school work. Our little town still retained some relics of pioneer days of which many stories of heroism and humor were related. There were several old Indian fighters, an old naval officer, a trapper or two none of whom we ever passed without interest. We bought our sweets at the post office from an eccentric old couple. They both took snuff in great quantities snuffing all so that they did not distribute over their countenances and persons, consequently their kindly old faces were always dirty. The old gentleman was very attentive and affectionate to the old lady generally addressing her as "honey." When, however, he spoke to her as "beauty" our merriment would be aroused and we would hastily retreat in order to laugh. To reach this little shop we were compelled to traverse what would be equal to several blocks. The old town had been laid out with a view to the convenience of its pioneer settlers, consequently a number of the wells had been dug in the very center of the sidewalks, these walks were constructed of large flagstones laid at irregular intervals. In our peregrinations about town particularly to our candy shop we were in wet weather compelled to jump from one stone to the next. We children had been taught due reverence for the old wells. Although covered by rough planks on several occasions unwary pedestrians had been treated to involuntary baths in their cool depths. I often think of this dear old town where my happy childhood was spent and have wondered if the old wells and the stone sidewalks are still in use. Forty years ago I took my way around these walks with laughter. In my remembrance of the town I can best recall not the country gentlemen visiting at the homes but the human curiosities I could meet on our streets. The old naval officer to whom I have already referred was of special interest so many wonderful stories were told of him. Before entering the navy had been in the War of 1812, even though a mere boy he had distinguished himself by this courage. We were told that in his youth head had been subject to trances

during which "passing the veil" he could have related some wonderful secrets but he could never be persuaded to speak of his experiences. The story was told and verified that in one of these attacks he had been prepared for burial at sea, the chaplain reading the service but during this time the victim was able to move a limb thus being relieved from his cerements. We children while watching him in his walks about town would secretly hope he would have one of these attacks for our special benefit. He was a very sweet old gentleman, dying during the late seventies over ninety years of age.

There was frequently to be seen on the streets a trapper, who resembled Daniel Boone, making his living trapping polecats. He always wore a fur cap made from the skin of one of his victims, the white stripe running over the top of the cap with the tail hanging down from the back. We little girls would cross the street rather than pass him, turning up our little noses and vowing he carried the odor of his trade about with him. When our storekeeper assured him that his polecat dollars were acceptable but his polecat scents were objectionable, this we considered a piece of delicate humor worthy of frequent repetition.

There were several love affairs that we watched with sentimental interest and one story I was forbidden to speak of but as both narrator and her subject are long dead I can safely repeat it. This gentleman was a frequent visitor at our home and on one occasion an old aunt, also visiting us, on being told who was in the parlor said, "Poor fellow, he is a 'stickit minister!" I had never heard this catch phrase before so it was explained by the following story. It seemed this gentleman had first studied for the ministry in the Presbyterian church, this church requires from the student a trial sermon before he is licensed to preach. It was announced among all his friends that this trial sermon was to be preached at the church in the adjoining county. A large crowd of well wishers and friends assembled to do him honor. The church was a large building with windows on the side, two being opposite each other over the pulpit with seats placed underneath

for the accommodation of small boys of the congregation. It was a hot June day with occasionally stiff breezes. The young preacher ascended to the pulpit going through the preliminaries satisfactorily then giving out his text proceeded with his sermon. He read very carefully from his notes holding them firmly with his left hand but during a very eloquent sentence, he unthinkingly gestured with both hands, the result was disastrous. At that moment a fierce breeze came through the window, seized the loose pages and bore them fluttering among the little boys and some of the leaves going through the opposite window. The young preacher made a futile grab for the fruits of his brain, the little boys salvaged a few of the leaves but not quite enough. The poor young man sank on the seat and the resident minister dismissed the congregation and all was over. The young man never entered a pulpit again but turned his attention to the law at which he made a success. I frequently attended services at that church but never without reconstructing in my mind's eye the scene so graphically described by my aunt.

Diverted by these small interests of school plays, studies and schoolgirl gossip the winter of the sixty and sixty-first years were very happy ones for me. Political storms passed over my head and my father's intense interest and anxiety over national affairs with dread of what might befall his beloved state did not interest me.

Prior to 1861 a special industry in northern Kentucky was the fattening of mules of the southern markets. Father generally had forty or fifty personally selected mules that he carried through the winter under Uncle Aleck's care and one man and an ox team were employed hauling feed to these mules. In the spring when ready for market, well groomed and fat, they presented a fine appearance and occasionally one would be shown at the fair and proudly sport a blue or red ribbon. I presume these neighborhood mules were all consigned to southern firms. There was in our little town a "free nigger" who was a thoroughly respectable Negro and possessed the confidence of his white friends so he had the care and

attended to the business of delivery of these mules which at all times was very satisfactory. In the spring of '61 the southern markets were closed to Kentucky mules consternation ensuing among their owners. In the midst of this came Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand recruits which afforded a ray of hope to Kentucky. A meeting was held and my father was appointed an envoy to the National Capital annd immediately departed upon his mission. Lincoln and his advisors were intensely interested in the news from Kentucky and it was my father's privilege to meet many of our great men who were then busily engaged in making history. In after years I frequently heard him speak of Lincoln, Seward and Caleb Cushing and many others he had met. General Scott was then at the head of the Army although active command had been offered Lee, who was waiting the action of Virginia. Mrs. Lee was then at Arlington and my father would often see her driving through the streets of Washington. The excitement in our Capital was intense as the city was rapidly being turned into an armed camp, raw recruits pouring in from every direction and uniformed soldiers at every turn. As Kentucky had not as yet declared herself, every effort was being made to placate the border states and under these circumstances my father had no difficulty in disposing of the neighborhood mules, in addition to being offered contracts by the government but returned thoroughly satisfied with the success of his mission and bearing a commission as Colonel in a volunteer regiment he was to raise.

This he immediately proceeded upon and a camp was formed in the neighborhood during the summer and every Saturday afternoon we small children accompanied my mother on a visit to the camp. It furnished us intense excitement, the waving flags, white tents, challenging sentries and drilling men all accompanied by music from the band was stimulating particularly with my father the center of the excitement. During the summer of 1861 my father was deeply engaged in military matters, though when he was at home there was a constant stream of young officers and influential personages visiting him.

I remember when General William Nelson came accompanied by Colonel Metcalf; my disappointment over Nelson's appearance was intense. I had always imagined him as decked out in a wonderful uniform, sash, sword and spaulettes but instead ther came a man in a plain fatigue uniform, worn carelessly open and only the simplest of shoulder straps to mark him as an officer of rank. Colonel Metcalf, I considered much more soldierly looking as he wore his coat buttoned close to his chin and bore an army rifle which stood in the corner of the hall, this recalls a little incident that occurred at that time. One of my brothers picked up this rifle and playfully pointed it at another; Colonel Metcalf speaking up quickly said, "Take care, that gun is loaded." General Nelson turned to him sternly saying, "You brought a loaded rifle into a house full of children?"

My father and Nelson were old school mates and very fond ot each other and that visit was spent largely in recalling boyish tricks accompanied by much laughter. Nelson's ultimate and untimely death gave my father a great deal of grief.

Early in October, though the regiment was incomplete it was ordered out for active service. It was a beautiful day, when as a child of ten I stood on the rough flagstones holding my mother's hand watching the blue columns stepping by, everything silent save the strains of an animated march unless a boy well known and loved when they were greeted with a round of applause. My father was in full uniform riding a beautiful sorrel horse which seemed to be enjoying the music and endeavoring to keep step. I, too, enjoyed the occasion, my heart filled with pride and wonder that my mother's eyes should be filled with tears. For years when I heard that march the whole scene would return to me.

The regiment was ordered to join other incomplete regiments, to form a brigade sent to rid our mountains of "Bushwhackers," who were committing many depredations.

Of course the memory of a child is always uncertain so I cannot say how long

it was ere news of what was then termed a "battle" came to us. My father's beautiful sorrel horse being shot from under him, his cap and uniform bearing bullet marks. A few days after this news reached us, a stretcher was brought to the house bearing a wounded boy of eighteen or nineteen, after the battle my father inspecting the wounded for the purpose of sending him home for treatment, discovered that there was no home to send this boy and as my father was very sympathetic, the young soldier was sent home to my mother for nursing and care. The rooms in the little office were made comfortable and during the winter of '61 and '62 he occupied them receiving medical treatment, nursing and entertainment. Immediately upon our return from school we children were supposed to spend an hour or two relating all the happenings of the day, playing games and doing all in our small way to relieve the monotony of his confinement. In the early spring of '62 he was able to venture forth on crutches, greatly to the delight of his small sympathizers. Late in November of '61 the regiment was ordered back to camp. My father returning with them but suffering from acute rheumatism and during that entire winter he was closely confined most of the time in bed and only occasionally able to take a carriage ride to camp. A constant stream of young officers coming to the house to report to him giving the home the appearance of a public building.

In spite of sickness the presence of the regiment in the neighborhood made life very gay for my older sisters and other belles. These young officers with the pretty southern girls singing indiscriminately red hot rebel songs or the "Star Spangled Banner" made a very pretty picture. One of my sisters going into a large music store in Cincinnati asked for "Maryland, My Maryland," being sternly assured they never handled rebel songs, then being surreptitiously invited into a back room and being suppled with all the rebel songs from "Bonny Blue Flag" down; also the high delight with which she narrated the incident.

About May '62, the regiment was again ordered for active service, our wounded

boy marching with it going south with Grant in his southern campaigns but on account of my father's ill health he was forced to resign and watch his regiment march off without him. I was too young to sympathize in his disappointment but can now understand how he must have suffered watching his regiment leave him. The rheumatism troubled my father until in '68 when the shock of a frightful accident relieved him for a few years but it returned to afflict him until his death. As for the regiment he had formed, it distinguished itself on many a hard fought field, receiving special mention at Shiloh where General Albert SidneyJohnson, a well known Kentuckian, was killed. In its course in the south our regiment constantly confronted southern troops enlisted in our state. These same soldier boys when peace came would meet and fight their battles over again entirely without rancor.

In our anxiety over military affairs and grief over the necessities of southern relatives whom we could not assist these were very stirring times. Our lives were occasionally enlivened by rebel raids of which we were generally warned by the "grapevine telegraph." Only on two occasions that I can remember did this fail us, we being taken unawares and on both occasions losing valuable horses. There was a secret hiding place on the farm known only to my father and Uncle Davie and being warned of approaching raids by Negro gossip Uncle Davie would have a large lunch put up and taking every horse on the place would disappear for days or until danger was over. I never knew where this sanctuary was, doubtless in after years my brothers located it. When my father was away from home Uncle Davie still attended to the safety of the horses.

In all this excitement school kept on. Sometimes a school boy would hurrah for Jeff Davis after which he was marked a Reb (in my copy made years ago in Connecticut I had "red" but I'm sure it should have been a "b"). A huge flag was hung across the highway in the center of the town and a carriage would occasionally turn out of its way refusing to pass under the starry folds, when

hoots and cat calls would invariably follow.

We tried to be extremely patriotic at school wearing red, white and blue ribbons and hurrahing for the Union. We sang indiscriminately "John Brown's Body" and "Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree" with "Old Zollie Coffer's Dead," the last words he said were "I hear the wild cats coming," without the slightest idea of who Zollie Coffer was and to this day I know nothing of the "wild cats."

