

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

I heard a noted man say the other day to know how to raise a child you should start ten years before your grandmother was born, so as I want you to be efficient along this line, I am going to tell you something about your ancestors on your grandmother's side; as far back as your fourth grandmother.

She was a Miss Wright of Nansemond County, Virginia, a woman of sterling qualities, with wonderful executive ability.

Your third grandmother was her equal, but passed away early in her married life, and left four children, the oldest, who was your great-grandmother, who mothered these three little brothers, which took all of her time, and as there was no school near and she could not be spared from home, she never even learned to read and write, but she did learn a great deal about life, and how to use all the talents that had been given her, and with that the responsibility of doing her very best for these little motherless brothers, instilling in them the purpose and possibilities of life and giving them every opportunity of improving their advantages, which were very few compared with what you have, but they appreciated what little they had and made the very best of their time, and each one grew to be men of ability and leaders in the community in which they lived, not only in business but in their daily Christian walk, and all felt that the world was a little better because they had lived in it. This was a part of your grandmother's reward for the sacrifice she had made in giving up her opportunities to help her brothers; so when your grandfather wanted a real help-mate, she was the kind of woman he was looking for.

Your grandfather was of Scotch descent. The four brothers came to America, one settled in Connecticut, one in Georgia and two came to Virginia; your great-great-grandfather was a sensible man and knew that the greatest blessing that can come to a man, except his soul's salvation, is a good wife; so following out the inclination of a good and wise conscience, took unto himself a wife. The other brother lived an unfruitful old bachelor, with no one to love and no one to love him, and passed out of this existence; so ended his career in this world; but how different your great-grandfather; you will see why so many rise up and call him blessed, because he did what all good, healthy men ought to do; got him a wife and made him a home, for that is God's plan to populate his Creation, and every man who neglects to do so has failed in his real purpose in life. Your great-grandfather decided when quite a young man to make the best of life, and as there were no schools in the community in which he lived, he learned a trade; in those days they were called Wheel-Wrights, as all parts of the wheel were made by hand, with very efficient tools, so it meant patient, hard work, but was preparing him for a great work, as I have said before, he decided when quite a young man to build him a home.

Those were pioneer days, with no railroads, no County roads, just woods-paths, no saw mills to cut the lumber to build houses, but that did not discourage him; he bought three hundred acres of land, well set in timber, in Eastern Tidewater, Virginia, sixteen miles from where two states, three rivers and four counties join. How would you like a location like that? He decided to put his log house in the center of his tract of land; then began work in all the earnestness of his soul to cut down the trees, pile them and burn them. People were very neighborly and helped each other when they had heavy work to do that required more than one or two men's strength to carry it through, they were called in those days of log heaping. I know you will stop and wonder at your great-grandfather's extravagance and poor judgment, and exclaim, "What a shame to burn all of that nice timber". But, you must remember there was no market for it, that this was the way to begin preparing the land, the next thing was to dig up the stumps with a heavy grub-hoe. So grandfather did not need physical culture or anything for despepsia; in fact I never heard the word despepsia until I was a grown girl. He went on with his felling of trees and digging up stumps until he had quite a little field ready for cultivation; then he realized that he must have more rooms than were in his little log house with only one. He had bought him one colored man and he was his helper in all his work, so they went to the forest with cross-cut saws, one took hold of one handle and one the other, in that way they sawed the timber to build a four room house. There were no long nails or screws to put the timber together like you have now, but each piece had to be cut out and fitten to a perfect solid joint, because the timbers were very large and heavy. That old house was remodeled this past year and the joints were firm and strong and the timbers sound after having stood the storms for more than a hundred years. I will have to draw your imagination as to how your grandfather must have felt when his house was completed. I can see him walking around it and looking at it from all sides, and saying to himself, "What a beauty, how comfortable and so strong and substantial." The winds may blow and the storms may come but the house will stand, for it is built on a firm foundation. I know every piece of timber and joint in it. To appreciate anything we have to know the value of it. Don't you think he knew the worth of the time and hard labor he had put into it to be grateful for it? Gratitude is the foundation upon which to build permanent noble characters, and without that trait no one will be happy, for it is the very secret of joyful, cheerful life. I think this would be a good beginning for each day. Think of the many blessings that have been yours through the night and ask the Lord to help you see them as they come to you one by one through the day and be grateful for each one and cultivate this spirit of gratitude and there will be no power on earth that can keep you from being happy as well as useful.

