1694. LEWIS CONGRESS. 1894.

CELEBRATION

—OF THE—

Two Hundredth Anniversary

OF THEIR RESIDENCE IN VIRGINIA

—BY THE—

LEWIS FAMILY,

—AT—

BEL-AIR, SPOTSYLVANIA COUNTY,

SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1894.

FRANKFORT, KY :
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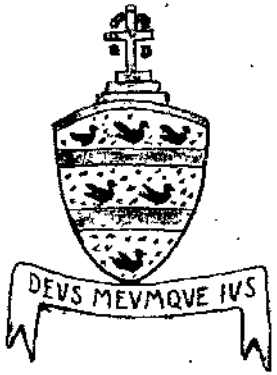

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MISS NANNIE E. SCOTT,
Originator of the Lewis Congress.

Preface.

IN presenting this little souvenir to my kindred—the descendants of Col. Zachary Lewis, of Bel-air—it is but just that I should say to those who were so fortunate as to be present at the meeting of the Lewis Congress on the 4th of September, 1894, as well as to those who were so unfortunate as not to attend, that as the exquisite pleasure of that meeting was largely due to our fair cousin, Miss Nannie E. Scott—she having originated the idea of the Congress and made possible the gathering of the clan by inviting us to her home—so we are indebted to her for whatever of merit there may be found in this little book. The introduction and all the memoirs not ascribed to other authorship are from her graceful pen, and most of the illustrations were reproduced from pencil or pen and ink sketches made by her. Without her kind invitation there would have been no Congress, and without her painstaking and untiring assistance there would have been no souvenir of that meeting.

For the cuts used in illustrating the work I am indebted to that prince of good fellows, Walter Lewis Patteson, of Springfield, Illinois. The printer did the rest.

THE PUBLISHER.

A GROUP OF DESCENDANTS OF COL. ZACHARY LEWIS AT PROSPECT HILL.

Robt. M. Patteson. Mrs. John M. Lewis. Wm. Holladay. Miss Mary P. Lewis. Mrs. Jas. M. Holladay.
Miss Mary W. Holladay. Miss Louise R. Holladay. Mrs. Wm. Holladay. Jas. M. Scott. Jas. M. Holladay.
Jas. Mitchell Lewis. Miss Lucy D. Patteson. Ed. Conway. Miss Nannie E. Scott.

APPENDIX.

James M. Holladay.

MANY of us knew the kinsman whom this sketch makes an effort to recall to the circle of cousins he loved, and those who do will never forget the kind face, with its wonderful charm of expression, beyond that of almost any face I have ever seen. In it lay a power to inspire in the one on whom was turned that gentle look of courteous and sympathetic respect and trust, a new feeling of confidence in one's own heart—because he, whose standard was so pure and high, trusted it. How perfectly it expressed that of which his soul was full—the charity that thinketh no evil; what an appeal it was to the best that is in us to deserve such sweet confidence! The memory of that look of his is like a benediction, and teaches such a precious lesson that we do well to cherish it—the lesson that a sure road to influence others to better things is to believe in them. I have been so struck with the impression Cousin James' manner seemed to have with everybody. I think it would soften the hardest, would be reflected in courtesy even by the roughest, would strike a spark of nobleness even from the most clod-like nature—

that it would occur to me to wonder what would be the effect of a face and manner like that—of course with his heart behind it—among the lowest and most lost—among convicts for instance. I believe his tender charity would so have covered the sin in each case, and would so have found, in no matter how much ruin, the image of some heavenly possibility—that the most despairing would have seen that this good man had hope of him—and would have had the daring thought—why not have hope of himself? I think St. Vincent must have had such a face, and the galley slaves must have loved him.

Misses Elizabeth Travers Lewis . . . and Mary Overton Lewis.

BY GEORGE A. LEWIS.

THIS little volume having to some extent grown beyond the object for which it was originally intended —viz: the preservation of the proceedings of the Lewis Congress in permanent form—I deem it not inappropriate that it should contain also a brief sketch of the lives of the noble, Christian women whose names head this chapter.

Rarely intelligent, with minds containing rich stores of valuable information, which they delighted to impart to the younger generation, they have left the indelible impress of their characters upon the minds of their nieces and nephews, even to the second generation. Having grown from infancy to almost young manhood in the society of these Godly women, I am conscious that their precept and example has, to some extent, influenced my own life—for their teaching in all things was for good—and I desire to record this simple tribute of affectionate remembrance of them for the benefit of those to come after—or those who never enjoyed the privilege of their acquaintance. Modest, refined and elegant ladies of the old school, they were calculated to attract attention in any company, for their mental attainments were of the highest order. The elder, being of a more domestic turn, found her greatest pleasure in the

management of household affairs, while the younger, having imbibed her father's love of teaching, spent many years of her life in the school-room, and from her the younger children of her brothers and sisters received their earliest instruction in the rudimentary branches of an education.

Being the only daughters of John Lewis, of Llangollen, who never married, it was but natural that they should become almost inseparable companions, and associated in our minds to such an extent that we rarely spoke of them singly, but almost always as Aunt Bet and Aunt Mollie.

It seems to me that I must have known Aunt Bet always, for my earliest recollection is of sitting at her feet and watching her, while with deft fingers she fashioned something wonderful to my childish eyes from bird's plumage, or from cloth or thread with cambric or knitting needle. Of Aunt Mollie I have no recollection prior to a date when she returned from a visit to my Aunt Frances Mitchell, in Mississippi, bringing with her a large supply of peanuts and the skin of a rattle-snake stuffed—my first knowledge of the goober and the reptile being gained from these.

Passionately fond of flowers, they delighted to beautify their home with blooming plants of all kinds and in furtherance of this object made frequent visits in the springtime to "Prospect Hill," a high bluff overlooking the waters of Elkhorn, near the Kentucky Llangollen, in search of wild flowers. How we, as children, delighted to accompany them on these jaunts and listen with eagerness to their instructive conversation.

Having been born and reared to young womanhood in Virginia, they were devotedly attached to the Old Dominion, and hearing them describe with minute detail their old

home and the delights of childhood there, caused my youthful imagination to picture it as a veritable Eden and created within me an intense desire to set foot upon the spot where they had played in childish glee and witness the scenes which had given them so great pleasure—a desire which was never attained until nearing middle life, after the devastating hand of war and the tooth of time had wrought a great and sad change. Entertaining so great a love for their native State, it was fitting that they should return there to spend their last days amid kindred and friends, and when the end came to each to be laid beneath its soil—their last resting place surrounded by the graves of those so dear to both while in life.

Early in 1861 they left us to visit friends and relatives near the scenes of their childhood in Virginia and spent the succeeding terrible four years in the South, suffering great privation on account of the unhappy war, and only returning to Kentucky at its close for a few years, when they again went to Virginia to reside permanently. Aunt Bet passed away in October, 1886, but Aunt Mollie survived until September, 1894, her death occurring a few days after the gathering of her kindred in the Lewis Congress. Having enjoyed almost perfect health all summer, she had looked forward to that meeting with anticipations of great pleasure, and had gone up from Richmond to the old home of her grandfather, at Bel-air, that she might be present, but was taken ill and was removed to Prospect Hill, the home of her sister in the neighborhood, and the knowledge that she hovered upon the brink of the dark river cast a shadow upon the hearts of those who attended the meeting. The end came during the still watches of the night of September 6th and on the morning of the 8th we laid her to rest in the family burying ground. Six of her nephews—three from Kentucky, two of Virginia and one from Illinois—bearing her remains to the tomb.

GEORGE A LEWIS,
Publisher of the souvenir volume.

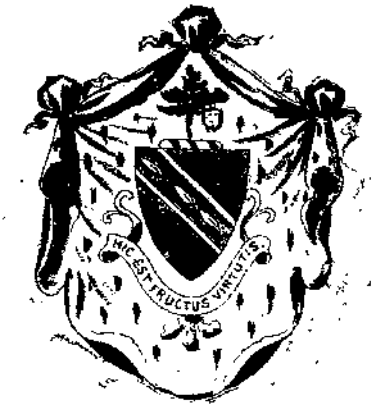
Introductory.

THE following sketches were written for a reunion of the Lewis family at Bel-air, Virginia, which took place on September 4, 1894, in commemoration of their residence of two hundred years in the State, from 1694, the date of one of the grants of land recorded in the land-books of Virginia to their first ancestor in this country, Zachary Lewis, of Brecknock, Wales.

Tradition points to a Huguenot origin of this family; and it is thought their sojourn in Wales may have been only a short one. There seems some probability of this, as well as of the kinship between the three Lewis families of Virginia—the Augusta Lewises, the Gloucester Lewises, and the King and Queen Lewises—those of Bel-air.

Zachary Lewis, of the land grant of 1694, left two sons, Zachary and John—the first of whom was educated as a lawyer, and came to the upper counties under circumstances which at once stamp his character as chivalrous. He gave up, at his father's death, all claim to inheritance in his property for the sake of providing for his sisters, and set forth in knightly fashion, with only his riding horse, to carve out a career for himself. The end was such as life sometimes, as well as romance, furnishes. Success, great success, attended the way of the high-souled gentleman. He married a lady of high position among the colonial families, and prospered in every respect, leaving at his

death large property in land, slaves, mills and factories, etc., to his children—the portion of each in land being, as I have heard, fourteen hundred acres. He had a numerous



WALLER COAT OF ARMS.

family, from whom are descended many Virginians of well-known names. They married as follows:

Ann, George Wythe, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and first president of William and Mary College.

Dorothea, Charles Smith, Esq.

Elizabeth, first Col. Littlepage, afterwards Maj. Lewis Holladay.

One of the daughters married a Meriwether, another a Ford.

John. Mildred Lewis, a daughter of the Gloucester Lewis family from "Bel-voir," Albemarle.

Waller, Sarah Lewis, her sister.

Benjamin, a lady of the Bickerton family.

Zachary, the third of his name, married Ann Overton Terrell, and settled at Bel-air, Spotsylvania county, where his descendants still live, having held the place from his time to the present day.

It was considered appropriate that this old homestead, the oldest now in the hands of the family, should be the scene of the family gathering of September 4, 1894. Its memories reached far back into the past; it had seen the coming and going of six generations of Lewises and their children; had looked upon the Revolution, and on the nation's birth; its walls had heard in those days the ring of arms, the news of victory—Trenton, Saratoga, Yorktown; had welcomed backed its master, returning to enjoy in peace the fruit of courage and endurance. Around its hearth questions of policy and State, since tried by fiery tests, had been discussed as the living issues of the day—the Constitution, the rights of States, the functions of government, the protection of American ships at sea; the coming of the war of '12, to which it had sent two young men of the house—one a surgeon, the other a soldier. All the history of the country had grown around it, the typical Virginia home, and it had mirrored the thoughts and times of all the passing generations, until after years of sunshine and storm, of mighty change and long adversity, better times had come again, and at last came one glad day, when the clan gathered around her hearth.

What the assembling grandsons and granddaughters saw that 3d of September as, after eight miles of journeying over Virginia country roads from the railway, they came in sight of the object of their pilgrimage was a quaint, rambling old house, with wide slopes of grass, and grand overshadowing trees; from its veranda plenty of cousins pouring forth to welcome them. The walls were eloquent with the sentiment of the occasion. Over the door was a greeting in evergreens—"Welcome, my children"—and on the wall near it "A good name is rather to be chosen than

riches," to which was added "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Within the doors the interior was delightfully consistent with the outside, pains having been taken to banish, as far as might be, the few reminders in the old house of the lapse of time, and to bring to the light all that might

CORNER OF THE HALL AT BEL-AIR.

restore the past. Even so small a thing as arranging the chambers in old-fashioned style, and providing the traditional cedar water bucket and gourd, was not forgotten.

Around the hall, next the ceiling, ran a singular and beautiful decoration—a border designed of *fleur-de-lys* and Virginia creeper, in a rich shade of brown, harmonizing well with the old-rose tint of the walls—and following the trailing vine the lines:

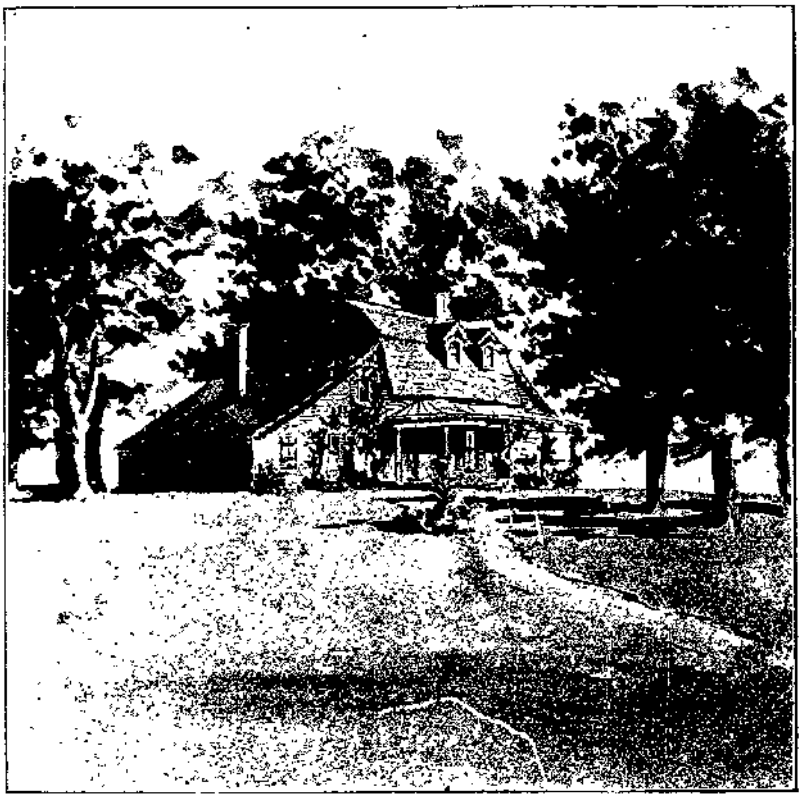
"Now read the rede of this old roof tree,
Here be trust fast, opinion free,
Knightly right hand, and Xtian knee.
Worth in all, wit in some,
Open laughter, slander dumb,
Hearth where rooted friendships grow,
And the sparks that upward go
When the hearth-flame dies below.
If thy sap in these may be
Then fear no winter, old roof-tree."

The effect of it all—the quaint dignity of the place, the old-fashioned simplicity and grace of its arrangements—the teeming associations with the old, old days they had been taught to love—that they had such reason to love—went straight to the hearts of the assembly of kinsmen.

Surely the old place had cherished until now the secret of some magic influence over its own, and they were not slow to feel it—to feel that something new and delightful was taking them by surprise.

The plan of the reunion had been a simple one, promising the obvious pleasure that must arise from the meeting of a large number of kinsmen, all interested in the same topic—family history; but no one had expected the old house to take any but a passive part in the proceedings. Nobody had supposed that in these nineteenth century days of progress and improvement, an old dormer-windowed, queer-gabled house, with its odd lines of roof, its erratic ways and unaccountable changes of level, its irre-

spon-ible little eyes of windows—would do anything but keep modestly in the background, and let wiser folk talk. It was not imagined that an object so hopelessly behind the times as this old-fashioned relic, would take the floor among so many fine ladies and gentlemen—would rise up and make remarks before this dignified assembly. Yet this is just what happened.



BEL-AIR, SPOTSYLVANIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THE HOME OF COL. ZACHARY LEWIS.

Old Bel-air no sooner saw her children assembling than she roused as if from a long sleep, twinkled and sparkled

with pleasure from every fluttering morning-glory garland that wreathed window or porch; and if ever an old house spoke out distinctly "WELCOME!" it was then and there. And then, like an old grandmother who had long kept silence, overawed by strange times and new ways, but who grew happy and garrulous at the sight of familiar faces, she gathered them right tenderly to her knee, and fell to telling them stories of old times. Stirred more and more by the ring of well known tones and all the pleasure of their coming, how the old place—great oaks and all—put on a look of dreamy recollection, and breathed forth whispers of the past, to say how like, how like were these children to the Lewises of other days! And they, gathered about her, felt a strange spell coming over them. More and more the present receded until they seemed living a charmed existence in a far off past. Time had gone backward and they were no longer grown up folk, but little children again, with the quick feelings, the ready laughter and tears, the tenderness of heart, the nearness to heaven, of childhood.

So perfect was the dream that now, when the charm is broken, they are not yet certain which is real, this or that, and which is the dream. So complete was the transformation that one member from Illinois—a grown man, husband and father, busy with the literary work of the day—was taken by his cousins to be a boy of five, and was delightful in that character. To show the power of the spell over the assembly, two guests not of the charmed circle of kindred, one an aspirant for membership, indeed an adopted member, from Chicago, and one from the University of Virginia, who had stated his position by saying that if he was not one of the family he ought to be, were

both bewitched like the rest, and contributed in the same magical way to the happy intercourse of the meeting, as if they had been born Lewises—and no more can be said.

The evening before the 4th was perfect—a symposium with many a grain of Attic salt, a feast not soon to be forgotten. The programme of the morrow was sketched, and talk and song flowed with sparkling variety, one of the visiting grandchildren vieing with the University candidate—songs of the Southern cabin and cornfield with chants of Erin. At last the guests, tired with the journey, those who welcomed them filled with content at seeing such a goodly gathering of the clan—all happy as children tired of play and satisfied—were gathered under the brooding wings, the slanting roofs of the old house, and so to sleep.

The morning of the 4th was full of interest. The breakfast table scene, (as well as others during the meeting,) is not to be forgotten. The ready wit, the sparkling contributions from each in turn, the members from Georgetown, Springfield, Frankfort; Bel-air, Kentucky; Richmond, the University of Virginia, Chicago. Everyone was at his best, and, (to quote one of the delightful stories of the occasion,) nothing more was needed than to "let Nature take its course," in order that everything should be charming. Wit flashed in continuous flow, spontaneous and graceful as the springing waters of a fountain, the sparkling showers followed as they fell by others as bright.

A busy time followed. There was work everywhere. Here a group of girls in one porch making or arranging decorations in evergreens. There some in another engaged in the mysteries of chicken salad, others bringing and arranging flowers, ready cousins everywhere at hand to criticise.

or help. Here the arranging of relics, there the designing of a motto on the wall in evergreen, an altar in white and green on the hearth, beneath a quaint mantel, a design of *fleur-de-lys* on the face, and above, on a pedestal of green, a memorial urn. Flowers, pictures, relics, in hall and parlors. A charming collection of family photographs had been gathered, and introductions through them to a large number of kinspeople was one of the pleasures of the occasion. In a corner in the hall was an old arm-chair, once used by Lafayette, which wore that day a ribbon and the star of an order of knighthood once belonging to Lafayette's friend, General Lewis Littlepage, the nephew of Col. Lewis, of Bel-air. On a low table in front of it lay a relic which would have warmed the soldier's heart of Lafayette, had he sat there, a sword given by Gen. Washington to Col. Zachary Lewis, of Bel-air.

On the wall, near by, hung the commission of Col. Lewis —among hundreds of charming relics—the grant of Bel-air from the crown of England; the original letters of Meriwether Lewis; a land document signed by Lord Fairfax; the sketch of the position of the fleets in the famous siege of Gibraltar in 1782, made during the action by Gen. Lewis Littlepage, then on the staff of the Duc de Crillon, and viewing the battle from the deck of the admiral's galley; original letters of Littlepage, among them one describing the visit, of a night or two before the date, to Gen. Washington at Mt. Vernon, and innumerable other objects of great interest.

The examination of the relics and the discussion of them would have furnished delightful occupation for days; but soon this was suspended for the reception of the guests of the day by those in the house. And what a feast of grati-

fied clan-feeling that was! How Bel-air looked down smiling on the introductions and hand shaking, seeing here the son of one branch of the family meeting one of another; there daughters of the old home, so like those of other times, some with powdered hair, to look still more like the dames of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. Everywhere was cordiality and a pleasant sense of kinship. Some dear faces were missing, and a shadow rested where they might have been—the thought of sick rooms and of approaching parting; but it was a tender shadow—tender as the happiness of the day, and linked with it all.

Now comes the registration of guests, and after that luncheon—a scene memorable for the conviction of which, it is hoped, every one was conscious that if he did not have everything in the world he wanted, he at least had never before been surrounded by so many people who wanted him to have it.

Then came the meeting of the whole congress in form, the assembling under the lofty cathedral arches of the great oak trees, to remember solemnly the blessings of two hundred years. The tone of enthusiam, already high, grew yet more intense in this feature; and, as the memorial papers were read—as the leaves of the closed but precious past were reverently turned one by one—a tide of feeling, powerful and sweet, carried us away. Voices of those who read trembled with emotion, and eyes of those who listened were wet with tears; and as the sweetness of those holy memories came breathing forth among us, there seemed above us something solemn and tender, like the hovering of angel's wings.

The order of the addresses and memorials was as follows: First an appropriate address of welcome was made by Mr.

Jas. B. Green, of the University, a graceful response to which followed by Dr. John A. Lewis, of Georgetown, Ky. Then came in order the papers that follow:

A Voice from the Old Home.

