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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

By Marion Harland



THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago, in 1845, Marion Harland made her first appearance in print. Her real name was then Mary Virginia Hawes, and she was fourteen years old. Three years later she completed her first novel, which was published a few years afterward. In time she married the Reverend Edward Payson Terhune, but household cares did not deter her from following a vigorous literary career under her well-known pen-name, Marion Harland. Her novels number more than twenty, and her "Common Sense in the Household," issued in 1870, which was a pioneer book in its line, passed the million mark years ago and has probably guided more women in cookery than any similar work ever printed. This book was followed by others of the same order and by volumes treating of various domestic topics. The broad scope of Mrs. Terhune's widely published departments on housekeeping has made her name familiar to women from one end of the country to the other. She was the first paid contributor to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL outside of the regular editorial staff.

At the age of eighty-nine she is still an inveterate worker, retains her vivid interest in life and in people and declares that she has writing planned ahead to keep her busy until her hundredth birthday anniversary.

WHEN Captain John Smith had made good his footing in Virginia he was followed to the New World by a brother who settled there upon lands he had purchased. It was a matter of genealogical record, confirmed by ancient copies of "The Three Turks' Heads" coat-of-arms, that the younger brother remained when the soldier of fortune returned to England to mingle in royal circles and finally to lie down for his last sleep in the Church of Saint Sepulchre, in London. Upon a tablet in the wall above him is carved the boastful—to the last!—legend: "Here lies one conquered who has conquered kings."

At the death in Virginia of the younger brother, his immense estate was divided with democratic equity among his children. To one descendant fell the plantation of Olney, near Richmond; another inherited Montrose, in Powhatan County, a matter of thirty miles away. The custom of the mother country, of designating families and individuals by naming the counties of which they are residents, was adopted early and has been retained until now in Virginia. The practice is eminently convenient when the name of the homestead is super-added. For instance, "the Harrisons of Berkeley" and "the Harrisons of Lower Brandon" cannot be confounded one with the other.

In selecting Montrose and the home life led within its walls as typical of a large and highly respectable class of homesteads and home dwellers, I am moved, first, by the fact that it is a truthful representation of what I would describe, and secondly, because there cluster about it the sweetest associations of my own early life.

The plantation comprised perhaps a thousand acres of arable land and forest. The house stood upon a gentle eminence, overlooking in every direction wide stretches of well-tilled fields of Indian corn, wheat, oats, tobacco and cotton. For at that date cotton cloth of fair quality was woven upon the plantation, also a heavier fabric of mixed horsehair and wool that made serviceable rugs and carpets.

The family dwelling was a substantial frame building. The importation of bricks from England had ceased, and there were no public brickyards in the country, while the forests supplied the finest native woods for building purposes to be had for the hewing. Bricks for the foundation walls, cellars and chimneys were formed in

primitive molds and burned in kilns constructed for the occasion. The house was long and rambling in architecture, the main part being only a story and a half in height, with dormer windows piercing the roof and projecting over the eaves.

At a later period a two-storied wing had been built at one end and at right angles with the original structure. The recess thus formed was filled by a deep porch. Another porch of more ample dimensions shaded the front door. Both were overgrown with sweetbrier and other climbing roses. The front lawn sloped in a natural terrace to the level of the driveway, leading

hands and their families, the invalided and superannuated, past-worthy workers who would be tenderly cared for as long as they lived.

The garden was separated from the end wing of the house by a strip of lawn about twenty yards in width, and a substantial picket fence. In the corner made by this paling with the outer fence of the kitchen yard stood what we would call a two-room cottage, painted white, with green blinds, like the larger dwelling. Running vines draped the windows and doorway. This was known as "mammy's house." Of its occupant I shall have more to say by-and-by.

The garden was extensive and abundantly stocked with vegetables. The squares of these plants were divided by narrow alleys, bordered with roses and other standard blooms. The central walk, stretching from the gate to the graveyard at the bottom of the garden, was edged by trellises and arbors of grapevine, honeysuckle and native creepers. A row of willows at the far end of the garden was the inner boundary of the "God's acre" in which slumbered the dust of eight generations. Beyond this, and as carefully tended, was the humble cemetery in which the colored dependents of the Montrose Smiths had been laid to rest for as long a time.

INDOORS comfort and cleanliness walked hand in hand through hall and chamber. The drawing-room occupied one end of the principal building. There were windows at the front and back, and a great fireplace, with a carved mantel that had been brought over from England—tradition said by the younger brother of the redoubtable Captain John—was the principal ornament of the wall opposite the entrance. This apartment, the central hall into which it opened, and the dining room beyond, were paneled and ceiled with oak. Necessity made skillful mechanics of colonial workmen. One side of the great dining room was lined with bookcases. The Montrose library had a statewide reputation.



The furniture was fine, and none of it was new, having come into the possession of the present owner by "ordinary generation," to borrow a phrase from the Shorter Catechism. Some pieces would challenge the admiration of the modern virtuoso. This was especially true of an escritoire which had been brought from overseas by a son of the house at an era when foreign tours were rare and expensive. The flexible, corrugated doors which slid back to reveal drawers and pigeonholes were a fascinating mystery to my childish imagination.

The place of honor in the drawing-room was awarded to an instrument which we called a "harmonium." It was an oblong mahogany box supported by four stout legs. The lid, when lifted, revealed row after row of glass bowls or goblets of graded sizes. Water was poured into these when the instrument was to be used. I had so often heard visitors, familiar with the literature of the day, quote laughingly "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," at first sight of the crystal array, that by the time I was ten years old the idea was rooted in my mind that Shakspeare was the inventor of the machine.

Cousin Emily, the second daughter of the house, was proficient in the use of the "harmonium," and under her taper fingers it discoursed most excellent music. When, as often

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DECORATIONS BY NAT LITTLE



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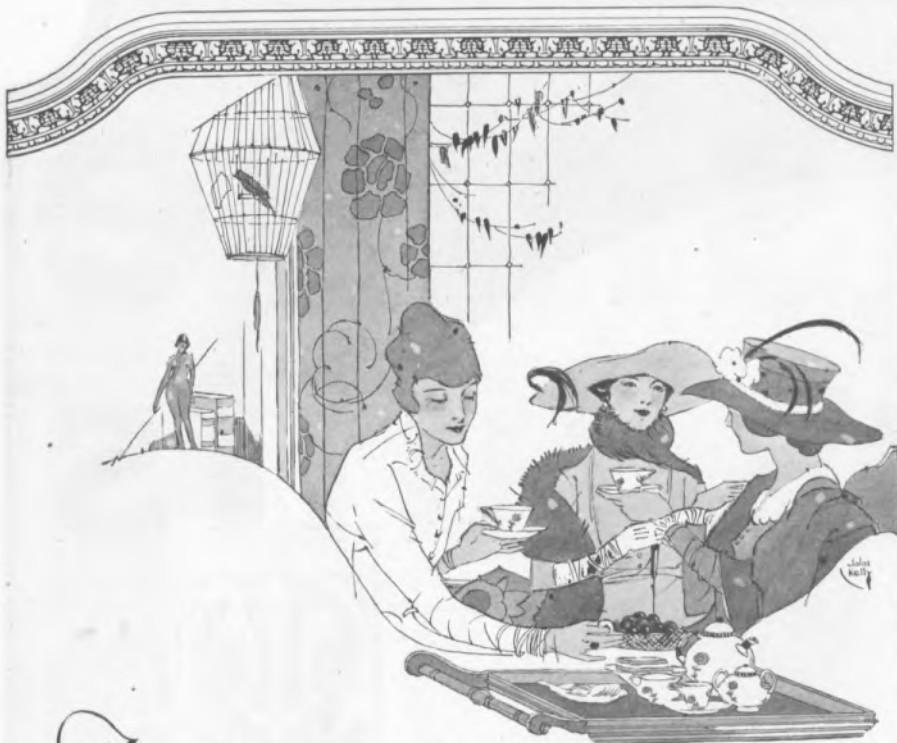
from the public road half a mile distant to the stables and barns beyond the house and garden. At the top of this terrace, beside the steps leading down to the outer gate, stood a gigantic black walnut tree, the largest I have ever seen. It had mounted guard there for half a century and still "abode in strength."