After your grandfather had viewed his palace from all points and felt so well satisfied at what he had accomplished, and sat under the shade of the trees, and listened to the sweet notes of the birds and the cooing of the doves, and the lowing of the cows and the bleating of the lambs, that he was lonely and wanted a companion, a queen to reign and rule over his home; so he went to look for her and won her, and unto them were born four children; three daughters and one son, and the mother passed away and he married your great-grandmother. She was born in 1812 and her father was in that war of 1812; she remembered well the day of Nat Turner's Insurrection. I will tell you about him so you will understand what it meant. The love of money, which

has always been a curse to all humanity, got into the hearts of some Northern people, they brought these colored people from Africa and brought them South and sold them, because they could not live in a cold climate, and like every other fad every Southern man that could raise money enough bought him a slave and as many as he could at the exclusion of his own and his wife's convenience and his children's education for usefulness and development for the real purpose of life. This inflow kept up until the South was full of them. The masters, as owners, were responsible for their keeping. Some of the masters were very kind and some were not. I expect this Nat Turner who started the fight was not kindly treated. He organized a band and attempted to kill all the white people; they were killing all from the little babies to the very old, until they came to a place where there was brandy and they all got drunk and were taken prisoners. Your great grandmother's father was one of the men who helped to suppress them, so after that children lived in awful terror for fear that they would do what was called in those days, "rise again". A friend and I were speaking of those unhappy conditions a few days back, how we would tremble with fear at the barking of a dog, or the cracking of a twig. I am thankful that you live in an age when all people are free.

Your great-grandmother commenced her married life with the care of four little orphans; what a responsibility, you say; well, it was but who was better fitted for it than she, who had the experience and mother love for her own little brothers? If one should ask me the definition of "Mother" I mean a true mother, I would say self-sacrifice; it is putting self aside from the first until you have put off this mortal body, but it brings untold pleasure, more than any other life possibly can. Unto your grandmother was born a daughter and five sons, then came the climax, two little babies, a son and a daughter, and you may know that they were not very welcome by the other children, for you must remember that there were already nine before we made our arrival. There were neither names nor raiment provided for two. Mother nourished me and our colored mammy nourished my brother, for my father had increased his slaves until he had quite a family of them. Some of them were very good and useful and some of them were very sorry. After our birth, there were two other sons born, which made fourteen children, four by the first wife and ten by the second, eight boys and two girls, all lived to be grown, except the third brother who died at the age of twelve. I do not think my father ever lost one of his colored people.

In those days there were no Drug Stores and no Patent Medicines. There were few doctors, and when he was called the neighborhood was alarmed for someone must be seriously ill to have a doctor. In my father's large family of both colored and white the doctor's fee was small, and my mother in the spring gave us sassafras tea to drink in the place of coffee or green tea, and always a plenty of good butter-milk, which I think in my experience, has always proved wholesome. A little castor oil with the tea filled the place of the present system of Drug Stores and the constant services of the physicians. Father and mother and all the children were very healthy and grew up to be strong men and women. There was no tobacco nor intoxicant drinks of any kind used, and as for the cold drinks and Coco-Cola, that people indulge in so much now, it had not been conceived of by men, so when the testing time came, and men and women had to show their fortitude and courage they were equal to bear their share of the burden that fell so heavily upon them.

Your grandmother was nine years old when war was declared between the States, and what suffering sorrow and heart-ache it brought. You who are living in an age of luxuries can't conceive of the destitution of the South for those four years and the next few after. The South has no factories, she raised the material sold it to the Northern factories, they shipped the manufactured goods back to us to buy, and when all connection between the North and South was severed, we had to return to the primitive method of making our clothes, of which I will tell you later on.

When war was finally declared and volunteers called for two of my brothers were old enough to join the army, and the next who lacked a year of being old enough, said he was full grown and must go with his brothers. He was as fine a looking man as was ever raised in the community. My father and mother never saw him again, but the image of that fine form in his new suit of gray with the bright buttons remained with them till the close of life. When Norfolk was left in control of the Federal army, they marched to Richmond, and a part of the way in double-quick time. He was too young for that tax of his strength, so died of exhaustion soon after getting there. We did not know of his death for some weeks and never did know where his body was laid. The other two brothers spent the four long years in the midst of the heat and battle. The youngest of the two was taken a prisoner and was not exchanged for some months after Lee's surrender. I remember well the morning he came home. We were not expecting him for we did not know where he was, but some of the family saw a ragged, poor, pitiful, weak human being coming down the avenue, and as he came nearer we saw that it was our own dear brother that we had not seen for four long years; we all wept for the very joy, but think of the sorrow and heartache of my father and mother for the other beautiful son who had gone out with this one, and they could never see him again in this life, and never know where the body rested in the mother earth. The next oldest brother left home when they called for the seventeen year old boys and that was almost more than my father could bear. My mother's power of endurance was stronger than his. I think most women can bear trouble better than men. Those were days full of sorrow and anxiety from morning 'til night and through the night the heavy roaring of cannon like thunder, and the whole earth full of smoke, and everything in an unsettled condition, one did not feel like work, and as we were located we could not raise a crop, as we were on the border line. Longstreet's Brigade was camped on my father's farm, and the lame, sick, halt and maimed, and all those who did not want to go to the front were there and they were not very desirable neighbors, no hungry people are. Pig after pig disappeared until there were none left and the same with the chickens, turkeys, calves and lambs and last of all the bee hives. Peas and sweet potatoes were our main support. How would you like to have nothing but a sweet potato for your breakfast and dried peas for your dinner, with a very little seasoning. Your grandmother was thankful for that. Now if you want good dinners and other nice things, you stand for peace, and do all in your power to put down war and create peace. After this army was removed, we were left without any protection and we lived in awful terror of the Federals. They went all through the country and took their pick of what was left, so my father kept his horses back in the forest and other valuables concealed in the most unheard of places, many homes were burned by them.