Memoir of Dr. Richmond A. Lewis.

Memoir of Rev. Cadwallader Lewis, by his son, Dr. John A. Lewis, read by Mr. Waller H. Lewis.

Memoir of Mr. George Wythe Lewis, of Frankfort, Ky., by his son, Mr. George A. Lewis.

Memoir of Dr. and Mrs. Patteson, by their son, Mr. Walter L. Patteson.

Memoir of Mrs. E. T. Lewis, of Brecknock, and the Brecknock family.

Memorial sketch of Mr. James M. Scott, of Bel-air, and his wife, Mrs. Sarah Travers Scott.

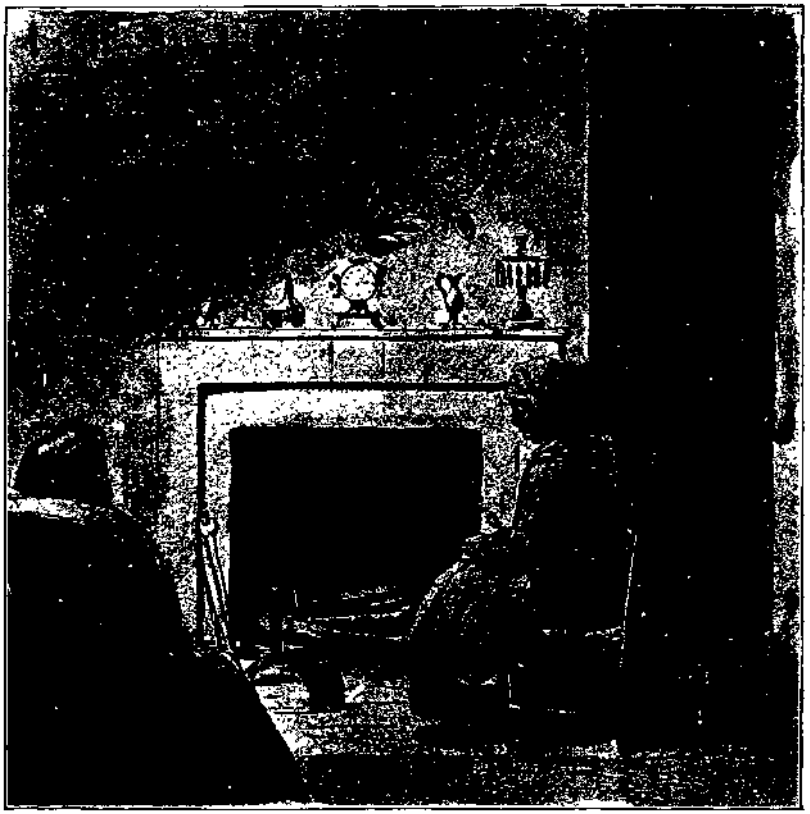
Memorial of Gen. David Harris, of Woodville.

Ghost story of Bel-air, Kentucky, by Dr. Richmond A. Lewis, of Richmond, Va.—read by the author.

Farewell address by B. R. A. Scott.

After the reading and addresses another guest was led into the assembly—Aunt Fannie, an old negro woman bent with age, and leaning on her stick, probably the only person living who remembered Col. Zachary Lewis, the contemporary of Washington and Jefferson. She had been the little maid who waited on Mrs. Lewis at Bel-air, and could tell the great grandchildren of that far-off Revolutionary dame, of her housewifely ways and kindness. She held a short reception, giving her hard and withered hand to one after another, and then was seated in state, to be photographed with the large group standing in front of the house—a group of which another family servant and valued friend, Lucy Williams, was a part. [Unfortunately the

plate upon which this group was taken was "light struck" before a print could be made from it, which is very much to be regretted as it would have been the most valuable of all the pictures taken during the meeting.]



AUNT FANNIE—"YES'M, I 'MEMBER 'EM ALL!"

[From a sketch by Miss N. E. Scott.]

NOTE—The above illustration represents old Aunt Fannie, Mrs. Zachary Lewis's maid, now nearly one hundred years old, as she sat by the fireside at Bel-air one Christmas morning and prattled of old times and people dead long ago. The following extract of her conversation with her former master, Mr. James Scott, and his daughter, Miss Nannie E. Scott, is touching and full of pathos:

Two clergymen who were invited to be present could not attend, and the religious service of the occasion, which, from the fault (greatly regretted) of one entrusted with the programme, did not have its fitting place in the beginning, took place after the departure of some of the guests. It consisted of some beautiful selections from Scripture, and, in substance, the prayers that follow.

The readings from Scripture were the first eight verses of John XV, the last eight of Ephesians III, and the 23d Psalm.

Aunt Fannie—"What come o' all de Miss Hills? Ofeton Harris? He and his wife dead too? Miss Nancy, I know 'em all" (reflecting).

Mr. Scott, her former master—"You are the only one of all those living now."

Aunt Fannie—"Yes; none of 'em in de 'state don know nothin' 'bout what I 'member. Yes; I'm de only one of de 'state (*estate*), skusin' Lucy and Henry, and *dee* don know nothin much." * * * "What come o' your Aunt Hedgman girls?" (Dead years and years ago; her children gone too; her grandchildren middle aged.) Aunt Fannie continues: "I don forget nothin'. Dee think dee kin fool me, but dee ain' fool me. *I ain' say nothin'*" (boastfully). "Your Aunt Hedgman had de prettiest girls, Miss Mildred and Susan. Susan cert'ny was pretty. Ev'ybody say how pretty dee was. I know 'em all"

Miss Scott—"Did you know Aunt Hill, Aunt Fannie? Was she pretty?"

Aunt Fannie—"Yes; she favor your Aunt Eliza—*she* was pretty. Your sister Mollie like her—had hair like her. Who did *she* (Aunt Eliza) marry?" (The tombstone that covers her—pretty Eliza, her husband, Walter Raleigh Daniel, and their infant son—has been growing gray for many decades in the graveyard, with its inscription of a year when the century was young.) "Didn't they have a son?"

Miss Scott—"Yes; he died—a baby."

Aunt Fanny—"I thought so. My sister Mary use to mine dat chile. I don know what come o' my sister Mary. I spec she dead. I don hear nothin' 'bout her dese times. She went down to Stafford wid de Daniels. I spec she dead."

Another time she said, in speaking of Col. Zachary Lewis: "People used to prize him mightily for his looks. Lewises was the greatest folks in de country—wisest—folks always talking 'bout it. Miss Eliza Lewis was the first person ever learn me how to knit a stitch, and your Grandma Lewis finish learnin' me. She learn me how to spin—your grandma did. I can't tell you how she looked. She look mighty good—she mighty likely old lady. She was pretty ole lady—ev'ybody say dat dat see her. I light her pipe for her. Want nobody to but me, but den dat was her orders. I used to love her same as my mother."

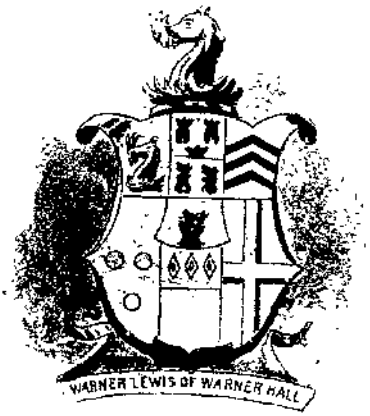
Father, of whom every family in heaven and earth is named, and who hast created all the sweet and sacred ties of kindred—who hast given us the precious gift of human love—a divine lesson to teach us how to know Thee, our Parent, we adore and bless Thee for the blessings that come to us through these heaven-given channels. We thank Thee for the good that comes to us through the examples and influence of those Thou hast given us, who have gone before us. We bless Thee for Thy tender gift of father's and mother's love—of the affection that binds us as kindred and friends. O guide us forever, Father, as a family, Thy faithful children, and make us a blessing wherever we may be! We thank Thee for all the pure happiness of this our meeting, and for the long history of a past which Thou hast so greatly blessed. We commit our future to our Father's love, praying Thee to bless us with all Thou seest best for us, praying that we may, through all things, to all generations, live close to Thee, knowing and obeying Thy truth, loving our Divine Friend and Father, and our fellow men.

Bless our family life forever. Help us to use as we ought the sweet lessons and privileges it gives; and may we, as father or mother, husband or wife, child or parent, brother or sister, kindred or friends, forever be loyal to the claims of the duties involved in those precious ties! Throughout our history, O Father, make us glorify Thee! Grant that we, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, may be changed into His image from day to day, until we finally appear in the presence of our Divine Parent, our loving Elder Brother. O grant that all that we know and love, and all for whom we shall pray, may meet us there, to join with the angels and saints in ascribing the praise of

our salvation to Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever! Be near us all, whom Thou hast blessed in this our meeting, and all the rest. Oh, bless the dear kindred who are sick! If it be Thy will, heal and restore them to those Thou knowest love them so! Pity the sorrowing! O Father, Brother, Saviour, Friend, take us now and forever into Thy loving arms, and save us in time and eternity! Hear us for Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day or daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.



WARNER LEWIS COAT OF ARMS.

Address of Welcome and Response.

MR. JAMES B. GREEN, of the University of Virginia, on behalf of the hostess, delivered the following address of welcome:

My Friends:

This is a case in which the office has sought the man. Upon the bridge of time each hears, now slowly, then more hurriedly, the measured tread of years. In youth hope is high. We look forward up the slope of life, and what we see is mainly sunshine. The crest of the divide reached, we make deductions from experience and look forward, still hoping, by sober engineering skill, to make a better grade for the path. On the other side the steps go down to ever-deepening shadows, and fortunate are they whose retrospect is not full of regret.

In welcoming you to this old fireside, I may be pardoned for saying that a worthier representative might have been entrusted with the duty, but I give voice cheerfully to the sentiments of those who abide here when I say that what they have is yours, and that their doors are flung wide in the hospitality for which Virginia is famous. Wherever her sons are scattered their eyes and hearts turn always homeward, and here we find the secret of the hold she retains on their affections.

Two hundred years ago the founder of the house became a landed proprietor in the colony, and his descend-

ants have kept green the memory of his civic and domestic virtues, and sought to imitate them. What changes in the history of men and institutions have occurred in the period we are speaking of. Dynasties and States have passed away; the voice of King George has ceased to be potent with us; the map of Europe had new lines and boundaries traced by the hand of Napoleon I; Napoleon and his work have been remodeled by other conquerors; the mighty wheels of commerce, turned by steam and electricity, have brought the nations to closer neighborhood, and the Gospel of Peace has been heard in dark continents and the remote isles of the sea.

It is refreshing to turn from the practical daily task of our rushing, busy time to these quiet shades and the contemplation of ancestral thoughts, virtue, and mode of life, and we would be the better for more frequent gatherings such as these.

> Here groups of merry children played;
> Here youths and maidens dreaming strayed.
> O precious hours, O golden prime,
> An affluence of love and time.

Let me hope, in conclusion, that you will not be convinced that you selected the wrong man to speak; that my law-abiding Kentucky friends will not recall, at my expense, the story of the "whisky drummer" who forced a fellow passenger to sample his wares, under the impression that the latter was a temperance orator, but who afterwards discovered him to be a *dead beat* on the road. Again I say, welcome to Bel-air.

+ + RESPONSE. + +

To which Dr. JOHN A. LEWIS, of Georgetown, Kentucky, responded as follows:

I feel that it would not only be appropriate, but indeed very inappropriate, if some proper response was not made to the very cordial address of welcome to which we have just listened. It may be true that I am not the proper person to make it, as I am entirely unauthorized, and yet I will undertake to respond for my Kentucky cousins, and not for them only, but for every cousin from Bel-air to Ararat; but I must ask your cousinly charity, as I assure you that I am not loaded, having no set speech to make, trusting alone to the inspiration of the moment.

I stand before you as one of Henry Watterson's one hundred thousand "*unarmed Kentuckians.*" Had I known just the turn the occasion would have taken, I would have appeared before you, in true Kentucky style, with something in my hip pocket.

On the last visit which my father, Cadwallader Lewis, ever made to Virginia, just prior to his death, which occurred in 1882, one of the things which touched him most, and which he related to me upon his return, was the fact that during that visit he found but one single man, outside of his kindred, who had ever seen John Lewis, of Llangollen, or was personally cognizant that such a man had ever lived in Spotsylvania county, Virginia; and yet, three-quarters of a century ago the courteous and scholarly John Lewis did live in this vicinity, maintained a hospitable home at Llangollen, taught a classical school, reared his family and filled the place of a good citizen.

Becoming enamored with the reports which came to him of the then far west, he gathered up wife and bairn, and all that he held dear, save his kindred and this sacred soil, turning his face to the setting sun, he passed the Blue Ridge, under whose shadow he had lived all of his life, crossed the great

Appalachian range, debouching through the passes of the Cumberland, he entered the land of Boone and of Kenton, never resting, never halting, until his eyes rested upon that enchanting scene which burst upon the vision of the early hunters, when, for the first time, they encamped in what the historian Bancroft describes as the unrivalled valley of the Elkhorn. There, upon the uplands overlooking this beautiful stream, he established his home—called it Llangollen after the one he had left in Virginia—here he lived, reared his younger children, dispensed hospitality, lived the upright citizen, his children were married and given in marriage. At last the end came, and John Lewis and Jean Wood, his wife, were laid to rest beneath the soil of their beloved Kentucky.

Since that time their descendants have been scattered to the four winds of heaven. To-day some of them are dwellers in the land of the Alamo, some of them reside by the great father of waters, some have found homes amid the broad western prairies, near the borders of the great lakes, some of them have returned to the land of their nativity, a few of us still linger in the old Kentucky home.

In behalf of the descendants of John Lewis I desire to thank our cousins of the Old Dominion, especially you, Cousin Nannie, for affording us this opportunity of meeting our kindred and visiting scenes rendered so dear to us by the memories of our fathers; and I now, in behalf of this entire company of cousins, propose this tribute to the memory of him who sleeps under the shadow of this ancestral home—a man of gentle lineage, the college mate of Thomas Jefferson, a soldier of two wars, an upright citizen, our common ancestor—Col. Zachary Lewis, jr., of Bel-air, Spotsylvania county, Virginia—to-day peace to his ashes—all honor to his illustrious memory.

A Voice From The Old Home.

AT last, after many years, much coming and going, Bel-air welcomes an assembly of her children to her heart and to her memories of more than a hundred years—memories of their grandfathers and grandmothers and their generation, little children, playing beneath its stately oaks; and further back, of Colonel Zachary Lewis, telling campaign stories about the winter fire, of scenes of the Revolution or the French and Indian War, while great-grandmother, with the privilege of her sex, expresses her Tory and High Church views, and turns up her nose at General Washington and Patrick Henry. (Tradition says that spirited lady's notions were so out of tune with the patriotic fervor of 1775 that some of the neighborhood people, in spite of Colonel Lewis's public services, burned with indignation, and said among themselves that "Lady Lewis," as they called her, deserved a "touch of the ducking-stool.") Deserved or not, nobody laid finger on Lady Lewis, but that willful lady pursued her own way. In Revolutionary days, when abstinence from tea meant loyalty to anti-taxation principles, and defiance to King George, she quaffed her tea privately with some guest, in the room up stairs, which is still to be seen. Now, in much later life, she took a whiff of smoke from her pipe with as much nonchalance as marks the advanced society woman of this century, who puffs a wreath of fragrant smoke from her pretty lips, and holds her

cigarette between dainty fingers—all afore folk too—just as did Lady Lewis. Fye, fye upon you, great grandmamma. There is still the chimney with the little niche where used to repose the pipe of this Virginia matron, all ready to her hand. And there is her room where, in her lively old age, she one day undertook to show her friend, "Cousin Callis," I think, how one of the negroes shouted—greatly

BEL-AIR—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

to the alarm of Cousin Callis who thought that Cousin Lewis had lost her bright mind. Picture again another scene: Cousin Callis, who was cross-eyed, I believe, and Lady Lewis, who, though bright, was none the better looking for age, sitting in solemn state, entertaining two of Uncle John's school-boys, until one of them could bear it no longer and said—we can imagine with what startling

effect, and how much to the amusement of the old ladies—"Come on, John. Let's go out of here. I don't want to stay with these ugly old women!" This remark, it is said, marks a strong hereditary family trait, that of inability to be held in uncongenial society. Another picture of the genial old age of Lady Lewis shows her drawn over in her gig to Llangollen by the boys (with whom "Aunt Lewis" was very popular) because she was wanted over there at her son's, and was afraid, in her feebleness, of horses. A loyal old Episcopalian, she used to send for the parson and have communion here at Bel-air when she was in trouble. She draws upon herself some suspicion of a savour of the persecuting ways of her church, by a tradition handed down of her great annoyance at Addison's departure, and her sending for her oldest son, Richmond, to come over from Brecknock to deal with his case. Addison, poor boy, wanted religious sympathy and used to go to a pious old negro servant for it—Uncle Mowen, I think. Richmond came, I believe, but counselled letting Addison follow his own heart.

Think how familiar to the quaint old house must sound the names so long unheard—as we talk of them in our gathering—and what memories stir in the rooms of far off Aunt Anne and Chancellor Wythe; of Dorothea Lewis and her handsome husband, Charles Smith, son of the Christopher to whom Bel-air was granted in 1728; of Aunt Meriwether; then of the children of the next generation—pretty Eliza, whose guitar used to tinkle in the bower out by the cedars, where also, I suspect, the overhanging boughs were conscious of sundry flirtations—of course of a most staid eighteenth century type—when the most impassioned flight of eloquence was to murmur some vague

hints of "respect" and "esteem"—blushing up to the eyes withal. How the old roof welcomes back the relics of those far off times—things it has not seen for so long, *so long*—Col. Lewis's sword, his commission, the picture of Charles Smith and all the rest. And the study, long disused, seems to hear again the Colonel's step, as he walks to and fro meditating on the solving of some mechanical problem, which has amused his learned leisure. Madame Ducero, too, passes by, contrasting in her mind the troubled days in Hayti, the pricking of the murderous swords, as she hid in deadly terror, and the peace and security of the hospitable home, where she has such untroubled intercourse with her ducks, and where she can still chatter French with her kind host. All these memories and many more are in the air, and hover over the hearth, where we meet and dedicate fresh memorial garlands to two hundred years of honorable family life. Let us not, while memories, grave and gay, crowd upon us, of the lights and shadows that have played over the old home, fail to understand the solemnity of the rare privilege we enjoy, in being able to look back through so many generations of ancestors without a stain—honorable men and women, from the first Zachary of 1694, through his chivalrous son, and his son, the patriot and soldier, whose examples point us to what is generous, noble and high. The intimate knowledge of such as they were becomes, as has been said, an "external conscience," whose office it is to aid the internal. An English bishop says: "It is because we see on the faces of others the condemnation of anything of which we ought to be ashamed in ourselves that we are able to trample down many temptations and to hold steadily to high lines of conduct." How strong is this influence when those faces

are those of our near kindred, of whom we think as so close to ourselves in nature and sympathy. It gives us a clearer view of the truth that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; to realize what our ancestors have been to us, in transmitting their name untarnished, and what we should be to each other, and to them in keeping that sacred trust. Let us value the old place, still in our family, about which such memories cluster so that they are not likely to be lost or weakened; and let us cherish the elevating thought that our lives, that seem so short and small, are not isolated fragments, but closely fitted parts of a noble whole, of which we ought to make them worthy.

Surely it would be a base soul that would consent to mar with one discordant note, a story which is, to borrow the fine language of a gifted author, "among the meanings of noble music."

Dr. Richmond Lewis.

(LARGELY FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF MARY OVERTON LEWIS, HIS NIECE.)

DR. RICHMOND LEWIS, OF BRECKNOCK.