WHAT was known as the "kitchen yard" lay behind the house and was streaked with gravel paths to the doors of what would have been called in England "offices," namely, kitchen, laundry, smokehouse, and the dormitories of house servants. Beyond the railing of the kitchen yard the hill fell away gradually to a brook that a mile farther down swelled into a creek irrigating "the low grounds."

Another hill beyond the brook, which was crossed by a footbridge, was surmounted by the servants' quarters. There were perhaps twenty cabins, more or less commodious, built of hewn and rounded logs. In these were lodged the field



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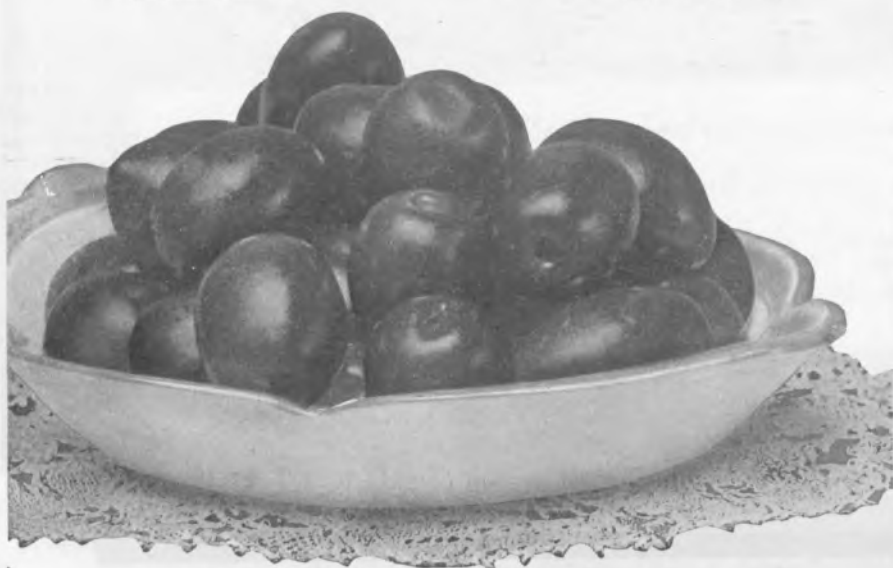
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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

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happened on summer nights, her audience was seated on the front porch in the moonlight or under the stars, the harmonies floating through the open windows, "might be," as an enthusiastic collegian put it, "the hymning of celestial spheres."

The Mosbys of Fonhill were near and intimate neighbors of the Montrose Smiths. Judith Michaux Mosby was, at twenty, the acknowledged belle of the county. At that age she became the bride of Josiah Sterling Smith, who was a fitting mate for the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial market. At forty she was a widow with five children, all under fifteen years of age. In another score of years the estate bequeathed to her unconditionally by the man who knew her best had nearly doubled in value under her able management. Acres of new and rich land were cleared and cultivated, and the products of older tracts had never been so abundant before. Prosperity had crowned every enterprise she had set on foot.

I CANNOT remember when Montrose was not the center of refinement and Christian influence throughout the surrounding region. Mount Carmel, the neat church built upon the outskirts of the plantation, was virtually, although not in name, a private chapel of the Montrose estate. It was at that time the only Presbyterian church in the country. For a century it had been the devout boast of each branch of the family that it had "never wanted a man to stand before the Lord." A list of those of the blood who had taken holy orders would read like the roll call of the Southern and Western churches of that day.

Alexander, Brooks, Hoge, Lacey, Lyle, Rice and Waddell were names of note in the ecclesiastical history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There was hardly a clergyman or statesman of renown in Virginia and the Carolinas who had not been a guest at Montrose. The gracious hostess had been named more than once in print, in private letters and at religious assemblies "the queen mother of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia."

As her middle name would denote, she was of French extraction—a lineal descendant of an expatriated Huguenot who founded a small colony upon the Upper James. Her brunette beauty, a certain dignified vivacity of bearing and speech, her ready adaptation of manner and conversation to the tastes of her companions, were inherited from French forbears. Her sterling common sense and administrative ability were drawn from English stock.

Her family, at the time of which I write, consisted of her daughters and one son who was her right hand, her premier in government, and, if I may use the figure, the right lobe of her heart. Her eldest son was married and settled in a home of his own not far away. The third son, and next to the youngest of her flock, was completing his theological course in Germany. He became subsequently a distinguished clergyman and one of the heads of a school of divinity. All of her children, the mother was wont to remark cheerfully, "were taking good care of themselves," and left her at liberty to give more attention to other weighty matters.

THE reader of to-day who has always lived in a free state may require more definite information than casual mention of the burdens indicated in this speech. Nor does knowledge of the fact that there were upon the Montrose plantation nearly a hundred colored servants bring full appreciation of what was wrapped up in these words.

Slavery, euphemistically called the "patriarchal institution" by apologists and advocates, existed in its mildest form in the Old Dominion. The queen regnant of Montrose was a beneficent and benignant ruler. Anything approximating despotism was as foreign to her nature as to her Christian principles. Her son, with the cooperation of a trustworthy white overseer and colored headman, managed what might be called the outdoor work of the plantation, reporting operations and results to her and seeking counsel when doubtful questions presented themselves. For the rest, everything pertaining to domestic labor in all its departments, together with the dairy and garden, was her province, from the most momentous problem to the most trifling detail.

A brief outline of the routine of a single day in the life of the housekeeper of that period and latitude may bring to our twentieth century housemother a faint conception of what is involved in that last sentence. To begin with, what would be a sort of slavery to her, all foods designed for the consumption of the white and colored families were

kept under lock and key, and doled out daily to be prepared for the master's table, for the house servants, who took their meals in the kitchen, and for those who ate and slept in the quarters described a while ago. Smokehouse, storerooms, dairy and cellar were visited and inspected periodically, generally daily, by the mistress of the domain, sometimes assisted by her daughters.

THE day was begun at Montrose, and, as I then believed, in every Christian home, by "Prayers." The family altar was no mere figure of speech. We knelt about it at early morn and dewy eve every day, collecting in the dining room, unless there were so many guests staying at the house that we adjourned to the drawing-room. The breakfast table was already set in the middle of the floor, but there was ample space for chairs and crickets between this and the fireplace, in which blazing logs roared lustily in winter and where wood was laid ready for lighting all summer long.

Grandma—she was *that* to a host of young people and children connected with her by near or remote ties of consanguinity—sat in an armchair between the hearth and the nearest window. Had I the limner's skill I could paint her now as she appeared to me then. Time had not curved her spine nor bowed her shoulders, and the poise of her head was still regal. She always wore a black gown, and a white cap with a puffed crown was tied under her chin with black ribbons. Disdaining the "false front" with which most elderly women of the day sought to conceal the ravages of time, she wore her own gray hair banded smoothly above a thoughtful brow. Her dark eyes were steady and bright and, while the warm brunette of her complexion was bleached to the mellow hue of old ivory, her skin was smooth and clear.

My seat was upon a cricket so near to her that I could lean upon her knee, and, when her eyes were not upon me, look adoringly into the face I still know was beautiful. The house servants, seven in number, including Mammy, were seated in a line near the door. "Cousin Joe," the son who resembled his

mother so closely that I must have loved him had he been less engaging in every other way, sat by her, the great Bible open upon a stand before him, and conducted the simple service. First we had a chapter, never long and always interesting. Next, a hymn was announced, generally one so well known by us all that it needed no lining out. Lastly came a prayer.

DEVOTIONS and breakfast over, the routine of daily duties began for "our lady of the manor," as I named her to my secret self. By the time we left the table, Pembroke, the dining-room servant, who would be a butler now, removed the central castor and the silver saltcellars to the sideboard and began to transfer china and silver, plates and dishes to a large tray set upon a long deal table brought from the adjacent store-room by a "likely" stripling, his assistant and apprentice. When the board was cleared Pembroke took off the cloth, lowered the wings of the table and trundled it to the back of the room, covering it with the embroidered square of tapestry it was to wear when not in use.

