Volume I

[Unnumbered page with the text centered]
“Les Souvenirs de viellards sont une part d’heritage qu’ils doivent acquitter de leur vivants.”
[The memories of old men are a part of their inheritance that they have to use up during their lifetime.]
“Chè suole a riguardar giovare altrui”
Purg: IV. 54
[“what joy—to look back at a path we’ve climbed!
Dante Alighieri, Purgatorio IV.54 Allen Mandelbaum translator.]

[Unnumbered page Opposite page 1 photo with signature and date below]
R.T.W.Duke Jr,.
Octo 23d 1899
[I 1]
November 20th l899
It is my purpose, in this book, to jot down the recollections of my life, as I can now recall them. There will be little to interest any one but my children and possibly their children: So I shall write with no attempt at display or fine writing. May they who read profit by any errors I exhibit— Life has been very sweet and happy to me, because uneventful—and because no man ever had a better Father & Mother—Sister or Brother—truer friends, or a better, dearer, truer wife. My children are too young yet to judge what they will be to me. So far they have been as sweet and good as children of their ages could be. May they never in after years cause me any more sorrow than they have to this time.
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[Centered on page]
* On this same table—in my parlour on Octo 31st & Nov 1st, 1900—lay my dear little boy Edwin Ellicott—my little angel boy—embowered in flowers—the sweetest flower, that ever bloomed on earth—to flourish and fade not forever—in Heaven.
[later inserted addition to description on next page.]
[I 3]
“Chè suole a riguardar giovare altrui” Purg IV 53 [54]
[“what joy—to look back at a path we’ve climbed!
Dante Alighieri Purgatorio IV.54 Allen Mandelbaum translator.]
My earliest recollection is connected with Death—not Death with any attendant sorrow or grief or with any of the horror that so often surrounds it. I recall—as one recalls a landscape seen as the mist rises and then falls again—the card* table now in my hall, laden with flowers, and in the midst of them a little white figure—what it was I did not know, or as for that care—very much. I can recall very distinctly the sense of perfume and colour, and the little white figure—the face I do not recall. It was a little sister who died when I was a little over three years old. I was born August 27th 1853. She died September 3rd 1856—so I was a little over three years old. Her name was Maria Eskridge—named after her Aunt—Mother’s sister who married Gen Lindsay Walker.
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It seems to me I saw this Aunt once—she died in [ ], but all I remember of her is a face with a very sweet smile and a figure with a very red shawl.
I also recall along with the flowers and the little figure, my mother's father—Wm Eskridge. He was leaning with his head on the mantel in the dining room in our House on High St—now No 315 E.—and weeping bitterly. I didn't understand why he wept and connected the tears in no way with the little white figure in the other room—the room at the South west corner of the house facing High St—my mother and father's bed room. All I recall of my grandfather is a shock of very white hair & a face something like my mother's. I have only one other remembrance of this Grandfather. One of the servant girls at the house—there were several—was very tardy one day about some-
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thing, and on her return the old gentlemen asked her if "she would like to see London?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he took her by both ears, and raised her on tip toe, to her dismay. That it was not very painful is evidenced by the fact that I constantly asked to see London and would have my ears pulled.
The recollections of these two events are all I can recall of that time. Oblivion falls on life between these two events until another picture presents itself.
We are on a Mountain side— Below us a beautiful Landscape. A stage has stopped, the horses panting and blowing, my mother with a little child is in the stage. I am out in the road and in front of me is a beautiful Spring, gushing out of the bank on the road side. My father has a
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silver tumbler, which is now the property of my brother—being one of the dozen my grandmother used on her table as I have been told— He is giving me a drink of water. I always thought this was on the Blue Ridge, but father seemed to think it was in Goshen Pass. We were on our way to visit Lexington & various watering places. It was in the summer of 1858.
My first recollection of my black "mammy" is connected with this trip. Her name was Rose, but I always called her "Biler"— Why I do not know unless it was from seeing her "bile" the clothes. Being rather delicate she was left at the Rockbridge Baths to take the waters—& I howled most dismally when we left her.
I recall swimming in a pool of water with a rope stretched across it. That is my father
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swam with me on his back. Once he left me swinging on the rope, but I howled so dismally he came back & put me on dry land.
At Lexington we stopped at the home of a Mr Moore—just outside of the V.M.I. campus. I was never in Lexington again until 1899—forty one years afterwards & yet I picked out the house & asked if a Mr Moore did not live there— No one in my party knew, but an old inhabitant being appealed to said that a Mr Moore did live in that house "before the war". Why I should have recalled the house is strange, as my only recollection of it is connected with one of the mishaps of childhood & a consequent change of clothes on the roof of the porch.
I recall going into the mess
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hall of the V.M.I. & that some cadet dressed me up in a hat & coat & scarf— The hat came over my eyes & the coat tails dragged the ground, but I was very proud and happy. When they came to disrobe me I yelled & kicked so vigorously that the cadet surrendered the scarf on condition I would give up the coat & hat. I believe the scarf is still—1900—at SunnySide.
We visited on this trip my mother's cousin Jas M. Ranson—whose wife—daughter of Judge