Large dinners were still being given at home and whenever I heard of any particularly distinguished guest, although I never appeared, with the connivence of the waitress I generally secured a view of them. I know it was a glimpse of Colonel John Mason Brown of Frankfort that I saw when I coaxed the servant to leave a crack in the large folding doors between the parlor and the dining room. These doors were open when dinner was announced and then closed after the meal. I never saw Colonel Brown afterward but even now I have the impression of a tall, fair, aristocratic looking young man, whether this is correct or not I do not know.

Like any other child of ten I paid very little attention to the war and its outcome, I regret this now for am unable to write clearly of any incidents of that time. I can only write of the intense interest in military affairs evinced by my seniors.

Many nice boxes were sent to friends and relatives at the front and from our immediate family boxes of goodies were sent to Johnson's Island and Fort Delaware. My father's nephews from Mississippi were prisoners and our family did all we could to supply them with a few absolute necessities. Virginia relatives who had gone with their state and were taken prisoner and paroled came to Kentucky for safe keeping until exchanged. Years afterwards I met some of these relatives in their own homes.

My father was a well read and far seeing patriot and together with many other Kentuckians he had believed in gradual emancipation. When the war came he saw

that the slaves would be freed and tried to prepare them for it as well as possible. To each man he turned over several acres of fine farming land disposing of the proceeds and saving money for them. In late years I have discovered this was a plan pursued frequently, thus not turning the Negroes loose in poverty. When the emancipation proclamation was issued my father called all the Negroes together and informed them they were free to go where they desired and do as they pleased. The farm, however, had to be carried on and such as chose to remain he would board and pay wages. Several families left and went over to Ohio urging that the northern people claimed to be their friends. In five or six months they returned to Kentucky minus the money with which they left, explaining there was no work in Ohio and they had been compelled to expend the money for food and shelter. Uncle Davie and several others remained at home and the three men that had entered the army died in a few months of exposure. On the farm two or three men did the work of seven while in the house two women were all that were necessary. the raft of non-producers was gone, a wonderful financial relief to Kentucky and to us. The old state was rapidly becoming bankrupt by the dusky dependents.

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My oldest brother far from home, my oldest sister dead, the two intermediate brothers at college, and only two of my older sisters at home with three of the younger set, two of whom were mere babies. All was silence in the Negro quarters, my special property, Sally Ann was gone also and everything was very peaceful and quiet about the house. Mother resting from her arduous duties.

In the summer evenings we missed the merry songs and cheerful Negro voices with the sound of singing and dancing in the distance but the freedom from responsibility and anxiety were welcome to all especially to my mother.

My sisters under Mammy's tuition were supposed to be learning to cook, their efforts eliciting much merriment from my mother and Mammy. I remember at breakfast one morning the coffee having to be cut out with a carving knife it was

so strong and Mammy's fat sides shaking with laughter and her "Neva mind, honey, it won't take long to make a cup of coffee." My task was assisting my mother in washing the dishes and later I had the cleaning and filling of the lamps added to my duties, and as I think of it now the washing, trimming and filling of five or six lamps was no small matter particularly when compared to the present day electricity.

Most of our Negro families settled near us and none of them were ever in need that my father did not respond; many a load of coal, a sack of potatoes or meal, piece of meat and such things going to them. As the older Negroes died off these benefactions ceased, my father feeling he owed nothing to those who never served him. After a few years Mammy retired from active service, settling near us she was always on call when needed at home, she superintended the weddings of all the daughters being really affected when the last of the the babies was as she expressed it, "dun gone." A few years after this last wedding she went to the rest due a loving faithful soul. It gives me pleasure to remember that Mammy was ever treated by us children with the utmost respect and affection and I think that she fully appreciated this fact.

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The year 1864 found Kentucky more acutely divided politically than at first. The southern counties were all warmly southern, central Kentucky divided while the mountain and northern parts of the state were ardently Union. Kentucky gave to the south some forty or fifty thousand troops while the quota was always more than filled in the Union army. I remember very little of the politics in Kentucky and am consulting a history so my memory of things that did not directly concern me is as is natural in a child, occasionally hazy, particularly with regard to public affairs.

Kentucky, though Union, was not Republican and in the summer of 1864 the state was excited over national politics. Lincoln and McClelland were making the

presidential race and the leading Union men were warmly McClelland, our Governor Bramlette and his cabinet being very energetic in his behalf. The old Negroes were much disgusted that my father was not an adherent of Lincoln, they thought that his being so heartily Union should also constrain him to be a Republican which he had never been. Kentuckians have always taken their politics very seriously consequently the political campaigns were always warm. This year it was fought more hotly than usual. Many baarbecues were given throughout the state, more fervid eloquence indulged in together with quantities of barbecued beef and the celebrated "burgoo" of the south. These two dishes were extremely popular and I presume are still served at political picnics or barbecues as they were referred to, in deference to the manner of roasting the meat. I have never cared for meat cooked after this fashion, but the burgoo was a truly wonderful and delicious dish. In my days there was a particular old darkey who excelled in the assembling of this culinary masterpiece and whose stamping ground extended over the entire state. I am afraid to say how many dozen chickens and squirrels or pounds of veal, together with bushels of potatoes, onions, tomatoes, turnips, okra and corn were used in its concoction, enough to say it was an immense hodgepodge of everything nice, boiled down tolerably thick and highly seasoned served with rice in tin cups, it being very delicious and I never heard of any one objecting to a full pint of it. The nearest approach to this burgoo I have ever tasted was the Brunswick stew of old Virginia, also a delightful dish but lacking the finishing touch of the tin cup. So many of the old state's customs have been thrown into the discard that I sometimes wonder if young Kentuckians have ever eaten burgoo.

I attended a large McClelland picnic in an adjoining county, the guest of honor, Bramlette and I think attorney-general Scott dining with us. I was a little thirteen year old school girl and was very much disappointed in Governor Bramlette's appearance, though with his kindly face he had very simple unassuming manners. Mr. Scott was much younger, very good looking with a manner and air of

distinction I thought indicative of social accomplishment. We had a lovely picnic dinner, at which Uncle Davie who had evidently imbibed more than was good for him, was the really distinguished person. The old darkey was as usual taking care of the children. He helped set the table with a look of grim disapproval upon his wrinkled countenance afterwards waiting upon the table very carefully but a little unsteadily. As the political talk grew animated Uncle Davie waxed very wroth and proceeded to remonstrate--"I neber holds wid dese here changes of politics, I'se a Linkum man fust and I'se a Linkum man las'," a little smile going around the table, my father saying, "Hush, Davie." Uncle Davie continued at intervals to "Hurrah for Linkum" without further reproof. At length Mr. Scott remarked, "An old family servant, I presume," to which my father replied, "Yes, Davie has the privilege of his opinion." After dinner while the dishes were being collected my sister remarked, "Uncle Davie, I was so mortified at the way you behaved. What made you so rude?" At this reproof Uncle Davie looked condemned, the idea that one of his "young missus" should be mortified by him was very painful to the old darkey. This was the only reproof given Uncle Davie, my father relating the incident to my mother who laughed heartily over it.

The year of 1864 was sad to all of us in Kentucky. All of our relatives in Virginia, though at first opposing secession had gone with their state. Every man among them was at the front leaving the women and children at home, often in the path of invaders who were not always considerate of the defenseless. All supplies in Kentucky had reached tremendous prices, flour was twenty-two dollars a barrel, sugar sixty and eighty, coffee I have really forgotten the price and my mother tried many substitutes for the coffee, chief among them being toasted rye. Coarse gingham was seventy-five cents a yard with plain cotton proportionately high. We were forced to practice strict economy, eating a great deal of corn bread of which we were fortunately very fond. Worst of all was hearing of the needs of relatives in Virginia and south and being unable to assist them in the least. These tidings

came to us only occasionally. My father had nieces in Mississippi and we knew of their utter destitution.

McClelland was defeated but Kentucky was true to him. My father saw the doom of the Confederacy and of course was pleased to think the bitter war was nearing its end. The winter '64 and '65 was especially sad as Kentucky had lost heavily by the war and the whole state was in gloom. Social affairs were not indulged in as the crushed and starved condition of the south appealed to every Kentuckian. Their sole desire was to prevent all trouble and bitterness in the old state upon the return of the soldiers from both sides. Naturally there was feeling but so far as I was aware it seldom assumed unpleasant proportions. The Conservatives were in control of the state, the returning soldiers were all old friends and relatives. We were all southerners who loved the south, conscience had caused a break which was to be healed as quickly as possible. In our family we were glad to communicate with long silent relatives there not being much to hear but their needs which were acute but as much as possible was done to lighten their burdens. Not many years passed before every elective office was filled by Confederate or Union men indiscriminately and a kind friendly feeling developed.

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One morning in April we were all seated at the table when a boy rode up to the front door and from his whole appearance we knew that some catastrophe had occurred. The yellow envelope which always seemed the bearer of evil tidings was handed my father. It was from Washington City announcing the assassination of Lincoln. I shall never forget the expression of my father's countenance, one of silent horror. He was completely overcome for a minute or two, there was hush then he exclaimed, "My poor, poor south, she has lost her best friend." Time proved him correct as Lincoln's death precipitated upon the crushed defenseless, almost starved south an era of absolute horror not equaled in the history of any country. I never appreciated what those horrors were until years afterward when

sitting by the side of a snowy haired, aristocratic southern lady with tears in her eyes sometimes with sobs she described the downright terrors and dangers of reconstruction days.

Times were tight in Kentucky for a few years after war and we had to accommodate ourselves to a total change in management and life. An attempt was made to keep the old hospitality, dinner parties were given but the elegance of serving had departed never to return, parties were given but the only music was the piano, the only refreshments were ice cream and cake and coffee. In the later fifties and early years of the war no lady caller was entertained without being handed wine and cake, the wine was served in minute glasses holding two tablespoons but this little custom had been entirely dropped during the later years of the war but later more or less resumed.

In June 1868 my second brother graduated at West Point, his standing was highly creditable as he tied with number four and stood first in engineering. Unfortunately he had the faults of most young Kentuckians consequently demerits put him from fourth to seventh place. There was no reproof from my father as he was perfectly satisfied with my brother's record but the youngster himself was terribly disappointed by losing out and being put in the artillery instead of the engineering branch of the service. It seemed that only those graduating among the first five were placed in the engineer corps, the branch for which my brother's talents especially fitted him. General Grant, who was then making his first campaign for the presidency delivered their diplomas to this class of West Pointers. In the midst of my brother's grief over his missing the prize he so much desired, General Grant made a tour through Kentucky, my father being one of those invited to meet him at luncheon. My brother stood amid a group of young men on the sidewalk watching the progress of the great man and his party. After the lapse of several weeks he had no idea the General would recognize him as a young Cadet to whom he had handed a diploma. Imagine his surprise when the carriage was

halted and he was summoned to advance and speak to the General who said to him,

"I gave you your diploma a few weeks back, you are in the engineer corps?"

"No, General, I missed out and am placed in the ordnance," replied my brother.

"Then you have not heard from Washington and do not know that all the rules of the service have been cast aside in your favor, your instructors insisting that you were the best of your class in engineering and you should be placed in that corps. The Secretary of War has placed eight men of the class in the engineer's corps in order to secure you."