THE outline of Dr. Lewis's life is found in "Virginia Genealogies" — under the record of the Lewis family. But in it striking points of narrative are few or none. His life, unlike that of some of his kinsmen of the same name and generation, was too happy to have a history, and the impress he left on society was made more by the exercise of his social virtues and accomplishments—by what he *was* in character and mind—than by achievements in public life, such as marked the career of those referred to, who were brilliant in court or camp. The attempt of this sketch is only to make a pen-picture of him, to recall him as he appeared to those who knew him in daily intercourse. He was not only an accomplished and successful physician, but a man of great mental polish and social attractiveness. A difficulty of speech in childhood, which, it was apprehended, would prevent his ever speaking easily, was so entirely removed in the course

of his education that he was a brilliant conversationalist—fluent and elegant in his own language and in French, of which he was very fond. He lived, while pursuing his medical education, in Philadelphia, in a French family, that he might speak the language habitually; and it was his practice to speak French at his table, to his daughters, who, inheriting the Lewis taste for linguistic study, were interested students of several languages. A picturesque and characteristic episode in the family life of Bel-air (the coming and residence among them of a French refugee from Hayti, Madame Ducero, who ended her life among the Lewises and is buried at Bel-air) may have turned his taste in the direction of French language and literature. One who knew him says "he was exceedingly polished and elegant in his manners and courteous, as were all the gentlemen of his family, not only in general society but also at home"—not thinking that the familiarity of family intercourse should be a reason for neglect or want of politeness to the home circle, but making his home life beautiful with the grace that was the natural expression of his own refined mind and heart. The same person says: "I have never known any gentlemen so elegantly courteous in their own families as those Lewises." Of course he was universally popular and admired and beloved in the families in which he practiced. The confidence of his patients in his skill was shown by his being sent for once in a case where there was alarm, and being brought, since he was disabled by an accident, not only all the way to the house in a carriage, but carried up to the sick room in the arms of two negro men. His practice was very large, keeping him quite busy, and being the means of acquiring a large property. In his attention to it he was very diligent and

systematic, and also in attending to the details of the farming at his place, Brecknock. He was particular even in so small a thing as the management of a forge, where the negro blacksmith was required to keep exact account of everything done each day, and to bring it to the house in the evening to be set down by Dr. Lewis or by some of the family. Of course he had no time for personal attention to his farm, but his overseer was required to report to him the necessary details. He was orderly in the extreme, even in the smallest thing—not allowing so much as a gate-latch to be out of repair. I have heard he would dismount from his horse or leave his carriage to replace a rail that was out of place and looking disorderly on the road. In regard to his person, he was as particular as in other things; his dress being always neat and elegant, without seeming to give him a moment's thought after he was once dressed. He always retained, even after the fashion had begun to change, the dainty shirt frills and queue which belonged to the dress of the gentlemen of his period. He was devoted to reading, as were all of his family, and on coming home from his riding he would refresh himself with it as a recreation, becoming so absorbed in his book that when spoken to he required a moment or so to rouse his attention to what was being said. Sympathetic with young life, and fond of children, his gracious and genial manner encouraged his children to play practical jokes on him in his moments of abstraction. Once one of them, with her cousin Elizabeth, I think, carefully prepared, early in spring, when strawberries were blooming, some little sour pink oak balls, and full of amusement at his coming surprise, handed them to him in a leaf, asking if he didn't want some strawberries. He looked up smiling, answering

"Strawberries? I did not know they were up yet." And looking at the pretty shams in their leafy setting, he said: "No. Seeing they are so few, I don't think I will take any" —his simplicity and kindness unconsciously turning the joke on the saucy little maids.

Dr. Lewis's manner, and that of his brother John, to children and young people, being entirely free from stiffness and full of sympathy and cordial interest, won them strongly, and its grace brought the younger members of the family within the charm and influence of these two accomplished men. Their brother Addison was so grave and stately as to overawe the children, and they were afraid of him—even his own. He seemed unable, while perfectly kind and polite, to condescend to the low estate of the little ones, so as to entertain them and put them at ease. He always kept his library locked, and did not seem to direct his children's reading. Their natural bent towards the usual food of the Lewis intellect asserted itself, however, and they became reading and intelligent people, congenial companions to their father. Far different was the beautiful and happy intercourse between the other brothers, Richmond and John, and their children. The tastes of the matured and cultivated minds were naturally and delightfully transmitted to the bright and eager ones that were glad to follow in paths where they were so charmingly led; and the enthusiasm of the younger minds, we may be sure, kept fresh in the older that evergreen quality of immortal youth, which is a mark of genius *and of the Lewises.*

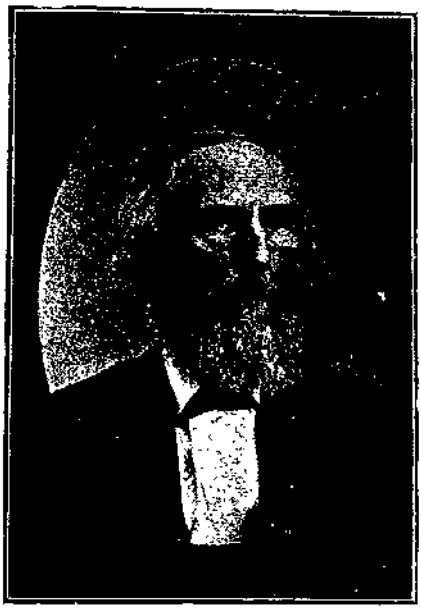
Dr. Lewis's wife used to encourage games of romping among her children, a fact which seems strange in connection with her own grave and stately style and the unbending ideas of propriety as well as principle in which she so

carefully reared them. But this had its root, with much of the seriousness which made her presence somewhat awe-inspiring, in the sorrow that darkened her life in the loss of her older children, and made her more anxiously thoughtful of the cultivation of the physical powers of those who were left. But they understood that all of such sports must stop in the house when Dr. Lewis needed rest after his arduous labors, and his little niece, Bet, poured out to him her feelings with a familiarity and confidence, expressing perfectly her intimacy and his affectionate understanding—but very different probably from what the little lady would have dared in the presence of her Aunt Betsey's austere dignity—"I'm so glad when you go away, because when you are here we can't play bear!" Another anecdote of this lively niece's playing on her gentle uncle's confidence gives another glimpse of the happy life at Brecknock. She dressed herself to personate a beggar—forgetting such small incongruities as her gold ring and delicate slippers, and all closely bonneted and duly, and, as she thought, consistenly shabby, presented herself at the door, to which her knock brought the Doctor from his reading, while the group of girls, her fellow-conspirators, watched the interview from an adjoining room with eager delight. The kindness of his benevolent manner to the unworthy beggar, his inviting her to come in and sit down, his secret uneasiness about contagion being possibly brought into the house, his asking her name, and her desperate rising to the unexpected emergency with "Jenny Collad," were morsels of rapture to the laughing group of girls, and when he at last told her with great kindness that as it did not suit the family to entertain her at night, she might get shelter at the tavern with the money he gave her—a shout of delight revealed to the astonished Doctor his mischievous niece betrayed.

His genial and winning manner would not have had the charm it possessed if it had not been felt by those who knew him that behind it there was the high character of a stainless gentleman, integrity and sense of honor and inviolable truth. It is a pleasure to remember that the setting was worthy of the jewel, the personal beauty was equal in its way to that of the mind and soul within. He was tall and handsome, erect and graceful, with brown laughing eyes, and brown hair with sunshine in it, and the patrician outline of feature and noble poise of the fine head, which is shown in the only likeness of him remaining. It is pleasant to weave for his memory a garland of remembrances of him which are so fragrant; to come as near as we can to looking upon him, to feeling the influence of his noble presence, the brilliant expression of his cultivated mind, the refined and kindly manner. It is seemly to do this and to feel grateful for the example that has been left to us by him and by others whom he influenced—with which it is impossible to come in contact without feeling its elevating power. This pen-sketch has accomplished what made it worth while to write it and to listen to it, if it has proved even such an outline as would furnish us, through his memory, with another impulse of inspiration to keep our ideals as high as were those of our forefathers, of whom Dr. Richmond Lewis was a typical representative, having the race-characteristics strongly and beautifully marked.

Rev. Cadwallader Lewis.

BY HIS SON, JOHN A. LEWIS, OF GEORGETOWN, KY.



REV. CADWALLADER LEWIS, OF BEL-AIR, FRANKLIN CO., KY.

CADWALLADER Lewis was the second child and the eldest son of John and Jean Wood Lewis, of Llangollen, Spotsylvania county, Virginia. He had five brothers and six sisters, all of whom lived to manhood and womanhood. The subject of this sketch was born at Bel-air, Spotsylvania county, Virginia, the homestead of his paternal grandfather, Colonel Zachary Lewis, Jr., on November 5, 1811. Col. Zachary Lewis, Jr., his grandfather, belonged to a distinguished family of Lewises, who traced their descent in direct line to Zachary Lewis, of Brecknock, in Wales, who immigrated to Virginia about 1694, and settled in King and Queen county.

Col. Zachary Lewis, Jr., was a gentleman highly respected in his community, a man of fortune and of polite educa-

tion. He was a student with Thomas Jefferson at William and Mary College.

After completing his education, he enlisted in the colonial army and was for sometime stationed with Col. George Washington, afterwards Gen. George Washington, at Fort Cumberland. He was commissioned a captain of infantry in the colonial army Febuary 17th, 1758. His original commission is still in the hands of his family and is signed by Robert Dinwiddie, his Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of Virginia. Col. Lewis was a mess-mate and intimate friend of Col. Washington. According to Mr. Brock, the Virginia historian, Col. Zachary Lewis, Jr., was a captain and a colonel in the Continental line during the Revolutionary War. Col. Lewis married Ann Overton Terrell, of Louisa county, Virginia. John Lewis, the father of Cadwallader Lewis, was the second son of Col. Zachary Lewis, Jr. He was a gentleman of the old school, remarkable for his ripe scholarship—highly cultivated, courteous and dignified in manner. A lawyer by profession, yet a teacher, by choice, all of his life of a private classical school of very high order. Soon after the birth of his son, Cadwallader, he removed to his own home, Llangollen, a farm which adjoined the estate of his father in Spotsylvania county, Virginia. Here he lived for nearly twenty years, reared his family of twelve children and conducted a classical school for the preparation of young men for college. His school was very popular, and was filled with the sons from the best families of Virginia. He moved from Virginia to Kentucky about 1832, located on a farm which he called Llangollen, near Frankfort, Ky , where he conducted a school of the same order as in Virginia until his death, which occurred in 1858. Among the young men

he educated in his school, both in Kentucky and Virginia, were quite a number who, in after years, became distinguished in the history of their State. John Lewis was an elegant and forcible writer—he wrote much for the current literature of his day, besides he wrote two or three books, one of them, entitled "Young Kate or the Rescue, a Tale of the Great Kanawha," a well written and very readable novel. He was a captain of cavalry during the war of 1812, and did duty along the Potomac river. At the age of 24 years he married Jean Wood Daniel, a daughter of Mr. Travers Daniel, of Crows Nest, Stafford county, Virginia.

Travers Daniel was a man of gentle lineage and of the highest respectability and education. His grandmother was Hannah Ball, the half-sister of Mary Ball, the mother of Gen. Washington. The Daniel family was one of the most respected and best known familes in Virginia and numbers among its members not a few who have been distinguished in the history of Virginia. Jean Wood Lewis was a worthy daughter of this worthy family, and was in every way suited to be the wife of the scholarly John Lewis, of Llangollen.

The childhood and youth of Cadwallader Lewis were spent at his home, Llangollen, Spotsylvania county, Virginia. His preparatory education was conducted entirely by his father, with the exception perhaps of one year, which he spent in the school of Rev. Hugh Boggs, a teacher of reputation in the same neighborhood, where he was sent to perfect his Greek. John Lewis never esteemed himself a critical Greek scholar. Cadwallader Lewis early manifested a love for books and was of studious habit. Some monthly school reports, still preserved,

given to him by his father at a very early age, indicate his studiousness and proficiency. Although of delicate constitution always, and of slender physique, yet he was ever fond of the manly outdoor sports. When a boy he took great pleasure in hunting, trapping and fishing, especially fox hunting. He prided himself on being an expert swimmer and skater. In his later years of life nothing gave him more pleasure than to revert to the scenes of his boyhood, when he roamed over the fields and forests of old Spotsylvania. He never lost his affection for Virginia and her people, and several times in after years revisited the home of his childhood.

At the age of nineteen he was sent to the University of Virginia to complete his education. His cousin, Alexander Holladay, who had been his classmate in his father's school, accompanied him and was his roommate. Mr. Holladay afterwards became a distinguished lawyer of Virginia, and was representative from his district in the United States Congress.

He entered the senior class in mathematics and the languages without difficulty, and the professors reported to his father that he and Mr. Holladay were among the best prepared students who had ever entered the University. His monthly reports, still in existence, sent to his father indicate that his class standing was perfect, his deportment perfect, absent never. Letters written to his father told him of his constant application to his work, tells him of his translating Greek and Latin into English, and English into Greek and Latin, and says it will require six hours hard study to-day to complete my lessons. His letters from the University to his mother clearly indicate his love of home and affectionate interest in the family.

He once told the writer of this sketch that toward the close of the session at the University, one of the students ventured to ask Dr. Gesner Harrison as to the relative standing of the students in the Latin class. He said Dr. Harrison answered promptly, "I can tell you that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Holladay will be found near the top." He remained at the University but one year, the session of 1830–31. He completed the course in ancient and modern languages and mathematics, some other studies were unfinished, consequently he did not receive a degree. He returned home at the close of his college year, and that fall he determined to try his fortune in the West. He came out to Covington, Kentucky, and taught a select school in that city for one year. From Covington he went to Georgetown, Kentucky, where he took charge of the preparatory department of Georgetown College, then under the Presidency of Joel S. Bacon. While engaged in teaching here he began the study of medicine, which he prosecuted vigorously for two years, under the tutelage of Dr. Henry Craig. His health, which had never been robust, now completely failed, and he determined to abandon teaching and the study of medicine, and by the advice of his physician engaged in farming. His father had recently moved from Virginia to Kentucky and located at Georgetown, but had purchased a farm in Franklin county, about seven miles east of Frankfort. To this place his son, Cadwallader, removed about 1835 and engaged in farming for his father until about 1840, when, having purchased a small place adjoining his father's, he moved upon it. In the meantime, February 13, 1839, he had married Miss Elizabeth Henry Patteson, the daughter of Alexander Patteson, of Clover Hill, Prince Edward county, Virginia. Clover Hill, the residence of

Col. Patteson, was afterward made the county seat of the new county of Appomattox, and became the historic Appomattox Court House. Mrs. Patteson, at the death of her husband in Virginia, had moved with her family to Kentucky and located near the Forks of Elkhorn, but a few miles distant from the home of Cadwallader Lewis. His marriage to Miss Elizabeth H. Patteson proved to be an exceedingly fortunate one. She was a woman in every way suited to be the helpmate of an ambitious, industrious and struggling young man. She was a cultivated woman of very decided character, quiet, plain, unobtrusive, very domestic in her tastes and the personification of industry. In later years she united with the Baptist Church, became a devout Christian of unfaltering faith. Her highest happiness was found in her home, surrounded by her children. This couple began their married life in very straightened circumstances, and literally carved out their own fortune. Only a few acres of land were theirs, and these not paid for; the farm was not only small but poorly improved, the house indifferent and was bare of everything except the plainest furniture. It was absolutely necessary for them to labor with their own hands and practice the most rigid economy, that they might enjoy the plainest comforts of life. Cadwallader Lewis, for a number of years, labored industriously upon his farm, planting, sowing, reaping, felling trees, building fences, anything and everything which was to be done he did not hesitate to do. His wife was not a whit behim in industry. She cared for her children, made their clothing, sewed, knitted, did domestic work, attended to her garden, raised poultry, took care of the dairy, she was busy from morning until night. They both seemed to have ambition to become independent in life, to educate

well their children, and to build for themselves a comfortable home. After years of toil this was finally accomplished. When Cadwallader Lewis died, in 1882, he left one of the handsomest farms in Central Kentucky, upon which was a capacious and comfortable modern dwelling, furnished with all that was necessary to insure real comfort and happiness. His children enjoyed the best educational advantages afforded by Kentucky. This couple lived together for forty-three years and were not long separated in death, the husband dying in 1882, the wife in 1887—both died suddenly. There were born to them seven children, five sons and two daughters, one son and one daughter dying in infancy—four sons and one daughter are living now. Two sons, William J. and Waller H. Lewis, reside upon and are the owners of the family homestead, Bel-air, in Franklin county. They are substantial and respected citizens, members of Providence, their father's old church, model farmers and and breeders of fine stock. Waller H. is unmarried, William J. married Miss Louise Wallace, of Woodford county, Kentucky, they have two daughters. Charles Cadwallader Lewis is a very successful physician, highly respected and lives near Stamping Ground, Scott county, Kentucky. He married Miss Letitia Barron, of Owensboro, Kentucky, and they have four children, one daughter and three sons. Mary P. Lewis is unmarried and lives with her brothers at the home place. She is a member of Providence, her father's old church, and is deeply devoted to the interests of the church and community in which her father lived and labored so long. She is one of the pillars of the church, and is the pastor's best friend. She is the worthy successor of her worthy father.

John A. Lewis, the writer of this sketch, is the second

son, a physician of twenty-five years practice in Georgetown, Kentucky. He married Miss M. J. Scott, of Franklin county, Kentucky. He has four children living, two sons and two daughters.

The children of Cadwallader Lewis are all members of the Baptist Church, the faith so loved and so honored by their useful and respected father. In 1844, while still engaged in farming, the most important event in the life of Cadwallader Lewis occurred. He was converted to Christianity, under the preaching of Rev. B. F. Kenny, a Baptist minister, and united with the church at Buck Run, Franklin county, Ky. This church was located within two miles of his home. He had not been reared a Baptist, his father was a Presbyterian, his mother had been brought up in the Episcopal Church, but having examined carefully the doctrines of the different denominations for himself, he gave his adhesion to the Baptist faith, from which he never turned away in life or faltered, but became one of its most uncompromising and able defendants. He once told the writer that when a small boy, his father, when on a visit to Fredericksburg, Virginia, took him to the jail and showed him the bars through which Lewis Craig, the old Baptist divine, had preached while in prison. He remarked that this made a powerful impression upon his mind, and was one of the influences which prejudiced him in favor of the Baptists. This may seem too insignificant a matter to have borne any part in the determination of so grave a question, yet when viewed in connection with the well-known intense feeling of Cadwallader Lewis against anything like religious intolerance, it is not improbable that it may have had some weight in determining him towards that church which had battled so long and so uncompromisingly for religious freedom.

He was ordained to the Gospel ministry in the Baptist Church in 1846.

His first work in the ministry was done as a supply to the Frankfort Church and several other small churches in the surrounding country. In 1848 he accepted the care of the Versailles and Glens Creek Baptist churches, both located in Woodford county, the county adjoining the one in which he lived—the churches were distant from his home, one ten and the other fourteen miles.

At Versailles he succeeded Dr. Wm. F. Broadus, at Glens Creek, the Rev. John L. Waller. He preached continually and acceptably to the Versailles Church until December, 1864, when upon his way to fill an appointment his horse fell upon the ice, throwing him off and fracturing his thigh near the hip joint. The injury was of the most serious nature; he was in bed for four months and on crutches for two years. He was ever after a cripple, his limb was shortened and his knee joint left stiff—yet he managed to walk very quickly and with but slight halting by the aid of a cane. This injury caused him to resign the care of Versailles Church. Previous to this he had given up the care of Glens Creek Church to take charge of Providence, a new church organized near his home in Franklin county.

His crippled condition so interfered with his activity as a minister that he was induced to accept the position of Professor of Theology and Belle-lettres in Georgetown College. Although he had not taught for years, he gave the most pefect satisfaction as a teacher and greatly endeared himself to both the faculty and students of the college. But after four years he became restless and decided to return to his fuli work in the Gospel ministry, and just as

soon as he felt his health sufficiently restored for active work he resigned his professorship and took up the full work of a pastor again. He accepted a call as pastor of the Great Crossings Church, Scott county, Kentucky, where he preached for five years. He had never relinquished the pastorate of Providence, but preached to this church continually from its organization, in 1857, until his death, in 1882--twenty-five years.

While suffering from his broken limb, he began to preach to this church just as soon as he was able to go about on crutches, and he frequently preached sitting in his chair. After a pastorate of five years at the Great Crossings he resigned to take charge of the Mount Vernon church in Woodford county, where he preached until the day of his death. His pastorate extended over a period of 36 years; beginning in 1846, ending in 1882. During that time he had charge of only five churches, preaching at Versailles 16 years—Glens Creek about 11 years—Providence 25 years—Great Crossings 5 years and Mount Vernon 12 years.

No church of which he was the pastor ever gave him up without a protest. His pastorial work for these churches was all done while he lived at his own home in Franklin county. The churches were located from eight to fourteen miles distant, except Providence, which was about one mile.

Although he lived so far away he did a great deal of pastorial work among his churches. In going to and from them he rode horseback until his accident. He was a splendid horseman, always rode a good horse; he preferred this mode of travel. He rarely missed an appointment with one of his churches. Neither heat or cold, snow or rain ever

deterred him. As a pastor he was a model. His membership were exceedingly fond of him—and he was devoted to every family and individual in his church.

He visited the rich and poor, treating all alike, making himself agreeable to all, accommodating himself to his surroundings. His visits were looked forward to with the greatest pleasure by those who expected his coming; he was a charming conversationalist and fireside companion; his cultivated and well-stored mind enabled him to instruct, entertain and amuse all with whom he came in contact.

If there were any sick in his congregation, he was found by the bedside to administer consolation; if any were in trouble, he was there to advise; if any were in want, he was there to assist. Annually, at least, he held protracted meetings with his churches; often he did the entire preaching himself, at other times he had some visiting brother to assist him. He was very popular and successful as a revivalist, and his services were much in demand for holding protracted meetings by the churches in Central Kentucky.

During his long pastorate hundreds were brought to Christ under his preaching. During his ministry he received a number of calls from city churches, offering him handsome salaries, but he always declined, refusing to leave his home in the country, to which he was unalterably attached.