Briscoe B. Baldwin of the Court of Appeals of Va—was mother's first cousin. He lived on a farm near Lexington & we were there during wheat harvest—for I rode with the driver on a clumsy reaper—one of the newly invented McCormicks. I recall nothing more of
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this trip, and little of anything else until the John Brown raid in 1859. I recall two cousins at the University of Virginia—William & John Towles—and an occasional visit to "Morea", my grand-father's place just beyond the University of Virginia where my Aunt Mrs Mary Jane Smith lived. I recall a boarder who occupied one of the attic rooms in the High Street House—a gentle faced lad—Charlie Percy of Louisana—who boarded with my father & went to school— His love and admiration for my father was touching—and I recall how he wept when he left beseeching my father to remember that if he ever wanted anything he—Charlie was rich & would give him anything he wanted. He gave me my first paint
[I 10]
box, and I spent many happy hours in his attic room daubing pictures— He was the son of a planter in Louisiana who lived near "Uncle Towles"—my mother's brother-in-law—he having married my mother's eldest sister Frances Peyton (Eskridge) Towles. Poor Charlie—he fell in defense of Southern liberty at Shiloh.
Robert S. Towles my first cousin, married his [insertion "i.e. Charlie's"] half sister—his father having married a second time after the death of Charlie's mother—who from all accounts was a most "gentle lady married to a" 'boor'.
I must put in here—par parenthesis—a dim recollection of the great snow storm of 1857. I was then only a little over three years old, but I distinctly remember that the servant's house in the yard—the brick building still used by Dr
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Rogers as servants' lodgings—was in snow up to the eves, and I recall seeing old "Si"—of whom I will have other things to speak of later on—digging through the snow to get to the door so as to let the servants out. He himself slept in the kitchen.
My most vivid recollection of my Father & Mother commence about 1858. Mother I remember as very dignified—and quiet and easy in her manner— She was a strict Presbyterian and drilled me steadily & thoroughly in the shorter catechism & read to me many little books— "Line upon Line", Precept upon Precept &c, &c. She was exceedingly careful to see that we kept Sunday in the strictest fashion and we were not allowed to play any game, or read any but a religious book on that day. Sunday School books
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as I recall them were not of a very exhilirating kind: They were decidedly dreary, and the good boy usually died young, whilst the wicked ones came to an awful end. The first shock my early faith ever received, was when I stole away one Sunday with Willie Watson—son of Judge E.R. Watson a ruling elder, and Sam Smith son of the Presbyterian Minister—and went on a hunting expedition or fishing—I think the latter—and no one was drowned altho the deepest water we struck was Schenks Branch. Sam is now a distinguished Presbyterian divine himself.
My mother was very sweet and loving and devoted to me—her "little Walker" as she always called me to distinguish me from my father who was always called "Walker Duke" by his sisters and associates.
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My father was a very handsome—very busy man—who gave but little time in the week days to us. I worshiped him then with a devotion , which no age nor years ever diminished. I was called