I can imagine my brother's blushes and profuse thanks and even though it was a hot day he did not wait for my father but walked and part of the way almost ran home bursting into the family assemblage the perspiration dripping from his rosy countenance and exclaiming,

"Some of you will have to change my buttons, I am going to cut them off myself."

Then without telling us the wherefore he ran upstairs and began cutting the buttons from his new uniform, the large brass buttons bearing the cannon of the Ordnance corps. As he frantically removed the buttons he broke the glad tidings of his triumph but as it was impossible to obtain the proper buttons in the neighborhood the buttonless coat ornamented the wardrobe until buttons bearing the insignia of the engineer corps could be obtained. When the new buttons arrived the honor of sewing them on the uniform was conferred upon me not so easy a task, to my horror when it was discovered that more than half the crest decorating these buttons were sewed on upside down and must be cut off and sewed on a second time.

My brother used to tell an anecdote of his graduation which afforded him a good deal of amusement. Among the visitors present on the occasion was General, afterward Governor Leslie Combs, an old friend of my father. The General sat in a prominent place with the other notables holding a heavy walking stick and when my brother's name was called from Kentucky the General excitedly pounded the floor

with his stick calling out, "-------- boy, by gad, -------- boy."

Of course there was amusement at this in the hall Later as my brother walked on the boat for New York a voice from the crowd yelled, "-------- boy, by gad, -------- boy."

This followed him in New York and again in Cincinnati and as long as any of his classmates remained with him.

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During the sixties I was at school save the spending of several months of winter of 1868 and 1869 in Covington where I had a lively time with relatives and meeting many friends of the family. Diagonally across the street from my host's residence the parents and sister of the recently elected President Grant lived. Every few days we had a call from Miss Jenny Grant. She was very simple and unpretentious in her manner though intensely proud of the "General." My chief remembrance of Miss Jenny was her kindness and a most beautiful crimson velvet bonnet that she wore. Until the war broke out Grant had been an instance of a "square peg in a round hole." Before the war my brother was living in St. Louis and was quite intimate with the southern families located there. General Grant had been retired from the army and married a Miss Dent belonging to a Tennessee family. My brother saw a great deal of the Dents and through them a good deal of the son-in-law, who was then living on a small farm outside of the city limits. I do not think the General made much of a success of farming.

Before his inauguration in the winter of which I write General and Mrs. Grant visited his family in Covington. Miss Jenny with the kindness she invariably showed, invited me to come across the street and be introduced to her brother and his wife as in the future I might be pleased to think I had met the victor of the Civil War. I was much gratified so the next day I presented myself attired in my best at the Grant door. The kindly Miss Jenny met me and leading me in presented me to the distinguished guest. There was quite a crowd present so I was quite

sure that neither the General nor his wife took cognizance of the gawky little school girl, for which I was glad. I felt privileged to stare at them to the limit. General Grant was in appearance my idea of a successful business man, while his wife with her kindly sweet face and cordial southern manners was in spite of the defect in her eyes distinctly attractive. I thanked Miss Jenny for her kindness to me but I owed her something for which I was still more grateful.

Crocheted table mats were then just coming into fashion and Miss Jenny was crocheting a set for presentation to her brother upon his entrance to the White House. I have always loved fancy work so Miss Jenny kindly took me in hand, supervising me in the crocheting of a set for my mother, telling me that I must always speak of them as duplicates of those used in the White House. This suggestion I considered very lovely so whenever my mother entertained with my pretty mats upon the table I proceeded with an elated air to give their history. My mother took no apparent notice of this at first but about the third time it occurred I was summoned to a private interview and informed that upon the next such performance I should be ordered ignominously to bed. I had been raised under the rule of "mine not to question why" and to this day I have often wondered why but the mystery will never be solved. Miss Jenny afterward married Mr. Corbin, a millionaire, but I always think of her as the kindly lady of my youth.

I have cudgeled my old brain trying to remember whether the catastrophe of the steamboat Magnolia occurred in 1868 or 1869. Of course I could very easily find out but I am old and tired and I do not think it important to be so exact in my dates. At any rate my father was on the ill-fated steamer with a special providence saving him from injury. In fact the shock of the cold douche relieved him for several years of the acute rheumatism from which he suffered. My father had made a business trip to Cincinnati and was expected home during the night. The morning of the explosion my mother entertained us at breakfast by repeating a very vivid dream she had had the night before. It seemed she was driving over to

see a neighbor residing about six miles from home. As she left home everything was bright with sunshine and singing birds and laughing children and as she advanced on her way the sun became overcast, the day became darker and darker until when she reached her destination all was dark, she had her driver turn around and come home; approaching home everything became brighter until when she descended from the carriage all was as bright and gay as when she had left it. Several times during the day she remarked that she could not get over her dream. We passed the day quietly not expecting my father until early morning and about eight o'clock at night there was a clatter of hoofs and at the door appeared a servant bearing the fatal yellow envelope. My mother opened it and read:

"Colonel reported safe and unharmed in California."

We had no cognizance of any California save the state so our mystification can be imagined. How could father be in California? At last we thought of the messenger, who with true darkey thoughtfulness had gone to the kitchen and had there been offered eatables of which he was partaking with evident enjoyment. We were then informed of the explosion, of the great loss of life and of the existence of a small hamlet upon the Ohio side of the river called California. Needless to say there was no sleep in the house that night and early the next morning my father was sent for but his experience had to be related to every acquaintance he met, so the family curiosity was not satisfied until afternoon. Of course the terrible accident to the Magnolia is bygone history but for the fact that my father was present at the catastrophe would not meet with such notice from me. The steamer was crowded with cheerful friends and neighbors. It was a frosty March day and after dinner, my father being among the ones served at the first tables, donned his heavy overcoat and went out onto what was called the "guards" where he was standing talking to an old friend. My father's conversation was interrupted by a sharp explosion and he had an impression of a startled expression on his friend's countenance, knowing nothing more till he regained consciousness

in the river. He was laden with his long overcoat, he felt tired, the river was covered with debris from the explosion, the fore part of the boat in flames and the river covered with a screaming excited mob floating down stream. My father described his feelings as one of quiet resignation to death when a voice seemed to remind him that he had no right to give up. Near him were some timbers one of which he seized and pulled himself up on, here he discovered that the end of the timber rested upon a large mattress. He was unable to climb upon the mattress but it kept him and his timber afloat until rescued by one of the boats sent out from California. The neighbor with whom he had been talking was also saved but over a hundred lives were lost, those at the second table being among those lost as the dining room was directly over the boiler room. Among those lost was the only son of the friend whose darkened residence was so painful in my mother's vivid dream.

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In the early seventies I was participating in all the neighborhood gaieties. My older sister was married so I was the young lady of the family, an honor I thoroughly enjoyed. There were club parties, riding parties, picnics, all quite gay in an economical fashion for a country neighborhood. Church with its prayer meetings, choir practice and church suppers and such pleasures that also entailed much work. I made visits to adjoining counties where I attended the fairs and political barbecues at the latter being entertained by much fervid oratory and huge cups of delicious burgoo.

In 1874 or 1876 our country celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the first settlement. An immense picnic was given and all the old families attending with huge dinners to entertain crowds from adjoining counties.

My father returned one day in a high humor from our little town where he met a neighbor with the request from General Combs to take the fatted pig to the picnic and he would be down to eat the head. The pig was roasted to a turn and the head reserved for the special guest. General Combs was given the honored seat with a

small table before it in the center of which was a platter bearing the prettily decorated pig's head. My father adding all the little touches himself. I will always regret that in the crowd of guests I failed to learn if the old General had eaten the whole head.

In my attendance at various agricultural fairs the very best I have ever enjoyed was at Shelbyville in '72 or '73. The grounds were very commodious, the attendance large, there must have been fifteen thousand people on the grounds at least that is my remembrance. What struck me most was the arrangement of the dining halls. The space under our own amphitheater had been open but in Shelbyville that was all celled divided into large booths which were treated as dining rooms. Several families interested in the serving of fine dinners in each booth. I only attended this fair for two days but the crowd in the dining booth together with the splendid dinner served by the three families acting as hosts is very clear in my recollection.

The fair grounds of my youth had been completely wrecked, the buildings all burned by the rebel raiders and land reverting to the family from which it had been leased. Of course the state fair at Lexington is, or rather was, the fair of fairs. I presume it is still permanent in the old state as the very finest stock raised was exhibited. It used to be the great occasion for the assembling of many aristocrats of the turf. The racing stables of Lexington having been noted not only throughout the state but throughout the nation.

The country surrounding Lexington was the pride of the "Blue Grass" the stock farms and racing stables truly wonderful. After the lapse of sixty years and the advent of present day conveniences, they are beyond my imagination. I always thought the Lexington people in an indescribable manner different from other Kentuckians though probably it was all fancy.

I was amused, a few years back, at a Chautauqua in our little western town, having a young Kentuckian in some way connected with the Chautauqua brought up to

me for an introduction and his telling me he was from Lexington and that I would certainly know all about him because he was "the nephew of Old Taylor's Bourbon." It was amusing as I had no acquaintance whatever with "Old Taylor Bourbon." On another occasion I met a young Kentucky woman who spoke of her relatives in the state as the former owners of the great race horse, "Nelly Bly." Of course I could locate her as "Nelly Bly" had had quite a reputation for speed and I remembered our noted horses better than our noted whiskey.

At this time I became acquainted with the acting of Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth, there were others but these were outstanding. I have seen "McQuade" in Rip Van Winkle who was considered a good actor and it was the first time I had seen the play so enjoyed it but I did not have the sweet sorrow of crying over it as I did with the elder Jefferson. Anyone having seen Joe Jefferson in this play should avoid other actors in Rip Van Winkle. Thomas Jefferson was doubtless trained by his father but was nothing but a good imitation. All during the play I was comparing father and son. The last time I saw Booth was in "Richelieu," one of his favorites. He was wonderful and his laugh was almost a miracle. Strangely enough, that laugh is what I remember best about the play. I have already referred to Mrs. Aldrich, her "Crowding Memories" gave an unfortunate impression of Booth. While immensely tickled by her description of Mrs. Stowe, my feeling toward Booth has been one of compassion, so graceful, so handsome with the sadness of his countenance always exhibited after his brother's tragedy, it is hard to think of him as anything else than wonderful.

I have written of my father's culture but not of his desire that his children should be well read. After I was seventeen I read fifty pages of some history every day. In the evening my father went over the daily reading with me, questioning me and enlarging upon the subject, all very interesting and fixing in my memory the reading of the day. If any one of us made a quotation my father would ask, "Where did you get that?" and we were supposed to give the poem from

which we had quoted. In my old age I can make some appropriate quotations but my old brain refuses to register when called upon for their source. We sisters had much time upon our hands so we read all the novels of the day generally one of us reading aloud while the others sewed or embroidered. Trollop's novels, Miss Young's, Charlotte Bronte, Miss Braddon, Scott, Bulwer and Lever were all perused. Mrs. Wood was extremely prolific and I read or heard many of her novels. When thinking of them my mind reverts to a scene of my early childhood. It was a lovely October afternoon. Mammy was resting in her chair under the shade of the trees immediately in front of her domicile. This was a cottage of two rooms and large porch located in a far corner of the big yard. Of course the windows were decorated by the invariable brilliant rags, the large porch the treasure place for many of Mammy's valuables and among others the brown sugar barrel donated for her candy pulling. This barrel had by some accident been knocked over on its side. While Mammy was enjoying her siesta, Sally Ann and I continued to regale ourselves on brown sugar. The sugar did not tempt me as I had never liked it but the adventure of stealing it from Mammy overcame all objections. Here was a convenient easy way of getting into the prostrate barrel, availing ourselves of this we crawled into it leaving our small feet in full view. A sixth sense awakened Mammy at an inopportune moment and her eye fell upon the barrel with our protruding feet, which were seized and we were jerked from our hiding places. Then there was weeping and wailing. I was shaken until my head nearly flew off and Sally Ann feeling the weight of Mammy's hand the administration of justice punctuated by our yells and Mammy's eloquence. In the midst of the excitement my mother's special little attendant, Betsy, came running down the path every rag-decorated plait on her head waving.