Now appeared upon the scene a stalwart kitchen helper, whose name, "Watt," was ridiculously curt for one of his stature, bearing two huge caldrons of boiling water which he deposited upon the hearth. Jim, the assistant, had placed upon the table two dishpans, one large, in which the soiled articles were to be washed after going through the rinsing water in the smaller vessel. Cups and saucers, dishes and plates were emptied into bowls of coarser ware and taken by Watt to the kitchen. Upon the far end of the table were soap-dish, mop and folded towels. At this stage of the proceedings Mammy walked into the room from the outer hall, a tall mulatto who carried herself with a stateliness she might have learned from her mistress. She, too, wore a black dress; but it was covered by an immense checked apron, and her mob cap fitted closely to her head. Without a word she drew a chair to the deal table and signed to Pembroke to begin operations. For a long term of years she had washed the same china, glass and silver he now handled, not resigning the task until he, her son, was accounted worthy to perform it.

There was no running water, hot or cold, in the house or in the kitchen, none indeed upon the plantation except the springs

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which fed the brook at the foot of the hill and served the tenants of the quarters. A deep well, covered by a pent-house and latticed on three sides, stood in the back yard equidistant from the house and the kitchen. From this every drop of water used for drinking, bathing, laundry work and cooking had to be carried in pails or tubs.

MEANWHILE grandma, key basket in hand, had repaired to the storeroom, which, as I have said, opened out of the dining room. It was a one-storied wing projecting from the back of the main building, and had been erected by the former proprietor of the homestead just before his marriage. Grandma told me once confidentially that she never entered it without a grateful recollection of the loving thought for her comfort of which it was the expression, and that she numbered it among her wedding gifts. It was well lighted by a large window at the end and a skylight in the slanting roof. Below the shelves upon one side wall was a set of deep drawers; upon the other side were barrels of sugar, flour, meal, with boxes of tea and huge cans of coffee.

Grandma was joined here by "Mam" Peggy, the cook, who had a wooden tray upon one arm, and another and a bigger tray upon her turbaned head. At her heels came Watt, so hung about with baskets, buckets, pails and cans as to be hardly recognizable until he set them down in a heap upon the floor and stood at attention, awaiting orders. Into these receptacles, one by one, were measured butter, sugar, molasses and other materials needed for the meals of the day in "the house"—as it was designated for convenience' sake—and the kitchen. The larger tray was for Indian meal, the smaller for flour.

When all these had been duly conveyed to the kitchen, the trio visited the smokehouse. This seemed to be preposterously large until one reflected upon the immense droves of swine slaughtered twice a year for the use of the plantation. Not one part of the carcass of the hog was wasted. The head—emptied of the brains, from which delicious *entrées* would be evolved; deprived of the tongue, which would be corned; and stripped of the ears, which would be made with the feet into souse—headcheese—became a "jowl" and was first corned, then smoked, along with the hams and shoulders and sides—middlings. Strings of sausage hung from the rafters of the smokehouse. Portly hog-heads were filled with what is now known all over the continent and even in transatlantic countries as "Virginia bacon." From these stores were extracted middlings and jowls for the quarters. As each was consigned to Watt, Grandma made an entry in the notebook that always accompanied the key-basket. Corn meal was sent to the cabins by the half barrel. Sugar, salt, and so on, were served to the wives of field hands weekly, and an account kept of the same.

THE key of the padlock securing the door of the ice house was also in the basket. Among the blocks of ice covered with straw were boxes with close tops containing what is now known as "butcher's meat." For this, beef, mutton, veal and shote—young pork—each plantation was dependent upon its own cattle yards. When cow, ox, sheep, calf or half-grown pig was to be butchered, it was the pleasant custom of housemothers to divide the choice cuts of fresh meat with neighbors. Unless the beef were to be corned it was impossible for one family to consume it all.

From the time that Dutch traders dumped their cargo of captured and stolen Africans upon these shores, one peculiarity of the imported people has been accepted as a patent fact by those who should be qualified by experience to pronounce upon their characteristics. Grandma "set the case," as Andrew Jackson would have phrased it, so patly in a conversation with a fellow housekeeper that I quote her *verbatim*:

"It is undoubtedly a racial trait. Much study of it has convinced me of this: Men and women who could be trusted with untold gold and silver, with silks, satins and velvets, and dozens of other valuables, will

steal food, no matter how well fed they have been and are. It is a fleshly appetite from which civilization and even Christianity have not purged them. If this be true—and I know that it is—we commit a sin by leaving temptation in the path of the poor creatures."

This hypothesis may account for what a satirist calls "the turnkey system" of Southern housewives.

I remarked a while ago that slavery, as it existed in Virginia in ante-bellum days, was the very mildest form of that highly objectionable "institution." At Montrose it honestly deserved the epithet "patriarchal," never bestowed upon it by latter-day critics except in derision.

Higher principles than policy and worldly wisdom were the mainspring of the management of what the owners thereof never spoke or thought of as "negro slaves." They were essentially an integral part of the Montrose family. The obligation to care for them physically, morally and religiously was binding and could not be shirked. The white children of the household received their school education under tutors and governesses. When these had fulfilled their part of the work, the graduates found delight in forming "classes" of their playmates and even of their nurses. It was an exception when a colored adult of either sex could not read, and not a few of them learned to write. Honesty, sobriety and truthfulness were inculcated as chief virtues, while the influence of continual association with those who brought into daily practice the principles of Christian living was powerful.

GRANDMA'S Sunday-night Bible class, held in the loom room in the basement of the two-storied right wing of the dwelling, included both sexes from fourteen years old and upward. She never failed to be at her post, unless prevented by illness. When kept away by this, Cousin Mary, the eldest and most intellectual and most serious of the sisters, took her place. If there were guests, grandma excused herself for an hour, leaving them to be entertained by her son and daughters. Prayer meetings and Bible readings were held on week nights under Mammy's superintendence. In these, "church members" who were "gifted in prayer or exhortation" were encouraged to take part, and the Bible was the text book.

An anecdote that had free course and was glorified in Presbyterian circles of that and other countries was of a colored visitor from Chesterfield County who found in the cabin of a crippled woman one Sunday afternoon Pembroke's fourteen-year-old daughter reading the Bible to the invalid, three other women and two old men.

The intruder sneered scornfully in demanding: "What good does all these 'ere Bible readin's do you-all, I should like to know?"

Whereupon the reader replied readily: "'The Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man.'"

She belonged to Cousin Mary's catechism class.

AS I SAID a while ago, Pembroke was Mammy's son and only child. The traveled son of the house who brought from abroad the escritoire already mentioned also brought with him, as his body-servant, a young French peasant, Bernard by name. The fellow was bright, good looking, and in other respects so attractive that the father of the returned wanderer, and uncle of Josiah Sterling Smith, soon forgave his son for importing the Frenchman and enrolled the latter upon the domestic staff.

He was disposed to regret the indulgence when, after a year's residence in his new home, Bernard declared that he had fallen in love with Marietta, the mistress' own and favorite maid. For a while master, mistress, relatives and neighbors agreed that the marriage was illegal in a state that defined miscegenation as an offense against natural laws and a violation of decency. Finally, the arguments of his son, whose ideas upon such

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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

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subjects had been broadened by foreign travel, joined to admiration of the lover's constancy and honorable intentions, wrought upon the parents to consent to the match.

The proprietor of Montrose did all that lay in the power of a Christian gentleman to make the unnatural union respectable, if not honorable, to all parties concerned. Bernard and his comely dusky bride-elect were made man and wife in the sight of the church by a Presbyterian minister from the city. The two were married by the authority of heaven, if not of the Commonwealth of Virginia. The ceremony was solemnly performed in the Montrose drawing-room, and the young couple were installed in the white cottage with green blinds alluded to as "Mammy's house."

I have wished a hundred times that I could have learned more of the anomalous position the two must have held upon the plantation and among the "colored folks" of the surrounding region. No particulars of the two years of wedded life that followed the bridal have come down to us through the mists of intervening years. I had the story, so far as she was acquainted with it, from the one child born to the mismatched couple. She only knew that she was eleven months old when her father left Montrose upon pretense of visiting Richmond and was never seen in the county afterward.

INVESTIGATIONS as to his motives, actions and subsequent career were made more difficult by the death of his friend and patron, the traveled son aforesaid, which occurred soon after Bernard's disappearance.

Mammy let the story fall slowly into my eager ears on a never-to-be-forgotten rainy afternoon when I sat with her before a blazing fire.

Her voice was ever soft, and low,

and was, I suspect, an inheritance from her mother, as her black eyes, glossy hair and graceful carriage were bequests from the French father.