I must tell you of the first time the Federal gun-boats came up the river and bombarded our little town. We live just far enough from the town for the shells to fall all around our house. Your grandmother and four of the brothers were in bed with the measles, we were peppered with it as thick as could be; we were very sick. If you have ever had measles you know how bad

it makes you feel, you think you are going to die right away, but when those shells began to fall around that house there was some jumping out of bed and running. It was a cold frosty morning and the grass in the fields which we had to pass was nearly as tall as our heads, but we never let up until we reached a neighbor's place, nearly two miles distant; one of my brothers has never fully recovered from that exposure, he went into pneumonia and was very sick, but the rest of us have always been quite well and strong, and felt no bad effects from our early outing in the forest. That was one of the many disagreeable happenings. In this same trip up the river your great-grandmother's brother was killed. He heard the guns and he and a neighbor went down to investigate and he was shot through the back and was instantly killed, the neighbors sent his wife word of his death, but were too frightened to go with her after the body, his wife and son twelve years old had to go alone and look for the body and carry it home. Think what your great-grandmother must have suffered but she never wavered nor ceased in her faithful service for her family, and never forgot the needy, hungry, cold soldiers but toiled late and early for their relief. All the clothes for the Southern soldiers were made at home, and their socks were knit by our Southern women. I was taught to knit when a very small girl and could knit a sock in one day. I like it and it is very pleasant and fascinating work. I think since people complain so much of nervousness, the doctors recommend it as being soothing and helpful to that class of people. You have heard that necessity was the mother of invention, and it was so in our time. We made candles when we had the tallow, but the supply was soon exhausted. They were made in this way: By making the wick of thread doubled and twisted, looped over a cross bar at the top, and carried through the opening in the mould at the other end, with a knot large enough to keep the melted tallow from losing out. These moulds were set in cold water in which the liquid tallow was poured and filled to the top. After they were hard and firm the knot was cut off and the small ends of the moulds were dipped in warm water to make them slip out. We then placed them in candle holders, with a pair of snuffers that cut like scissors, inclosed in a small case to hold them, the wicks were trimmed, and this had to be done as often as the tallow melted and left the wick standing without any support. Luxury in the way of lights was soon a thing of the past, for our supply of tallow was gone, there were no beeves to kill, they had all been eaten. You will say how did you do then; how did you make out without even a candle? We had some bees wax that had been saved. Mother was very economical and saved everything. You have heard this adage I am sure, that everything saved is of vital importance in seven years. In this instance it was very true. She might have had seven or twice seven but surely if she had not saved it she could not have had any now, for as I have told you the last bee-hive had been carried off by the hungry soldiers. She took this wax and mixed it with a little oil and made a very heavy wick and saturated it in this solution, and wound this around a standard, and as it burned down she would unwind and set up, and that with the fat pine knots furnished our lights. That was one of the many inconveniences and disadvantages and hardships of war times, so you can see why grandmother was so opposed to the war. It is no respecter of persons when it comes to inflicting hardships on the people, it takes in all from the tiny babies to the old age. When you turn your button and the beautiful soft light flashes all through the house with no effort or thought on your part, stop and ask yourself, "Do I enjoy this luxury, because I am living in time of peace and in a country where Christianity and civilization reign?" This is one of the many good things that come with peace. What can I render unto the Lord for His wonderful works and manifold blessings to me? I will say first to be truly thankful and loyal to the King of Kings who came to bring peace and good will to all mankind.

After the close of the war we had kerosene lamps and we were so proud and thankful for them, but so many were afraid of them as there had been a few explosions, but they soon came into universal use and were considered as a luxury as well as a great convenience, and they were improved until they were very pretty and ornamental.