"Mammy, Mammy, missus says you'se got to make dem chillun hush dat noise, Miss Fanny's readin' 'loud de 'Shader of Liddy' and she can't hear her ears."

Mammy's irate and caustic comment upon my sister's having nothing to do but

read about "shadders" when "Lord knows if dese little wretches kep up dere mischief dere'd be nothin of de place but shadders." are still remembered. In after years I read the "Shadow of Ashlydiatt" and was not surprised at my mother's interest as it was an exciting mystery story.

The play of East Lynne is coming soon and I would not miss it for anything. I saw Rachel Macauley in it and several other good actresses as it is a regular old standby of the stage world.

In '76 I paid my first visit to Virginia relatives. Though over ten years had elapsed since the war the whole state exhibited evidences of the fearful struggle which had so completely devastated and crushed her. There were still breast works upon Manassas and other battlefields. Innumerable lonely chimneys stood to mark the locations where had stood lovely colonial residences but also to mark the wanton destruction of the invaders when confronted by the defenseless. Throughout the lovely Shenandoah Valley these tokens were most numerous but this was only the surface of the country. The brave people had cast their war behind them. It was only when taken to visit some battlefield or the history of some incident related that the war was referred to. The wounds suffered had been too deep to be lightly spoken of and all were too busy in the effort to overcome handicaps and to rebuild, to waste any time in sad remembrance. I recall an instance when this silence was broken. I was visiting a near relative in Warrenton, a young cousin having driven me over the battlefield of Fauquier Springs and upon our return we stood upon the stair landing overlooking the large hall below. Placing her hand upon my arm she said,

"After the battle of Fauquier Springs I stood here and looked down upon the bodies of two brothers and three first cousins."

I exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Lillie, how could you stand it?"

She replied, "We southern women had undergone so much we were completely numbed and steeled to endure all things, but I never ascend these stairs that the

terrible scene does not rise before me."

I was in Warrenton a week but this was the only reference I remember being made to the war.

It was in Warrenton where the young cousin with whom I was traveling and myself were honored by a visit from "Extra Billy Smith," ex-Governor of Virginia and a General of the Civil War. Governor Smith had gone to college with the grandfather of my young cousin hence this kindly attention. It was not until after years that I fully appreciated the honor conferred upon two silly youngsters by this distinguished man. Mary Johnson in her "Long Roll" draws rather a comical picture of General Smith. I shall always be glad I met him before reading the book. I had received a decidedly pleasant impression of the General. It was an intensely hot day in July and the old gentleman suffered very much with the heat, mopping his face unceasingly until a large palm leaf fan was tendered him when he relaxed somewhat. In spite of the heat he succeeded in rendering himself extremely agreeable, being kindly intent upon amusing the silly youngsters and in which he fully succeeded.

Of all the gentlemen I met in Warrenton I have the pleasantest remembrance of General Smith, with his red face, jocose conversation and cordial fun. His son, Colonel William Smith, also called and proved to be a very elegant gentleman, but we voted the father much the most entertaining.

It was during this visit to Warrenton that I met General Fitzhugh Lee and his very beautiful wife. General Lee was in my opinion chiefly remarkable for his very long beard which reached almost to his waist. I remember thinking General William Lee, son of General R. E. Lee was the better looking of the two, being tall with a fine military carriage which I admired very much. Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee was a very beautiful woman. It was a hot day and she was attired in a white linen lawn adorned by many fluted ruffles and she was the only one of the few in the crowd who looked cool and comfortable.

General R. E. Lee was then dead, it was said of a broken heart. The eldest son, General Custis, was a professor, I think at Washington and Lee, while the two younger ones were on their plantation and aided in the rehabilitation of Virginia.

My cousin and I thoroughly enjoyed our visits to the homes of the host of relatives. We found family traits much the same as in Kentucky, though both of us concluded that if we in Kentucky were superstitious our Virginia relatives were still more so. I remember going to supper at a cousin's where we were entertained by table tipping, spirit wrapping, etc., together with wonderful tales of a headless horseman supposed to haunt the precincts of an old family residence, appearing on his rides immediately preceding a death in the family or any severe illness. The horseman would be riding from the house if the invalid were to recover, toward it if a corpse was to be borne hence. By the time ten o'clock came after all this spookiness we were all of a nervous tremor. We were riding in a light spring wagon carrying two seats, I sitting in the front seat with the driver, my cousin in the rear with our hostess. We drove for several miles through a dense forest quaking with fear, at last an intrusive tree branch rubbed my cousin's head, she omitted a yell of terror in which the rest of us joined, though none of us could tell the cause of our screams. We had simply talked ourselves into a state of nervous fright, ready to go to pieces at the slightest touch. I remember upon my returning to Kentucky my confidentially informing my father I was not considered aristocratic in Virginia because we did not have a family ghost, he finding this very amusing.

During my visit to Virginia I was a guest for a few days at a wonderful old home. As was the custom at that time in Virginia the plantations and country homes were given their individual names. This old place was known as Happy Creek and its builder had been at one time a special envoy to some European Court and upon his return to America this house had been erected upon the plan of some old English manor. The building was surrounded by forest trees ornamenting an immense

park which in happier days when well cared for must have been very beautiful. One mile from the house were large gates having at one side a little gate keeper's cottage and from the doors of which the gate keeper was supposed to emerge and open the gates for visitors, all of which was quite in baronial style. At the time of my visit the gates were still there, the little cottage was dismantled, the driveway neglected, though still used but the lovely park as the result of poverty and scarcity of labor had grown ragged and unkempt. The house was the nearest approach to a mansion I had ever seen. I had read of baronial halls and now saw one for the first time, with a stairway that was a wonder to me. The celebrated coach and six could very easily have been driven up the stair so wide it was and of such gradual ascent. I made occasion to walk up that stairway as often as possible as it gave me a feeling of personal grandeur. It was the first I had ever seen of such size in a private home. From the main portion of this large house extended the wings on either side, one sheltering the kitchen and household offices the other containing the library and other family rooms. This library was as much an object of admiration to me as was the stairway, being a large finely lighted highly paneled room, containing book cases on all sides which were lined with volumes. In this room the two features that were most interesting were the deep files of the Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia papers, preserved from 1804 up to the war, I am sure of priceless value and the marks of fire on three sides upon walls and books. The old house was in the path of either Sheridan or Hunter's march--I was told which but have forgotten--as sometimes happened when undefended the torch had been applied, the fire being extinguished by the faithful slaves and its three lady occupants. I heard no particular complaint of this, it was the fortune of war. I asked one of my hostesses if the wing would ever be rebuilt. She replied that even if they were ever able to do so it would not be done as these marks were considered sacred. These ladies amused me by a description of their efforts for a bare subsistence immediately after

peace was declared. In the recital it was entertaining but I imagine in reality it was terribly hard but lightened by the sauce of humor. When the war ended Virginia was almost a desert particularly in the valley where contending armies were ever present. Not a fence, all the rails having been burned by camping troops, no crops but weeds, very little stock, particularly horses, in fact nothing but bareness and desolation. But in the midst of all this poverty taxes, taxes, taxes. The poor unproductive land had to pay taxes. In order to meet these ever pending taxes, the very pennies had to be saved. To be able to keep these treasured pennies, nickels and dimes, when so many had to be accumulated they were put in little bags as a convenience in counting. The description of this count by the old ladies was very ludicrous, all joined in the performance, the large receptacle containing the smaller ones was emptied upon the floor and summing up began, when completed they found themselves minus a small sum with only a day or two to spare, then their effort to find something to sell to make up the deficit, one of them declaring she had not had such anxious times since the house was in flames. All this was at Happy Creek in Warren County, Virginia. I know many Virginians will recognize the description of this lovely old home though it was eventually burned. I thank God that all this has passed and the south after all her humiliations and horrors is coming into her own.

During this visit east I was in Washington City for the first time--over fifty years ago. The Army and Navy building which is now so much derided was in course of construction and described as a modeEl of architecture. Boss Shepard had never taken a hand in beautifying the city so the system of parks had not been developed. The Washington Monument was in a state of incompletion at that time. Pennsylvania Avenue was even then celebrated but though the width was there the buildings on either side were not very decorative, most of them old and many really dilapidated. The beautiful Capitol was there, however, and Corcoran's gallery, but few other handsome public buildings. In the Senate Chamber I heard

L. C. Lamar speak, saw Blaine who had not then attained the height to which he afterward ascended. My remembrance of Washington City is misty. I saw so much there in a short time that I am really uncertain about it all. I do remember drinking the first sherry cobbler of my life at a restaurant and being convinced that it was such a horrible act that I confessed the fault to my mother and was relieved when she remarked that it was all right as the old cousin whom I was with would never have ordered a cobbler had it been at all wrong. I really enjoyed my sojourn in the old town of Alexandria more than that in Washington. Such a quaint, dilapidated old town as it was with cobblestone streets, but the drygoods stores were superior to those of Washington, which were miserable. Of course I was taken to see the old Christ Church, sacred to the memory of Washington as well as of Lee, their pews being still preserved as when used by them. With the flippancy of youth I proceeded to sit down in both pews, settling my intrusive feet upon the foot rests and remarking that for once I had occupied the seats of the mighty. I took a meal in the old Marshall House where the first blood of the Civil War had been spilled. My sisters used to sing, "Ellsworth, Ellsworth, Ellsworth the noble, brave and true," so of course I was interested. Ellsworth and Jackson both being shot down at this hotel. I afterward arrived at the conclusion that the incident had been very melodramatic and either man would have done better to have remained alive. Another little incident made memorable of the old hotel. We took dinner there and my cousin ordered for the four of us a dozen sora, the little rice birds of Virginia salt marshes. I had never seen one but they were associated in my mind with partridges, so I uttered an exclamation of surprise at the size of the order. It amuses me to remember that more were ordered before the meal was finished. They were very minute and very delicious, so I enjoyed my share immensely. I have already spoken of General W. H. F. Lee, I was standing in a store in Alexandria when a gentleman entered, walking back to the rear of the store. The clerk asked us if we knew whom he was, of courseE we