"his shadow" by the darkies, and my delight was to follow him wherever he went.
He was very fond of reading and of books. I used to watch him intent over a brown magazine with a man's head on it, and wonder what he found in so unattractive a book. It was Blackwood's Magazine which he commenced taking in 1844, whilst a cadet at the Va Military Institute and which he took to his dying day. I was happy to be able to give him the Volumes from No 1 1817 to 1844 and he left me the
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entire set in his will. During the last months of his illness I read him Mrs Oliphants Volumes on the Firm of Blackwood & Sons, and the numbers of the magazines as they came out— With the June No l898 ended his enjoyment of this venerable magazine which then for 54 years had been his pleasure to read. He was devoted to hunting altho' a poor shot: was an enthusiastic and very skilful and successful angler for trout—going regularly every spring to Moorman's River in the Blue Ridge and spending a few days fishing. These trips I shared later on and if permitted will tell of some of them. I remember his pointer dog—Flora—who was a beautiful & intelligent animal, and remember how he used to laugh & tell us of Flora's disgust at some of his bad shots.
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My elder—and only—brother Willie was allowed sometimes to go hunting with him, but I was too young & never went at all. I had only one brother—Wm R. Duke and one sister Mary Willoughby Duke. My brother was five years older and my sister four years younger, so the latter and myself were playmates. My brother was a great tease & a tremendous fighter with the boys of his age. He was noted for his grit and obstinacy in fighting to the last ditch. Our cousin John Towles—once watched him & James Leitch—"Teague" as we called him—fight to the finish, and dubbed my brother "William the Conqueror", "Conq" and "Conqueror" were long his nick names. I was—as strange as it may now ap-
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-pear very shy and sensitive and hated boys who were rough & teasing—as most boys were. I found great delight in paper dolls and books & paint boxes, and consequently was my little sisters joy.
My playmates were not numerous— Willie (W.O.) Watson & Sam Smith were my especial favorites— Charlie Norris—who was accidently killed in 1869 & his brother Josie—who died very young were also intimates. With the latter I established a course of walks and wadings often venturing as far as Cochran's Pond—a long-long journey, and with the former I ran a "blacksmith shop" in the corner of the outside chimney. We had a real anvil—an old worn out one—and numerous hammers &c &c.
Some childish quarrel broke up
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the shop and these two friends cut me—to my infinite sorrow, & I became much more intimate with the Norris boys.
Servants
I want to devote a separate Chapter to the servants—who were all slaves, but whose treatment was so kind and whose affection so sincere, that I never saw any of the "horrors" of slavery"—so called.
Mother brought with her, her nurse and maid "Aunt Fanny" who as old as she was lived to see freedom, and did not die until some time in the 70's. She was very old as I first remember her, and took care of my sister. She was about the usual height—rather thin—very wrinkled—very black—but with rather good features— whether her

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hair was white or not I don't know. She always wore a bandana handkerchief of bright colours around her head, and I never remember seeing her without it, until after the war. She was very neat—used good grammar— & was an ideal servant. She had the most elegant manners I every saw & made us learn to be polite to every one. My sister was noted for the elegance of her manners, and her gracious easy carriage— We always told her, that it was all due to Aunt Fanny, & much of it I think verily was. Aunt Fanny taught her to bow & curtesy—to walk & sit erect and to be polite kind & courteous to everyone high & low.
She loved her next to Mother & with an idolatry this generation knows nothing of—more's the
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pity.
My own "Mammy" was one of father's servants—inherited by him from his father. Rose was her name. She was small—quick—alert and very black— High tempered and impatient of control, she was hard to manage and required firmness in handling. I think at times she would go almost crazy and if rebuked—she was never chastised—would go into the garden and yell like a Comanche .
Her husband "belonged" to the Omohundros. Wilson was his name. He always came on Saturday evening, and remained until Monday morning. He was taciturn—tall—and not very smart.
After the war he worked for us a long time at SunnySide & died on his lot adjoining the farm & is there buried.
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"Mammy" lived with us off and on after the war and died whilst I was in Europe in 1882. She made many enquiries about me in her last illness. She too is buried near the farm by her husband. I think she spoiled me a great deal, and certainly fed me very profusely as I grew up.
Jane was the cook—an immense yellow woman, whom my Father bought in 1859 paying $1000 for her, to save her from the "nigger traders" She begged him to buy her, when she was on the Court Green about to be sold & at great inconvenience he did so. She was a superb cook & a good servant every way. She was the first to leave us "after freedom came". The last I heard of her she was in New Jersey & getting $40 a month as cook for some rich man. She was worth it.
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Maria was housemaid—a rather handsome ginger-bread coloured woman. She was quite a theif & gad-a-bout. There was great horror when she increased the live stock with a yellow baby—Caesar—whose father she always claimed was John Yates Beal—a student at the University—a noble gallant gentlemen of lofty lineage—who was hung on Governor's Island in New York during the war as a spy—having been captured in a desperate attempt to free the prisoners on Johnson's Island.
If there is anything in likenesses the wench's story is true. Caesar—now an immense six footer is remarkably like a picture of Beal I saw in Charlestown W.Va where he lived, and where he now lies buried—a martyr to
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the "Lost Cause."
Maria grew so bad my father told her he would sell her if she did not do better. She grew worse and was sold in 1858 or 59. I remember my mother's tears at parting from her, and my father coughed loudly & blew his nose vigorously as he told her goodbye. As for her, she went off in the most joyful mood & seemed no more to mind parting from her three year old child, than a cat does from its kittens after they have grown up. She went to Tennessee—had a good master &