How we made our cloth for our clothes: The cotton seed were planted. When the little tender plants first peep out of the ground, they are very tender and delicate and have to be cultivated very carefully until they get a good start, after which they grow very rapidly, and cotton is one of the very best and most beautiful crops we have. To see a large field of good growth in full bloom of red, white and pink blossoms is a beautiful scene, one to make the heart glad and make the soul rejoice. It takes six months from planting time to maturity when the bolls open. It then looks as if Mother Earth had a full dressing with snow with all the bolls open and the beautiful white fluffy cotton hanging out. It is natural for the pickers hearts to feel light and give expression to happy songs with such pure, beautiful and inspiring surroundings. One could not help from praising the great and good Giver of all things but in that four years of suffering and toil we had no gin to pick our cotton so we had to pick out the seed with our fingers. Think of what a tedious task we had, then it was carded into little long rolls, twelve inches long. The cards that we used were two flat pieces of wood with round pieces fitted in for handles. The inside of these pieces of wood were thickly set with fine wire doubled. We put the cotton between and drew the cards back and forth 'til it was perfectly smooth and brought out in this pretty, white, smooth roll. It was very pretty work and pleasing to the eye, really very artistic, it was then ready for what we called spinning, you turn the wheel with your right hand and draw these pretty rolls out with the left to a smooth thread, fine of course as you like, still holding your thread with your left hand and turning the wheel with your right you wind this thread on the bobbin. It was beautiful work and clean and nice, and such good exercise. There was a charm in drawing out the long threads and listening to the music of the hum of the Wheel, and you could move your wheel to any desirable place and one would card and the other spin. How different from the factories when they have hundreds of these buzzing spindles with the dust and noise and the constant shaking of the floor where they are standing; it is enough to wreck one's nerves. After the cotton has been spun it had to be made into skeins. This was done by putting on winding blades. It was then ready for dyeing, and that was done by using the barks from the trees and plants that were raised for that purpose. These skeins were wound into balls always using a little block of wood or corn cobs. It was then ready for the warping bars, which was a square frame with wooden pins in the top bar and little boxes in the bottom for the little balls to rest in. In these boxes you designed the pattern of the cloth by arranging the color of your balls, then you collected all your threads and looped the whole over these pins at the top of the frame. It was then ready for the loom, where it was wrapped around a large round beam, then through what is called a Slae, made of reeds and then all wound around another beam and it was held in place by a straight bar of sharp, long tacks. This was the warp and now for the filling. The thread was filled on bobbins with the wheel and placed in the shuttle, and the weaving begun by sending this shuttle through one side and then back again, one thread at a time. Now you may know that this was slow work, for one or two yards was all that a person could weave

steady for ten or twelve hours. For the four years of the war every piece of cloth that we used was made in that way. The thread used to knit all the socks was spun in this way as I have described, and two threads put together and twisted on the wheel. Do you think that you would have many dresses if you had to make them in this way? And, what about taking care of them? When the cloth for making them was prepared the making of the garment was the next process, every piece was made with the needle by your fingers, for there were no sewing machines. The woolen cloth for the men's clothes was made in the same way the cotton was, and my father raised flax and my mother had linen for the summer clothes and the table clothes. The flax wheels were little beauties. You sat down to spin on these. There was much music in making cloth in those days that was pleasing to the ear in carding, spinning and the weaving.

Our shoes were made at home and by one man who sat on his bench and hammered and stitched from early morning 'til late at night. The hides were tanned and dressed at home and any you could get were used, from the cow to the dog, and one pair of shoes would last for more than a year. They were not very pretty compared with the shoes you have now, but they were comfortable and durable. Our shoes were like our clothes, it took a long time to make them, but we had something substantial when we did get them and there were no words in the English language sufficient to express our gratitude and appreciation for a new dress or a new pair of shoes, or a new pair of hose, gloves or suspenders. Your grandmother could knit either of the last three articles. I learned to weave and spin when quite small. It must have been productive to growth for I grew to be large and strong and have never known what it is to be nervous or have indigestion, as so many complain of now.

The hats for summer were made of wheat and oat straw plaited and sewed together.

The laundering was done by hand, for there were no washboards as you have now and the washing machines had not been invented.

I must tell you of the first time I was ever well dressed. I have never felt that I was as fine or elegantly gowned as I was the first time I put on that new spring suit for church. I have had silks and beautiful, nice clothes and lovely hats and bonnets and pretty nice shoes since, but none could ever be compared with that lovely, beautiful costume. I tell you it was beautiful and a thing of rare beauty and taste combined. The shoes were made of dog skin that my brothers had gotten from some place, I do not know whether it was a hound or some nice bird dog or a yellow cur. One thing I do know is that they were the easiest and nicest shoes to the feet and so soft and comfortable, and when you walked one could not hear you, the step was so light and easy, and that was the one joy of my heart to have one pair of shoes that made no noise, because it was considered very rude to walk heavy. I shall never forget those shoes, they were to me beautiful. I wish you could have one dress that would come as near to your idea of perfection, just the dress you had been dreaming of and wishing for, but never expected that it could be possible for you to really possess it; that would be too good to be true. Well, this was my dress. I watched and helped in the process of making from the picking of the cotton all the way through, for there was just one dress planned in the weaving of the cloth, it was a blue and small black check, fast good colors, the cloth was very smooth and pretty, mother had taken so much