did not so he informed us that it was General Lee. I have spoken of the flippancy of youth. I exclaimed that I must see him, so assuming a very casual air I took my way to the back of the store, nearing General Lee. While I was about it I took a good look. He was evidently just in from the country his pantaloons were tucked in his boots and he bore a buggy whip in his hand. While not exactly handsome he was tall with a soldierly bearing and decidedly fine looking. I think he rather suspected my motives in seeking the back of the store, but I am confident had he understood how much I admired him he would have forgiven my curiosity. In after years I often congratulated myself that I had been guilty of such intrusiveness. After my marriage I heard a great deal of Rooney Lee as my husband had been in his brigade during the war and admired him immensely. Beautiful Arlington was plainly to be seen from the streets of Alexandria. I wondered at the time if a glimpse of it did not always bring pain to members of the Lee family. I would have taken even more interest in it had I known that one of my brothers would lie buried there. This year of '76 was the year of the centennial exposition in Philadelphia. The exposition was considered wonderful and attracted immense crowds. This was the first exposition given in America of which I have any knowledge, but has been so far excelled that one hardly hears it mentioned save as having exhibited the first telephone. The telephone was considered at first a rather wonderful toy, affording much amusement to onlookers. Upon my return to Kentucky we young people assisted by sundry tin cans, much wire and string spent many afternoons endeavoring to send messages over an absurd line from one end of town to the other. We were all ignorant of the fact that a battery was necessary, at any rate we had an excuse for gathering and trying our improvements, none of which succeeded. In 1910 I was living on a lonely wheat ranch in the northwest when our first telephone was installed. There were only eighteen families on our line so when it was opened for use there was a veritable love feast, every housewife was on the wire and could exchange a word or two with friends we saw

only once or twice a year. We had all lived such lonely lives at hard work with no communication with the outside world for sometimes weeks at a time. The coming of the telephone was everything to us, a few minutes' chat with a friend brightened our whole day. After this came the phonograph which I had first seen as a very imperfect talking machine, then the automobile and lastly the radio. These four revolutionized the country. I never sit for a few minutes listening to the radio without thinking "what hath God wrought." Of course the many inventions of many are really developing the works of God. I have not really made up my mind whether so much mechanical music is an advantage to the rising generation. It is rarely one hears a girl playing the piano, too much machine music for them to take the time, frequently too the music is of a very inferior quality though recently "Ben Bolt" came to my ears and I welcomed it as a long lost friend. When my sisters used to sing it, I considered it rather a silly ditty but when one compares it with "Singing in the Bath Tub" it becomes a classic. I believe of all the old songs "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" has had the most lasting popularity. In 1915 at the Pendleton Roundup I saw a quadrille on horseback executed to the strains of this old song. Just last spring I attended a church concert where many old songs were given in costume. "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" was sung among others but alas the costume was a powdered wig, knee pants and shoe buckles. In view of the fact that I remember when the old song was introduced long after such fripperies had been discarded, I found it rather amusing. The same evening I was entertained by the old duet, "Reuben and Rachel." The last time I had heard it was in the early seventies, in the dear old town of Millersburg, Kentucky. The handsome young couple who then rendered it have long since passed away. It is a sad thing to be reminded of your youth.

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The year after my first visit to Virginia I returned with my husband to become acquainted with his family. We were there quite a few months, a time rendered

enjoyable to me by the meeting of a number of old Civil War veterans. My husband had entered the army when eighteen. He used to describe with great pleasure his departure on the great adventure attended by a Negro valet with two fine horses and full military equipment. In speaking of all this "pomp, pride and circumstance" he invariably ended by remarking that in less than eighteen months he found himself perched on a rock in the Potomac River washing his only shirt. My husband was with Stuart's Cavalry participating in the principal battles. He was in the ride around McClelland, in fact always with Stuart unless detailed for courier service.

He used to have a special little joke on himself about this courier service. Upon one occasion he had been on a hard ride with dispatches to Jackson. Delivering these to the General, he inquired of him the location of the ninth Virginia Cavalry to which he belonged. The General considered for a moment, then said, "Inquire for Point of Rocks, sir." Then my husband's little joke would come in, he remarking that he had, ever since, been finding "Point of Rocks" without inquiring for them. Point of Rocks was in fact on the south branch of the Potomac four miles north of Romney, West Virginia.

My husband was full of war anecdotes always getting a laugh out of his experiences. On another occasion he was out with dispatches when he found himself surrounded by the enemy. He was carrying important orders so, turning his horse loose with a cut, he climbed a tree with very dense foliage. His picture of his feelings when it began to rain and the Federals sought shelter under the tree which he had pre-empted was very laughable. He spent the night in the branches of the tree, regaling himself with a few grains of parched corn he found in his pockets.

As an instance of the stories of the war that were sometimes told I will give one my husband used to tell with a great deal of amusement, although not vouching for the truth of the occurrence, as the story ran, there were during the war

guerrilla bands of irregulars, some of them being no better than robber bands. On one occasion a southern courier was captured by a band known as "Swamp Angels," from the fact that they, being irregulars, kept to the back woods and swamps. After robbing this courier of his equipment and most of his clothing the band of "Swamp Angels" was in doubt as to just what disposition to make of him, when one more ingenious or, rather, more cruel than the others suggested that he be taken to an out-of-the-way place and headed up in a large empty molasses barrel that was pitching around their camp. The suggestion was accepted by the band with glee, and the program carried out with the result that the courier found himself closely cooped up in the barrel with only the bunghole open for fresh air. Here he remained for several hours when a bear passing near was attracted by the smell of molasses and immediately became interested in the hogshead, walking round and round it, sometimes scratching and biting at it in an attempt to arrive at the source of the delightful aroma. At last by some inexplicable chance his tail protruded, or rather intruded itself through the bunghole. This was the courier's opportunity. He seized the tail with a death grip and the bear being startled and finding himself in somewhat the same predicament as the dog with a can tied to his tail proceeded upon very much the same lines. The faster he ran the tighter the courier clung until with a final smash the barrel went to pieces, the bear continued his flight and the courier returned to his command to become distinguished by the story, if not by the fact of his marvelous escape.

I have just read with a great pleasure Thompson's life of Stuart. It brought back the days of long ago when by a tongue long since silent, were related so many incidents given in the book.

On this visit to Virginia we spent a week or two in Richmond, which I considered a delightful city. The marks of the war were still in evidence, old Libby prison still stood. We drove over many battlefields, with their earthworks still outlined with bullet torn trees and demolished houses in every direction.

The city itself was a charming old southern town, quiet, slow, hospitable and cordial. Many of my father's relatives lived there whom I had not met on my former visit. I was honored by being introduced to owners of names celebrated in the great struggle, some of them producing a great impression on me and are still remembered. The most striking, though not the most distinguished was General Raleigh Colston. His gray hair, dark eyes and martial bearing were extremely attractive, he was also very interesting in the careless, easy southern style. It was during this first visit to Richmond that I met Joel Chandler Harris of "B'rer Rabbit" fame. When he was announced I prepared myself for a treat, but was much disappointed. There were no marks of genius about him. He was rather short and stocky and it seemed impossible to interest him in our conversation. I have since been told that he was very shy and as meeting us was an unexpected trial, I am sure unenjoyable to him. However that may be, I have never taken as much interest in his writings. I do love to be entertained.

In Richmond I met the Honorable R. M. T. Hunter, erstwhile United States senator, then following Virginia, becoming a senator of the Confederacy. He was very interesting referring to many incidents during the war, which were very delightful to both my husband and me. I remember a reference he made to the meeting at Hampton Roads between President Lincoln, Seward, Alexander Stevens and himself. I consult no history and my memory may be at fault but I am very sure that Mr. Hunter regretted that in the meeting they had not been empowered by Mr. Davis to make peace. The south was in terrible straits. The north was tired of war and had they not been so compelled to refer the matter to Mr. Davis peace might then have been made with more favorable terms to the south than a few months later when compelled by necessity to surrender.

We afterwards were in the Hunter neighborhood, meeting Mr. Hunter and his wife occasionally. Mrs. Hunter had been a Miss Dandridge of the immortal Martha Washington family. Though both she and Mr. Hunter were past middle age she was

still handsome bearing distinct marks of former beauty. The Hunter home was back from the Rappahannock river, in what was termed "The Forest." All the land back from the river had, in previous days, been kept in a high state of cultivation but heavy fertilization being necessary for productivity. During and after the war the people were too much impoverished to expend money for fertilizers so together with their neighbors, the Hunters were land poor.

When I first saw this Hunter home it too showed signs of former care and beauty. A large rambling old southern house, with a homey air, large forest trees shading heavy sod. The yard had been terraced and it being early July these terraces were covered by a carpet of white vinca or myrtle bloom, which added to the beauty of the whole place.

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From Richmond we went to the really historic old town of Fredericksburg which was also then a very dilapidated old town, but I fairly reveled in it. Like many places in Virginia it bore marks of the heavy bombardment suffered during the war, but in addition to this there was much connected with the early history of the country. During the war my husband had become thoroughly acquainted with all the history and surroundings of the old town. In addition it was only forty miles from his home. My sister-in-law afterwards told me that during the war they were within hearing of all the battle sounds; that when they heard intermittent cannon firing a feeling of horror descended upon the whole countryside. All had loved ones at the front, a battle was on and no one knew what a day would bring forth. On those days her mother would lock herself in her room all being convinced she spent this time in prayer.

As usual I rode over the battlefields rendered very interesting by the description of the different military maneuvers given by my husband all this I have long ago forgotten except some incident of special interest he would relate.

I had pointed out to me the exact spot of the celebrated band duel, which was

one of the most dramatic incidents of the war. He described the tone of challenge in the music of the southern band on one side of the Rappahannock and the retort of lively defiance of the northern band from the opposite bank, this proceeding for nearly an hour, the rival armies enjoying and applauding. At length, as the shades of night were falling, there was a pause, then softly, tenderly one band began the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." Almost immediately the other band just as softly just as tenderly joined in, the unison being perfect. Then still more softly and lingeringly the notes died away leaving a complete silence save for a muffled sob of some men who had faced death on many a field. My husband saying he was not at all ashamed of the tear on his own cheek.

The old town of Fredericksburg has a history of much interest. Washington's birthplace, Wakefield, is or rather was a short distance down in Westmoreland County. Even then, I was told, it was in ruins with walls fallen in, walks overgrown. Now it is said that scarcely the foundation can be traced. I have heard from friends that the Colonial Dames, D.A.R., or some such organization is about to restore or rather rebuild the place and turn it into a shrine. The cousin who wrote of this wrote that they seemed to be turning the whole of Virginia into "shrines," it would take a lifetime to visit them all. Fortunately we are living in the age of the automobile so maybe the present generation will be privileged to visit some of these shrines.

The home of Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington, is in Fredericksburg. I imagine as the fortunes of her illustrious son rose the residence of the mother was much improved. I have seen several photographs of the Mary Washington home, each different. Of course I went to see it. I think, considering the plenitude of land in the beginning our forebears were sometimes extremely economical in its use. This house was built directly upon the street, being an ugly old brick house, with nothing admirable about it but its antiquity and history. I did not enter it but can picture the interior as very inconvenient

in its arrangement and imagine it had met with every injury possible to inflict upon rented property. I do hope some patriotic society has secured possession of this place and done something to preserve and beautify it. We need such places in America.