Mammy's recollections of her mother were distinct and fond. She told me how, when Marietta lay dying, she confided the whole sad story to her only child. A year after the mother was laid to rest in the burying ground beyond the garden, her daughter was married to the Montrose headman, a fine-looking mulatto.

As if Fortune were not yet weary of persecuting the orphaned daughter, her husband was killed by a falling tree in the forest where he was superintending the cutting of timber. Pembroke was two years old when his mother learned, incidentally and in a roundabout way, that her father had gone into business in Richmond shortly

after leaving Montrose, had been fairly successful, and at forty had married a girl of good family and fair social standing.

"Not that this made me more illegitimate than I already am," the sad accents went on to say. "The marriage was all wrong according to man's laws, and a mistake upon the part of those who might have prevented it; but they acted for the best, and their kindness to my mother and to me always afterward makes it wrong for me to find fault with them or with the blessed woman who loved but one man in all her life."

MAMMY told me at another time that once, before her marriage, she accompanied her mistress to Richmond, where they spent a week. While there she learned that her father had been dead for ten years, and that his widow and two daughters were living on Church Hill. She managed to find her way to Mrs. Bernard's house, to whom she made herself known. She was kindly received and the two had a long, confidential colloquy. Toward the end of this the elder daughter entered and, on being introduced to the visitor, asked angrily what business she had there and would have ordered her out of the house had not the mother interfered.

"Your father told me the whole story before he died," she said, "and took all the blame of the marriage upon himself. This is your half-sister and a good woman. She will always be welcome in my home."

After this, as long as she lived, she wrote to Mammy every Christmas and sent her a present of money. She was dead at the time Mammy told me her story, and the two daughters had married respectable citizens of Richmond. Mammy knew their names, and once in a while heard of—never from—them.

"That was all right," continued the narrator. "I could expect nothing else. Looking back, I can see that it was the Lord's doings, no matter how marvelous it may be in our eyes. I can say, too, from my heart, that goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. I could not have a better home or kinder friends. My mistress is an angel of mercy, and her children take after her."

Grandma had once boasted playfully that she had a princess in her corps of servants. The grandfather of Marietta, Mammy's mother, had been an African king who was taken captive in battle by the Dutch invaders and shipped to America as a slave.

NOTE—The next installment of these "Reminiscences" will give recollections of the author's girlhood during the Clay and Polk presidential campaign, with graphic pictures of old-time political "barbecues" which she attended, and entertaining songs and episodes of the period.

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Is My "Boy Problem" Yours Also?

By Mrs. Lawrence Hemming

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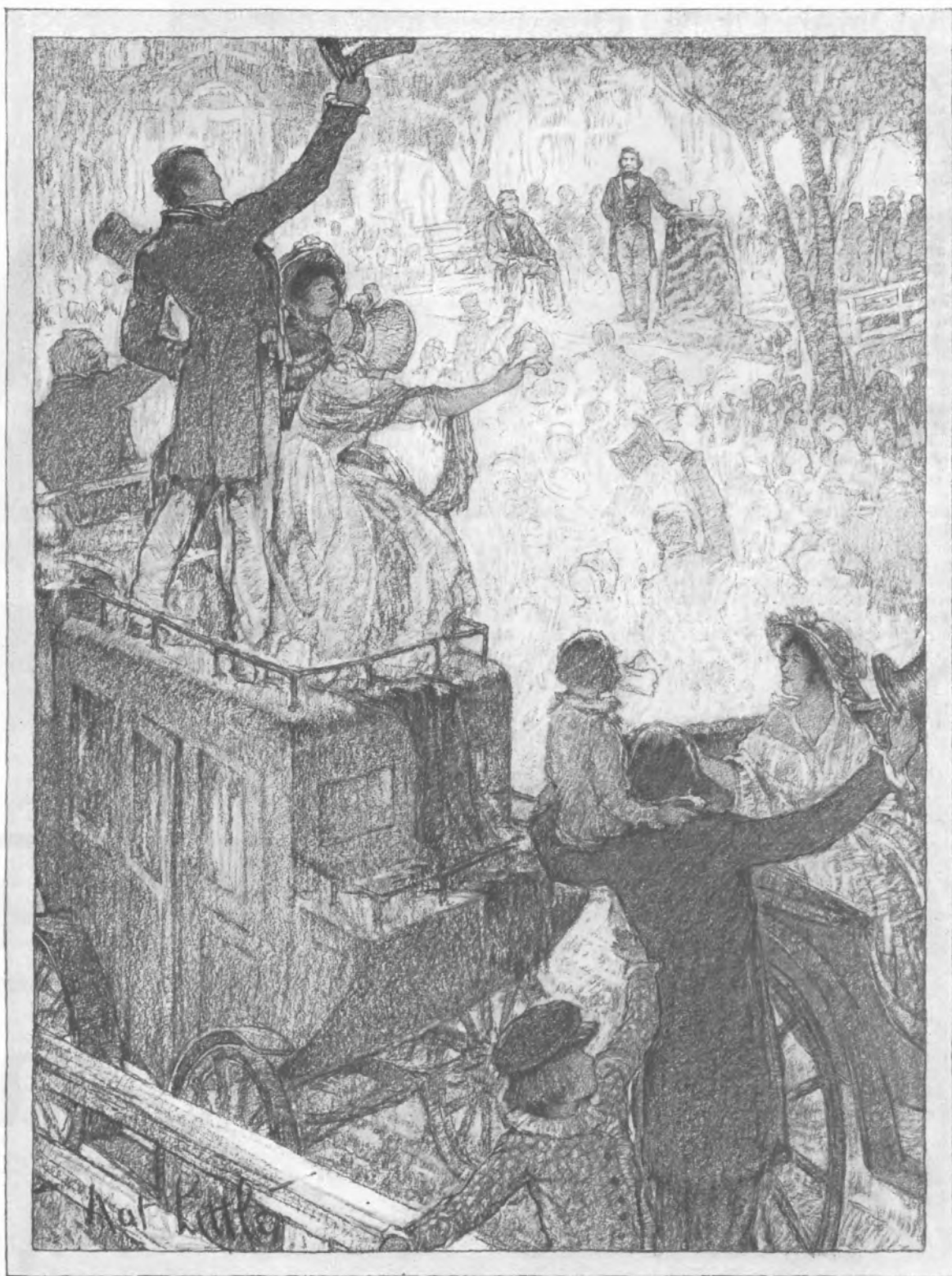
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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

By Marion Harland

ILLUSTRATION BY NAT LITTLE

AS A ten-year-old girl I had my first lessons in the "witching art of noble horsemanship" and a knowledge of national politics from one and the same master. My father was a lover of fine horses, a fearless rider and a skillful driver. A pretty mare, Fanny by name, was my mount, and when I had learned not to toughen her tender mouth by jerking or sawing at the bit, not to bear my whole weight upon the stirrup, to hold the rein taut and not tight, to sit straight and squarely in the saddle and to keep Fanny in the road, my instructor enjoyed our excursions almost as much as I.

My father was an ardent Whig. The party entered the political arena in 1834 and leaped into prominence in 1840 in the election by an overwhelming majority of General William Henry Harrison as President and John Tyler as Vice President. Both were Virginians by birth.

It is hardly a digression to remark here that "the log cabin and hard cider" which held so conspicuous a part in what may be called the tools of the electioneering trade were symbols of Harrison's pioneer life. He had obeyed the call of "Westward ho!" in his early manhood, when to the "tools" mentioned here was added the sobriquet of "Tippecanoe," in recognition of his military prowess. The appeal to all sections of the country was powerful.

It was highly creditable to his heart and significant of loyalty to the parent stock that he revisited his ancestral colonial homestead of Berkeley, in Charles City County, Virginia, purposely to write his inaugural in his mother's room, where he drew the first breath of life.

He outlived inauguration day by a single month, and John Tyler took his seat in the presidential chair.

I HAVE neither room nor inclination to enlarge here upon the various causes which made Tyler's administration extremely unpopular to the whole nation and a source of bitter chagrin to his party. Prior to his election he had filled well several offices in his native state, including that of governor, and served as congressman to the satisfaction of the public.