time and thought to make it the very best and prettiest of all the cloth she ever made. I am sure that that was one of the reasons I appreciated it so much. It was made very much like they make dresses now, with close fitting sleeves and shirtwaist with belt. Mother found in her scrap bag some black alpaca she had before the war in which she trimmed the sleeves and around the neck with knife pleating about an inch wide. The skirt was made plain. Now comes the hat which I was most proud of. I think all girls of my age appreciate pretty hats, and think of the cost of mine, FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the hat without any trimmings. It was made of wheat straw, dyed black and a very stylish shape, somewhat like a man's beaver, trimmed with black silk four inches wide with the edge chain stitched with red silk. This was the ribbon. But the one ornament, the most beautiful of all was to come. Were you ever the owner of a pretty plume? If you have not possessed one you know how pretty they are, you have seen them in other people's hats, some white, so soft and fluffy. The blue, the brown and the gray all falling so gracefully around the hat and face, and every girl feels when she gets the black picture hat all covered in black plumes, that her wardrobe was near completion. Well, all of these did not compare with my plume. You will never guess what mine was made of. One thing about it, the sun or the rain would not spoil it, the most substantial of plumes was mine, made of corn shucks, so pretty and stylish and fitted that stylish black straw with all the grace that a girl's heart could desire. That was the best that we could make out of the materials we had. We used it. It served the purpose. It not only gave the perfect satisfaction but it was a joy and a pleasure to the girl that wore it. She has never worn one since that was as near pretty or stylish and that she appreciated half as much as she did this one. It was really very pretty. That was one of the costumes of 1863. When you get tired of all the pretty things that are made by others and you haven't the least idea of how they were made or by whom, and you want something a little out of the ordinary, a real novelty, think of this outfit, from the dog skin shoes to the corn shuck plume and put your creative powers into action and see what you can do with what you have in your scrap bag and packing room.

We had no cook stoves, there were large, open fireplaces that would take in a log five feet long, there were racks with hooks to hang the vessels to boil in and deep, large round ovens with lids, for baking and roasting, shallow ovens for bread and biscuit, and others with long handle for frying; for extra occasions, pigs and turkeys were suspended by strong thread in front of the fire, with a vessel underneath to catch the drippings, and someone sat by and kept them basted with this and turned them so all sides would brown. I wish you could have eaten some pig or turkey cooked this way, you would think that you had never had any that was as good before, and you do not know what good biscuits are. If you could get some like our black mammy cooked in her spider, and her egg Bread was so good that it makes me hungry to think of it now.

Our school advantages during the four years of the war were practically none, so four of the most important years of a child's school life was a perfect blank, but we were learning many other things, which have been of untold value to us. One was self-denial, as well as self reliance, and the value of time was as much as the worth of things, and the heart-felt sympathy for all suffering and sorrow that came from actual experience of four years test, and one of the greatest and most helpful passing of that time was looking

the present opportunities to find something to do with, and than using it to the best advantage, for both means and opportunities were very limited. This condition drew us very near to each other. Our sources of amusement were few, we were dependent upon each other for our social life. So many crude toys and playthings were invented which gave zest to the work and pleasure in their use. Our grandmother had no sister of her age for a companion so she associated with her brothers, we romped and played games, hunted the woods for honeysuckles and huckleberries and turkey nests. We were very congenial and very fond of each other, and one's interest was the others, and that same love and interest in each other has been one of the predominating traits in the family up to the present time. I have thought and said many times that I had the best brothers any girl ever had and I can't remember of any of them ever speaking an unkind word to me. They were always gentle and thoughtful and wanted to give me every advantage and pleasure that they possibly could. I hope my granddaughters will be the most charming and attractive girls that brothers could find and have homes the most interesting and lovable of all places, and my grandsons never let their sisters be without an escort. Their sisters comfort and pleasure should be their first consideration. It makes my heart sad to see the neglected girls in this age and the indifference of some young men.

Well the struggles of the war continued to rage till the South was famine stricken. The material for making clothes was all gone, the wolf was at the door of all those who had been independently wealthy and were reduced to the utmost poverty. There has been no crops raised for four years in the large part of the country. The fences had been burned, the houses had been destroyed and mules taken from the farms and many of the beautiful houses left in ashes. It was a discouraged, heartbroken people and many thousands felt that life was not worth living and gave up in despair. Our good and brave General Lee with his great loving and sympathetic heart, could not bear to see his people suffer any longer, he knew that no people on earth had ever made a braver fight or a greater sacrifice than our people had.