house and after the war wrote to know about Caesar. Caesar was given to me—the only human chattel I ever owned. "He belongs to me now" as Woods Garth used to say after the war, when he
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saw one of his former slaves—"Only the d— yankees won't let me have him."
Caesar was the playmate of my youth and was allowed a good many freedoms as my playmate. Nothing could better show the relations of master & servant as they existed in the South than my relations with this boy.
We were friends, without presumption on his part, or any lowering of self esteem on mine. We fought like tigers on very many occasions, and the best man was allowed to win. He was never punished for "striking back" but never allowed to be impudent or to strike the first blow. Both he and I were very high tempered and had we been older—no doubt our strife would have been stopped, but as they were generally the roll and tumble fights of small boys no attention was paid to them.
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As Caesar's name will occur frequently hereafter this brief mention will suffice here, except to say that for the last ten years of my father's life he was our gardener, and my father was very fond of him. He was the only "old family" servant with us when my dear Father died in 1898.
Sam was my father's body servant—a likely young negro man, who accompanied my father into the army and died in 1863 of fever contracted in Camp.
Sy (or Ci) Gillett—was an old man who came to father from my grandfather's estate. His main business was to look after the garden & chop wood. In his youth he had been a Rivanna boatman—and used to help transport the flour for my grandfather's Mills—on flat boats to Richmond & pole back the boats laden with
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groceries &c. I used to listen with open mouth to his "moving tales of field and flood": His description of the long trips: His accounts of the dangers of shooting the dams in high water, and how a boat once broke in half—at what is now the Woolen Mills dam, and a likely young negro was drowned & a lot of flour thrown in the water.
Si was also full of ghost stories, and with shuddering awe I used to listen to the tale of the headless man who walked around the premises at night; and the white sheeted phantom that haunted an adjoining lot. Si used also to beat hominy every winter & I delighted to watch him put the corn in a big mortar made out of the trunk of a tree & crush or beat the
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hulls off with a wooden pestle & then winnow it in the primitive fashion by throwing it up in the air from a seive. He too died in 1863.
There were two Henrys—Little Henry who was a cousin of Rose's—a small dried up man who today—1901—doesn't look much older than he did in 1860, altho' he must now be well up in eighty years.
He was the gardener and hostler. He had one peculiarity. He would never sleep in a bed, but slept in a chair covered with sheepskin. Big Henry was a cousin of little Henry—a large goggle-eyed wooly headed negro—noted for his laziness and capacity for eating and lying. He was a gigantic romancer & his lies were the amusement of the kitchen. He was generally hired out by the year, but always spent the holi-
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-days at home. The washerwoman & maid of all work was Emily a large very black woman with

two children—a girl and boy— The boy—Barnett—grew up to be a very smart—neat man, who waited on me at Morea when I was a student at the University of Va in 1870-74.

Morea

Just beyond the University of Va still stands the large and rambling brick house known as "Morea"—So called from the Mulberry trees which once grew there in abundance. It was bought by my grandfather Richard Duke in 184[ ] and he died there on August 30th 1849. He was born August 15th 1778—married to Maria B. Walker August 8th 1806, and died August 30th 1849. My Grandmother Maria Barclay Walker died there also January 10th 1852. She was born 19th Feb: 1785.

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When I first remember the place Aunt Mary J. Smith— Aunt Mattie J. Duke and Uncle Chas C. Duke lived there. Aunt Mary's husband had been Wm Willoughby T. Smith who was Consul from the United States to the Republic of Texas & was drowned there in the forties. Aunt Mary was quite a linguist—and liked Spanish very much— We were taught to call her Mi caria tia—which we shortened into "Micariá". She was also an excellent french and italian scholar. & one of the loveliest characters I ever knew.