In the attempt to retrieve the mortifying disaster, the Whigs put forth in the next presidential campaign a ticket which, to the twentieth-century observer and thinker, would have seemed to be one of the most attractive ever offered to American voters. Henry Clay—Virginian born—the popular orator of Kentucky, with a long record of brilliant achievements in official stations at home and abroad, was the nominee for the presidential office. For Vice President was proposed Theodore Frelinghuysen, a distinguished New Jersey jurist and chancellor of the University of New York.

Never in the history of the republic has a political party been more sanguine of a triumphant success than were Whig leaders and followers at this juncture. The campaign was ushered in with processions, political songs and editorial prophecies of new laurels to be gained by the candidate and a rehabilitation of the humbled party.

A NEW feature of the canvass was the number and variety of Whig ballads, all sounding the same note of anticipated victory. The chorus of one of the most popular linked the East and West with the names of the victors-to-be:

*For old Kentuck, the Jersey blue,
For Clay and Frelinghuysen too.*

The barbecue—derived from the Spanish *barbacoa*, implying a grating or railing—had long been a favorite form of outdoor feast in the South and West. This function now came into vigorous play as a political feature. The Democrats were the first to inaugurate it. With what their opponents erroneously supposed to be the energy of desperation they redoubled party "demonstrations" all over the country. In midsummer notice was given throughout Powhatan that a barbecue would be held by the Democrats upon a plantation contiguous to the courthouse of the county.

On the morning of the great occasion I persuaded my father to let me accompany him to the theater of operations. The success of the preparations for the affair depended upon securing, first, an extensive

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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

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stretch of level "old field" or, as we would put it, a "common," where the speakers' stand and the seats for the audience could be arranged conveniently; second, one or more good springs of water with running brooks in which bottles of milk, cider, lemonade, and so on, could be kept cool; lastly, the edge of a wood giving upon the "old field," in the shade of which the *alfresco* kitchen could be located. The vicinity of the two hotels in the village was a convenience to those who wished to stable their horses during the festival.

As we crossed the broad, straggling highway beyond the plantation tents my father said jocosely: "It is not likely that many Democrats will wish to have their horses taken care of. There's sure to be a big delegation from the Yellow-Jacket country."

The aforesaid neighborhood took its name from the fact that nearly every man in the community wore nankeen coat and trousers and a white hat when he visited the courthouse. And, by an odd coincidence, more sorrel horses were raised upon the farms of the Yellow-Jacket region than were to be found in all the other counties of the state put together.

I LAUGHED in full comprehension of the meaning of the remark. The "Yellow-Jacket country," in the lower part of Powhatan and bordering upon Chesterfield County, was inhabited almost entirely by what were known, in the parlance of the day, as "poor white folks," and the masculine population of the section was almost exclusively Democratic.

The rude rostrum and benches had been put into place the previous day. The backless seats were long planks planed upon the upper side and nailed loosely to rough legs from which the bark had not been removed. About a dozen straggling trees would be a partial screen from the sun.

The kitchen was to me the chief object of interest and curiosity. I had heard of such, but this was the first one I had ever seen. Eight or ten pits, each about two feet deep and six or seven feet long, with squared sides, had been filled with billets of seasoned wood, over the burning of which watch had been kept until daylight by men selected for that duty. These pits were now more than half full of scarlet coals. Rough bars of iron, hammered out by country blacksmiths, were laid from side to side, carrying out the original idea of the grating or railing.

Upon these were the dressed carcasses of two oxen, four sheep, a calf and six half-grown pigs. Each animal was split down the back and the beeves were already browned upon the under side. When cooked, these would be transferred to the dishes piled under a tree, and thence to the table of rough boards surrounded by primitive benches.

By two o'clock the speaking would be over, the colored waiters and cooks would have carved and served the hot meats. Pans, hampers and boxes, in which the remnants of the feast—if there were any—would be stored, were visible in the deeper shadow of the wood.

"And they call that fun!" ejaculated I when, having made the rounds, we took our way homeward. "The sight is enough to spoil one's appetite for a week."

"They will keep up appetite and spirits by the rows of bottles I saw lying in the branch" (brook), was the reply, "as we shall hear before sundown."

THE prediction came true. Ere the sun touched the western horizon the village street and the highroads leading into the country were a babel of song, laughter and shouts.

"Are they all drunk?" I inquired, surveying the disorderly procession from an upper window.

"All that could get enough to drink," answered my father, who was watching the show with me. "It takes a good deal to turn the head of a Democrat in election time."

Lest these comments may sound uncharitable to the uninitiated reader, let me say that, however party lines may have shifted and the character of partisans changed in succeeding years and in other localities, the more intelligent and refined of our county people belonged to the Whig party, the Democrats forming a much lower stratum of society.

In our after-supper chat that night my father took the pains to renew in my young mind the teachings inculcated in the early morning and late evening rides we had taken together in my childhood. He was

gratified that I had retained so much of those bygone lessons. I recapitulated with pride, pardonable in one of my age and sex, the leading principles of the party he served so well. To the day of his death he believed in the protective tariff and the government of a free republic by wise rulers elected to their several offices by the votes of educated, free-born American citizens.

Within a week proclamation was made throughout the county that a Whig barbecue worthy of the party, and with new and striking features, would be given within the village itself. There were no country papers to spread the news, but posters were tacked up on hotel and store porches and to the trees at crossroads, and bundles of them dispatched by mounted messengers to more distant plantations.

THE hamlet, which will be hereafter designated, for convenience's sake, "the Court House," had a population of about five hundred, white and colored. In the center of the settlement was the public square, covering an area of an acre and a half and surrounded by a substantial railing.

The largest of the group of buildings thus inclosed was the courthouse, an edifice that was more than respectable in dimensions and architecture, being of brick with slated roof and wide portico. Less than a stone's throw away, and, like the courthouse, facing the wide main street of the village, was the clerk's office, a smaller brick building, but comfortable within and neat in outward appearance.

At the back of the square, behind courthouse and clerk's office, was the jail, an oblong structure two stories in height, to which rows of grated windows lent a dismal look. It stood flush with the back street, and even the shrubbery that grew up to the walls on each side of the door could not make it anything less than forlornly ugly.

Commodious frame cottages surrounded by pleasant grounds and gardens and shaded by tulip poplars, weeping willows and catalpa trees; brick residences of a more pretentious character; two hotels; two stores; a shoemaker's, a tailor's, a blacksmith's and a saddler's shop made up the village—the largest in the county.

It was now proposed by the Whigs to "astonish the natives," as one of the projectors put it in my hearing, by proving that even the political assemblies of what was sometimes sarcastically called "the gentleman's party" would not be changed in character and proceedings by the presence of the wives and daughters of the masculine members thereof.

In demonstration of this the women of the families represented by Whig husbands, fathers and sons were invited by letter and verbally to be present at the unique barbecue. This, by the way, was to be called a "Whig rally," in contradistinction to the coarser revelries conducted under the conventional name.

"The barbecue," a member of the committee of arrangements explained, "was a postscript in the form of a collation to be served when the main business of the day had been dispatched."

FOR three days preceding the event which was to make the week memorable, preparations for it were carried briskly forward. A platform was erected against the rear wall of the courthouse, to be furnished in due time with chairs for speakers and a few distinguished guests, while a bench at one end would be occupied by the double quartet of young men who were to quicken patriotism by campaign songs.

Before and beyond the platform were ranks of benches set in the green lawn, shaded by trees that spread a leafy canopy above the array. These seats would supply accommodations for five hundred guests. With a special reference to the comfort of the women who, it was confidently hoped, would compose at least half of the audience, the benches were constructed with broad backs, to which token of gallantry another yet more uncommon was added on the morning of the festival: the seats were covered from end to end with breadths of stout cotton cloth—muslin—spread smoothly and tacked down securely underneath.

This proof of solicitude for the fair and white raiment of the wearers was my father's happy thought. He was chairman of the committee above named.