So, on the 9th of April General Lee agreed to meet General Grant at Appamattox Court House at the home of Mr. McLean. After reaching a basis of agreement General Grant put his terms in writing. Officers and men were to be given paroles and not to take up arms again during the war, while property exchanged and were allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as their paroles were observed. General Lee suggested that the horses ridden by his cavalry men were in most cases their private property and they would be greatly needed for the spring plowing. General Grant instructed his officers to let every confederate who claimed to own a horse take the animal with him. For this General Lee expressed his gratification and remarked that it would have a happy effect. After all was completed Lee turned to Grant and remarked that his men were very hungry, as they had been living for some days on parched corn and he would have to ask for ration (food) and twenty-eight thousand half starved men were fed. On the following day the great Confederate Commander took affectionate parting of his battle soldiers who had so long and so devotedly followed him. With a look of sadness on his face he addressed them in a simple and unaffected manner saying, "Men we have fought through the war together and I have done the best I could for you." And they wept

to other little children. When they had to leave this dear, good man Goodness and unselfish kindness predominated this man's actions. He was never too tired nor too busy, make no difference how urgent the demand on his time and strength, he was always courteous and kind, especially to those who were more unfortunate than he was. I hope, dear children, you will try to follow his example along this line and cultivate a spirit of kindness and good cheer, it pays.

After the surrender my father called his colored people around him and told them that they were all free and that they must act for themselves and they could look for homes with anyone they chose, or if they wanted to stay with him they were welcome to do so. They could agree on a price and he would pay them wages. But if they preferred they could cultivate the land on shares. Some went and some remained. All of my father's colored people remained with him through the four years of the war, but a large number had gone across the line to the Northern Army, but ours did not want to leave their old home and their old master and mistress, for they were very fond of them, and some never left us and have been in the family up to the present and I am sure that love of family and interest has been the means of keeping our colored friends with us. We love them and they love us and we try to help each other and when one passes away I feel that I have lost another of my earthly friends, one whom I could depend on to be a friend in time of need. I remember one coming home from Florida and when my son met me and said, "Mother, Patrick is very sick and he is very anxious to see you". So we drove over to his house before even coming home. When I went in he wept for real gladness to see me again. And you may know that I wept to see such good unselfish service all of his life and had had so few of the comforts of this life in return for what he gave others. His wife was a kind of a professional nurse and was from home a great deal. So he was not very well nourished so whenever he came to work I would tell the cook we must have a good dinner for Patrick loves to eat. His wife was a woman of strong constitution. I think she was the mother of eighteen or twenty children, she was full of humor. She was down town one day with some other friends on the street and someone asked who she was and the men replied in a very sarcastic tone and said it was Mourning C. She said, "Yes, I am Mrs. Patrick C. I am not the first bell cow but I belong in the flock and I am always with them."

When the Grippe made its first appearance your grandmother did not let it pass by, she had rheumatism and all sorts of complaints until she was completely under a cloud. There was not a ray of light anywhere, she had lost her hold on the promises of God. One Sunday afternoon Mourning came to see her. All the family had gone out. I asked her to sing for me. She had a rich, deep, mellow voice and sang with her whole soul. She took a chair and threw her head back and sang that dear old tune "How Firm a Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord". When she sang the last verse "Though Hell should endeavor to shake thee, I'll never, no never forsake thee." I then and there took a new hold on the precious promise of God, and the music closed and I was soon well. When they trusted God it was with their whole heart and they could help you to have such faith. I love them and love the greatest sympathy and compassion of them; they like us and need all the encouragement and help from those with whom they are associated that they can get. I hope that you will try in every way that you can to be patient and helpful with them. Did you ever think what it was to be free yet bound, utterly incapable to use your freedom to any advantage? This was the pitiful condition of the colored