Morea was noted for its pyacanthus hedges— & two large box trees and box hedges which edged all the walks and flower beds. The house was built by Prof Emmet—a kinsman of Robt Emmet—who was one of the medical professors at the University and a great nat-

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-uralist. He was said to have raised snakes & turned them loose & certainly "Morea" had a large & varied number of these reptiles—due I think to the great number of shrubs and hedges. After a rattlesnake was killed in the yard my Aunt had the hedges cut down.

Amongst the servants at Morea was "Aunt Mourning"—my Mammy's Grandmother, who died in 1863—considerably over 90 years of age. She belonged to my great grandfather Thos Walker, Jr, and was a girl of fourteen or fifteen when Tarleton made his raid into Albemarle. She went with her mistress in the carriage with the family & silver—somewhere in the woods on Peter's Mountain—to escape the raiders. In her old age she used to dwell upon this event

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and mutter things about "the redcoats".

"Bella" was another servant I remember very well—who is at this date—1901—still living in Chicago. She was Aunt Mattie's maid & subsequently cook. Daphne was another servant I barely recall. She died before 1859, and I remember her funeral & the peculiar wails of the negroes at her interment—which took place just back of the garden at Morea. She belonged to Uncle Charlie & he wept very bitterly at the funeral, as I recall it.

I used to be taken to Morea quite often, as a child & in later years—as a student boarded there—and have very many happy recollections of the place.

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School Days in the "fifties."

My first school was Misses Leighton's who were proprietors of the Piedmont Institute—where my daughter Mary now—1901—goes to school. There were two of these ladies Miss Jane—who was short & stout—and afterwards married Revd [ ] Page, and Miss Anne who subsequently became the wife of Revd R.K. Meade—his third spouse.

They conducted what was then quite a famous female school—connected with which was a primary department in which small boys were taught. Miss Bettie Lewis, who afterwards married Rhodes Massie, taught this primary in which both small boys and girls were educated.

Here I learned to read, write & cipher, I remember
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very little about the school.
In 1858 my father as a Democrat defeated Egbert R. Watson for Commonwealth Attorney of the County & as nearly all of the boys in the school were sons of "Whig" parents, I had a great many fights on my hands, and generally a very unhappy time. So serious did these combats become, that the teacher used to make me go at recess and play with the large girls—boarders &c— I would have preferred the thumpings I believe & finally rebelled so, that a truce was patched up & I was allowed to go back to the boys.
My brother went to a man—or rather brute—named "Henderson" who taught in the little wooden house on the corner of Jefferson and 4th Sts.
This teacher amused himself by beating his pupils, and general-
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-ly illtreating them. My father took my brother away after one session. I went to the Misses Leighton up to 1860 I am sure, perhaps up to 1861, but of this I am not certain.
I recall very few of the scholars—Willie Nelson—son of Dr R.B. Nelson was my most intimate friend at school. The Kammerer girls—daughters of an old German jeweler—I recall as exceedingly pretty girls. They were in the classes with me. Whilst I was attending this school Cousin Florence & Laura Duke—daughters of my father's eldest brother Wm J. Duke, came to Virginia from Kentucky & spent awhile at our house and then went to Morea.
They were followed in 1860 by their mother Aunt Emily Duke & their brother Richd W. Duke—now Clerk of the
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Circuit & Corporation Courts—
Places
We lived then & up to 1863 in the House in which Dr Wm G. Rogers now lives 315 E. High St. This street was then known as Maiden Lane—the houses were not numbered. There was no water supply. The bath room was in the yard & here winter & summer my old Mammy plunged me into a tub—generally icy cold, as the water was pumped directly from the well into the tub.
I was born in the house directly across the cross street No. [ ] E. High St. My father & mother lived there three months & during their sojourn I was born there on the 27th of August 1853 about 5 A.M. The house has been added to the room in which I was born having been a one story addition on the North East side, which has now been raised and another room
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& passage added.
Morea—my Aunt Mary Smith's place comes next. I have alluded to heretofore. The solid brick structure just West of the University, with the large box trees at the front stoop. My grandfather added the story and a half on the South and the dining room, to the main structure.
Two places, however stand out very distinctly in my memory. The first, the place owned by my Uncle Robert Rodes about ten miles Northwest of Charlottesville known as "Walnut Grove". Here I spent the happiest hours of boyhood away from home. It was a beautiful place—standing on a knoll overlooking the beautiful Moorman's River. The house was an unpretentious but picturesque frame house—white with green blinds, a large porch over which ran in riotous profusion a beautiful white climbing rose, which not only
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covered the porch but ran on the roof. The lawn was green down to a round hill which was