Under his direction, too, tables for the collation were



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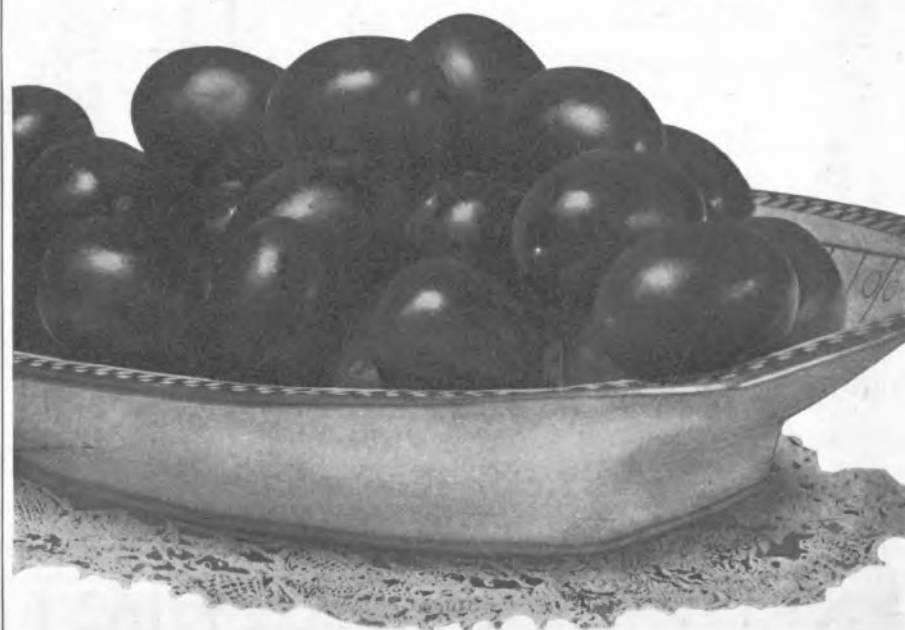
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The Spoon for Serving Oranges Grape Fruit, etc.

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So she rather deprecates the average orange spoon—hardly more than an ordinary teaspoon, with its bowl pointed instead of blunt.

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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

set beneath double rows of thrifty cherry trees shading the lawn that separated the end of the Grove Tavern from the main street. The viands that were in due time to grace the tables were prepared in the kitchens of the "Grove," the largest and best hostelry in the county. The appointments of the board were as attractive as those of any private house.

The day dawned bright, clear and cool for the season. A lively little thunder shower on the preceding afternoon had laid the dust in the highways and left the face of Mother Earth clean and smiling. By eight o'clock A. M. groups of horsemen began to come in from the surrounding regions. By nine a procession of coaches, tilburys and buggies thronged all the roads.

THE "Grove" was separated from the Court square by a cross street, which would have been blocked by vehicles but for the supervision of attendants appointed to keep it clear. The occupants of the conveyances were assisted to alight by a corps of gentlemen-in-waiting, who then escorted them to their seats upon the green.

All was conducted decorously and in such order that at ten o'clock there was no confusion upon grounds or thoroughfares, and a much larger assembly than had been expected was gathered. Young men and boys who could not find seats elsewhere sat upon the grass and perched upon the stout railing of the square within hearing of the speakers.

As the hour hand of my father's watch reached the figure X the master of ceremonies, Captain Miller, a Powhatan citizen "of credit and renown," walked to the front of the stage and the hum of many voices that sounded like the breaking surf upon a pebbly beach ceased instantly.

The speaker's first words brought smiles to all faces, but the respectful silence was not broken by audible signs of amusement: "Fellow citizens—and ladies, it is but right and reverent that before we enter upon the grave and important business that has brought us together we should invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon our deliberations. Will the Reverend Mr. Curtis lead us in prayer?"

A graceful bow and wave of the hand in the direction of the personage indicated brought the clergyman to the speaker's side. The petition that followed was pertinent and shorter than might have been expected.

The chairman again came to the front: "In accordance with Whig principles of fair play and the practice of free speech, the committee in charge of the rally to-day has arranged that there should be three addresses—one by a Democrat; two by Whigs; the Whigs reserving to themselves the privilege of the last speech.

"I have now the honor and the great pleasure of presenting to you one who needs no other introduction to any intelligent audience in this commonwealth—or, I should rather say, to any intelligent patriot within the bounds of the great and enlightened country he has served so long and nobly—no other introduction, I repeat, than the simple enunciation of his illustrious name. Fellow citizens—and ladies, you will now be addressed by the Honorable Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Richmond."

BY COMMON impulse every man present was on his feet when the name left the chairman's lips, and the flutter of women's fans above their heads was like a wind-swept field of lilies.

The man thus auspiciously announced, although past the meridian of life, was hale in body and in intellect unimpaired. His voice, when he found it after a momentary struggle with rising emotion, was musical and resonant; this was not until the storm of applause that made the leaves overhead quiver had subsided.

His address was, I have been told, a masterly exposition of the policy, ambitions and hopes of his party. Narrative and argument were interspersed with rhetorical flights that were at once calm and eloquent without a touch of sensational striving after effect.

Admitting all this, I confess shamefacedly that my wandering thoughts were flagging toward boredom, when I was recalled to the present time and scene by his indignant repudiation of the so-called Whig President still in office. In mingled sorrow and anger he decanted upon the traitorous tergiversation: "One who has betrayed the sacred trust reposed in him by confiding compatriots and disgraced the high office

to which he was called by their enthusiastic suffrages. Mine is not the only heart that aches in recalling the years when Virginia held to her heart as a beloved and loyal son John Tyler."

AS THE name was spoken a tall figure shot up suddenly from one of the front benches. It was that of a man clad in a scarlet hunting coat, buttoned up to the chin. His gray hair actually seemed to rise upon his uncovered head. His eyes glared as he raised them heavenward and shook his hands, one of which held a riding whip, high in the air. "The Lord have mercy upon our beloved country!" he cried in hollow accents that yet reached the outermost ring of listeners. "I always say 'The Lord have mercy upon the United States of America' when I hear the name of John Tyler."

Captain Cocke, of Homewood, was known by sight to everybody there. In early life he was a famous fox hunter, and at seventy still sported the "pink," as the English have it, upon festal occasions like the present. As Sir Oracle, his declaration of views and opinions was as flamboyant as his attire. After the demonstration he sank down into his seat and covered his face with his hands.

The storm of laughter that convulsed his hearers balked proceedings for two or three minutes. Even the orator drank the glass of water proffered by the laughing chairman and wiped his face with his handkerchief before he could resume the thread of his address.

The audience had regained composure when the distinguished representative of the Democratic party, "the Honorable John Winston Jones, of Chesterfield County, who will now address you," was introduced. I recollect him as a typical campaign orator of a school more popular than now. He cracked jokes at the expense of his opponent, made free use of uncomplimentary personalities, rent to pieces what had been told us as facts, and startled every woman present by drawing a big jackknife from his pocket and, opening out the largest blade, aimed it directly at the chest of the speaker who had preceded him.

"If I were to plunge this into the heart of my distinguished friend—and I beg him to believe that I have no intention of suiting the action to the word—I would do what Andrew Jackson did to the financial system which my opponent says was upheld and encouraged by the President he stigmatizes."

I did not understand the simile then, nor is it quite clear to me now, but gesture and speech were so burned into my memory by the shock of the moment that I reproduce the incident as it occurred.

THE third and last address, claimed as their prerogative by the Whigs, was a polished, gentlemanly affair by contrast with that which had just gone before. The speaker was Holden Rhodes, a lawyer of repute and ability. The effect of this discourse upon my lacerated sensibilities was like the soft pressure and caressing stroke of a friendly hand.

Speeches and subsequent resolutions were followed by the most popular song of that tumultuous campaign. I was delighted ten years ago by the gift of a copy of this particular ballad drawn from the reliquary of a nonagenarian friend. It confirmed in every line the correctness of my own memory of the doggerel, cherished jealously for seventy years as a curious specimen of the taste and tone of days that are no more.

It was agreed that night in the family circle, widened by the presence of several guests, some of whom were from town, that the whole affair had been, as one young fellow phrased it, "a thundering success." The collation, alias barbecue, had in no wise lowered the tone imparted to the rally by the feast of reason and the flow of patriotism that preceded it.

My father "hoped the public might soon be brought to comprehend that political integrity and pure patriotism were not incompatible with refined speech and behavior. The conduct of the present campaign by the Whigs ought to be an object lesson to the nation." This sounded so fine to me that it fastened itself upon my memory.

At the time I was more interested in hearing how mine host of the Grove Tavern had redeemed his pledge to make the provision for the body worthy of the Clay and Frelinghuysen ticket. It is needless to mention what were his politics. The barbecue,



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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)

as all persisted in calling it, was prepared for the table in the kitchen of the Grove by a corps of the best cooks in the county under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Barratier Harris, the wife of the proprietor. It was talked of for years thereafter as the finest thing of the kind ever served at a political gathering.