But he was not only a successful pastor, but also a preacher of the highest order. In the pulpit he was commanding in appearance, dignified in manner, impressive in address. Being of a highly nervous temperament, he became easily enthused with whatever subject was before him; his whole nature was aroused, his utterances

came from the heart, and were fervid, earnest, direct, convincing. He was fluent in speech, ornate in style, pure in diction, convincing in logic. There was nothing of the dull, monotonous routine style about his preaching. The elegant preacher and barrister, John Bryce, regarded him as the first orator in the Kentucky pulpit. His texts were carefully selected, and were always appropriate to the occasion; his sermons were carefully prepared, and breathed of the atmosphere of every day life, being full of illustrations drawn from what he saw transpiring around him. He was never sensational, and yet never commonplace; he was always orthodox—never tending close even to the border line. He died fully believing in the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and I am glad of it. I sincerely wish I had never heard that the world was created in six geological periods, instead of six literal days of twenty-four hours each. The science of geology may be the gainer, but theology is only the more confused.

He rarely ever wrote out a sermon in full, yet he did do this upon occasions, when appointed to preach before large religious bodies upon important subjects. He preached nearly entirely from notes; the subject was carefully studied and mapped out in divisions and subdivisions, making a complete skeleton sermon. Hundreds of these sermons, carefully prepared, were left among his papers. In speaking he rarely referred to his notes, and you would scarcely notice that he had them before him. His style of preaching must have been attractive, for his congregations were always large and appreciative. Those who heard him once went away impressed, and never failed to hear him again, when opportunity offered.

Whenever he preached at associations he attracted large crowds, and his sermons were always favorably commented upon. Toward other Christian denominations he was exceedingly charitable, and he was always upon the most intimate and friendly terms with them. Some of his very best friends and greatest admirers were found among the other denominations. They frequented his churches and he was often invited to preach from their pulpits.

But it must not be supposed that he was alone popular with the church people. He was greatly beloved and admired by those who had no church connections, and some of his very best friends were among the men of the world. Among the distiguished politicians of Kentucky, with whom he was intimately acquainted and who were his friends, were Hon. Thos. F. Marshall, Hon. John J. Crittenden, Gov. Charles S. Morehead, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Gov. John W. Stevenson, Senators James B. Beck and J. C. S. Blackburn. In company with one of the lady members of his church he visited Hon. Thos. F. Marshall just a few days before he died.

Although his principal work was the gospel ministry, yet his entire life as a minister was spent upon his farm, and during twenty years of that time he was engaged in farming, and gave it his personal attention. He was an excellent farmer, industrious, intelligent, successful—not content to follow in the furrows ploughed by the fathers, he was quick to observe any valuable innovation in the science of agriculture, and ready to give it a practical test. He was not chimerical, running wild about every new thing, but was ready always to adopt any new mode of cultivation which proved to be an ad-

vance on the old. His farm was cultivated after the most approved methods. I never knew a more industrious, painstaking, careful farmer. He took no chance—hoping by accident things might work out all right. He looked ahead—made the proper efforts to bring about results, labored to an end—had a purpose in view and was rarely disappointed. His farm was kept in excellent order, weeds and briars were destroyed, fields fertilized, waste places enriched, washes filled up, fences were straightened and put in order with as much care as if he had been a modern political aspirant for return to office. His vigilance was ceaseless, his eyes everywhere, he was constantly on the alert to see if he could add something to the beauty of his farm or its fertility. He took especial interest in the breeding of thoroughbred cattle, horses and sheep. His farm was stocked with the purest strains of stock. He was thought to be, by very competent judges, the best authority on the pedigrees of Durham cattle in Kentucky. As a judge of horses he had few superiors. Under a nom de plume, he wrote many highly interesting and able articles for the leading agricultural and stock papers of his State. Numbers of them attracting so much attention that they were copied by every prominent journal of the kind in the United States. He had liberal offers from several editors of stock papers to become a paid correspondent, but refused them all, and only wrote as a pastime to give the public the benefit of what he knew.

In the midst of a multiplicity of cares he found time to take an interest in whatever promised to promote the welfare of his community. He was a public spirited citizen, an advocate of better schools and a promoter of

charities. Although taking no prominent part in politics, yet he had pronounced political views. In his early life he was a Jeffersonian Democrat, and an earnest supporter and admirer of Gen. Jackson. In 1855 he left the Democratic organization and gave his adherence to the Native American Party. In the Presidential Campaign of 1860 he voted for Bell and Everett. He was a firm believer in State Rights, and from the beginning was in full sympathy with the South in the troubles that led to the Civil War, and with heart and soul espoused the cause of his native State, Virginia, and of the Confederacy. He was frequently in danger of arrest by the Federal Military authorities in Kentucky, and after the invasion of the State by Gen. Bragg, in 1862, he felt that it would not be safe for him to remain after the retreat of the Confederate Army. With his son, Waller H. Lewis, he went South and remained several months. Being assured of protection by some influential friends who adhered to the Union cause, he was permitted to return to his home unmolested. On his way back to Kentucky from the South he had to pass through Fentress county, Tennessee, the home and retreat of the famous bush whacker, Champ Ferguson. He and his party, consisting of his son and two friends, fell into the hands of this outlaw and no doubt would have been robbed or murdered, had it not been for a letter and a pass from Gen. John C. Breckinridge, and some shrewd diplomacy on the part of Cadwallader Lewis, he being spokesman for the company.

But perhaps Cadwallader Lewis was seen best in his country home, surrounded by his family and friends. No man was ever more attached to his home or extended a more unbounded hospitality. Home and friends were more than

all else on earth to him. He loved the country, the forests, the fields, the hills, the valleys, the landscape, the streams, the sunset, all delighted his soul and were sources of inspiration to him. When at home he was never idle, he worked with head and hand. There was no end to his reading; he read history, poetry, the current literature of the day, religious literature, studied much, and kept a diary of every day in the year. He was not a voluminous writer, was the author of no books, yet he wrote frequently for the religious and secular papers.

His writings clearly show him to be one of the clearest thinkers and most logical writers of his day.

Besides all this, he cultivated flowers, made improvements about his place, overlooked his stock, consulted and advised his sons about their farm work.

It was remarkable how he retained his knowledge of the classics and mathematics. To the day of his death he could translate Latin easily and fluently, was a good Greek scholar, and as a mathematician he had few equals. He seemed to have an especial talent for this science. He could solve rapidly in his head the most intricate problems. He was a modest man, in honor always preferring others. There is nothing found among his papers which savors the least of egotism, never speaking of himself, or of what he had done. Howard College, Alabama, conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him. Among his papers was found a letter declining the degree, on the ground that he did not feel worthy of it. This degree he said "should not be conferred except upon the erudite, I do not feel that I am entitled to it." Whether he ever sent this letter to the board of the college I do not know, but he certainly contemplated doing so. Unceasing toil at last began to tell on his.

naturally frail constitution. About five years before his death his health became exceedingly delicate. Rarely in bed but never well, his face indicated that he was a sufferer. His old enemy, dyspepsia, which was really his life-long "thorn in the flesh," gave him constant discomfort. His nervous system deeply sympathized, and his heart gave undoubted evidence of disease. It soon became apparent that he had organic disease of the heart, and he was so informed by his physician. He was not the least perturbed, but said he knew he was approaching the end. He had a dread of a lingering illness, and often expressed himself as being anxious to die quickly. Notwithstanding his delicate health, and contrary to the advice of his physician and earnest protest of his family, he persisted in filling his regular appointments. He frequently fell exhausted in the pulpit. He very often preached sitting in a chair. He said he would die with his armour on. On April 22, 1882, he bid farewell to his loved ones and left his home, never to return in life again. He left, as he frequently did, on Saturday, to visit one of his members, Mr. Macolm Thompson, of the Mount Vernon Church, who lives near Payne's Depot, in Scott county, Kentucky, expecting to spend the night with him, and the following Sabbath to fill his appointment to preach at his church. He arrived that afternoon, spent the evening with the family, was exceedingly cheerful and agreeable, retired to his room about nine o'clock; at ten he felt very badly, called the family and gave them some directions as to what to do for relief for his oppression, but before they could do anything he fell back gasping for breath, and in a moment the spirit of Cadwallader Lewis had returned to the God who gave it. On a table by his bedside were found the notes of the sermon he expected to preach from

the next day at Mount Vernon. The text was, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"—1 Corinthians, 15–26—and the closing hymn which he had selected was, "Asleep in Jesus." His funeral was preached at Providence church, in Franklin county, by his life-long and devoted friend, Dr. Wm. M. Pratt, from the text "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." He was buried in the cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky, and thus ended, at the age of 71 years, the useful and eventful life of Cadwallader Lewis, the loving husband, the affectionate father, the faithful minister, the upright citizen. The writer feels that it would not be inappropriate to close this paper by giving a few quotations from the many things which others said of him after his death.

"Thus passed from our midst one who filled a most important position in all the relations of life. Devoted as a father, beloved as a minister, he was esteemed by all as a friend and neighbor.

"A great man has gone from the earth. A truer man I have never known." A. B. Miller.

"In physic he was lofty, erect and active. His sharply defined features and his penetrating eye bespoke the vigor and decision of the man. He was fearless in spirit, honest in convictions and aggressive in nature. He was a thorough and devoted Baptist, and he was always ready to enter the arena of debate to defend our principles. His skill as a controversialist was of high order, and his adversaries found him hard to handle. His pen was ready and wielded with great valor for the truth."

"He was a preacher of real ability. He was easy in utterance, clear in statement, right in illustration and fer-

vent in delivery. He was a faithful pastor and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and admiration of his people. By birth, association and principle, Dr. Lewis was a gentleman. His christian character was exalted, spotless, mighty for good."

"A mind naturally strong and clear, thoroughly trained, enabled him to grapple with and apprehend thoroughly the most difficult theological questions; a memory stored with the rich treasures of ancient and modern learning—a glowing imagination that clothed even the dryest subjects with beautiful and charming imagery, a courage that never hesitated in the discharge of duty—a heart peculiarly sympathetic, and ever affected by the sorrows of suffering humanity, were all fully and entirely consecrated to the promotion of the cause and extension of the kingdom of Christ upon earth."

George Wythe Lewis.

BY HIS SON GEO. A. LEWIS.

GEORGE WYTHE Lewis was the second son of John and Jean Wood Lewis and was born at the old family homestead, Llangollen, in Spotsylvania county, Virginia, on the 9th day of February, 1815. His boyhood was spent upon the farm in the Old Dominion, and those years constituted a bright spot in his memory, as he always spoke of his old home there with the greatest affection, and nothing gave him more pleasure than several visits to the scenes of his childhood in after years. His smallness of statue and spare build seems to have been a cross to him when a lad, for he once told the writer how greatly offended he became at his uncle, Dr. Richmond Lewis, of Brecknock, when, on one occasion he was riding behind his father on horseback, they met that gentleman on the road, and stopping for a short conversation his uncle did not at first discover his presence, but when he did exclaimed: "Why, Master George, I thought your leg, protruding from under your

father's coat tail, was his umbrella staff." As a little fellow he became interested in the genealogy of his family and in the pursuit of light on the subject asked some odd questions of his parents. On one occasion he said to his father, "If Uncle Richmond's black mare, Sally Tally, was your black horse, would that make Uncle Richmond my pa?"

He never enjoyed the privilege of a collegiate course but received from his father, who was one of the best instructors of the young in his day, a thorough and comprehensive education, and, like all of his family, was a constant reader and kept fully up with the literature of his day—employing his leisure moments during the day and by his own fireside at night with some new book or recent periodical—and at the time of his death had accumulated quite a large library of choice works.

When the subject of this sketch was fifteen years of age his father removed to Kentucky, settling first at Georgetown and then removing to a farm near Woodlake, in Franklin county. A few years after coming to Kentucky, George Wythe Lewis left home to make his way in the world. Going to Frankfort, he entered the dry goods store of Addison S. Parker, the leading merchant of the place, where he remained for several years. Having taken a deep interest in politics, he became indignant at his employer's objecting to his defending the party to which he belonged when charges were made against it by members of the opposite party who congregated in the store, and informed that gentleman that he was a free man, allowed no man to do his thinking for him and claimed the right to give expression to the opinions he might entertain on any and all occasions, and that his position might be considered vacant

at once—thus exhibiting that independence of spirit which was characteristic of him through life.

After clerking for a year or more in the stores of John L. Moore and Russell & Sneed, he became connected with the Frankfort Commonwealth in the capacity of reporter during the sessions of the Legislature and traveling representative of the paper during the summer. Later he went into the confectionery business, but had the misfortune to be twice burned out and was thus financially ruined. Removing his family to the country, he engaged in various pursuits—for a short time taking up the calling of his father, that of a teacher—but in 1853 was offered the position of cashier for his brother-in-law, Col. A. G. Hodges, then Public Printer and publisher of the Frankfort Commonwealth, which position he accepted and returned to Frankfort to reside. In this new situation he found occasion to use his pen in editorial work—writing much for the Commonwealth and also having editorial charge of the Kentucky Farmer.

In the spring of 1864 he and his oldest son, Joseph B. Lewis, purchased a printing office in Lexington, Kentucky, where they established a paper called the National Unionist, which enlarged his field for literary work. He wrote in a vigorous and emphatic style, being a man of strong convictions and earnest in the advocacy of them, and was rapidly taking rank with the leading writers of his day when his health failed. His constitution, which was never robust, gave way under the strain of constant work and the excitement of the times, and the star of his destiny, so rapidly ascending in the horizon of life, disappeared in the gloom of death.

When a child in Virginia, his nurse allowed him to get possession of some Palma Christi beans, which he ate, and

from the effects of which he narrowly escaped death at the time and was ever after a sufferer in the summer season. Of slight build, highly nervous temperament and delicate constitution, he could hardly be said to enjoy perfect health at any time for years before his death, though seldom confined to bed. After a lingering illness at his home in Lexington, in the summer of 1865, from which he had only partially recovered, upon the advice of his physician he started to Crab Orchard Springs in hopes that the water there would bring that relief which medicine had failed to afford. Accompanied by his pastor and friend, Rev. Joel K. Lyle, he traveled in a private conveyance and by easy stages, but when Danville was reached he was so much exhausted that an invitation from the Rev. Dr. Stephen Yerkes to spend the night at his home was accepted with the expectation that on the morrow he would be sufficiently refreshed to pursue his journey. But when morning came he had grown rapidly worse, and a physician called in during the night had told Rev. Mr. Lyle the end was near. His family was immediately notified and his devoted wife and third son, John Franklin, went to his bedside. He calmly and peacefully passed away on the 19th of July, in the 51st year of his age—a few days after his arrival in Danville. When told by his physician that he could not live, the only regret expressed was at leaving his family, and turning to Mr. Lyle he said: "Bishop, you are my spiritual adviser and I need your advice more now than ever." His last words being "If I only had the strength I would shout." His remains were taken to Frankfort and laid beside his second son, William Todd—the funeral being in charge of the Masonic fraternity, of which he had long been a member.

Old Aunt Fannie, who had been a faithful servant in the

family for years, seemed endowed with prophetic vision when, seeing Mr. Lewis depart for Crab Orchard, she remarked: "Dar now; de boss done gone awa' fum home sick, and I don't never 'spec ter see him come home 'live agin." Dear old soul, with a black skin and Christian heart, she, too, has crossed the dark river and sleeps in the "city upon the hill."

While George Wythe Lewis was stern and unyielding in his opinions, he was as gentle and tender-hearted as a woman in all matters of the affections and amenities of life. While differing from his family politically and estranged from almost every relative he had by the unhappy war between the sections—he being a staunch Union man while all the rest were in the Confederate army or sympathized with the South—that love of kindred and inborn affection every Virginian has for his native State burned as brightly in his heart up to the date of his death as when he first crossed the mountains to make his home in the Blue Grass country. Firm in his integrity, rigid in his determination to follow what he thought was right, he was the material of which martyrs are made. Those who knew him best loved him most, and his children delight to honor his memory.

On September 15th, 1840, he was married to Miss Mary J. Todd, of Frankfort—an earnest Christian lady, who since fourteen years of age had been a member of the Presbyterian Church. Shortly before their marriage he too united with that church and was ever after a prominent member, becoming a ruling elder and being elected once or twice to represent his Presbytery in the General Assembly of the United States. The result of his marriage was four sons. His beloved wife still lives with the children of her eldest

son (whom she raised after the death of their mother) in Bellepoint, a suburb of Frankfort. The record of their children is as follows:

1. Joseph Bullock, born July 16, 1841; was twice married, his first wife being Miss Emma C. Abbett, a first cousin of ex-Gov. Leon Abbett, of New Jersey, and a daughter of Rev. William McD. Abbett, a Methodist minister. They had four children, viz: Margaret Abbett, born August 14, 1865; William Abbett, born December 5, 1870; George Wythe, born March 13, 1875; a little daughter, born February, 1879, lived but a few hours. Margaret and Will. live in Bellepoint, near Frankfort—the former being a teacher by profession and the latter business manager and book-keeper in the Frankfort Roundabout office—while George Wythe is individual book-keeper in the Bank of Kentucky at Louisville. Jos. B. Lewis's second marriage was with Miss Keturah Thornton, of Versailles, and the result was two sons, viz: Maryon Todd, born October 12, 1885, and Alexander Thornton, born May 6, 1887. He lives with his wife and two youngest children in Versailles.

2. William Todd, born April 29, 1843; died July, 1844.

3. John Franklin, born November 9, 1844; married Miss Mary Sneed, of Frankfort, and has three sons, viz: James Sneed, born April 30, 1879; John Wythe, born March 24, 1881, and William Herndon, born January 2, 1883. He lives in Louisville, where he has been cashier of the Union Cement and Lime Company for twenty odd years.

4. George Alexander, born June 24, 1846; married Miss Alice Giltner, of Frankfort, but has no children. Lives in Frankfort, where he is engaged in the printing business—editing and publishing the Frankfort Roundabout and publishing the Kentucky Law Reporter.

Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Patteson.

BY THEIR SON WALTER L. PATTESON.

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened; no star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere; no life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be made purer and stronger thereby."

VERY little history is written on tombstones or in books. In fact, we might even say that all of it that is worth saving is written in human hearts and lives. I might say in the beginning of this sketch that Jean Wood Lewis was born, married, died, and give the places and dates, or as far as any real interest attaches to the places and dates apart from their connection with other things, I might leave them out entirely. But there are those in the world to-day to whom that name is a talisman and to whom the memory of her life is a constant benediction. It is not my purpose here to enter into those matters that are categorical or purely biographical, but will append hereto what is far more interesting than anything I could myself write —a brief and characteristic autobiographical sketch which she wrote for one of her children, and with it also a similar one written by my father, both of which are priceless treasures to their children. It will rather be my task to attempt, as best I may, to tell of her as I knew her and try to convey some idea of those qualities in her which made

MRS. JEAN WOOD PATTESON.

her beloved and which gave her such potent influence over all lives which came in contact with her's.

Rarely intelligent and gifted with a mental organism that responded promptly to every demand made upon it, she took an enthusiastic interest in all subjects which might engage the best thoughts of mankind. She was an incessant and intelligent reader and a close observer, so that whenever occasion arose she showed herself thoroughly informed, and yet the charm of her manner was its perfect simplicity and freedom from self-assertion. Not only was she well informed on many subjects, but she possessed the rare gift of imparting information in such a manner that the recipient was instructed without being made painfully conscious of her superiority or his own ignorance. She was especially happy in her ability to amuse and instruct children, and had an inexhaustible fund of stories drawn from history, mythology, folklore, fiction and Holy Writ, upon which she drew for our delectation, and of which we children never tired. Her manner of telling them was inimitable. We would gather about her of evenings and listen for hours at a time, often demanding a repetition of some favorite story or listening with delight to some new one that had been called to mind by a chance remark or some event of the day. Our first knowledge of the Scriptures was gained in this way, and the historic characters of the Old Testament became familiar to us long before we could read, while the sweet story of Bethlehem, the words and works of the Savior of mankind, and the tragedy of Calvary, which crowned the great work of man's redemption, sank deep into our young hearts, and the lessons implanted there bore rich spiritual fruits in the years that followed. Oftentimes she told us of her child-

hood in Old Virginia, and these stories had a peculiar charm for us. The places, the persons and the incidents so often pictured in words became impressed upon our memories and begot in us a love for them because she loved them, and in this way she held up to us the honorable examples of honorable ancestors and impressed upon us the lesson that we, who had as our natural heritage an unstained name and virtuous principles, could not afford to bring dishonor upon that name nor barter those principles for any mere personal gratification or worldly advantage. Her's was a peculiarly serene and amiable nature, as dear old Herrick has expressed it—

"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer day."