literally covered with pebbles and beyond, some quarter of a mile stood the old mill with its immense water wheel, and beyond the clear blue lovely Moorman's River, with its upper and lower Blue Holes—deep, dark blue pools where I loved to fish and bathe. The upper Blue Hole had two large rocks in its centre—one of which stood up over the other like an immense oyster shell & back of the river here was a steep bit of woodland where wild azaleas & grapes bloomed in profusion. The lower "Blue Hole was about three quarters of a mile below the upper. Here the river ran directly into a cliff, and the eddy formed a pool almost square. It was more picturesque than the upper Hole, but not so much frequented.
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But to return to the house.
As I have said it was picturesque & lovely. It had been built in the time of George II, who "patented" the land to "Uncle Bob's" grandfather. In this house that grandfather died, and in the same room was born and died Uncle Bob's father and Uncle Bob was born in the same room, but the house was burned before he died.
Uncle Bob's first wife was my father's sister Elizabeth. She had two children—Mary—who married Dr Anderson of Nelson County , and Walker—named for Father—who sleeps in an unknown grave—having been killed at the Battle of Hatchers Run but a few days before Gen Lee's surrender.
Aunt Lizzie died before I knew her, and Uncle Bob married again—"Cousin" Hardenia Williams of Nelson—sister of the lady
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who married Richard Duke—father's first cousin, who lived about three miles from Uncle Bob's.
Cousin "Denie" as we always called her was very deaf, but exceedingly sweet and amiable.
Uncle Bob was an immense man—weighing at least two hundred & fifty pounds, with a loud voice & fond of shouting his commands to the negroes. He was exceedingly good natured—genial and hospitable and beloved by all.
Walker's room was an attic room, ceiled with pine, which age had turned almost as dark as walnut. It was a quaint room, with sloping sides, and tiny windows and opened into a room of similar character, tho' smaller, where my brother & I generally slept: And such sleep—after an all day's ramble in the fields & woods—after fishing and bathing & hunting to come
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back to a glorious supper of corn bread & honey and rich milk & after "Mammy Jinnie" had washed our feet—for of course we went bare foot—then to crawl into the high bed smelling of lavender blossoms and off to sleep—sometimes with the rain pattering on the shingles just above our heads—a! that was bliss. Uncle Bob had one child by the second marriage—Jennie—who was about my sister's age, & is now the wife of Judge Fletcher of Accomac.
The Mill was a never ending source of delight also. To climb into the wheat bins—slide down the piles of grain—watch the endless chain of little buckets carrying the grain up & to see the wheat ground and bolted into flour, all these things were a source of unending delight only sur-
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passed by watching the great wheel making its revolutions and discharging the water into the <glossy> wheel pit—the home of immense eels and suckers if the Miller's boy was to be believed.
To get to Walnut Grove you went out what was then known as the "Poor House" Road to Owensville & then down a steep hill and across Mechums River below Owen's Saw Mill Dam—