The Whig rally must have been nearly synchronous with the tardy announcement by the Democrats of the electoral ticket bearing the names of James Knox Polk, of Tennessee, as candidate for the Presidency, and of George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, as Vice President.

If the Whigs were sanguine in their expectation of success before the appearance of this ticket, they were now as jubilant as though victory already perched upon their banner.

FROM end to end of the land the ticket was received with shouts of derision. Seen through the perspective of seventy-five years, we can only consider the changed aspect of what would now be readily termed the political situation as engineered by the Whigs, undignified in the highest degree and unworthy of what they had proudly vaunted as the "Gentleman's Party."

The "six horses" of the Democratic stable were hustled out of sight and a seventh led from an obscure corner and trotted out upon the course.

There was neither sense nor wit in the constant and nauseating play upon the name of the nominee for the chief magistracy. Let one instance suffice:

And with Clay we'll pelt your Polk, Polk, Polk, and his motley crew of folk.

Following the mispronunciation of the cognomen, the vulgar pokeweed was forced into service as the representative of the Democratic nominee, and stalks of this were nailed to posts or walls, pelted with stones and beplastered with mud.

For be it recollected by candid readers of history that James Knox Polk, as ex-governor of Tennessee, ex-congressman, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, and half a dozen other ex's, testifying to the trust reposed in him by state and nation, was no despicable target for the lampooner's shafts.

This was, if I mistake not, the first entry in the political slang dictionary of the "dark horse." That figure, too, was "worked for all it was worth." Orators and public press refused to take the candidate seriously, and more of the ridicule which was their chief weapon bordered upon ribaldry than we like to recollect.

In due time the end came. In the retrospect I can think only of the riotous revelry and careless ease of the dwellers in the cities of the plain up to the day when fire descended from heaven and consumed them all.

WE WERE in Richmond when the bolt fell. The November day on which official news of the election was to be sent by special messenger from Washington was wondrously bland and still. I thought afterward that I might well have likened it to the dead calm which is said to presage an earthquake in tropical countries. My mother, sister and I had been out since breakfast upon a delightful shopping expedition, meeting my father by appointment at the gate of the capitol square. The magnetic telegraph was still a dream in the brain of the inventor, and there were only two through trains a day from the North.

Messengers upon the noon train were to be the bearers of official intelligence from Washington and, by previous arrangement with the engineer, a large United States flag was to be fixed upon the locomotive at Fredericksburg and flaunt the glad tidings all along the line until the terminus in Richmond was reached. As we neared the station we saw that the street about it was black with a crowd that gathered volume every instant. To avoid this throng, we tarried upon a corner near by and awaited the appearance of locomotive and flag.

As the train steamed into sight

at an upper turn of Broad Street, a thousand hearts stood still and countenances fell as if at the shock of a veritable earthquake.

My father uttered one word: "Impossible!" and strode rapidly toward the station.

In what seemed an hour to us, but could not have been more than ten minutes, he walked slowly back and, as he neared us, lifted both hands, a gesture as unmistakable as it was unexpected. The awful news was told in a single sentence:

"Polk is elected by a majority so monstrous that it leaves no room for hope of any error in the returns."

AS WE wended our melancholy way homeward a touch of the grotesque, such as sometimes lightens gloom and oftener makes tragedy ghastly, fell to our lot. A poke stalk with berries nodding among the leaves on top had been nailed against a fence. A half-grown boy stopped before it, first shook his fist at the leafy crown and then kicked the stalk loose from the boards and trampled it to pieces upon the sidewalk.

My father almost smiled as he patted the lad's shoulder. "Well done, my boy; well done."

It is no exaggeration of the truth to say that for a week thereafter a subtle gloom brooded over the city in which the Whigs so far outnumbered their opponents that the capital of the state was known throughout the Union as a Whig center. How had this calamity come to pass, and by what infernal machinery was it wrought?

I put these questions a year later to a leader of our party. He answered grimly in two words: "The Irish."

He comprehended in this, as under a generic term, the numbers of newly naturalized "citizens of foreign birth," who were cleverly manipulated by masters in the art of electioneering. Never before in the history of the Union had so many "aliens" been registered at polls presided over by Democratic actuaries and cast votes under their fraternal tutelage. Every influence that ingenuity and knowledge of human nature could suggest as possible means to be used in the education of the said "aliens" in the noble art of self-government was utilized by their instructors.

Polk's uncle was a bishop in the Roman Catholic Church, and shrewd whispers that the nephew might incline to the same faith ran like wildfire through illiterate and credulous masses, while the fact that Mrs. Polk was a Presbyterian was a wily appeal to members of that persuasion.

THE catalogue of ways and means by which the national catastrophe was brought about would be too tedious and sickening to be recorded here. Suffice it to say that a term of years was required to restore to the Whig party confidence in the final triumph of the right as they interpreted the word.

It was a mighty evidence of stalwart faith in the rectitude of their principles that they mustered bravely in the successful effort to regain power and prestige in the election that in 1848 set in the presidential chair General Zachary Taylor. He was a staunch Whig of the best type, a native of Virginia and the hero of four wars that had strengthened the foundations of the republic. His death within two years after inauguration day was a genuine affliction to the nation that revered and loved the brave old chieftain.

The Whig party was strengthened by the administration of Millard Fillmore, the courtly gentleman and upright statesman who succeeded Taylor in the high office. The opposing party was fairly reestablished by 1852, when another mortifying defeat drove the Whigs from active participation in national affairs. From this time party lines became oddly confused by the introduction of new elements of discord and sectional disputes.

My father, like many another loyal adherent to the grand old party, regretted its dissolution to the day of his own departure from earthly scenes.

NOTE—In the next installment the author will take the reader back to the Richmond of seventy-five years ago. She will give her impressions of school, church and social life of Virginia at that time; she will tell of the Pleasant-Ritchie duel and of the first time she saw Edgar Allan Poe.



How I Saved \$100 on My Clothes This Season

YESTERDAY after lunch I had just slipped into my new brown dress, and was getting ready to go down town when the doorbell rang, and who should it be but Janet Burson. Janet used to live next door, but they moved to a little country-place last summer and I hadn't seen her in nearly six months.

Maybe it was because we used to go on all our clothes-buying expeditions together, but, anyway, the first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door was: "Oh, Marion, tell me, where in the world did you get that stunning dress?"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said, and I fairly bubbled with joy when she named the three most exclusive and expensive shops in town.

"Wrong—every time," I exclaimed. "I made it all myself!"

"But, Marion," she fairly gasped, "made it yourself! How—when—where did you ever learn? You never used to sew!"

"I know I didn't, but I made this dress, just the same, and not only this, but so many other things that I have more clothes than I have ever had before, and—if you please, my bank book shows deposits of \$100, representing what I saved on my clothes this season."

"Tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that made Janet stare in astonishment.

"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window marked \$65. It cost me exactly \$18.50 for the materials, and I think they are really of better quality. Here's a little crêpe satin petticoat that would have cost at least \$10 in any shop. I paid for the materials just \$4.20. And here's a tailored dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and the materials cost exactly \$16.25. Sister paid \$30 for one not nearly so nice.

"Then I have made two house dresses, four aprons, a crêpe de chine petticoat and lingerie that I saved altogether more than \$25 on. Besides, I've made three school dresses for Betty and all her little undergarments. Oh, Jack wouldn't believe I could do it, but when I showed him my bank book and the money I'd saved on clothes in three months, he said, 'Marion, you're a wonder! You've never had such clothes—and to think that you could have them for less than you ever spent before! Well, I guess I'll quit worrying about the high cost of living!'"

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then, listen and you shall hear. Last spring, when I realized that I simply must have a lot of new clothes, I gaily started out to buy them—as we always used to do—in the different shops. But when I found how terribly high all kinds of clothes were, I was absolutely discouraged, for I know I just couldn't pay the prices. Why, I wouldn't wear a single thing I saw that I could afford. So for several days I pondered on my problem. Where could I get the money for the clothes I needed, when we were having trouble enough to get just the absolutely necessary things?"

"Then one night, just when I was most worried about it—for all my clothes were either too shabby to wear or else hopelessly out-of-date—I read in a magazine about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new plan through which one could learn dressmaking, millinery and cooking right at home in leisure time.