She seemed to have thoroughly mastered the art of making the best of her surroundings and properly valuing and enjoying the little things of life. She saw something to interest and instruct in the meanest weed that grew by the roadside as well as in the grandest triumph of science or art. Whether she went for a walk in the field or a journey to a distant city, she returned home richer in knowledge and thought and with some new wonder to unfold to us. We used to say that she saw everything, and we would listen with the keenest interest while she told of what she had seen in a day's visit to the city or some place in the neighborhood and commented in her quaint and original manner upon it. Her sense of humor was keen, and her relation of her experiences, while it often provoked our merriment, never savored of ill nature or unworthy ridicule. Always just, always charitable, she avoided the appearance of unkindness or thoughtlessness in her treatment of the ignorant or the unfortunate. If people were

weak or wicked, she always tried to find some excuse or palliating circumstance to fit each particular case without countenancing or excusing the act committed. I have often seen her indignant over some act of meanness, but never angry, never vindictive. Always pitiful, always ready, as she said, "to give the advantage of the doubt." It was this that made it so easy for an erring child to come to her and confess its wrong-doing, to be forgiven for the sin, pitied for the weakness and strengthened by gentle counsel against future temptation. And then she always trusted us. She would say, "My boy would not tell me a lie," or "I can trust my girl." She would never demand our confidence, but always seemed to await it as a matter of course, and we could not help telling her our secrets, because we felt somehow that we owed her this return for her unswerving loyalty to us. Her unshaken faith in us and her readiness to defend us at all times against aspersion or blame gave us self-respect and made us loth to do that which we felt would not bear her inspection. Her love of the beautiful and her habit of observation made her a close student of nature. She loved everything that grew beneath the sun, and our first lessons in botany, zoology and other natural sciences were learned when she told us of the wild flowers that covered the grand prairies or dotted the woodland of our beautiful State, or explained to us the habits of the birds and animals that we saw in our daily walks. She was quite proficient in music, and although an attack of bronchitis had almost destroyed her voice shortly after coming to Illinois, we children loved to have her sing to us the quaint old ballads she knew so well and accompany my father on a piano while he played the violin or flute. At sixty years of age she played with re-

markable accuracy and expression. In fact her memory was most remarkable. She never grew old, so far as failure of mental power was concerned. Her mind never lost its activity. Nothing pleased her better than to be called upon by her children to assist them in their studies. A knotty problem in algebra or geometry, or a peculiarly difficult bit of translation from the classics, would put her on her mettle, and she never would give up until she had mastered the matter in hand, for back of her quiet equanimity was as strong a determination as ever nerved a hero or a martyr. It was wonderful how amid the quiet and retired surroundings of a country home, and the crude civilization of a newly settled country, she kept her faculties alert and her mind bright, never losing but always growing and expanding, keeping abreast of the literature and thought of the time, and always retaining the sweet simplicity and modesty and the innate shrinking from publicity which no contact with the world could ever obscure or destroy. Her conversation was always charming because she had that "excellent thing in woman," a voice sweet and low, and never do I remember to have heard it raised in harsh tones of anger or unreasoning controversy. She could conduct an argument earnestly and enthusiastically, but a quarrel, never. She would never lose control of her temper. I have seen her under the most trying circumstances exhibit a self-control that seemed to me well-nigh miraculous. It is the sweetest memory we have that we never heard a harsh word from her lips. She was not naturally demonstrative, but her gentle and tender nature was rich in affection that somehow made itself felt rather than seen. We knew that our mother's love was around and about us, protecting and uplifting and strength-

ening us for the battles of life, and the memory of her counsel was an ever-present safeguard. She held fast to us through her sympathy with all our hopes and works and never allowed us to drift away from her. She was not alone a good mother; she was our wise counsellor, our firm friend, our strong leader, and our merry companion and play-mate, constant alike in joy and sorrow. It is hard to write these things, as they are impressed on my mind. Language does not rightly express them. A life like hers, so quiet and uneventful, and yet so rich in its fruitage, truly, as I said in the beginning, writes its history in hearts and lives, and not in books. We who knew her best, and who, as life goes on, are learning to know her better, and more and more to appreciate the beauty and completeness of her character and her life of loving sacrifice in our behalf, have no words that to us seem fit to tell her life-story. She was pure and gentle and tender, and noble and strong, always doing and thinking for others, seldom taking thought of self, happy in the enjoyment of all the good things of earth, patient under the most severe and constant suffering, and unswerving in her adherence to right. And so she lived, and so she died, for after a day of simple pleasure, in the company of loved ones, she lay down quietly upon her bed to awake no more on earth. She had often expressed a wish that she could pass away quietly in her sleep, and this wish, in God's good providence, was gratified. Heavily as the blow fell upon our hearts, we could not wish that it had been otherwise. It seemed to us rather transition than death, and so it seems to us still. We cannot lose her out of our lives, for the words she spoke and the deeds she did come back to us like so many messages from beyond the grave to tell us that death does

not end all, and that we shall see her again. We cannot but feel that her loving eye is still upon us and her firm, loving hand still leading us ever as in childhood; that she is still watching over us, approving and rejoicing in our successes, making allowance for our weaknesses and failures. I am often reminded of what Tennyson has said in his matchless elegy "In Memoriam:"

"Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide,
No inner vileness that we dread?

"Should he for whose applause I strove—
I had such reverence for his blame—
See with clear eyes some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

"I wrong the grave with fears untrue.
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great death;
The dead shall look me through and through.

"Be near us when we climb or fall;
Ye watch like God the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all."

I append below a short sketch written by my mother of her life. It is plainly but a skeleton upon which she expected to build a fuller narrative, but in itself it is characteristic in its simple statement of actual facts, with no attempt at display. I also add an autobiography of my father, which also deals only with a few important facts, because I believe that any sketch that included one without the other would be incomplete. Theirs was a true marriage of hearts and hands. Their lives were truly one, and

their characters were so nicely adjusted as to supplement each other at every point. In their tastes they were perfectly congenial; in their temperament totally opposite; the one calm, sedate, equable; the other all fire, energy and action. I cannot forbear, in introducing the autobiography of my father to pay a tribute, however brief, to his memory. He was, as I have said, a complete anti-type of my mother; and yet in their unswerving loyalty to a high standard of right and duty, and the fidelity with which they fulfilled all obligations of life, they were as one. My father's nature was naturally impetuous, and his whole frame, mental and physical, endowed with a nervous energy that was untiring. He was sensitive and proud to an unusual degree, generous to a fault, and the soul of honor. He had a horror of any kind of littleness, and meanness had no place in his composition. His hospitality was large and free, and extended not only to the chosen guests beneath his roof, but to the lowliest wayfarer that craved a meal or a night's lodging. He was a gentleman of the old school, courteous, kindly, and full of good will toward all mankind. His home to him was his castle, and like the knightly castles of old it was a refuge for all who sought it. His charities were many. In the practice of his profession he made no distinction between rich and poor, and I have known him to give not only his valuable time and services unstintedly in cases where there was no hope of remuneration, but to supply the means of subsistence to many a poor family through long weeks when the bread-winner lay stricken with disease. He was most conscientious in the discharge of all religious duties, and in all matters of public interest he was a valuable factor in the community. Thoroughly devoted to the

political principles which he held and always ready to intelligently defend his position, he was often called to take a leading part in political matters, but he never degenerated into a mere politician, nor strove after office. His neighbors trusted him and sought his advice in all kinds of affairs, and his influence was felt throughout the community. He was always diligent to assist in good works and perfectly fearless in denouncing and combating wrong. He held his honor above price, and his life was a living exemplification of his favorite maxim, "Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before God." He loved his books and his home above everything, and in the quiet pursuits of home life found his highest happiness. He was the most genial and companionable of men, full of odd humor that bubbled up and effervesced constantly in his conversation, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and a lively sense of the ridiculous that made him truly a laughing philosopher. At the same time he possessed one of the most sensitive natures that I have ever known, and many things that would seem trivial to a more common nature caused him the keenest suffering. We children loved him at first because he was so jolly and kind, so ready to join in our pranks, but we never lost a whit of our respect for him on that account. There was something about him that compelled respect, and he would not brook disobedience nor dereliction in duty. As we grew older we learned to appreciate him more and more at his true worth, and now that we have come to manhood and womanhood and have ourselves felt the responsibility of the parential relation, we thank the good fortune that brightened our childhood with his genial companionship and strengthened our characters and prepared us for the struggle of

life through his precept and example. He was a good physician, a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and throughout his whole life he "bore without reproach the grand old name of gentleman." Can I say more? I have presented here a very imperfect idea of my parents as I remember them. They are gone from me now, yet I cannot say that they are lost to me. With them have gone others, sisters, brothers and one little soul whose short existence here on earth made him seem but a messenger sent from beyond the dark river to bring back to us a message of love and promise. We who are left behind, while we sorrow, yet rejoice, for they left us with memories and hopes that bring smiles to chase away the tears, and we can truly say, as we lay our wreaths of memory upon the green mounds that hide their mortal dust, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

My mother died on the 15th of November, 1886, and my father on the first of December, 1889. He never recovered from the shock of her death, although he bore his grief with Christian resignation and manly fortitude. His death was also somewhat sudden, his last illness lasting but a day or two.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JEAN WOOD PATTESON.

I, Jean Wood Patteson, the fourth daughter and seventh child of John Lewis, was born on the 22d of September, 1822, at Llangollen, in Spotsylvania county, Virginia. In September of 1832, when I was ten years old, my father moved to Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky, where, with his brother, Rev. Addison M. Lewis, he had charge of a

large female academy. He lived in Georgetown nearly three years and then removed to a farm on Elkhorn, in Franklin county, about six miles from Frankfort, on the Georgetown and Frankfort turnpike. This place he named Llangollen, after his former residence in Virginia. Here he taught a private school, which I attended until I was about sixteen years old. At the age of eighteen and a half, I was married on the evening of the 24th of February, 1841, to Alexander Augustus Patteson, who lived then at the Forks of Elkhorn, near my father's house. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Achilles DeGrasse Sears, a minister of the Baptist denomination, and was the first marriage ceremony ever performed by him.

John Lewis, my father, was the son of Col. Zachary Lewis, of Bel-air, Spotsylvania county, Virginia, who was commissioned by Governor Dinwiddie at the same time with General Washington, and they were friends and at one time shared the same tent, and at parting exchanged swords. The sword given by Washington to my grandfather I have often seen, and my father at his death left it to his oldest grandson. Colonel Lewis married Anne Terrell, a lady of English descent, and they raised a large family, of whom my father was the third son. The founder of the Lewis family was Jean Louis, a French Huguenot, who fled from persecution at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes and settled in Wales. He afterwards became famous as a military man under the Duke of Marlborough and was made a field marshal and received the titles of Earl Ligonia and Baron Inniskillen as a reward for his bravery. His descendents settled in Virginia, and were some of them known in Revolutionary times, one branch being connected by marriage with the family of

Washington. My father, John Lewis, married Jean Wood Daniel, a daughter of Travers Daniel, of Crow's Nest, on the Potomac river, in Stafford county, Virginia, who was a grandson of Hannah Ball, the sister of Mary, the mother of Washington, and on the other side was descended from Sir Peter Daniel, who was High Sheriff of London. Travers Daniel married Frances Moncure, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman of Scotch descent, and they raised a large family of whom my mother was the youngest daughter.

I am past fifty-eight years old, have lived a quiet, uneventful, but mostly a happy life; have of course had some trials and difficulties to encounter, but have also had a great many blessings to be thankful for.

[Signed]

February 1, 1881. JEAN W. PATTESON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A. A. PATTESON, M. D.

At the request of my eldest son, Alexander Lilbourne Patteson, I undertake to write a brief sketch of the prominent incidents of my life, that my descendents may have some means of knowing who and what I have been and am. My name is Alexander Augustus Patteson. The reasons for my having so long and high-sounding a name are these: My father's name was Alexander. His first born son, who died at the age of six months, was named Augustus Alexander by my mother's father, Devereaux Jarratt, and when I came the name reversed was given to me in deference to the dear old grandfather. As stated, my father's name was Alexander, and my mother's Mary. They were familiarly called by intimate friends Aleck and Polly, there being no Molly nor Mamie in those

days. I was born on the 13th day of May, 1818, at my father's home, called Clover Hill. After my father's death, which occurred on the 23d of January, 1836, my mother and her children removed to Kentucky. A new county was formed from the counties of Prince Edward, Buckingham, Charlotte and Campbell, which new county was given the name of Appomattox from the fact that the Appomattox river takes its rise near the center. Clover Hill was selected for the site of the county seat. Appomattox Courthouse has become noted on account of the surrender of General Lee to the Federal army under General Grant in April, 1865, which was the virtual ending of what is called the War of the Rebellion. The terms of the surrender were written in a house not two hundred yards from where I was born.

My recollection is that Clover Hill was a beautiful place when it was our home, but I have no idea of its appearance since it has become a town, for I have not seen it since the summer of 1839, my last visit to the old home, I being eighteen years of age when it ceased to be my home. There is no spot on earth so dear to me as the home of my childhood, as the place of my birth. I have not seen it for over forty-two years, but no changes of time, seasons or places can ever obscure, much less efface, the scenes of my boyhood. (God keep my memory green.)

My father was a just, a benevolent, an active, an industrious and prosperous man. Besides being liberal to his children in pecuniary matters, he was remarkably so in giving to benevolent causes and in feeding and clothing the destitute. He considered himself a steward of the manifold mercies of God. He also used his money liberally in educating his children. The longer I live the more deeply

and truly do I reverence the memory of my parents. In the month of September, 1834, I was sent to the University of Virginia, the institution which Thomas Jefferson was mainly instrumental in building and putting into operation. I look over the ground now and wonder that I did not value and appreciate far more highly the grand opportunities afforded me by my connection with such a school as that was. I see now that I did not improve the golden hours as I ought, but spent much precious time unprofitably. I would say to those young people who may chance to read this, remember you can never bring back a moment that is gone. Do not put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. There are so many enticements and temptations to draw us away from duty that we are apt to let the opportunities slip by unimproved, failing to realize the fact that we are trifling with grand privileges that can never be presented again. However, my university life was not all lost time. Far from it. There is much to be recalled that is a source of self-gratulation. I returned from the University in the summer of 1835, with the determination to take up the study of medicine. With my father's reluctant consent I set about reading under the direction of Dr. William D. Christian, a gentleman thoroughly educated in the science of medicine as well as in the highest branches of a liberal literary education. I soon learned to honor, reverence, respect and love this noble gentleman. Those sentiments towards him have abided and do remain unchanged and unabated, although I have not seen him for more than forty-two years. I shall never see him again in this life, for the Master has called for him and he has gone to his reward after a well-spent life of usefulness.

I come now to an event in the history of the family at Clover Hill which caused great changes in our circumstances. While I was at the University my father was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, which confined him to his bed, inflicting great suffering all through the months of January, February, March and April of the year 1835. During the summer he was able to visit the Virginia Springs and returned in the early part of autumn somewhat improved, sufficiently so to build a hope on the part of his friends of his eventual recovery. But alas for human hope. He was stricken down by rheumatism of the heart early in the month of January, 1836, and breathed his last on the morning of the 23d at 2 o'clock. I can look back to that morning with a clear recollection of the effect produced upon my mother and the rest of the large family at Clover Hill by this crowning disaster, the greatest of our lives. It was impossible to realize the fact that he who had been always our head, our support, our guide, our guard, was gone from us no more to return to this world. It was a terrible blow. The insatiate destroyer was not satisfied. He had invaded our happy home and "one would not suffice." Our sister Mary, who for some time had been confined to her room with pulmonary consumption, followed our father to the unknown country in April of the same year. Ours is the christian's consolation; "we sorrow not as those who have no hope." They died in the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Our mother then determined to remove to Kentucky, where my eldest sister resided, having married Mr. Robert P. Mills, of Franklin county, Kentucky. She accordingly, after a sale, by wagon and carriage, took her way across the Blue Ridge and Alleghaney Mountains, and arrived safely at her

adopted home after about a month's travel. I preceded the family by about a month, leaving Clover Hill on the 20th of October, 1836, and traveling by stage and steamboat (no railroads then), arrived in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 26th of the same month. By the advice of my preceptor, Dr. Christian, who had in the meantime become my guardian as well as preceptor, I had selected Cincinnati College in which to attend my first course of medical lectures, and for this reason had gone West before the family. The Cincinnati College was presided over by Dr. McGuffy, who was distinguished as a teacher and author of school books. He afterwards was elected President of the University of Virginia. The medical faculty of the Cincinnati College was composed of the following: Daniel Drake, Joseph Nash McDowell, John P. Harrison, Samuel D. Gross, Landon C. Rixes, Willard Parker and William H. Rogers. We had a good school. At the close of the session of 1836 and '37 I joined my mother's family in Kentucky. In the fall succeeding, after a horseback trip alone to and from Virginia, I returned to Cincinnati, where I attended a second course of lectures, returning again to Kentucky in the spring of 1838. I did not become a candidate for graduation at this college for the reason that I was still under age. After joining my friends in Kentucky again I determined to set up for practice and not attend a course until the winter of 1839 and '40, intending to take a course in the hospitals of Paris and London before graduating, and went to Virginia in the spring of 1839 to settle with the executor of my father's estate, Willis P. Bocock, preparatory to embarking for Europe sometime during the current summer. My friends in Virginia united in dissuading me from this course, and taking

their advice I returned to Kentucky in the month of July, yielding the more readily as there was a potent attraction in that direction, the nature of which may be made apparent in the course of this sketch. On my return to Kentucky I concluded to visit Cincinnati. I did so and found that the Cincinnati College was to be discontinued. I then determined, my friends approving, to attend the lectures in Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, which stood higher than any medical institution in the West. I accordingly matriculated in Transylvania University and graduated on the 14th day of March, 1840. The attraction mentioned above proved so potent that I became engaged to be married to Miss Jean W. Lewis about the first of September, 1839, which contract was fulfilled on the 24th of February, 1841, nearly forty years ago. I went directly from Lexington to the Forks of Elkhorn, in Franklin county, Kentucky, where I entered immediately upon the practice of medicine, boarding with my brother-in-law, Jacob Duiguid, who was living on my mother's farm at that place. My two brothers-in-law, Duiguid and R. P. Mills, owned the mills at that point.

I think it proper just here to mention the names of my father's children, etc.: Susan Archer, married at Clover Hill Robert P. Mills and died in Louisiana; Mary Duiguid, died in Virginia; Augustus Alexander, died at six months in Virginia; Caroline Matilda, married Jacob Duiguid and died in Kentucky; Alexander Augustus, married Jean Wood Lewis, living in Illinois; Lucy Ann, married William Ogilvie and died in Louisiana; Elizabeth Henry, married Cadwallader Lewis, lives in Kentucky; Marion Smith, married Fannie Overton, lives in Illinois; Claudius Oscar, died at six months in Virginia; Maria Louisa, married

Alexander Mills, lives in Tennessee. The above constitute my father's children.

On the 24th of February, 1841, I was married at Llangollen, Kentucky, to Miss Jean Wood Lewis, with whom, as stated, I have lived most happily ever since. I believe that no one in all the wide world could have been a better wife and companion than she has been uniformly to me. And yet we are entirely different in temper and disposition, as also in person. I continued after my marriage to live at Forks of Elkhorn until the end of the year, 1843, when we removed to a small farm, which I had purchased in Fayette county, Kentucky, five miles east of Lexington. While living at the Forks of Elkhorn our first child was born, on the 12th of March, 1842, Augusta. In the same year I united with the Presbyterian Church at Frankfort, Kentucky. After our removal to Fayette county, about the year of 1847, my wife became a member of the Presbyterian Church, joining at Walnut Hill, to which church I had taken a letter from the Frankfort church. At this place we lived nearly three years, and it was here that our twins were born on the 12th of March, 1844. One of them lived but a few hours; the other, Jean Frances, is now the wife of Dr. J. L. Wilcox. Our eldest son, Alexander Lilbourne, was also born at this place on the 20th of February, 1846. We removed from this place to a house on the Richmond and Lexington Turnpike, two miles distant. We lived at this latter place seven years. Three children were born to us at this place, namely, Susan Archer, Marion Elizabeth and John Lewis. The last lived but five days, dying of trismus nascentium. While living at the Forks of Elkhorn I made a journey to the Green River country, with the view of seeking a location, but failed to find any

better than I already had. It was while on this trip I saw that great natural curiosity, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This trip was made in 1843. Another journey was undertaken in 1851, while at the last mentioned place, to Texas. In this trip we rode about eight hundred miles on horseback. Texas was at that time thinly settled and offered but poor inducements to immigrants, so I concluded to abide awhile longer in Kentucky. Texas is undoubtedly a magnificent country, presenting many advantages, but at the time I was there those advantages were suited to persons fitted for pioneers, which was certainly not my case.