people. They did not know what to do, they were like little children who never had to think where their clothes or shoes came from or anything else that they need. Everything had been provided without any thought or responsibility on their part. Their masters had planned for all their needs and they were a free, happy-go-lucky, singing from morning to night. Now when the serious problem of earning their living was laid upon them it was pitiful and pathetic to see how helpless they were and many of them would not leave their old homes and good master who had been their life long friends. They did not want the responsibility of having to make their own living and it was hard work in this poverty stricken southland. Well, when the war was over and the poor famished soldiers were told that they had to go home it took them some weeks to realize that there were no more camp fires to sit by, no longer any beating of the drum or blowing bugle for the roll call, no hard-tack to eat nor heavy knapsacks to be carried upon their backs for miles and miles over rough roads and with blistered feet. I imagine they could ask themselves, can this condition be true. Does all this hard way of living belong to the past? Is it really and trully all over? Am I to be home with my father and mother, wife and children? After the dreaming was over and the joy of re-union was over they gave themselves a good shaking to see if they were awake. They then commenced to look around and see what they must and could do with the little that was left but it was hard to settle down to work after four years of unsettled life in an excited and anxious condition, it took some time to make the hands do their duty they had not been in the habit of labor so long. But when they did get them under control they went to work with a vim that brought good results and they were ready to listen to the voice of their Heavenly Father, who saith, "Be ye my people, saith our Father speak you comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished; that her iniquity is pardoned for she hath received of the Lord's hand, double for all her sins he shall feed his flock like a shepard". He shall gather the lambs in his bosom and he shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people and they shall beat their spears into pruning hooks and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they have war any more, but the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man shall be acknowledged; for the Lord did comfort his people. He made the wilderness like Eden and the desert like a garden. Joy and gladness and thanksgiving went up from his people and he felt that his prophesy was being fulfilled for they had bowed down their heads and spread sackcloth and ashes under them and had chosen to loose the hands of wickedness to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free and the yoke of the burden bearer was broken and the Lord shall guide them continually and satisfy the soul in drought.

Preach peace boy- woman- children, preach peace, the word was so dear to all, for did we not know what it was to be quiet once more and appreciate how precious that dear word was to us. We had been living under the bonded fear and the greatest anxiety for four years while there were sad and heavy years over the vacant seats that would never be filled by the loved one that had gone to the front and would never more return, yet joy did predominate and the people went to work with a determination to make the best of present opportunities. Everything that could pull a plow from a mule to an ox was put into service and every foot was cultivated that could be.

I must tell you of the conditions of the schools in 1865 and 1866 and for several years after. As I told you we had no school advantages whatever for four years, so one of our good neighbors who had served five years in the midst of the conflict, Col. Edwards, felt sorry for the boys in the community and he opened a school in one of the little houses occupied by the colored people when they were slaves, it sat way back in an orchard and to the right was a large plum orchard, the most delicious plums you ever ate.

Well, we had that little house full of boys right many of them almost young men. There were four little girls in the neighborhood, their mothers were so anxious for them to be in school, they persuaded Col. Edwards to take them. Three of them were his neices and the other was our grandmother. I am sure that better results never grew out of a little school than did out of this little one. I could mention a good many influential business men that never had any other school advantages except what they got there. He was a fine teacher and knew how to get the best there was in his pupils. All respected him, obeyed and loved him. The system of teaching at that day was different from yours. We had no tables nor lead pencils but used slates and slate pencils, we were expected to prepare three lessons at home and know them perfectly. All our lessons except arithmetic and spelling were recited in the morning, when we entered the school room in the afternoon we took our slates and arithmetic. There was no class, each one did all the work he could. So there was no holding back the bright scholars for the dull and lazy ones. Many of our industrious boys would finish arithmetic in half of one session and a very few took longer than one term to complete the best arithmetics that were used. I like that system better than the present. Spelling was the last lesson before school was dismissed in the afternoon. We all formed a circle around the room and the one that spelled the most words without missing stood ahead of the whole school. If the one standing missed it was passed on. Sometimes it would go on to the last one at the foot, it might be the smallest boy or girl in the school that could spell it and make up ahead of the class. Your grandmother was a very poor speller any one of my younger brothers always stood ahead of me which was very humiliating. You may be sure of one thing, that the way of calling upon each one appealed to the honor and pride of all and made each one give their earnest attention. It cultivated the habit of listening correctly which is a great asset in one's life. I sometimes think there is as much in listening attentively and hearing what a speaker has to say in the right way as there is in the speaker. I hope all my grandchildren will pay strict attention to any speaker he or she may hear, if he is worth going to hear. He deserves your best and closest thoughts. This is not only done to public speakers but in general conversation. Be sure and hear what is said and you will not give foolish answers which makes one appear idiotic. If we did not give attention and hear our teacher the word was passed and went on to the foot of the class. I shall never cease to thank him for making me a good hearer, it was an invaluable training that has brought me good results. I fear sometimes that I haven't the patience that a Christian should have. When I go to a lecture and see people chewing gum and I have been in churches when everyone was chewing gum so vigorously that if you closed your eyes you would not have known whether you were in a sheep pen or a goat pen. Men were not given a cud to chew like animals, but the mind and power to concentrate it on any subject, so he could make the speakers thought his own. Our teacher moved from the little house in the orchard to one a little larger at his front