now gone—& then on & down another steeper hill across Moorman's River—then across the flats to the Mill & then up the Hill to the House. How well I recall the trips to this dear old place. Once behind my father on horseback. Oftener with Mother & Willie & Sister in a carriage and father on horseback. A mile or so out of Charlottesville the road crossed a little branch
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and then into a deep gully made by the wearing down of the road. On both sides were stone fences & as you rose the hill, you saw a lovely cottage with ivy clambering over the stone chimney. The front yard was filled with apple trees— In the rear stood five immense oaks. I used to look at this place with absolute delight. To my childish eyes it was too beautiful to think it was all real. I never went by it, without wishing I could play under the trees and live at such a sweet home. They called it Mr Carroll's place, but in later years it was "Sunny Side" & my wish came true for in 1863 it became our home—the sweetest, happiest, dearest, loveliest, home God ever gave a family, and in it, and at it I passed
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the happiest hours of boyhood, youth & manhood and beneath its roof had the agony of seeing three of those I have loved with the sincerest devotion pass from Earth to Heaven. Lucy Armistead my dear sweet cousin—my beloved dear, loving Mother, and my noble, beloved & honoured Father—and in the parlour lay for a night, my beloved sisters's earthly tabernacle ere we consigned it to earth.
If I am spared to do so, I will write much about this sweet home later on. Another place was "Hardware" about the same distance from Charlottesville as Walnut Grove, but in exactly the opposite direction, being almost due South. This was the home of Uncle "Kit" Gilmer (Geo C. Gilmer) who married—in second marriage father's sister Mildred Wirt. I recall very little about Hardware for I
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only went there once with Mother in 1860 or 61, and yet I believe I could draw a picture of the house, the yard, with very little grass in it, & the grove across the road, even now.
Uncle Gilmer moved from Hardware to "Buckeyeland" soon after this visit and at this latter place I spent many happy hours later on. I shall reserve a description of this place for a later day.
Cousin "Sandy" Stuart's lovely old place in Staunton, and his farm on North River are places I shall allude to later on, as I attempt to describe visits there. These places are the only ones to which I look back with any recollection of distinct pleasure & to each I owe many an happy hour.
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1859—to—1863
I recall with great distinctness the John Brown raid—or rather the stir it caused.
Soon after it my father raised a Company of Volunteers—the Albemarle Rifles—afterwards Company "B" of the 19th Regiment Va Volunteers, Picketts Division.
I remember the first time I ever saw him in uniform— He had graduated with distinction at the Virginia Military Institute—2nd in his class, and carried himself up to his dying day as erect as a soldier should be.
I can see him now, as he came in the room dressed in a long gray frock coat with brass buttons, a soldier's cap, shoulder straps & belt with a glittering sword. How proud I felt of him!
The Rifles wore grey uniform in 1859—before Confederate
[I 45]
gray was known. They all wore frock coats—single breasted for privates—double breasted for

officers. Their arms consisted of a Springfield—or Enfield rifle* (*Mississippi Rifles—until 1861—then Springfield.) I don't know which—which had a bronzed barrell and brass mountings. The uniform was very plain, beside that of the other Company—The Monticello Guards—who wore blue swallow tailed coats trimmed with red and high leather shakos topped with red & white chicken feathers.
I recall the drilling of my father's company very well, both squad drills, which he sometimes held in his office & company drills which were held in the old Armory—situated on the Court Green in rear of the present Station House and running along the jail wall. It was pulled
[I 46]
down after the war.
I recall one drill with great delight. It was held one bright moonlit night, by both Companies. They drilled on the Court House Square & then marched to a vacant lot—where the coloured school now stands. I was allowed to stay up late, that night & saw the whole drill.
Some foundations, for houses which had never been completed, were in the field and I remember my father making the men lie down in them and shoot their rifles whilst thus lying down.
I recall a drill of the 88th Regiment of Militia—to which these Companies belonged—and the awe with which I contemplated the Brigadier Genl (Cocke) with his plumed cocked hat and immense blue & yellow holsters.
I recall also a visit some
[I 47]
Lynchburg Company made to Charlottesville & how the little town went wild over the soldiery.
Lincoln's election is also very plainly remembered. My father had been a Whig up to the days of the Know Nothings. He then became a Democrat & voted for "Breckinridge and Lane". I had a United States flag with their names on it, and also a severe combat with the Norris boys who were Bell & Everett "men", and had a flag with their names on it.
Lincoln's name was never mentioned but with ridicule. Outside of the Town Hall (Levy Opera House now) was an ingenious characiture representing him "splitting rails". I recall the voting. One man—old Savage I believe—wanted to
[I 48]
vote for Lincoln Electors, but the Clerks wouldn't cry his vote—they voted viva voce in those days because he had no ticket.
There were tickets with the names of the Electors on it. The voter wrote his name on the back of the ticket, handed it to a Clerk, who cried it out whilst another wrote it down with the name of the voter opposite the man he voted for.
A Clerk—or possibly the Sheriff—then strung the ticket with others on a string. There were no Lincoln tickets printed— Savage didn't know the names of his electors—I don't believe there were any in Virginia, so he couldn't vote, and was hooted at in fine style as he left the Court House.
I do not recall the fact of Lincoln's inauguration, but
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I remember the talk of secession and the drilling of the Military Companies, and general air of unrest.
At that time my mind was more taken up, with the fact that I was allowed to play with the larger boys and engage in the rock battles.
Games and Playmates
We played the usual games—marbles & tops—<"chiminy"> or "chumney" from which baseball