I had never really considered the sadness of the Civil War until I visited the Confederate cemetery in Fredericksburg. It was a lovely summer afternoon, everything was green and beautiful and the old town gay with blossoms. This resting place was evidently lovingly selected, a wide view of the countryside for love of which so many lying there had given up their lives was to be had. Marye Heights in the near background, while a broad vista of the river was afforded from the slight eminence. That afternoon the river was varied by sunshine and shadow. Many small boats and a Baltimore steamer in the distance gave a very animated appearance to the old river. When turning from it to view the cemetery I suffered a positive shock. Fifteen thousand youths, the flower of the south, most of whom had been sacrificed either at Fredericksburg or on contiguous battle fields lie here together. The first few rows of stones bear the name, date, company and regiment of the fallen soldier, then rows where only partial identification is given, the date or company or regiment after which there are thousands of unknown.

Oh, the pity of those unknown graves and of the mothers whose sons rest there. I wondered if my own bright young cousin never heard of after the battle of Spottsylvania could be resting there. "Under the sod and the dew." I stood with tears dimming my eyes, the memory of the beautiful lines from our loved poet coming to me:

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead."

It was nearing sunset when we left and the shadows fell so tenderly the breezes whispered so softly, occasionally bearing upon it a blossom to drop, as if in love, upon some grave. Beautiful for situation but oh, so sad. As we walked from the cemetery my friend remarked, "I intend to train my sons to tread softly and with bared heads when passing this sacred spot." I wondered if she kept this resolution, it is a lesson all young southerners should learn.

From the street of Fredericksburg was to be seen Chatham, the old home of the Fitzhughs. It is a rambling old building with its twenty rooms and many memories of bygone grandeur when it was the scene of elegance and hospitality. The great Virginians found there much splendid entertainment and many interesting stories of its past history were related to me, none of which I can vouch for but for interest sake will give some of them here. I was told that immediately before the war General Fitzhugh Lee was married, in the midst of a large assemblage of the great of the land, to his beautiful cousin Miss Fitzhugh. I had met Mrs. Lee in Warrenton and she impressed me as too young to have been married before the war, but of course I do not know. I was told also that during the war Chatham had been used as a Federal hospital, the grand piano being used as an operating table, so of course ruined; also that the hardwood floors had been so horribly stained with blood that they had to be relaid, but as I say about this, is just hearsay, I had heard so many horrible things that I just don't know. I do know, however, that a few years after I first saw it Chatham passed into the hands of a young lawyer and was eventually destroyed by fire, thus effacing one of the old homes closely connected with the early social history of Virginia in the "days of beauty."

As I descended the Rappahannock on a steamer plying between Fredericksburg and Baltimore, I felt it to be a wonderful experience. Fifty or more years ago these steamers were not comparable to the floating palaces to which I was accustomed upon the Ohio. I considered it a very badly finished and furnished little vessel of very cramped accommodations. The scenery was not equal to that on the

beautiful Ohio between Louisville and Cincinnati but the meals were wonderful. After the lapse of over fifty years, I have a vivid remembrance of the wonderful dinner served. I had never seEen a crab in my western home. Oysters I was, of course, familiar with but to have crabs, clams, oysters and fine fish served me I considered extraordinary and I partook so liberally of them that my husband remarked that people died sometimes from eating crabs, which makes me smile in remembrance.

In after years, while living in tidewater Virginia, I was often a passenger on one of these steamers. I remember making the trip in 1896 or 1897 and as we traveled down the river, was filled with admiration at the appearance of one of the passengers, such a aristocratic man with an air of importance about him. I made inquiries as to him and was told that it was David Belasco of New York.

Of course the reputation of the great producer was familiar to me so I inspected him with a great deal of interest. Sitting opposite him at dinner, I observed the pleasure he took in deviled crabs, consuming at least two orders of them. I felt like leaning across and suggesting to him that "people sometimes die of eating crabs." Even now I have to laugh when I imagine his feelings should I have done so. It is such little incidents as these that render reminiscences so enjoyable to us old people. The points of interest upon the Rappahannock are so numerous that one feels that they are turning to the pages of history. My husband employed his time in pointing out historical points to me and giving me their history. He told me the story of the pitiful little town of Port Royal, and that upon its founding the great L'Enfant was employed to lay it out on the same plan as Washington city, this being the greatest interest attached to the little hamlet that never outgrew being "just a landing" on the Rappahannock river, all very amusing when viewing Port Royal. One wonders when being told such tales whether it is simply a legend, sometimes such legends being without foundation. The whole Rappahannock river seems to be associated with the Washington and Lewis

families.

In King George County, a few miles back from the river, is Kenmore the home of the Fielding Lewis family, Betty Washington, George's only sister having married Fielding Lewis. The old home is still in the Lewis family. So finely finished was this old house that the drawing room with its frescoed walls and furniture has been removed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where it is preserved as a specimen of the early American homes. Many relics of Washington are preserved in the Lewis family. I had believVed that the sword given by Frederick the Great to Washington bearing the inscription "from the oldest General to the Greatest," was a myth but not so, the sword is really in existence and is now I have been told among the Washington relics at Mt. Vernon.

Comorn, a stately brick residence, one time property and home of President Madison, is in full view from the river. When passing it I have often wondered if the vivacious attractive Dolly Madison adorned it by her presence as she did the White House. There are still quite a number of the Madison family in that neighborhood. I imagine that Comorn belonged to Madison by inheritance. With care and taste it could have been made a beautiful place. I presume that Dolly Madison will go down in history as having been of all the first ladies of our country, the most charming.

Although that first journey down the historic stream was a delight rendered more so in retrospect form the fact that I afterwards met so many lovely people whom I found just as interesting as their abiding places.

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My husband's father lived in a handsome house built in 1840, so by comparison with many neighboring homes quite modern. In common with the whole country he found himself at the close of the war land poor. Lack of fertilization had so impoverished the land that a very meager subsistence could be wrested from it. The large house had been denuded of any thing of value, antique hunters constantly

going about the country seeking treasures to be bought at the lowest, renovated and sold for huge prices. But necessity knows no low. When my husband returned from the war he found the handsomely furnished house with little furniture, the farm with no horses, only a pair of mules, whom the family declared were over twenty-two years old, no fences and land robbed of fertility. It seemed very pitiful to me, coming from our rich blue grass land, though by the time of my visit matters had much improved.

My sister-in-law had much to relate of the Civil War, her description of parties given to entertain neighborhood boys home from the front, refreshments of pies made from dried fruit, sweetened with sorghum, coffee or toasted rye also sweetened with sorghum with some times persimmon wine as a special treat. The girls, unless possessing some family treasure of the wardrobe, wearing dresses woven by their own fair hands, buttoned by wooden buttons cut out with a pen knife and covered with the cloth to match the dress. If a girl possessed a calico, costing a fortune in Confederate money, she was the glass of fashion. I met a gentlemen who told me of walking fifty miles and paying three hundred dollars in their depreciated currency to purchase a calico dress to present to his wife. How she must have prized it. It think that dress should have been preserved in some southern museum. This is just a little hasty sketch of my memories and I have written a good deal of the darkies in Kentucky, but I found them in evidence in Virginia very much as they had been in Kentucky, but speaking quite a different patois. They were just as superstitious, believing if they suffered the slightest indisposition it was the "hoodoo" inflicted by some of their enemies. In Kentucky I had never heard of a "hoodoo," although plenty of "hants," so was much amused when, upon inquiry regarding the health of her husband made of one of the Negro women, she replied, "Laws, Mistus, ders nothin de matter wid Robert, 'cepin he's been hoodooed, I just lif up the step and foun' two knotted strings crossing an' two rusty pins crossed I done burn dem so Robert is a gittin well. Some dese here

no count niggers done conjure him." So it was when I returned to Virginia to live, I was constantly being entertained by vivid recitals of "hoodoos and cunjurs," I do not know but what, if I had lived there long enough I would have fallen under the spell myself.

I was much amused on this first visit, when looking for a laundress, a very nice neat looking Negro woman came to see me, surveying me critically she said: "Fore we talks about de washing I wants to ax you one question, is you used to niggers?" I looked at her in amazement replying that I had been used to them all my life. "Dat's all right den, I'll be glad to get de washing."

Upon reporting the conversation I was told that a lady from the north had married into a family in the neighborhood and had tried several laundresseEs and had at last been regularly boycotted, the negroes declining to work for her because she was "not used to niggers." I afterwards met this lady, finding her very pleasant, but entirely too polite to the darkies, making them conclude she was not "quality." In the old days the Negroes always received perfect kindness from the whites, but clearly understood that they were to keep their place as servants, never as equals. This laundress, hired by me at that time, eventually became my colored friend. Upon my return to Virginia a few years later, she really adopted me as her young white "Mistus." Though living three or four miles from me, there was not a week passed she did not come to see if there was any assistance she could render me. Of course she was well paid, but all the money in the world could not pay for the devotion of that darkey.

Though using different patois from the Kentucky darkies I soon found the same characteristics prevailed, they were just as devoted to the old families to whom they had belonged, protecting their interests, quarreling over their social claims as quality and with the same desire to reap any advantage possible from their affection, the whites were constantly reminded of the services performed "befo de wah" by the former slaves, frequent visits made to collect any gifts possible.

The former wealth of Virginia entirely disappeared, nothing but a crushed broken and bitterly impossible aristocracy remaining. They were aristocrats of a quality wonderfully exhibited in the day of their humiliation. As for the darkey when visiting former owners they evinced the true Negro desire to create merriment, their amusing stories when related in darkey manner and dialect were irresistible so from such visits they departed leaving enjoyment and much laughter behind. I can never forget my father-in-law's former coach man on calling to present his respects after his first visit to Washington City and its wonders, particularity the Washington Monument, which was then in an unfinished state, no elevator was there, a visitor having to plod his weary way up several hundred very steep steps to enjoy the wonderful view from its top. Innsford described his fatigue in mounting, then said, "Massa John, I des tuk one peep ova dat dah railing and say I to myself, nigger you drap ovah dah and you'd be wusser dan an aig on de hearth an I was plum skeered, I tuk down dem steps as if the debil was ahter me and when I reached de bottom I sets down and mopped my face and says rite out loud: 'Nigger thank de blessed Lawd he let you run down from der, sted of droppin.'" Of course there was a roar of laughter from his white listeners, which enjoyment of the anecdote served to encourage the old man to demand the largess he obtained. Verily in the old days they were a shrewd. amusing, lazy but loving race, thoroughly understood and enjoyed by their white owners.

While in Virginia with my husband's family I was in the county of the Barrons of Decatur fame; the Garnett family, to which had belonged General Garnett, killed I think at Gettysburg; the Latane family, of whom Bishop Latane was a member, Captain Latane, the only man killed in Stuart's ride around McClelland, having belonged to the same family. I met with many families bearing names distinguished in the early history of Virginia.

Like so many girls, in my early youth I had been an avid reader of John Esten Cooke's novels; from them acquiring the idea that Virginia was the land of

romance. I found very little romance left in the old crushed and humiliated state, though surrounded by history, romance was dead. We were confronted by the stern realities of life, the task of wrestling a living from the devastated soil was all engrossing as my sister-in-law laughingly remarked, "There was nothing left in Virginia to enjoy save warmth," her forests still remained though even there the work of the destroyer was sometimes discernible. There was little visiting, our company consisted mainly of preachers. We entertained Episcopalian, Baptist and Methodists indiscriminately, though my husband's family were Baptist while we were Presbyterians; there was no Presbyterian church nearer than forty miles so we were without a shepherd. The only entertainment at this time were the meetings at the different churches, the Episcopalian occasionally entertaining their bishop, the Baptists holding all day meetings, where in addition to lengthy sermons an excellent dinner was served; at the Methodist church a few miles from us, twice during the summer protracted meetings were held, the congregation assembling from miles around, mostly on horseback, many on foot with an occasional two horse wagon or ox cart. I only attended one of these meetings, but only once, as it was too much for my nerves. Though well acquainted with the Methodist church and its observances in Kentucky, its members had gotten away from the shouting, rejoicing in religious type, a dignified "Amen" from some retired corner being occasionally heard, so when on Sunday morning at breakfast my young brother-in-law spoke of the protracted meeting going on and asked me to accompany him to church, I ignorant of what I was to encounter, gladly consented to a break in the monotony.