We continued to reside at this place from the first of the year 1847 to the end of the year 1853, when we made another move to a place one mile distant on the same turnpike, in the direction of Richmond, adjoining Walnut Hill Church and Female Academy. This place was known by the name of the "Crawford Place." I purchased it from Rev. Dr. Bullock. So we had again a home of our own. It was a beautifully improved place, with all the advantages to be expected on a small place like that. We were well satisfied with the change. During all these ten or eleven years since leaving the Forks, my medical practice had been increasing steadily until I might now be said to be well established in a good professional business. I had many good influential friends and as much practice as I could do. About 1857 I made a tour through Illinois, which again unsettled me and brought on a fit of restlessness which resulted in giving up my beautiful home, my numerous friends, my well established practice, etc., for that which I knew not of. While living at the "Crawford Place" two children more were born to us, Lucy Devereaux and Caroline Louisa, the former in 1854 and the latter in

1857. In looking back I cannot now see clearly the reasons which induced me to give up my Kentucky home for one in Illinois. While living at the "Crawford Place," we had much enjoyment, having good society, good religious privileges, living amidst an intelligent people, who were rich enough to have leisure for social intercourse. I had no reason to complain of my business, for it yielded a sufficient support for my increasing family. But we were not willing to let well enough alone. We must needs break up and leave all the pleasant things behind, and cast our fortunes upon new probabilities. And so it is often the case that when a man makes he must turn around immediately and mar. So it was we pulled up the stakes and emigrated to Sangamon county, Illinois, arriving at the place on which we have ever since lived on the morning of the 29th of November, 1858. I purchased the farm on which we now live soon after arriving here, intending to give up the practice of medicine and turn my attention entirely to farming. But it was not to be so. I was soon engaged as deeply as ever in the practice, which I continued to carry on as well as farming until within a year, when I concluded to quit it and depend on farming alone for a livelihood. No one but a person who is actually engaged in the business can have any idea of the hardships incident to the practice of medicine in this climate and among this people. The profession is a noble one, but scientific medicine is not appreciated by the people and not properly sustained. It is not to the credit of our people that superstition should be preferred to science. In looking back over my life I conclude that it is generally in a man's power to make himself happy or miserable as he may choose. One of the greatest factors in the making up of

character is the formation of habit. Let me, as a physician, emphatically advise young men to abstain totally from the use of narcotic and alcoholic stimulants. The use of any article of the kind, for any length of time, not only forms a habit but creates a want in the system which is a source of immense danger in time and for eternity. Don't use tobacco. Don't use liquor (alcoholic). Don't use opium. Never use any kind of narcotic stimulants. In this I know I am right. As you value your soul and your body take my advice in this matter. I have come to the conclusion also that the strict performance of duty is not calculated to make a man popular. On the contrary it seems to be those who are generous at the expense of justice that are popular. This, however, may be taken with a few grains of allowance, for deep down in the popular mind in enlightened society there is no doubt a just estimate of character. Nevertheless I say, "Love mercy, do justice and walk humbly before God." Be both just and generous, and not the latter at the expense of the former.

After coming to Illinois we had three more children (sons) born to us, namely, Walter Lewis, born February 11, 1859; Robert Mills, born December 18, 1861, and Richmond Cadwallader, born June 24, 1864. Thus the record is completed, nine living and three dead children, making a round dozen. At this present writing we can count sixteen living and two dead grandchildren. Five of our children are married, one son and four daughters. Since we have been living in Illinois we have pursued the even tenor of our way. We have had the usual vicissitudes—ups and downs, etc.—of life. We have had our trials, as our enjoyments; about the usual amount which go to make up the sum of human life as it appears. However, "the heart

knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." My wife and I are now in the decline of life, living mostly upon the reminiscenses of the past, and awaiting the will of the Father as to the future.

My Grandfather Patteson's family consisted of four children, three sons and one daughter. His name was Littleberry Patteson. His sons were Lilbourne, Alexander and David Baily, and the daughter's name was Susannah. She married Wilson Branch, which branch of the family I have lost sight of. My father's grandfather's name was Obadiah.

Our ancestor came from England to Virginia in early colonial times. Both of my grandfathers were soldiers in the war of the Revolution. My mother's father, Devereaux Jarratt, lived in Goochland county, Virginia, on the James river, about forty miles above Richmond. He raised a large family of children. He was descended from Robert Jarratt, who was master of horse or equerry on the staff of the Earl of Essex during his campaign in Ireland. Robert Devereaux was the Earl's name. When he returned to his home in England, Jarratt came with him and settled in London, where his two sons were born. They were both named for the Earl of Essex, the one Robert and the other Devereaux. They both emigrated to Virginia. My grandfather was descended from one of these. I believe our ancestors, as far back as we know, were Protestants. The Pattesons were Baptists and the Jarretts Presbyterians. I have read an autobiography by Devereaux Jarratt, a cousin of my grandfather. He was an Episcopal minister of the Church of England. His case was an exception. He was a man distinguished for his piety and devotion to his profession. The book is lost. I might go on writing a

great deal more and narrate many incidents of my life that I have not so much as adverted to, for I have left out of this brief narrative many things which seem to me quite as important as those here recorded. Hoping that what I have written may be satisfactory to those whom it may concern, I make my conge.

[Signed]

ALEXANDER A. PATTESON.

Fairview, Curran Township, Sangamon county, Illinois, February 8, 1881.

P. S.—Nearly six years have elapsed since the foregoing was written, and in the providence of God I am still in the land of the living and able to resume this narrative, but under greatly different circumstances. As I put my pen to this paper a flood of reflections and recollections crowd themselves upon me in such manner as almost to incapacitate me for intelligible expression. There is sorrow in my heart, there are tears in my eyes, but thank God there is submission to the will of my Heavenly Father and gratitude to him for all his mercies bestowed upon me and mine. Nevertheless, why should I not grieve and weep and mourn for myself (not for her who has gone before) who am left alone and desolate in this cold world, it is true with many kind friends and mine and her dear children? Her place cannot be filled. All the world will fail to fill that void. On the 15th of November, 1886, at about ten o'clock at night, my beloved wife, with whom I had lived in peace and happiness more than forty and five years, after a day of apparent pleasure in the society of her children, husband and friends, and having performed every duty, lay down on her bed and "fell on sleep" almost immedi-

ately. She had been the subject of disease of the heart many years. Nevertheless, her decease at the time was unexpected and came upon me and her family as a terrible calamity. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." But I must go back in this sketch to the time at which I left off, something more than six years ago. There is not much to tell, for these last six years were in the main uneventful. However, there are no events in our own lives that are unimportant to ourselves, whatever they may appear to others. We no doubt often magnify them and imagine that they are of far greater consequence than they really are. All things in this world are in a degree relative or comparative. It would not do to compare my life with one of adventure, associated with startling events, and yet to me it looks like something wonderful to breathe and see and hear and to be the recipient of God's blessing. We continued to reside in the same place until the 18th of March, 1885, when we removed to Springfield, Illinois, to a rented house on Fourth street, where we lived until the 24th of October of the same year. We went from Fourth street to Douglas Avenue, where I had purchased a home, and where we are at this present writing residing. My sons, Robert and Walter, with his wife, *nee* Mary Baker, and my daughter Lucy and myself, compose the household. I sold my farm before removing to this place. I am now engaged in no employment, no settled business, which I very much regret, but am ready to do good to others as opportunity may offer. During the time between the years 1881 and 1884 I carried on the farm, and when my sons left me and came to town I found the business unprofitable, and therefore sold the farm and came to reside here. I have now nine living children and eighteen

living grandchildren. I am nearly sixty-nine years of age. Whether I shall ever add anything more to this sketch of my life, God only knows. I have done many things I ought not to have done, and left undone many things I ought to have done. I cannot go back and repair any remissness now. I can only hope and believe that my merciful Heavenly Father has forgiven my sins for my Redeemer's sake. So I have prayed and shall ever pay.

[Signed]

A. A. Patteson.

Douglas Avenue, West Springfield, Illinois, March 2, 1887.

A brief record of the descendents of Alexander A. and Jean Wood Patteson is as follows:

Augusta, born March 12, 1842, was married November 9, 1865, to John J. Parkinson, of Sangamon county, Illinois, son of James and Mahala Parkinson. Seven children were born to them—John Lewis, born February 24, 1867, died January 23, 1871; (2) James Alexander, born October 12, 1869, died January 7, 1871; (3) Earnest Devereaux, born April 1, 1872; (4) William Bradford, born March 8, 1874; (5) Jean Wood, born April 10, 1876; (6) Augusta Mahala, born February 24, 1878; (7) John J., born July 19, 1879. John J. Parkinson died in June, 1883, and Augusta Parkinson, February 23, 1891.

Jean Frances and Mary Jarratt, twins, born March 12, 1844; Mary Jarratt died on the day of her birth; Jean Frances was married November 9, 1865, to Dr. Josiah Lambert Wilcox, son of Ellis and Ann Lewis Wilcox, of Sangamon county. To them were born three children—Dwight, born June 2, 1867; Augustus Patteson, born July 25, 1870; Ann Lewis, born February 25, 1872.

Susan Archer, born September 25, 1848, was married October 25, 1866, to Hampton Gibson, son of Preston and Ann Gibson, of Sangamon county, Illinois, and four children were born to them—Jean Wood, born October 11, 1867; Preston Alexander, born September 30, 1869; John Ervin, born May 23, 1873; Robert Travers, born March 12, 1883.

Alexander Lilbourne, born February 20, 1846, married September 26, 1872, to Helen Frances Robinson, daughter of Benjamin S. Robinson, M. D., and Sophronia (Earnest) Robinson; their children are Helen Augusta, born May 4, 1873; Susan Earnest, born December 6, 1874; Mary Louisa, born October 6, 1877; Jean Wood, born March 1, 1889.

Marion Elizabeth, born November 4, 1850, was married September 16, 1875, to Richard Peter Smith, son of William C. and Rebecca Smith, of Sangamon county, and their children are Ethel Marion, born November 1, 1877; Howard Richard, born October 19, 1880, and Florence Patteson, born July 30, 1885.

Lucy Devereaux, born May 25, 1854, is single.

Walter Lewis, born February 11, 1859, married at Leavenworth, Kansas, February 2, 1887, Mary Baker, daughter of John P. and Mary J. Baker; four children have been born to them—Mary Baker, born December 26, 1887; Walter Alexander, born August 31, 1889; Robert Todd, born December 30, 1891, died April 10, 1891; Frances Wallace, born December 27, 1892.

Robert Mills, born December 18, 1861, died November 16, 1893.

Richmond Cadwallader, born June 24, 1864, died May 1, 1890.

John Lewis, born June 9, 1853, died June 14, 1853.

Caroline Louisa, born November 1, 1856, died January 23, 1860.

Mrs. Elizabeth Travers Lewis

. . . and the Brecknock Family.

IT IS the object of this sketch to call to our affectionate remembrance the character and bearing, the presence, as far as may be, of a Virginia gentlewoman of the old *régime*, who was one of ourselves, whose life, lived among those we knew, helped to make them what they were, and what we so greatly loved. It is no small thing so to have lived that, after nearly a century has shut us away from the sight of the world, descendants or kinsfolk who never saw us should turn with loving reverence to look upon our life-work, should greatfully acknowledge its worth to themselves, and draw from it lessons of faithfulness to those whom it is their office to influence, and the hope that years yet to come shall show the fruit of their labors, when they, too, shall seem, but only *seem*, to have passed away. Such a life was that of Elizabeth Travers Daniel, of Crow's Nest, in Stafford county, afterwards the wife of Dr. Richmond Lewis, of Brecknock. Except her impress on the character of the only one of her children who long survived her, only some old letters, only some remembrances of her, traits handed down by those who knew her, only this remains; and yet such an impression of depth of nature, unflinching integrity, devotion to duty, of all that was lofty and dignified, reaches us, that we love to dwell on her

memory, to draw as near as we can to her, feeling almost as if we had seen the fine face, had heard the grave, sincere tones, had felt the effect of the noble presence. To say that her mind was one of polished elegance is only to say she was of the stock from which she came—daughter of a Daniel and a Moncure, favorite niece of Jean Wood, and congenial sister of Judge Peter Vivian Daniel. Evidence of her taste has been left in writing she did for the Budget, a collection of papers, either original or selected, prepared and read for the fortnightly meetings of the two households of Brecknock and Llangollen. Fortunate children, whose development was fostered under such auspices! We know enough of the life of a Southern lady in the slavery days to be sure it was full of arduous duties. Let us do honor to the memory of women who, under the pressure of so many cares as wives, as mothers, as mistresses, as members of a most polished society, loyally responded to the call of duty, and left no side of nature—mental, religious, domestic, social—to rest in idleness uncultivated. And let us picture the breadth of culture and the energy in all directions which were the natural result of such a life, not for a moment doing our Southern women of the day the injustice of thinking of them as indolently languid, served by hosts of slaves for whom they did nothing. Taste for the pleasures of a cultivated mind, and her energy in directing the education of her children, did not absorb Mrs. Lewis to the neglect of her household duties. The details, of course, were committed to the housekeeper, Miss Nelly Bell, the weaver of many a pretty counterpane—some of which, or those made by her sister, the Llangollen housekeeper, Miss Katy, are still carefully preserved. A picture of Mrs. Lewis remains in the memory of one of the family,

giving out, after plantation custom, cotton or wool for spinning, time after time, to an old negro woman too old to do the work well—to whom it was given merely as the indulgence of her fancy that she could still spin—the scene impressed itself on the memory of some of the young people apparently, merely by the comical gesture of despair with which the poor old woman threw up her hands when her mistress suggested her having reached a time of life when she could stop working. We may well suppose the pleasant fiction was still kept up, and the spinning still given out to her.

It is pleasant to picture, from the description of one who remembers it, the exquisite propriety and neatness of the appointments of the household at Brecknock; the dainty elegance of the table, from which fruit was never absent at any meal; the little oddity of serving milk with a silver ladle from a china bowl in the centre, surrounded by cups. Accomplished as was Mrs. Lewis in other things, the character in which most of her is revealed to us is that of mother. Her standard for her children was high; and she devoted her energy chiefly to rearing them in her own lofty principles, and in training them to the same unswerving fidelity to duties, small or great, which her own life displayed. Her older children grew up and died when they seemed about to realize all her hopes—in manners and mind equipped to shine in the society to which they belonged, and to be the pride and delight of father and mother—Ann, the oldest daughter, mature and lovely in character, and beautiful Jean, on the threshold of womanhood, and her eldest son, Dr. Alfred Lewis, in the flower of youth and bright promise, just after having returned home from pursuing his medical course in Baltimore. Ann and

Jean had been studying under Miss Ann Boggs, with their cousins, at Frederick's Hall, and it is not impossible that their earnestness in trying to fulfill their mother's high ambition for them was connected with their early death. The shadow left by these sorrows on her life made her too grave and sad to be a bright companion to her small children. Her fear that she had been too strict in her rearing of the others, in inducing them to devote themselves too exclusively to intellectual pursuits, made her, however, extremely careful of the physical as well as mental training of the younger, and play and exercise as well as study was made a duty. Utmost care was taken that their associations should be all that was desirable, so that nothing but improvement should reach them. It was most expressive of her tender care of them, that, reserved as she was about her profoundest feelings, she was in the habit of going apart with her children to pray with them. When her son Alfred, stricken by the deadly disease that was dashing from his lips the cup so full of life's rich wine —of hope and love and happiness—was ordered to the springs in the vain hope of recovery or improvement, his mother accompanied him. She left her three remaining children, Huldah, Sarah and Travers, behind—the two little girls committed to the care of Aunt Huldah, at Prospect Hill. The letters to them and to her husband, after that last sad parting—for neither ever returned, her son dying in a short time and she sinking rapidly after him—are full of the deep pathos of strong affection that clung so piteously to what it was leaving behind. Nothing in the marked characteristics of the Daniel family, I think, more strongly suggests their Jewish origin than the powerful feeling of family ties, pointing back to the fostering cus-

toms and institutions of the ancient nation upon whose infancy had shone the sacred light of divine truth.

The two daughters who survived their mother, Huldah and Sarah, though so young, were yet old enough to feel their unspeakable loss, and the faithful heart of the only one of them who lived herself to old age never ceased to look back upon that part of her life with the tender mournfulness of a loving remembrance. The two sisters grew into beautiful womanhood together, refined, accomplished and lovely, with the high tastes that were theirs by hereditary right. It is sweet to linger on that picture of golden youth, all bright with the budding powers and bloom of genius, the ardor of young enthusiasm and friendship, the rosy light of young love's romance. Echoes of that happy time remain, some of them in cherished letters, in which sound the voices of the whole bright group of kindred, cousins, friends, of whom the life of the three households—Bel-air, Brecknock and Llangollen—now so silent and empty—was once so full!

If only our dear old oaks could relax their majestic reserve—only this once—to indulge the children of their soil and shade—and surely they would if they could, for they love us, these silent guardians of our homes—what a lovely poem of more than Arcadian beauty would pour from their strong, unforgetting hearts—of all they have seen, of all they have heard in those golden days; of the strong tide of young life that once poured beneath them, enriched by the companionship of the guiding genius, John Lewis, the brilliant teacher, their genial friend. When boyish voices called here to each other in their lighthearted merriment, names that have since won their way to fame—Daniel, Mercer, Moncure, poor Dabney Carr, whose short career

was to end on a foreign battlefield in the cause of South American liberty; young Fontaine, dying too young to know more of life than the bitter-sweet of first love's disappointment; William Robinson, and all those others, each with his story in embryo! And how would the faces flash upon us of the graceful girls who "made the 'yea' or 'nay' of existence" to many of the noble lives we remember! What visions would rise of happy groups straying beneath the shades or gathered in hall or porch, listening to the silvery voice in song of Susan Hedgman or gifted Frances Lewis—what glimpses of bright eyes and blushing cheeks, of pretty Sally Washington or stately Margaret Daniel, of young Holladays from Prospect Hill, Albert, Alexander and Lewis, graceful Mariam Scott, with her brothers, James and John; of lively Elizabeth Lewis and Sarah, with her flower-like face—and the picture would grow richer with the beauty of "Uncle Doctor's" courtly form, with Aunt Jean's kind look and Aunt Greenhow's slender figure, neat and precise, her presence giving a flavor of earnestness and gravity to the talk that flowed so richly, while Travers Daniel's sparkling humor upset the dignity of the assembly, and little Richmond, crouching absorbed over a volume on the floor, looked up to smile. What flash of classic epigram, of polished jest and sparkling repartee —what flow of fine thought in happy verse—what lights and shades of graceful sentiment!

The oaks that looked on them and listened look down on us, and, listening, are silent. But the old letters speak. "In the faded ink, on the yellow paper, that may have been buried for years under piles of family archives, while friends have been dying and hair growing white, who has not found memorials like these from which the past looks

back at us for a moment, smiling so sadly out of Hades, only to sink again into the cold shades, with a faint, faint sound as of a remembered tone, the ghostly echo of a once familiar laughter!" In such associations the two sisters lived. The next few years saw them both most happily married—married to two brothers whom they had known from childhood—whose closely concentrated affection—they were the only sons of Dr. James Scott—kept the young wives even more firmly united. A few more years, the spell of happiness is broken, and one of the brothers, John Scott, whose magnificent physical powers, like those of his brother James, seemed to promise long life and usefulness, was stricken with the deadly approach of consumption, and went South with his devoted wife for the healing effect of a softer climate, and the two sisters were parted, with the shadow of a great grief drawing near. A stained handkerchief, perhaps sacred to the tears of the supreme sorrow of life, and a few brokenhearted words, carefully preserved, tell the widow's story. He was buried, by his wish or hers, at the spot on the path between Brecknock and Llangollen where the parties of young people from the two households used to meet in the happy days. The rest of her life was short. She was soon laid beside him, and there, alone in the solitude of the fragrant woods, the two graves tell their tale of the two young lives laid down with the dew and glory of youth still fresh upon them, and the memory of their affection forever beautiful. The spot is marked by a simple enclosure, and around it is the soft, quiet song of the forest. There, with unconscious appropriateness, as spring after spring returns, "the small bird singeth clear, *her blissful sweet song piteous.*"

The other sister, Sarah, survived all her family. Into-

her rich life was poured all the beauty and grace, all the loveliness and worth that the young lives which faded had promised, but did not live to show. Of what her mother hoped for them all—in goodness of character, in mental graces, in personal charm—she was the exquisite fulfillment.

James M. Scott and . . . Mrs. Sarah Travers Scott,

OF BEL-AIR. . . . . .

NO complete outline of the life of James M. Scott, of Bel-air, and Sarah, his wife, will be given now.

Their holy and elevating influence is still living and fresh for us, and the sacred remembrances of them are being gathered to be preserved in the family, to be poured in sweetness over the lives of their children's children of other generations. But it is fitting that the fragrance of their names should make sweeter the welcome we give their kindred, who are dear to us for their sakes; and some touch of what their life was shall be expressed in their home, some traits of the goodness that make its associations so pure and beautiful.