"That was a new idea to me, but I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes, so I wrote to them. They sent me the most interesting book that explained just exactly how you could learn every step in dressmaking or millinery or cooking, even though you had no experience whatever. Why, think, Janet, more than 70,000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes by this new plan. You see, it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live. There are members of the Institute in the big cities, in small towns and in the country, all learning with the same success as if they were together in a classroom. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Well, I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking, and when my first lessons came I saw at once why it is so easy to learn. Every step is explained so clearly that even little Betty could understand it. And there are hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs that show just exactly what to do. It was so fascinating that I wanted to spend every spare minute on my lessons. You see, the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments—in the fourth lesson I made this waist!"

"I didn't think about it at first, but after a bit I realized that in learning to make my own clothes I was also learning something that I could turn to profit if I ever wanted to. Since then I have found that hundreds of women and girls have taken up dressmaking or millinery as a business—as a result of these courses. Many of them have opened shops of their own and have splendid incomes. Others are teaching sewing.

"I've nearly completed my dressmaking course now, and I'm going to take up millinery or cooking next, I don't know which."

But Janet broke in right there: "Marion, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. Tell me where to write, so I can find out all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 38-L, Scranton, Penna., and would tell them whether she was most interested in home or professional dressmaking, or millinery, or cooking, they would send her, without obligation, handsome booklets telling all about the Institute and its methods.

And if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can easily have more and prettier clothes this season and save at least \$100 as I did, or how you can provide your family better meals at less expense, I suggest that you, too, write promptly, or, better yet, send the coupon below, which I have arranged for your convenience.

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EIGHTY YEARS OF REMINISCENCE

By Marion Harland

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III

IF SEVENTY-FIVE years ago Richmond did not, as now, claim the title of "Queen City of the South," she sat upon her seven hills with royal mien like "a lady among kingdoms." The capital of the Old Dominion was an urban collection of homesteads rather than a city. Substantial dwellings constructed when builders were honest and ground plans were measured by yards instead of feet, adorned Shockoe and Church hills, the principal eminences of the seven upon and around which the town was built. These homes, envired by pleasure grounds and backed by well-stocked gardens and thrifty orchards, would now be called a country neighborhood.

Tobacco factories, flour mills and other manufacturing centers were so far removed from the residential region that they did not mar the general effect. The shopping district was, naturally enough, "downtown," for Main Street, the chief artery of town and country trade, sloped directly down to James River, the watery thoroughfare to the great outer world.

Upon the banks of this were warehouses, factories, iron foundries and other evidences of growing commercial prosperity.

AT THE date of the occurrences treated of in this chapter business had begun to encroach seriously upon the aristocratic seclusion of old residents. Broad Street, a wide avenue connecting Shockoe and Church hills, was rendered utterly ineligible for private residences at the upper end by the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Washington Railway, which ran for a quarter mile into the heart of the town, where a whole square was occupied by station, storehouses, and other terminal buildings. As might have been anticipated, blocks of stores, public offices, and so on, were speedily erected in the desecrated precincts, although churches and stately dwellings held their own farther down the avenue.

My father had removed his family to Richmond in 1845, and my elder sister and myself were duly enrolled as pupils in a school newly opened upon Franklin Street by Mrs. Nottingham and her daughters. They were emphatically gentlewomen of the finest type, born and bred at the North, but of English extraction.

It may not be amiss to mention here that every girls' school of note at that day was under the patronage and direct influence of some religious denomination. A fashionable boarding and day school for young ladies was presided over by Mrs. Meade, of the Episcopal Church, whose deceased husband had been a clergyman of that communion.

MRS. Nottingham and her daughters were Presbyterians, and the first woman's college—they said female college then—in Virginia was located in Richmond later under the auspices of the Baptist Church.

The like rule obtained with young men's colleges throughout the state. For example, Randolph-Macon, in Ashland, Hanover County, was conducted by Methodists; Hampden-Sidney College, in

Prince Edward County, was eminently Presbyterian, and the oldest university in Virginia, William and Mary, in Williamsburg, was distinctively Episcopal.

The old house at the corner of Franklin and Fifth streets in which we studied and recited for three of the happiest and busiest years of my life belonged to a former generation. It was so irregular in construction that the exterior was ungainly; but within it was roomy and especially convenient for the purpose for which it was now used. Two large, light rooms upon the ground floor, communicating by double doors, were utilized for recitations.

At the back of the house, smaller rooms, but light and pleasant, were devoted to French, Latin and drawing classes. Harp and piano were in the music room upon the second floor. The house had been originally one of the homesteads to which I have alluded, with the requisite environment of domestic "offices," gardens, and, back of all, stables. The march of modern improvements—resistless even then—had swept all these away, and newer and smaller buildings left only a strip of lawn and a kitchen at the rear of the lot.

THE school term opened on the first of October. We were speedily and happily ensconced in our new sphere of action and thought. The society of classmates and other school companions, like that of the wider social circles to which we were introduced, was delightful, congenial and eventful. The Reverend Doctor Hoge, popularly known as the Patrick Henry of the Southern pulpit, was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church and my mother's cousin—a fact which would have been our passport to the good graces of his parishioners, had they not been already amiably disposed. By the first of the year we were as comfortably at home as though the intervening months had been years.

The fancy fair was a popular entertainment of that day. The modern girl to whom I spoke of this yesterday said that from the account her maiden great-aunt had once given her of this order of revelry she opined that it was "a sort of cross between a Methodist tea fight and a dance-hall orgy," and in origin as old as the hills; in fact, a pre-Adamite function.

For the edification of readers who may be as ignorant as she—although I would fain believe less flippantly patronizing—I subjoin a brief description of the said obsolete combination of pleasure and profit.

The Second Presbyterian Church was newly incorporated, the congregation worshipping in the chapel while a larger edifice was in process of building. As was the wont of ladies' aid associations of the period, the women of our church engaged to raise a certain sum toward defraying the expenses of erecting the sanctuary. The amount, as I recollect distinctly, was five thousand dollars, a sum which in that golden age of equable prices was equivalent to five times as much to-day.

MY MOTHER, whose deft fingers and available wits made her a valuable accessory in the enterprise, was to furnish a table at the fancy fair to be held in February. For two months and more my sister and myself had worked with her out of school hours in the manufacture of bead purses, collarettes, chains, bracelets, embroidered pocket handkerchiefs, chemise bands and yokes, knitted worsted scarfs, caps, shawls, bedside slippers, embroidered satin and velvet bags and men's slippers—where will the growing numbers end?—together with a tempting variety of useful articles for the household and for personal wear, to say nothing of dressed dolls, great and small.

These were to be arranged upon one of the tables that would line two sides and one end of the largest hall in the city, a hall built expressly for political mass meetings and rented by the week for fairs or bazaars. There was also a table well furnished with books and stationery, and another stocked with confectionery in boxes and baskets for the delectation of children and courting couples.

The room and tables were profusely decorated with wreaths, rings and ropes of evergreen. The expanse of polished floor between the double row of booths would have been utilized for dancing had not the projectors and managers of the entertainment held allegiance to a church which forbade that form of amusement. So, when, as a final attraction to the general public, the army band, the best in the city, was stationed in the balcony overhead, it played quicksteps, variations of popular airs, and so on, at half-hour intervals from seven to eleven o'clock each evening.

There was method in the half-hour intervals, for during these the tempting floor was filled with promenaders of both sexes in evening dress, contributing largely to the gayety of the scene. One hard-headed manager declared that the band played all the cash out of the treasury. The broad aisle

between the tables was cleared for the benefit of saleswomen and customers, and it could not be denied that the music and promenade sensibly increased the profits of the doorkeeper and the vendors of ice cream in the booths flanking the supper table at the far end of the big room.

These prefatory observations being safely disposed of, I hurry on to that which, by reason of what happened in the next week, must always stand out in my memory as an event of dire importance.

THE hall was alive with customers and groups of other visitors, when I espied, standing in the middle of the floor, a man of rather more than medium height, with broad shoulders, a nobly formed head and an intellectual cast of countenance. I knew him by sight, but had never had so close a view of him before and eagerly improved the opportunity of close inspection. He was talking with Doctor Hoge, a much taller



Ritchie Escaped With a Gash in His Face, Inflicted, Some Thought, by the Bowie Knife in Pleasants' Hand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172