We found the little church located in a scrub oak grove, crowded to overflowing, three ministers present, among them a most successful evangelist. We located uncomfortable seats at the back. I on one side among the women, my brother on the other with the men, the singing was fine, many voices uniting in the good old hymns I've always loved; the sermon was an excellent one, after which

the business of the day began. Each preacher exhorted, walked up and down the aisle, confusion reigned, it all got on my nerves and I began to sob convulsively and two of the preachers and some of the sisters spoke to me hoping I was convicted of sin. Of course I was convicted of sin but my Presbyterian soul revolted at making a spectacle of it, in the midst of this my brother came to me and demanded I came home immediately or I would begin shouting, then my brother would never forgive himself. This I indignantly denied but I observed I was never invited to go to a Methodist protracted meeting again. There were many Methodists in that part of the state as elsewhere, excellent people. They have in a measure remained unmoved by the worldliness which has crept into the other churches, condemning dancing, card playing and such amusements. In that day even looking on at a dance was considered unbecoming a member of the church. Soon after my arrival in Virginia a picnic was given in the neighborhood, a platform was erected and dancing to the accompaniment of music by some talent was one of the amusements for the day. The next Sunday one of the pastors delivered a seething denunciation of some of his members, who though not joining in the dance had been present, ending his lecture for them, "Yes, brother, you may picnic now but Nick will pick you after awhile."

My childhood in Kentucky has been among human curiosities. I found they existed in Virginia also in fact I think they are ever with us. I early acquired a particular reverence for the peculiarities, their possessors were generally so sweet, natural and unconscious that though amusing their eccentricities never caused a lessening of personal respect. There was such a person residing near us in Virginia, he was a sincere Christian character with a firm belief in the power of prayer, consequently when praying in public he indulged in lengthy petitions. When trouble assailed him his faith strengthened him and turning to his Heavenly Father for relief, declared he always received it. One season a drought descended upon this war stricken area the small crops were endangered and great was the fear

among the farmers. A series of prayer meetings was held principally at the centrally located residence of our good neighbor, prayerfully, faithfully orating the deserved blessing, these meetings were held. At length one night in the midst of a prayer by this faithful soul a regular cloudburst descended upon them. There was a moment cessation in the prayer, then a reasoning voice arose, "Oh be keerful, Lord, be keerful, thy children are asking for a rain not a dog mire." As This little anecdote was related me several times I presume it was true. I think of all the evangelists active in our border days Peter Cartwright has left the greatest reputation. This rough-hewn and earnest product of the frontier with his fiery eloquence, his faithful unceasing work among the scattered churches in the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina has always been an object of admiration, these ministrations extended over a tremendous stretch of country, upon all of which the imprint of his faith and work remains uneffaced. After my experience at the revival meeting many anecdotes of the Reverend Peter were related some of which I have since seen in print. I was told the great evangelist occasionally displayed a temper, always justifiable but sometimes very amusing. One story of his severity delighted me so much that I must relate it here. A meeting had been in progress during which there were many conversions and much excitement one excitable sister by her constant interruptions and adjurations had at last affected the Reverend Peter's nerves, at length when in her excitement she jumped upon her seat and casting her arms upward exclaimed, "One more feather in the wing of my rejoicing, I could fly away and be at rest," whereupon Peter petitioned with solemn appeal, "Stick it in, Oh Lord, and let her go." The two years spent at that time in Virginia everything was lonely and depressed. Tidewater Virginia had not revived even as much as the valley and the Piedmont. The lands were sandy and required heavy use of fertilizers. During and for years after the war the poor people were unable to afford fertilizers, consequently crops were poor and taxes heavy, there were really fine market gardening possibilities but the people

had not become aware that such existed. I have never seen finer fruits and vegetables raised anywhere than in eastern Virginia. Outside of occasional attendance at church there was nothing to break the monotony of my life save frequent walks through the woodlands surrounding the place. I had been accustomed to the beautiful park like forests of Kentucky, the fine blue grass and enlivened by the shifting shadows of the huge hardwood trees. In Virginia I became acquainted with the wildwood of song and story, pine trees surrounded by undergrowth of every description, mountain laurel, rhododendron, and standing honeysuckles. In the autumn red haws, wild grapes, chinquapins, and chestnuts. It was my delight of a spring morning before breakfast to stand for a half hour on the front portico every varying breeze would bring to me the fragrance of the white honeysuckle, which intermingled with the wild rose decorated every fence row, then too the chestnuts were in bloom and their delightful order permeated the air. All this sweetness was rendered the more charming by the song of the mocking bird with which I was not familiar but I grew to love it. This habitant of Virginia forest is an ugly, disreputable looking bird, its tail feathers appearing torn and bedraggled as if from some recent conflict, its head cocked on one side, even with a derisive leer when listening to the note of some enemy, this expression was very distinct. The note of the mocking bird when not uttered in mockery is music itself and in imitation is wonderful. Often when standing there my memory would revert to childhood days when we children had watched the building of an oriole nest near our chamber windows and when complete there flaunted from its extreme end a quarter of a yard of inch wide orange ribbon, purloined I am sure from the dressing table of one of my sisters. For over fifteen years the nest was occupied, season after season, we were wakened by the mating song and the flutter of yellow and black plumage. The yellow banners turned to a stained and dirty string but still waved valiantly as a signal to wandering parents, the little nest with its fledgling occupants were safe, at last the old house burned,

the occupied tree so charred that ancient branches had to be trimmed and the little nest destroyed. We in Kentucky had the oriole, the beautiful cardinal and sweet toned meadowlarks but all inferior I must confess to the mocking bird. Then, too, in Virginia there was the whippoorwill, monotonous note at first almost unendurable became a joy. I would sit on the front portico listening by the hour to the sweet unending song until at last every care would leave me and a lovely serenity and calm descend upon me. How often in these after years I longed for the soothing song of the whippoorwill. (Aunt Lucy spelled it whip-r-will, as usually pronounced.)

During my fifteen years absence from Virginia many changes had occurred. The old state had in a measure emerged from the valley of humiliation. My charming song birds still flourished, the flower bedecked wildwood still remained untouched. I resumed my morning on the front porch with long walks through the forests. The crops were better, there was more social life though protracted and all day meetings were still largely attended, thereE were occasionally oyster suppers through the winter, Confederate reunions with picnic dinners enlivened our summers.

Every court day our county seats were crowded, thus the men were afforded more relaxation. There had been no fox hunting in my blue grass home, its fine pasture lands and park like forest, affording no lurking places for the wary animals, though in counties contiguous to our mountains it had been a favorite sport. It was very exciting to me on a crisp frosty November morning to be wakened by the music of the fox hunter's horn, the sound of galloping hoofs. The fox was a nuisance in Virginia so it was a duty as well as pleasure to hunt him down.

One of my sisters had read to us "Ivanhoe" filling our youthful minds with dreams of splendid achievements by the performance of the disinherited knight and for weeks we would arm ourselves with some impossible weapon for the course, rushing over adversary and causing frequent outbursts of pain and anger. Ivanhoe

was my idea of a wonderful and delightful book, consequently I hailed with delight an opportunity of witnessing the diminished glory of a Virginia tournament. I was told by an old Confederate many stories of the old time tournaments. In antebellum days there was no large plantation without a tournament course the posts stationary for the suspension of rings, there for weeks in advance of a tournament some of the family and their friends would spend many afternoons training their thoroughbreds to run a straight course, their eye and lance a steady objective upon the ring. For counties around pretty girls would embroider handsome silken scarfs for an armored knight. When the momentous occasion arrived it must have been a colorful scene, the many knights upon their splendid horses, their lances at rest, their breast crossed by their brilliant scarves bearing names and numbers. The seats occupied by a bevy of pretty girls wearing fluttering ribbons, carrying the colors of famed knights, the animated music, cheers and laughter. After the victor was proclaimed the crowning of the Queen of Love and Beauty. The memory of which honor was treasured in a girl's family as was being chosen Queen of the Mardi Gras. After the ceremonies of the day were concluded the elite were entertained at one of the old mansions. A fineE supper was served when the blushing queen and her attendants were selected from those wearing colors of defeated knights became the recipients of many oratorical bouquets. I enjoyed his recital very much particularly when mention was made of some distinguished knight of the tournament whose name will ever live in history, verily these old days were the days of beauty. The tournament I attended was of much diminished splendor but I enjoyed it. There were ten or twelve knights wearing sashes bearing their designation and number after the lapse of nearly forty years I can recall only the Knight of the Rappahannock and the Knight of the Smiling Betsey. They presented quite an impressive appearance with their lances at rest being marshaled across the field by an old cavalry office pausing to receive the charge from the county orator. There was no knight riding for a

lady's smile but for the winning of a nice saddle for the first prize, a fine bridle for the second. I enjoyed the exhibition of skill very much. The tournament of old Virginia is a heritage from "Merry England" treasured by the descendants of Cavalier families settling in Virginia. When I was a girl all Virginians and Kentuckians were fine riders, the first from fox hunting and tournament riding the second from horse racing. It was after years I became familiar with the riding of the cowboy on a bronco buster probably finer riders than the southerners but lacking their easy grace in riding thoroughbred mounts.

After this visit to Virginia we returned to Kentucky for a few years, going to housekeeping near the home of my infancy. The family considered me such an ignoramus concerning household management, it was deemed necessary for me to be under the tuition of one of the old family servants. After a search the choice fell on Aunt Hannah, Granny Patty's daughter, mentioned early in these reminiscences. Aunt Hannah must, at that time have been nearly, not quite, sixty years old. I had been raised with a great respect for the old family servants, so Aunt Hannah considered me a baby girl, so proceeded to take complete possession of me and mine. She certainly looked well to the ways of the household, I being as putty in her hands. "Oh, no honey, you don't want dat," she wWould say pursuing the even tenor of her way, regardless of any objection of mine or my husband, who joked her and laughed at my subserviency, declaring I was afraid of the old darkey. In fact, Aunt Hannah was so sure of herself so confident of her own knowledge, that I was overwhelmed. I must say, however, that it was rather a relief when Aunt Hannah was needed at home and I was left to the good offices of an eighteen year old girl.

It was during the period of Aunt Hannah's dominance that the romance concerning her developed, to me an entirely unsuspected romance, as I had received no hint of it. One morning at breakfast the old lady appeared bearing a plate of

hot waffles and a mysterious air of "I could a tale unfold." My husband and I realized that something unusual had arisen upon Aunt Hannah's horizon and began to joke her about what tremendous good luck had befallen her. Aunt Hannah, serving us in a manner of distinguished withdrawal, as if, as we children used to say, she was cogitating the cogibundity of inexcogitable cogitations, if you know what that meant, I never did.