In both there was such devotion to duty as made the sacred right always first with them, and to be followed with

too straight and simple purpose, at any cost, for consciousness of sacrifice, but as the *only* course—a tender sense of justice that made them most careful of the rights of others—a generous charity that gave most freely, whether of the abundance of their early life or out of the hardships that marked one part of their lives. In him there was a strongly marked nature, grand in its proportions, of which the simple outlines were straightforward integrity, clear sincerity, dignity too perfect to be conscious of itself, affection deep and warm, kindness quickly called forth and ready to kindle into intense generosity—like what expressed itself in the beautiful act of his father, Dr. Scott, who, on meeting in a county adjoining his own a college friend, poor, walking the long distance from some point at the North, perhaps, to Richmond or Petersburg, dismounted, made him a present of horse and saddle, and probably what money he had with him, and walked up to Spotsylvania or Orange to his home. It is of the nature of a man like that to be totally unconscious of the fineness of such an action in himself; it is as simple a thing as breathing. In the son the same generous spirit lived; the same original mind that marked the father, a deep humor that was akin to his quick and profound sympathy, and was one of his qualities that was most powerfully attractive. With his strong manliness there was the strength of sympathy and principle to humble himself without reserve, to one, to any, to some little child, or a servant, whom his impetuous nature had hurried him to wound. With what earnest respect and profound faith in him did this trait inspire those even who stood in awe of him! He had, to a wonderful degree, the faculty of impressing himself—his strong ideas of right and wrong, his delicate taste in propriety, on

his children and others, without a word—so that they *felt* his opinion. His silence was more eloquent than many words of other men, because there was more in him to be expressed, and his life expressed it without the need of words. How silently was his charity given—his sympathy with poverty and distress—in his own old age and weakness growing tenderer and tenderer towards the suffering and unfortunate! Sometimes in some small thing—the giving of coveted flower slips from his daughter's supply of plants to a negro, the taking warm flannel to a poor rheumatic woman, a gift of a hen to a poor creature who had little notice to expect, the pitying thought of an old negro woman, whose feebleness constantly appealed to him, making him troubled and anxious about her when he was comfortably wrapped a cold night, for fear she should suffer with cold, sending a man to haul and cut her wood, or going himself to do it, when he was so feeble that one of his daughters would accompany him to help. In small things and great, he showed the Christ-like image of love of duty and of the poor. In his old age the intensity of his sympathy and depth of affection for his children made his life broaden out into the channels of theirs, so that he lived in the life of each one. How we loved to please him—how sweet it was to feel that we mirrored his nature, so that in the things we said around him there was the familiar ring of his own humor. The most exquisite part of his fine nature was that turned to his beloved wife—worshipping, cherishing her with a strength that grew only stronger as the powers of life grew weaker. How much of pure and high chivalry there was in his constant care of her, his constant admiration and tenderness—the feeling that would make him think of her at the sight of all

beautiful things—an opening flower, a beautiful sunset would make him bring the blossom to her, or take her out to see the glowing sky! I remember his tenderly stooping to take her slipper, which was damp from going out to look at something one winter day, by his advice, and drying it before the fire with a care of her that was so earnest. She always had a sense of independence of waiting on—a feeling that there was something unworthy in exacting some kinds of personal service even from slaves—but there were certain little services that she would accept from him, and from him only. And how welcome he made her to them! How worthy he thought her of all and more than all he could do! Her long life covered a period of a mighty change in Virginia, and she lived to prove—to be a part of the beautiful proof the South has furnished—that the finest part of society could be, even after such convulsions, such revolution, calmly unchanged. To her and to her husband, as to their generation in the South, life was broken midway, an abyss of perfect separation dividing sharply the old days from the new—the old life of abounding prosperity in a rich, abundant land, from the new strange experience of bare poverty in a ruined country, where everything was indeed lost but honor, and the high fortitude to endure privation patiently. Paralyzing as was the shock to him and to all the men who met it, what must it have been to her, so delicately nurtured, not indeed in indolence, but on whom came in middle or late life the necessity of learning all over again, everything, even the smallest details of living. As in her earlier years she had been the exquisite flower of life, the ornament of a Southern home, as wife, as mother, as conscientious mistress, as loyal and devoted friend, dispensing the beautiful hospi-

tality of her State and race, using her resources with tender reference to the needs of those to whom her wide charity extended—so, in the last, she set the still higher example of courage in enduring adversity, of strength to meet and conquer difficulties so new and strange, especially those confronting her in the education of her younger children, of teaching them to be true to the lofty standards of the past, undiscouraged to aim at and attain the high cultivation and equipment for usefulness which was their right. The privations that were bravely borne by the faithful parents for the sake of this will never be known, borne as a matter of course, and without a thought of sacrifice, as long as the cherished object was reached, and in their adversity there was the same readiness to extend help to the needy, as in their prosperous days; the same generous impulse to give out of their small store as out of their abundance; the same free opening the door of their home with all the sacred privileges of the hearth stone, to one in need of shelter from the storms of life.

They lived to see the ten, five sons and five daughters, they left equipped for the work of life and engaged in it; and their deep sympathy with their children's labors, their pride in what they did, their happy confidence in what they could do, will be a sweet remembrance and source of strength, a call to the highest achievements they can ever reach. They were the objects of affection approaching adoration on the part of their children, and they knew it. They were surrounded by the thought of it constantly, they felt how important they were to our happiness. A familiar morning thought to our mother was one acknowledging the goodness of God in sparing her one day more *to her children.* The very light of heaven seemed to shine upon their old

age, and to fill it with comfort and happiness. The gathering of their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, to see them in the old home; their visits—like the coming of angels—to the homes of their sons and daughters, filled that time with happy scenes and furnish us with so many happy, tender memories now. The two last summers of their life together were varied by the indulgence of a trip to the springs, the first one the first since their middle life, and greatly enjoyed. They had both possessed great and characteristic beauty of person—he, strongly made and fine in figure and face, with firm, large, regular features and wonderful clear blue eyes, from which looked the soul of one who was in the highest sense *a man*—she, with the exquisite, tender beauty of a delicate flower. No rose was ever more silken in its texture than her cheek, no star ever shone with more of heavenly light than her eyes. Beautiful in youth, she never grew old, only more and more spiritually beautiful, her face and manner always showing the same fresh bloom of young enthusiasm and exalted feeling, her eyes always lighted with the same youthful smile of gentle, shy confidence, her manner full of the modest self-depreciation of the one who humbleth himself as a little child. As in old age her hair grew bright with pure silver light, crowning the tender, fair face with its soft rose-tint in the delicate cheek, and her eyes shone with a light of immortal youth; she was surely more lovely even than when she first grew up to blooming womanhood. A gentleman who saw her then, with the light of happy smiles on her face, with her children around her, adoring her as they always did, said, in speaking of her afterwards, that she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Among strangers at the springs, the vision of beautiful old age—of

him so handsome and kind, of her so lovely and delicately cared for—made an impression like a strain of heavenly music among common sounds of earth. The utmost attention and admiration were shown them. I like to think of the pretty scene when they first came out on the hotel porch, the lovely old pair, where so many strangers were gathered, and *every* gentleman arose immediately to offer her a seat—all the chivalry that was in them all summoned to the surface by the sweet face, and they seemed only to want an opportunity to do her some little service. I can see her graceful confusion and disclaiming of any such attention, her begging them not to do so on pain of her not feeling like coming among them—her daughter's smiling and calling her the "belle" of the springs, and some gentleman's agreeing with her. And of such attention and respectful observance was she the object throughout their stay. The freshly caught trout of the morning's sport was sent to her so constantly that she was sometimes uncertain of the sender. The last scene was so like her as they went away (and, early as it was in the morning, everybody was up to see them go, and a long procession followed them to the carriage). When she turned back with a gentle courtesy to go to speak to some Jewesses who were sitting on the porch and tell them good bye (I know her so well I think she had been praying for them, her tender heart rose for them because they were without Christ), and said to them or to all she was leaving, "I pray God to bless you all!" Was it not a glimpse of heaven? No wonder that they followed her and clung to the last sight of that angel face.

N. E. Scott.

MRS. SARAH TRAVERS SCOTT.

MY earliest recollection of my father and mother dates from the time of our residence at Little Whim, in their middle life. He was an uncommonly handsome and robust man, busy with the affairs of three plantations, under the old regime of slaves and overseers, and varying these cares during the hunting season with good riding horses and a fine pack of hounds, his principal invited company being neighbors of similar taste.

Mother was then burdened with the care of a large family, and charged herself almost as fully with the health, moral and physical, of all the servants—superintending the weaving or buying, cutting and making their clothes, etc., besides the weekly issue of provisions at the home place, and supplying the sick or infirm with special comforts—in several instances taking under personal care children neglected by their parents. Her Sunday catechism class for the negro children was an institution of the place; and any who wanted to learn to read were encouraged or helped by her or the children of the family.

She appeared most keenly sensible of the responsibility of slave ownership, rendered more burdensome by a certain

inaptitude for their management, and impatience with their unreliable ways ; and I remember hearing her say repeatedly that she would feel relieved of a great burden could they and she be mutually freed from bondage. And I believe it was only the manner of their emancipation afterwards that was any subject of regret to her. Discouraging perhaps more than usual the association of her children with the young darkies, she yet countenanced no injustice towards the negroes on the part of the children of the house. I remember she made me to restore about ten-fold some sugar my brother Lewis and I had taken from one of the negro cabins, a year before, and make humble confession of the burglary also. She had occasion to reprove grave faults in her children, yet seemed to repose unlimited confidence in them at maturer age, when the idea of their doing any wrong or getting hurt seemed rarely to occur to her in anticipation. Even during the war, when she was accustomed to part with the boys with tears of affection and pride rather than fear, I never saw her very uneasy, except for Zack, when he was long unaccounted for, and supposed to have been killed.

Yet it was evidently from committing her children to God's care in her unremitted, earnest prayers that her cheerful confidence was derived. In the midst of so many domestic cares, and such active habits, it was remarkable that she added a ripe scholarship to the excellent acquirements of her youth. Nothing less than her wonderfully clear and tenacious mind, and her custom of tracing every question through all its bearings before dismissing it—her habit of arranging the information and making it her own for life—could account for these intellectual attainments.

While she was considered predominantly "bookish," her

practical knowledge of all the lore of housekeeping, or of the sick room, was all the more conspicuous. Her gifts she used with such a faculty of application, and such a happy expression of what she knew, that there was none so learned but could derive profit as well as pleasure from her conversation or correspondence. An ardent admirer of nature, and a devout worshipper of God, a fair landscape or radiant sky, the fragrance, form or coloring of flowers, never failed to show the reflection in her beautiful face of elevated thoughts, and her happiest expression.

She was the most perfect example of modesty I ever knew, and carried self-dênial to the verge of asceticism, though sufficiently indulgent to the more epicurean tastes of others, and most liberal in interpretation of the laws of hospitality toward strangers, especially such as were in need. Her children sometimes thought they were made to defer too much to visitors. But if she erred here it was on the safe side, and from a high sense of duty to her neighbors, and propriety for those under her guidance. Her views of honor and rendering to others their due were heroic. Debt was bondage pure and simple till discharged. Next to the Christian faith as a sanction of cardinal virtues, she coveted most a classical education, and the hardest work of her life and the highest sacrifices were made for this object during the war, when she had to teach some of them herself, and afterwards, when remnant of property left was pledged to the education of the younger children—a cause now happily aided by those already settled in life—until all had enjoyed better advantages than she herself. None of them, I think, however, attained to her high standard of scholarship. To the last she could teach any of them more than she needed to know of them, though she was far from thinking so.

There never was a couple whose virtues blended more happily to make a perfect union and a faultless family government. It was hard to forecast one of them surviving the other, and this did not really occur. Father a few months, but only as a lonely shadow of his former self, till called to join her in their eternal rest.

He was a man of strong character, clear head and heart, genial as well as firm, of unerring moral perceptions and convictions. For one of so few words, he exercised a wonderful influence on all about him.

There was a wonderful moral magnetism in his presence that indicated intuitively to anyone not an idiot, just what stand he would take on any question of right or propriety, in advance of any expression from his lips, and this commanded respect and confidence universally.

He only lacked ambition and self-seeking to have been a born leader of men. His keen sense of humor and happy faculty of expressing a great deal in a few well-chosen words made him a most entertaining companion for young or old.

For one who disliked writing as he, and did so little of it, his writing was remarkable for natural and easy as well as forcible expression.

Mother's letters were brilliant and fine examples of polished English; I have seen some from father's pen that were inimitable specimens of completeness and logical expression.

His treatment of the younger children was rather stern than affectionate; but early in their teens they were taken into his confidence and made to feel the elevation and responsibility of their position. I shall never forget his once asking my pardon for having scolded me unjustly, nor the severe stripes he laid on me for just cause.

His heart and soul, as well as fortune, were enlisted in the cause of the South in the civil war, and the catastrophe came to him at an age and under circumstances that sufficiently explained, if they did not wholly justify, his succeeding loss of interest in business affairs. He seemed to relegate to the younger generation the problem of retrieving lost fortune with free labor, and to interest himself rather in helping others worse off than himself.

His strong prejudices were gradually mastered, too, towards individuals, in spite of detested faults, and charity became his supreme law.

One of his children complaining once of some offense of a mischief-making person, he replied, "O, when you come to die all that will appear of very little importance!"

His facetious or humorous observations would make a good book, and will be long remembered by those whose privilege it was to know him.

I shall never cease to regret the loss to myself and children, by living away from him and mother for so many years, nor to prize at the full the association that occasional visits afforded, and the recollection of mother's affection for my little ones, down to her namesake, and father's gathering the two little boys between his knees when last here as his closest and most congenial friends, will rest as a benediction on their heads as long as life lasts.

I trust that more competent hands may complete the commemoration of their virtues, that may supplement the tradition to be handed down to their descendants for emulation of the noble example of their lives; for I am conscious of having done very little in these lines to effect such an object.

B. R. A. Scott.

IN growing old, the tendency is to look back over our lives, and, as we do so, we recognize the influences which have moulded us, all unnoticed at the time. And the love we have borne our parents hitherto seems a poor return for their faithful love and watchfulness. When we really begin to understand the time for showing we appreciate them as we should is often gone. Only regret remains While this is always more or less felt, still to some it is granted for their parents to live to a good old age and for their latter years to be their best days—because of their sympathy with their children in maturity and assurance of their full appreciation.

It has been our great happiness that the lives of our dear mother and father should be spared to such length as to give us time to understand them fully until we grew more dependent on them in our middle age even than in our childhood.

And what a cause we have for admiration and gratitude! Such characters are rare indeed; such beauty of soul, and of outward form. Father had a splendid physique and a steady eye, indicative of the strong character within. He was governed by highest religious principle in every action —respected and revered by all, as something above and apart from themselves. Underneath lay a mine of tenderness, which, as he grew older, served to soften his judgments of those less strong than himself.

His devotion to mother always retained the tenderness of a lover. His admiration and pride in her intellectual attainments led him sometimes to studies for which he had no natural taste.

He yearned for companionship with her in all things. His pleasure was to watch her enjoyment of the beautiful

and intellectual, his thought providing pleasant surprises for her. Their's was an ideal marriage, each honoring the other, each a firm reliance to the other, and their united judgment given to the guidance of their household. And what picture can do justice to dear mother, with her rare beauty, her sensitive, poetic nature, seemingly fitted for a dreamy life, yet placed at the head of a large family with its many prosaic duties so foreign to her nature? How faithful each duty was met, in spite of her frail health, which often confined her to her room for many weary months at a time!

Her consciousness left nothing untouched. Her sense of responsibility towards the servants was overwhelming, and no more to be delegated to another than her responsibility to her children. I remember standing by her as she read and expounded the Bible to them, and taught the little ones their catechism. She felt their souls were more her charge than their bodies. I shall never forget a scene in the office at Bel-air—mother kneeling by a dying negro, pouring out her whole soul in audible prayer, while the group of nurses, black and white, stood in silent awe. Her care of their bodies was as conscientious as her anxiety over their salvation.

The clothing of two hundred persons was no light task; particularly, as many of them were so improvident as to require double attention. Even the babies, when their mothers were careless, became a charge to her personally. One poor little child, who was in danger of being a life-long cripple from its mother's persistent neglect, mother had brought to her daily, had it bathed, rubbed, taught to walk and fed in her presence, making its clothes herself. Her efforts were rewarded by the little girl's becoming a

healthy woman. Mother left Little Whim some time before the servants were moved and Jenny used to walk back and forth in front of mother's window and cry as she missed mother's approving smile. The gratitude of the father was very touching. Emancipation was the rolling away of a great weight from her heart; yet the spiritual welfare of the race was mother's earnest prayer till her life's end.

The poor and needy came to her in full confidence of her sympathy and help, feeling she would know all they had to bear. She was tender to the erring—always pointing to the One who was strong to forgive, help and save them.

I was forcibly reminded of the gentle yet all powerful influence exerted over us, and of what we owe our parents, by hearing a dear friend deplore with tears the lack of a mother's help in her youth, when striving to be a Christian. We had no such hindrance. From our infancy the leading was all Christian influence of the highest order. As children, we clung to mother more than father. He inspired in us more or less of awe. This feeling of constraint did not wear away till we grew up. Then we wondered how we ever came to feel it. We had grown to understand the high standard he set for us was the same he cherished himself. Our love and admiration grew deeper and deeper as we watched his softening to the weaknesses of others while there was none for his own.

His taciturnity made us treasure up his words as too precious to forget. There was often a strange sense of companionship to be enjoyed in his very silence. There seemed no need for words.

As our children came on, we yearned to throw them under the ennobling influence of their grandparents,

trusting they would profit by it far, far more than we, in our blind youth, had done.

We thank God "we are not as many others," not in the spirit of the Pharisee, but in humble recognition of his special providence in giving us such a mother and father.

SARAH TRAVERS LEWIS ANDERSON.

TO the pictures already given, I would add another touch, which will show something I like to remember about my father and mother in connection with a phase of southern life now passed away.

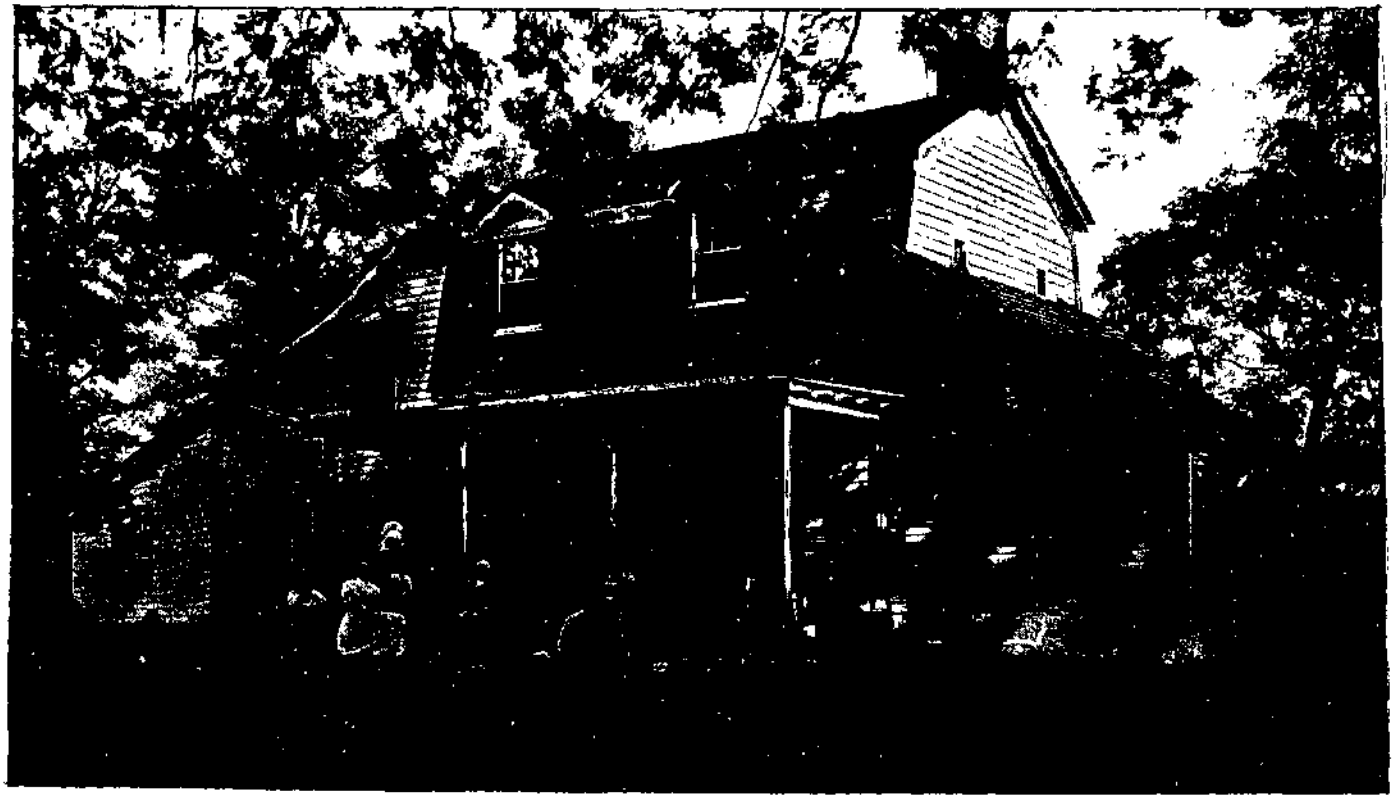
One of the negro men, greatly trusted by his master and beloved by the boys of the family, Overton Hollinsworth, a steady, warm-hearted man, used to manage a boat which was used between one of our places in Stafford and Washington to carry wood. He had entire control of the sales, and could at any time have gained his freedom by not returning, and would have had money enough to begin life on at the North; but his honesty and his attachment to us were proof against any such thought, if it ever occurred to him. And they were more emphatically shown in the following incident:

In one of his trips on the Potomac, or one of its creeks, he had in charge my oldest brother, a lad not grown, to whom he was devotedly attached. A movement of the yard threw the boy into the water—and neither he nor Overton could swim! Without weighing the chances for his life the negro sprang into the river after his young master, clutched him, and while wildly struggling in the water, happened to strike the side of the boat, climbed in,

dragging the boy after him, with the assistance of another negro—and only afterwards probably realized his danger. On their return home my brother went into the house and told the story, and soon Overton was called from the kitchen, where he had been transfixing his dusky audience with the same—called by my father's voice—and came to find him standing in the porch, where, in a few brief words, he offered him his liberty and a handsome sum of money to begin life on—for liberty alone was a poor gift in a community where the negroes, who prided themselves on their ancestors and their comfortable homes, looked with contempt on a homeless "free nigger."