gate and that was full to overflowing. It is standing there yet. The sweet memories of that dear old school and the privileges that were opened to me. I had teachers afterwards but never appreciated any and felt so grateful to any of them as I did to Col. Edwards. He was a faithful friend in a time of need. There were several schools open in the little town near where we lived and one in the country nearly two miles from home. Two of my little brothers and I walked to that one every morning and back in the afternoon. Our parents had to pay the teachers for this. Since money was scarce and hard to get we could not afford to miss a lesson or a day from school. If I could have had the opportunities the children have now I think I could have been more useful. As I have told you how kind and good my brothers were after the two oldest came home from the war they went to work to do what they could for the younger children. They sent me to a boarding school and the younger brothers to the best school near and one to the University of Virginia. That opportunity opened to us a broader and fuller life, and I have wished so often that it had been possible for me to have shown them how grateful and thankful I was for this unselfish and selfsacrificing--to give us this privilege which has given us so much pleasure. I do hope you will try to improve the opportunities that you have. Nothing is so elevating and inspiring in a community as a wholesome atmosphere, one partakes of it and is helped even without an effort on their part. I want my grandchildren to know that there is a great responsibility that goes with our everyday life thought it would be ever so humble and obscure and everything that we do or say carries with it weight of influence, that we are unconscious of whether we make people happier and better or make them miserable.

I hope you will endeavor to throw your influence on the side of peace, righteousness and happiness.

I must now tell you something of the growth of the little town of Franklin. One mile from where your great-grandfather first built his log cabin he and your great grandmother have told us many accidents that the Seaboard Air Line Railway had with their road when it was first built. The depot at that time was on the Isle of Wightside and I expect the town of Franklin would have been in that Country but for the courteous spirit of the man who owned the land on the Southhamptom side saw their opportunity and either gave the right or sold it very reasonable so that the depot and warehouse was soon erected and the foundation of one of the prettiest and most attractive towns in Eastern Virginia was laid. I hope you will see what this man lost by his love of money, more than he did the good of the community and not being willing to give full value for what he received, to extortion and take advantage of a pressing need is the worst kind of robbing. So Franklin started with a depot, a warehouse, then a country store where they exchanged dry-goods and groceries and black-eyed peas and dried apples. These were the two leading products of this farming district at this time. The little town cornenced to grow and in 1860 there were some right pretty homes and several stores and one residing physician. But the destruction of five years of war life was terrible. There were only sixteen people living in the town in 1865 but when the panic of the four bombshell years was over they came back with a new lease on life and with them came others to build and make one of the most beautiful little towns in Tidewater, Virginia. It grew by leaps and bounds.

Dr. G. saw that it was a good location for a physician so returning from the army he settled here in 1865 and to him and his good wife the people owed more for the civic improvements of the town than anyone else. They were artistic in their taste and loved all nations. So they chose the oak grove with the birds and the shade, to build their home, which was the second built on the hill and it was set in a space for other home-makers in surrounding it with our dear Heavenly Father's good gifts of beautiful flowers and in utilizing every inch of space in producing something good and useful. They were always glad to advise and help all who wanted to improve their homes and many will thank them for turning their thoughts in the way of beauty and joy. Dr. G. was in the public good in many other ways, especially in education. He was one of the first trustees of the Public Schools.

Union services and Sunday school were held until 1874 when the brethren thought it best to separate to the Baptist Church built on Main Street.

All was moving along nicely until one Saturday in 1880 when all of the business part of the town was swept away by fire. Many homes went with it.

The present bank of Vaughan & Company was opened in 1885 and it has been under the same management until the present time. High Street was opened in 1871.

The town was growing so fast that the people began to look for a place to bury their departed loved ones so they chose our dear Poplar Springs where your grandmother and her brothers always stopped to quench their thirst and cool under the shade of the branches of that dear old poplar. It made me sad to think that I could no longer drink from that pure sparkling fountain of cool water. But the departed must have a resting place and this was the most beautiful and appropriate. So in 1884 the first love was laid there in the mother earth to await the Resurrection.

In 1884 the town claimed their privilege of a public school. While it was not as good as any of today it was not simply the demand of our growing population. Our people were aggressive, public spirited, wide awake and nothing satisfied them but the best of everything so they must have a better educational advantages for their children. So a stock company was formed to build an academy. The stock sold for twenty-five dollars a share and all who realized the vital importance of their children's education took stock. Some poor mothers took in sewing to buy one share, others took boarders. All were interested and were willing to work and cast in their little mite to raise the necessary funds. In 1889 the school was opened to our boys giving them the needed preparation for college and the University of Virginia, Wake Forest and V.M.I. and other schools of good standing and those who were not fortunate enough to have the college and University training had a good foundation made to build on at home.

The next great need felt was a seminary where the girls could have the same advantages that were given their brothers so the same public spirited mothers and fathers assembled themselves together to form plans for a good school for their daughters. Whenever good people are united with one aim and purpose in view you may know that there will soon come forth results. So the site was secured and the nice school building soon erected. In 1894 it was opened to the public with the building filled with enthusiastic pupils and a capable, faithful and conscientious faculty.