All the joking and laughter failed to pierce her armor of thoughtful grandeur. This went on for several days, until we really began to fear for the old darkey's mind. She would stop short in the middle of the floor, be lost in the immensity of her thoughts, the ends of her head rag usually standing erect, being shaken by the intensity of her feelings, then looking around with a dazed air, she would resume her occupation. All laughter and joking ceased and we watched her with anxiety and fear. At length one day she came upstairs bearing a letter, handed it to me and said, "I wants you to read dat, den I'll tell you about it." Taking the seat I offered her, she watched me while I read the letter aloud. It proved to be a well worded letter from Canada and signed, "Jerry--X his mark." The letter proceeded to tell Aunt Hannah that Jerry was still alive, had been wonderfully prosperous, being worth over $15,000. It spoke of his being old and wanting his wife and son, if they were still living to come to him. All this was so much Greek to me until Aunt Hannah related a very interesting story, which I endeavor to give to you in the Negro patois, though I do not always remember her exact words:

"When old Miss died an us niggers was divided, I went wid Mars John (one of my uncles). I was jes a young gal but I soon growed up, den I married Jerry, who longed to do udder side of de family. Jerry and I never did get long he was cross and mean to me, sometimes he would hit me, an once he knock me down, den when Tom came he was wuss. I would tell de mistus about it sometimes and she would say 'Nev mine Hannah, it will all come right some day,' den she would go to Mars John

and Mars John would fuss at Jerry, den dat made it wuss for me. Den one day when Tom was a little fellow Mars John and Jerry had it out. Next morning Jerry was missin, and de udder niggers say he done run away. Mars John say to me, 'Hannah, what you know about dis' but Laws, I don know nothin about it. Jerry never tell me he going nor say good-by, jes took hisself off. Den Mars John say 'I going look him up' and Mistus say, 'You better let him go, he's jes a trouble maker.' Mars John do go off on horseback, but when he came back he say to me, 'well, Hannah, I think you is rid of Jerry,'and Honey I was plumb glad. But dats de las I hear of Jerry till he get so old he wants me to nuss him. I got married again, and I'se had five or six chillun. Dis ole nigger what I marry done allus been good to me, an he's all crippled up wid de rheumatiz, an if I nuss anybody I want to nuss him. I does want Tom to get his Daddy's money but Jerry never did care none for me nor Tom."

I left Kentucky soon after all this and have never heard whether Tom got the money or not, but I have a great feeling of respect for Aunt Hannah, she gave the matter due thought, made up her mind as to her duty and settled it all entirely unassisted and I thought correctly.

Being so near, I frequently visited the old home where many of the family were still living. It was like old times in that in that we saw many of the old family servants, coming to see us bearing capacious baskets, as my father used to say, on foraging expeditions. On one occasion Aunt Winnie with her basket put in an appearance. Coming into the hall where my mother was seated, she took the chair offered her and after a little desultory conversation she began with:

"Mistis, I'se an old nigger now, des think how I done wuk fer de family and I was an honest nigger, too, I never tuk nothin and you trusted me. I went into all de closets but I never tuk nothin." My mother asked, "Is that so, Aunt Winnie, well, what became of the two sides of bacon you hid in the coal house and the ten pounds of yarn you dropped in the ice house?" Aunt Winnie looked at my mother in

amazement, silent for a second or two, then, "Did you get dat bacon and yarn, mistis?" "To be sure I did, Aunt Winnie, I went out and got them both and put them away." Aunt Winnie burst out laughing, "Well I sho is glad to know what come of dem things. I jes worried over dat for fifteen years." Then she and my mother joined in a hearty laugh, Aunt Winnie departing as usual with a well filled basket.

Neither whites nor blacks had ever trusted Aunt Winnie. On one occasion cited by my mother, information had been brought by one of the other darkies, my mother retrieving the articles, but Aunt Winnie was afraid to make an investigation into what she doubtless regarded as a robbery of herself.

Though there were always two or three servants on a southern farm who were dishonest as a general rule they could be trusted. But after they were freed they were simply unceasing depredators.

I remember one morning before breakfast my father's being worried to know who, the night before had been using the horse and cart. No one could be found who had used them but there they were hitched to the front gate. It was mid afternoon before we discovered the use in which they had been put. What was called the "smokehouse" was built of logs, I believe by my grandfather. On going to the smokehouse to procure meat for dinner it was discovered totally empty. During some absence of the family a large hole had been sawed in the back of the building, the log replaced, and a suitable opportunity awaited. During the night one of our own horses had been hitched to our own cart, and every piece of meat stored for family consumption hauled off. The horse and cart were brought back and hitched to the front gate, it being impossible to trace it on the hard turnpike. No trace of the thieves were ever found.

Then in Kentucky in 1900 my brother had a good laugh at his own expense. One day when driving through town, one of the old darkies came out saying she had heard he had some pumpkins, could she get some for pies. Certainly, come out and

get what you need, my brother told her. Imagine his surprise when his patch was stripped of pumpkins, every Negro domicile in the little town supplied, while my brother had either to buy pumpkins or go without. At that time there was a slight attempt to establish the whipping post. I do not know whether or not it was ever established but I think it would have been a help to suffering Kentuckians.

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Upon returning to Virginia my life there was entirely uneventful. During my stay there I made several trips to Kentucky and back, always delighting in my rides up the river. Sometimes my railroad experiences were very enjoyable. I remember being on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad in 1896 and being entertained by a coach full of Confederate veterans who were returning from a reunion. The sleeper was not attached at first, so from Gordonsville on, the day coach was crowded. They were very hilarious over the reunion events and called many anecdotes from one end of the car to the other. At last one old gray haired soldier exclaimed, "Boys, I heard a prayer yesterday that suited me exactly. The minister began with 'Oh, Lord, Thou God of R. E. Lee, of Stonewall Jackson, of J.E.B. Stuart,--'" Just then an excitable old gentleman near my end of the car bobbed up, "That's the God for me. I guess the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was all right but give me the God of Lee, Jackson and Stuart." The excitement prevented hearing anything more of the prayer, it was a treat to me that I enjoyed until I was able to get a sleeper.

On another occasion I with my husband and children were traveling one fourth of July into the central part of the state. We had been suffering from a drought and marks of fire from the engine sparks were noticeable from the window. The coach was crowded when a motherly looking old lady of ample proportions, bearing a well filled market basket appeared in the coach door. There were no vacant seats save at the immediate entrance, where the conductor seated her leaving the door open. We were traveling along very calmly when there was a terrible commotion in

the end of the car. Fire crackers commenced popping, Roman candles flying and the whole car in an uproar and filled with smoke. My husband managed to get us upon the floor, the conductor came hurrying through, stopped the train and proceeded to kick the old lady's basket from which the trouble started out of the door, upon which the old lady lifted up her voice and wept. It seemed that she was on her way farther up the road to visit her small grandchildren and carrying them a basket full of fireworks. A spark from the engine came through the door unperceived and of course settled upon the basket and its contents with very unfortunate results. Though laughing at the fright that had been given us, I always felt sorry for the old lady and her disappointed grandchildren.

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From an eminence upon the farm of one of my husband's Virginia cousins could be obtained a view of the adjacent Caroline County. With the old aid of a telescope a small frame cottage fronted by a large porch could be plainly seen, being the house of the Garrett family where J. Wilkes Booth had sought shelter and been shot by his pursuers. In 1891 a very interesting account of this incident came out in a number of papers. We had seen several false accounts of this occurrence but were so much pleased with this one that my husband being well acquainted with the Garrett family, enclosed the article to one of its members inquiring as to the authenticity of the account. I still have in my possession the letter in response and the article with some alterations and corrections that were made. The letter from which I quote extracts is dated February 7, 1892, and is somewhat yellowed with age. I shall only quote what I consider the most salient points of the letter.

"I will say this article is the account of a real interview by Frank Burr, of the Boston Herald, which has been widely copied. As to the truth of the account I will say it is reliable and by far the fairest account that has ever been given. Mr. Burr proved himself a gentleman which is more than can be said of some other

correspondents. He went to our home and tried to find out from eye witnesses the truth of the matter, after writing the article he sent it before publication to one of the family for verification. There was one other account written which as so unfair I must mention it. The writer of this article referred to never came to the house, his only source of information was the darkies, some of whom were not even in the neighborhood at the time of the occurrence. I doubt if they even knew who Wilkes Booth was or why he was shot. This same article quotes a neighboring lady who absolutely denies the words quoted from her. I was a boy of twelve when Booth was captured, he came to our place presenting himself as a wounded Confederate soldier. My father gave him shelter in our barn, as what Virginian would not. We had no communication with Washington so did not know the President had been shot, true there were rumors of the occurrence, but we thought it all without foundation. There are several occurrences during the Booth sojourn in the barn, which so far as I know, have never been written of. The day before his death, he asked me for a map, I bringing to him a large wall map, upon which he traced with a lead pencil a route from Washington to the City of Mexico, via New Orleans, which is the only intimation of his intended flight that I am aware of. I still have the map with the pencil marks upon it. It was at first thought that Booth had shot himself, that could not be true, there were no powder marks about his face or person. Besides this, I was standing within ten feet of Corbett when he fired and all agree that only one shot was fired. True, some doubted at the time but Corbett showed his revolver with one empty chamber which plainly showed that it had just been discharged and all doubt was cleared as to the origin of the shot."

"Let me say in regard to the matter that our family, particularly my father and oldest brother have been unfairly and cruelly criticized by both northern and southern sympathizers. They nearly lost their lives because it was thought they were harboring the man who killed Lincoln. Had it not been for the testimony of

the dying man 'These people know nothing of me, it is hard they should suffer for what I've done.' there would probably as Booth said have been another stain upon our glorious old banner," and two more innocent names been placed by the side of that of Mrs. Surratt."

"Throughout the south the cry was raised that Booth had been betrayed in the house of his friends, forgetful of the fact that the very men accused had followed Lee from Manassess to Appomattox and had poured out their blood upon more than one of Virginia's battle fields for the cause they loved. Yet he, the aged Christian man, was financially ruined, his last days shortened and embittered by cruel and unjust charges. A lonely grave, a desolate and decaying homestead, a scattered family are the mute witnesses to the injustice with which we have been treated."I

I met this Mr. Garrett several times and found him a courteous pleasant gentleman. I prize not only his letter but Mr. Burr's publication very highly.

My husband's death in 1898 led to my leaving Virginia never to return and with my two sons entering upon new adventures. These adventures have led my footsteps in strange and far-flung paths. Now, as I near the end I can quietly contemplate the past. There is a "divinity that shapes our ends." God has been good to me and for years it was to his mercy alone I had to trust.

Our family consists now of the "younger children" all old and gray bending under the weight of years. My oldest brother with his entire family, wife, daughter and son-in-law rests in a for western cemetery. Three sisters, one with a fair young daughter by her side rest in the old family graveyard in Kentucky. The youngest of the older children, a brother, lies buried with his wife at Arlington. He belonged to the nation. My brother, eldest of the younger children, is hale and hearty living near the old Kentucky home. I, the second in the younger ones am living with my sons in the far west. The youngest sister, widowed like myself, lives in Kentucky. Then the baby brother, grown to be an old man, but still strong and well, lives upon the old farm where his grandchildren

the sixth generation are growing up. May God grant they may grow into fitting representatives of our father. One of them bears father's name.