It warms my heart with unspeakable pleasure to remember that Overton's summary disposition of the subject, settling it at once and finally, was to reply: "Thank you, master; I would rather belong to you. I am as free as I want to be now." And so he did belong to him, serving the family most loyally and faithfully through all the troubled years that followed—remaining on one of our Stafford places, just opposite Fredericksburg, when we had to take refuge from the scenes of war there, in our home at Bel-air, and protecting our property as well as he could, passing and repassing the lines, and running great risk of his life in being arrested on suspicion of being a spy.

After the relation of master and slave had been finally dissolved he became a thrifty and successful farmer near Richmond—still holding loving communication with the family at Bel-air, and cherishing the custom of coming to see them at times—and delighting to say, in effect: "De union between me an' de Scotts ain' *never* been broke. De war ain' broke it; an' 't ain' never been broke." He made money enough while yet a slave to buy his wife from her



A FAMILY GROUP AT BEL-AIR.

former master, and asked father to stand as master to her. His pride in the children of the family was very touching—he had none of his own. To his "young masters" he left a reversionary right in his property at his death.

Another case like his was one of a servant holding a yet more dignified position in the family—my mother's trusted assistant and friend—our "mammy," whose memory deserves to be kept green forever. She, too, was childless, and seemed to pour out on her foster children the strong affection that might have gone to her own, if she had had them.

She took entire charge of them at times—their health, the formation of their character and manners being trusted to her, as they were as gravely cared for by her almost as if she were their mother.

Mammy's cabin was a favorite place of resort for the children, and it was one where they were sure of being carefully kept reminded of a high standard of behavior, as well as petted in her own characteristic way, with a certain gravity approaching severity, which was adopted, I suppose, as a safeguard against spoiling them with fondness. Severity of manner, seasoned with substantial kindness, however, did not much weigh upon them, but acted only as a wholesome flavoring to their enjoyment of her society, and a reminder to hold her in due awe and reverence.

My mother's respect for Mammy's Christian goodness and sincerity was very great, as well as for that of another old negress, Aunt Cilla, who used generally to take turns with mother in going to church, one of them staying to take care of the children, the carriage being ordered as much for one as the other. I have heard mother say that

once, when perhaps they were going together in the carriage, some delay of Aunt Cilla's was inquired into, and it was accounted for by her saying she wanted to "study herself"—I suppose she meant to compose herself for devotion before going to church.

These two Christian friends in her household were a great pleasure to my mother, who really took an attitude of some inferiority to the older one, Aunt Cilla, in deference to her great age, she being an old woman, used to take the privilege of calling her master's young wife by her name, "Sarah," and took a most commanding position with regard to the children. These were very much afraid of her, as she made awful threats of condign punishment on offenders, though these were generally found to vanish in noise.

There was a closer friendship between them and Mammy, which came with the first dawning of life, when they were the objects of her tender care as babies, and lasting to the time of her death long after the war, after having served three generations of the family.

When the breaking up of the ties between master and slave came and the dispersion that followed, Mammy, though invited to make her home with us, concluded that in old age it would seem strange and painful to her to be a charge on the personal care of her mistress, who had now no servants to help in such cases, and she preferred to go to live with her niece. What it cost her to separate from us, I knew by the tears on her face as she kissed the children she loved on parting from them in the dark of a winter morning.

But as age grew on her heart turned to us as her *nearest*, nearer than her kindred, and she came back and spent her last days under the care of our family, having told one of

my brothers in a mood half of appeal, half of command, that she looked to him to take care of her, and he did so. She had been with us only a short time when she was paralyzed, just before the celebration of my father and mother's golden wedding, in 1882, and was here then occupying a chamber next to theirs. She was well enough to be greatly interested in the gathering, the coming of the sons and daughters, of some of the old servants, too. When she was asked if she would like to be carried in to see the the desert-table, she said, "That would be too much honor," but so evidently liked the thought that she was lifted in her arm-chair by Overton and one or two of my brothers and held in the doorway to look. She was greatly gratified. Sometimes she would be overcome with trouble at being waited on by her mistress and others of the family—especially, I think, once when my mother or one of us bathed her feet. And I remember the deeply pathetic look in her dark tearful eyes, when she was reminded who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and the comfort it seemed to bring her to hear the words.

She was buried by her husband in the colored people's burying ground at Bel-air, by her wish, in sight of the oaks around the home of her foster children and not far from the cabin where she had lived so many years—her grave eloquent with the double lesson of a well-spent life, and of God's protecting love toward his children.

Early in the war, my father was advised by one who foresaw its close as likely to be disastrous to the South, to sell his property, negroes and all, and to leave the country. Adopting which plan, either in Europe or Canada, he could have lived secure in comfort, his family well provided for in any event.

He replied that he did not believe he had the right to do this—that he did not think it would be just and kind to the negroes. And so he stayed in Virginia, where he and his family bore their full share of the ruin that fell upon their State.

A letter from their oldest son at the close of the war shows a picture sad enough of the gloom that overshadowed the South at the time, when the impulse of many young men of the dissolved army was to leave the country and seek a home elsewhere. He felt bound to stay, however, not only by the desire to help his family in their changed circumstances, but by the claims upon him of the negroes he had taken with him from Virginia to a cotton plantation in Texas, whom he could not in humanity leave until they had become sufficiently accustomed to their new situation to know what to do or how to take care of themselves. When he had carried them away it had been, I think, under promise to his mother or charge from her, to keep up the practice of reading the Bible to them.

THIS collection of memoirs, showing my father and mother to their grandchildren and great grandchildren as they were in their home with their family, is only a fragment of what it would be well for them to know and remember, but it is enough for them to see, reading between the lines a great deal more than is written.

These two sketches are given to preserve to their descendants a picture of lives too beautiful to be forgotten—lives that are a proof that along the dusty way of life there is a path all fresh with tender verdue and flowers, airs full

of springtime and music—the sky above of clearest light —a path called the "way of holiness"—that to the pure souls who pass along it belong the poetry, the beauty, the joy of life, an undying youth, and to them there is a bright gateway spanning their road. Poor mortals on the crowded highway see it dimly through their tears and call it death; but these pass through it to find only a fairer stretch of their same sweet pathway, unchanged, yet set with sweeter flowers, and shone upon with light more clear and heavenly, and they know it is the Gate of Life.

Such life as theirs—

> * * * "Springs to the welcoming skies,
> And burns, a steadfast star, to steadfast eyes."

It is outlined in order that to the latest generation of their family "their light may so shine" that their descendants may feel the inspiration of their high example, may see their own path lighted by the pure rays of the Light that was the light of life to these, and may thank God for the help of that heavenly radiance. N. E. Scott.

Multum in Parvo of . . .

David Bullock Harris.

FROM LETTERS TO MRS. D. B HARRIS.

JUDGE DANIEL said he passed the best examination in his class at West Point, considering his extreme youth.

Prof. Mahar said he saw nothing at thirty superior to his engineering drawings.

Gen. Winfield Scott, when commander-in-chief, said he was the most promising young officer in the army.

Gen. Beauregard said he was the best officer in his command, and that he had never occupied his true position, and that the cities of Charleston, South Carolina, and Petersburg, Virginia, should each erect a monument to his memory.

Gen. Gilmer, Chief of Engineer Bureau, said his works and his bravery had never been surpassed, and that his country had never known the extent of his services.

Gen. Jordan, Adjutant General of the army of Northern Virginia, said he was only made Brigadier General when dying from devotion to duty, and that he was fitted to fill the shoes of either Lee or Beauregard, and that as commander of the best army the South ever put on the field—the army of Northern Virginia.

Gen. R. E. Lee said if Colonel Harris could not overcome a difficulty in engineering, he could not.

Gen. Hoke said he was the bravest man he ever saw.

Governor Lee said his reputation was second to none in the State.

Colonel Paul, Assistant Adjutant General, said he was the only man he knew fitted to fill the place of Jackson.

Major Cook, Assistant Adjutant General, said it took millions of men to find a Jackson, a Gordon or a Harris.

Colonel Feilder, of the British Army, who was assigned to duty under him at Charleston, said he resembled Gen. Gordon more than any man he ever saw.

Colonel Otey, Assistant Adjutant General, said he simply worshipped him.

Mr. San Jankee, of Charleston, said it was an honor and pleasure to have him in his house, not as a valued guest only, but as an example to his only son just entering life.

John Lewis, of Llangollen.

BY WALTER LEWIS PATTESON.

IT was deeply regretted by the descendants of John Lewis, of Llangollen, who attended the Congress at Belair, that the proceedings did not include some formal tribute to the memory, the life and the attainments of this good and wise man. This omission was not intentional and seems to have been unavoidable, owing to the peculiar circumstances; but it seems not unfitting that in this memorial volume there should be a page set apart for him to whose exalted character, eminent scholarship and pure precep this descendants owe so much, and to which they point with pride.

Few of us are fitted to write his history, and the writer of this least of all, having never seen him and having knowledge of him only through the tradition of an elder generation; and yet it seems that a life whose sweet and helpful influence can reach over a gap like that and take hold of lives of unborn generations is one whose memory and whose praise may well be the theme of their highest eulogy.

He is presented to our minds as the very embodiment of those virtues which go to make up true manhood. Scholarly, genial, hospitable, true-hearted, brave and manly in every instinct and every action. It would be hard to analyze his character, harder probably because it was so simple, or rather that the elements were so thoroughly blended and the whole so harmonious that to give undue prominence to any would make a false impression. Much is expressed in the single sentence: "He was a good teacher." He loved the young and devoted his life to them. He possessed their confidence and their love, and through this he led them upward into paths of knowledge and wisdom.

It is a great thing to be a scholar, and he was one—but it is a greater thing to be able to impart the love of knowledge—the thirst for learning to others, and this he could do as few other men could.

We love to think of him as he is presented to us in the reminiscences of those who knew him. In his country home, beloved Llangollen, surrounded by his family, his scholars and friends, an elite circle, of which he was ever the leading spirit. Full of kindly humor and tender sympathy, enthusiastic in exploring every new field of science, devoted to his books but ready to leave them when the claims of social life demanded, always striving for the best and bringing out the best that was in all around him, what wonder he was beloved.

Such was John Lewis, of Llagollen, the cultured scholar, the skilled teacher, the polished gentleman, the true friend, the affectionate husband and father.

The following obituary notice, which appeared in the Frankfort Commonwealth August 28, 1858, shortly after

his death, was written by one who knew him well, and is eminently appropriate to be inserted here:

DEATH OF JOHN LEWIS, OF LLANGOLLEN.

It is with much regret that we record the death of John Lewis, Esq., which occurred at his residence in this city on Sunday, the 15th inst., and we can not let this occasion pass without a notice at some length of this good and wise man. Mr. Lewis was formerly of Llangollen, Spotsylvania county, Virginia; born on the 25th of February, 1784, he was, consequently, in the 75th year of his age.

He was the son of Col. Zachary Lewis, of Bel-air, in Spotsylvania county. His father was the messmate of Gen. Washington in the war with the French, and bequeathed to his son his small sword, worn at that time, and his powder-horn, with looking-glass in the reverse, which was used by the chieftian and himself at their camp toilet. These relics, prized for their associations, have been carefully preserved to this time, and bequeathed to two of his grandsons, who are named after him.

Having caught the military ardor of his father, we find him, in 1812, in command of a troop of horse, and entrusted with watching the movements of the British fleet in the Potomac, which was attempting constant depredations on the adjoining country. While so engaged he was afflicted with camp fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave, and he was thus prevented from further participation in the military operations of that day.

In early life he was engaged actively in the practice of law, but having a natural fondness for teaching, he established a high school for young men at Llangollen, in Virginia, and for many years taught successfully Virginia's

most noble sons, earning a reputation as an instructor equaled by few and surpassed by none. He declined several offers of the professorships of colleges in his native State, preferring to teach his school at home.

Removing to Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1832, he there established a female academy, but retaining his love for the country, in a few years he came to this vicinity and has, with a short intermission, continued at his post until the last. He seemed to seek no pleasure above that of imparting to the young his varied and extensive knowledge. He was a fine classical scholar and mathematician; was well acquainted with the French, Spanish and Italian languages, unusually so with the physical sciences, and in the department of *belles lettres* his acquirements were unsurpassed by anyone within our knowledge.

Besides being a very frequent contributor to the leading journals of the past times, in which he acquired considerable distinction, he was the author of a system of arithmetic, and of various works of fiction in poetry and prose, among the latter of "Young Kate, or the Rescue."

A model gentleman of the old school, he possessed very fine conversational powers, and great tenderness of feeling, which were continually manifested towards all who came in contact with him, especially toward his children and grandchildren. Among his relatives and connections in his native State are numbered men distinguished in law and politics, among others Judge Daniel, of the United States Supreme Court, whose sister he married.

For some fourteen years past he had been a communicant of the Old School Presbyterian Church. As a Christian he was as simple and unostentatious as a child, yet he possessed all the strength of a mature Christian. During

the whole of his last illness he bore his sufferings with perfect patience and resignation, and with a mind conscious to the last. He, in his death, gave the most triumphant proof of a victory through Christ ever witnessed by those who were most accustomed to see men die. Verily, a good and wise man has fallen in our midst.

THE following obituary notice of Mrs. Anne Terrell Lewis is from the pen of her son, John Lewis, of Llangollen :

Died, at her residence in Spotsylvania county, on Thursday, the 30th of November, 1820, Mrs. Anne Lewis, relict of Colonel Zachary Lewis, deceased, in her 73d year, after an illness of nineteen days.

In the death of this truly good lady a large circle of relatives and friends, and society at large, have lost one of its brightest ornaments. She has lived a long and virtuous life, equaled by few and excelled by none. She will long be remembered by all who knew her, and the best proof of her inestimable worth is the sincere regret manifested by her surviving acquaintances. At a good old age she has left this world, in the full hope of finding a better, with the pleasing reflection of a well-spent life.

JUVENIS.

Memorial Tablet to George Wythe.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA.—During the recent bi-centennial celebration of William and Mary, Mr. Robert M. Hughes, of Norfolk, on the part of the State Bar Association, presented, in a chaste and appropriate speech, to the custody of the college officers a beautiful memorial tablet of Chancellor George Wythe, which is placed in the chapel, beneath which lie the bones of many distinguished Virginians. The tablet is of bronze, mounted on antique oak, and the inscription is in black letters, and reads as follows:

GEORGE WYTHE, LL. D.,

Member of the Continental Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Member of the Committee of 1779 on Revision of the Laws of Virginia, Judge of the Chancery Court, First Professor of Law in the College of William and Mary,

THE AMERICAN ARISTIDES.

He was an exemplar of all that was noble and elevating in the profession of the law.

A. D. 1893.

This tablet is erected by the Virginia Bar Association

IN TRIBUTE TO

His courage as a patriot.
His ability as an instructor.
His uprightness as a lawyer.
His purity as a judge.

LIST OF MEMBERS

—OF THE—

LEWIS FAMILY

—ATTENDING THE—

LEWIS CONGRESS,

BEL-AIR, VIRGINIA.

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN LEWIS, OF LLANGOLLEN.

Richmond A. Lewis, M. D., Richmond, Virginia.

Waller Holladay Lewis, Belair, Franklin county, Kentucky.

Walter Lewis Patteson, Springfield, Illinois.

John A. Lewis, M. D., Georgetown, Kentucky.

Richmond Lewis, Richmond, Virginia.

George Alexander Lewis, Frankfort, Kentucky.

Sydney Scott Lewis, Georgetown, Kentucky.

John Moncure Lewis, Richmond, Virginia.

DESCENDANTS OF DR. RICHMOND LEWIS, OF BRECKNOCK, VIRGINIA.

B. R. A. Scott, Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. B. R. A. Scott, Galveston, Texas.

Lucy Harper Scott, Galveston, Texas.

Mary Anderson Scott, Galveston, Texas.

John Thomson Scott, Galveston, Texas.

Sarah Lewis Scott, Galveston, Texas.

List of Relics.

LITTLEPAGE relics, those connected with Gen. Lewis Littlepage, Privy Councilor of Stanislaus, last king of Poland: Star of the Order of St. Stanislaus: ribbon worn with court dress; original sketch of fleets at Gibraltar made by Littlepage, from the deck of the admiral's galley; also copy, elaborately drawn and finished; sketch of military position at Oczakow, on the Black Sea, where Littlepage served, commanding flotilla; sketch No. 2 of same; letter from General Littlepage giving an account to family, in Spotsylvania, of his visit to Washington at his Mount Vernon; pamphlet containing Mr. Jay's side of controversy with General Littlepage; part of General Littlepage's side as published; letter of W. Gardiner to General Littlepage; letter of General Littlepage to his uncle Benjamin Lewis; letter of Major Holladay to General Littlepage; W. Holladay's refutation to unpleasant reports about General Littlepage.

Letter of Thomas Jefferson to Waller Holladay.

The spoons of Sarah Travers, niece of Mary Washington, a very handsome set, complete with her name. These were not brought but are in possession of the family. They are at Locust Hill, in Albemarle county; belong to Mrs. Sarah Travers Scott Anderson.

Sword of General Washington given to Colonel Zachary Lewis, of Bel-air; powder horn with mirror in reverse, for

shaving—used in camp toilets by General Washington and Colonel Lewis; commission of Colonel Zachery Lewis in troops for French and Indian War.

Silhouette of Dr. Richmond Lewis; book of extracts of Mrs. Governor Wood, aunt of Mrs. E. T. Lewis, of Brecknock; letters of Dr. James M. Scott; will of Zachary Lewis II; will of Zachary Lewis III; book of extracts of Mrs. J. M. Scott; book of extracts of Huldah Lewis; John M. Daniel's latch key; Examiner; S. T. Lewis's notes on history; book of extracts; geographical notes of some of the family.

Tabular views of language, a beautiful study in philology, by John Lewis, of Llangollen; analytical outlines, by John Lewis.

Sarah Lewis' book of extracts, English, French and Italian; poems, Miss Ann Boggs and others; Brecknock table funiture; family Bible of Dr. Richmond Lewis; book of extracts, French and English, apparently Mrs. Huldah Holladay's.

Letter to Mr. Jefferson from Waller Holladay; letter to Mr. Waller Holladay from Mr. Thomas Ritchie; letter to General Littlepage from Mr. Carmichael, Madrid; letter (copy) of General Buxhoeoden, of Warsaw, to General Littlepage; letter (copy) of General Littlepage to the Abbe Thigiotti; letter of General Littlepage to General Buxhoeoden; notice of General Littlepage by some unknown person; controversy of General Littlepage with the Court of Vienna; album of poetry, Huldah Lewis; Mrs. Frances Greenhow's fan; Mrs. Frances Greenhow's trunk; first volume of Revised Code of Virginia, 1814.

Scrap of plantation cloth woven in the ante-emancipation days for the negroes; little souvenir booklet given by

Miss E. T. Lewis to Mrs. Sarah Scott; a Wild Rose, painted by Mrs. Sarah Scott; Mrs. Anne Lewis' workbox; Mrs. E. T. Lewis' paint box; little box of Mrs. E. T. Lewis'; quill basket made by Miss Ann Boggs. (An amber necklace of Mary Waller, wife of Zachary Lewis II, was not brought but is in possession of the family.) Portraits (copies) of Charles Smith, husband of Dorothea Lewis, and of Meriwether Lewis, of Locust Hill, the explorer of the West; picture of Judge Peter Vivian Daniel, of the U. S. Supreme Court, in his judicial robes; picture of General David B. Harris, of Woodville; samples worked by Mrs. Anne Lewis (I think).

Some numbers of the Grand Magazine, 1760; a letter of Dr. Richmond Lewis, 1794; chair in which LaFayette sat; grant, of Bel-air, from George II, 1728; book containing book-plate (armorial) of George Wythe, signer of the Declaration of Independence; Latin Testament of John Lewis, 1746; French Bible with Psalms and music of Dr. Richmond Lewis; letter of Meriwether Lewis, explorer of the West, Governor of Missouri (I think); land grant with signature of Lord Fairfax; mortar of Dr. Richmond Lewis; letters of General Littlepage to various persons and other letters; notes by W. Holladay; pistol used by Captain John Lewis during the war 1812.