was finally evolved—and prisoner's base—hide & seek & "hide the switch". The playmates I remember then were boys mostly older than myself. Jim Leitch—Jim & Ben Benson—Charlie—their elder brother—Tom & Willie Nelson—Ned Hamner & his brother— The Via boys—Lyman & Henry—Kad & Wilbur Keblinger the latter much older than
[I 50]
the rest of us, and Dick Martin & Jim Lane—& many others whose names I do not recall. Henry Guillaume—son of a french portrait painter was in Charlottesville awhile & ran with us, but when he left I do not remember.
There was a great antagonism between the Main Street boys & the boys on Maiden Lane & out of this antagonism grew the famous "rock battles".
Our battle ground was situated at the Rockquarries at the end of what was then known as Green St. Our position was generally taken on the quarry hill where now stands the building of the Monticello Wine Co: & the Main Street "Cats"—as we called them the hill just opposite. They were generally the attacking force. They advanced
[I 51]
throwing stones at us and we returning the compliment— Why some one was not maimed or killed I do not know & yet I do not recollect any one being seriously hurt. Our side was generally successfull—being the defenders I suppose, but at last we were put to absolute route & rock-battles ended.
Cad: Keblinger a good deal larger and older than the boys on either side joined the Main St Cats & led an assault upon us which resulted in our utter defeat. We fled ignominiously before the foe led by Caddis. Only Jim Leitch (who was an obstinate & utterly fearless boy) stood his ground, was overpowered—captured, and for several hours imprisoned in a hencoop on Main St— His condition, when released
[I 52]
can be better imagined than described. We never fought another battle.
Sometime in 1860 I went with Mother—Aunt Martha Eskridge Willie & Mary, to visit "Logan" where Uncle Lewis Walker resided. Logan is not far from Gordonsville—near what was then known as Lindsay's Turnout on the Virginia Central Railroad (now C & O)
It was the home of my grandfather Richard Duke and his wife Maria Walker—who inherited it from her Father Thos: Walker, Jr. In an evil hour my grandfather exchanged it with his wife's brother—for Millbrook—paying a large "boot". Logan was one of the finest farms in Albemarle County. Millbrook was very poor—quite large, but possessed a fine water power & immense Mills—Corn— Wheat—Cotton
[I 53]
& Woolen. My Grandfather—who owned a good many negroes—thought he could do much better on a larger place & make money from the Mills—but to pay the "boot" he went heavily into debt & was really ruined by the exchange—which was made in 1821. My father was born at "Millbrook" on June 6th, 1822.
I recall the trip to Logan very distinctly & remember that a few days before we started the cook dropped a stove lid on my right foot & burned it severely just back of the little toe. The scar is plainly discernible still. This rendered me very lame and I did not run about much at Logan.
Forty three years have passed since this visit (I write these lines in April 1903) but I recall
[I 54]
the trip on the train to "Lindsay's Turnout", the drive in an old fashioned carriage from thence to Logan, & I could draw a picture of the house now. It was a square brick house with an ample

porch whose white columns gave it, to my childish eyes, the appearance of the entrance to a temple. Back of it in a thick grove of trees stood the old frame house which was built in Colonial times—very much decayed & of course haunted. Back of it were some tombstones marking the resting place of some of my father's great Aunts & Uncles.
Uncle Lewis Walker (Meriwether Lewis, he was called after his Kinsman, the explorer) was the owner and a great character. It is said he never read a book but could discourse learnedly on almost any theme—having a
[I 55]
wonderful facility for holding on to any information he once obtained. The Richmond "Whig" was his Bible and he read that most carefully. An inveterate tobacco chewer, and not very careful in his ways—his white shirt front was generally anything but immaculate by ten o'clock.
A fine conversationalist he never allowed an opportunity for conversation to escape him and generally in summer time he spent most of the day on the front porch—a large bucket of ice water by his side—and hailed any traveller who passed along the road, with a hearty invitation to dismount and have a chat.
Often the invitation was accepted by one or more & word was sent to Aunt Maria, that company would be at dinner. Then there would be scurrying over
[I 56]
hill and dale—a small darkey sent to kill chickens—another hurrying from cabin to cabin for eggs—another to a neighbour's to borrow this & that. The cook was hurried—the butler warned & general excitement was every where—except on the front porch where the ice jingled in the glasses, and the bucket now had a companion in the shape of a decanter, and perhaps a sugar bowl & a stack of mint was near, and the fate of the nation was discussed by more or less distinguished visitors—for many such sat on that front porch— Now it was an ex-Governor and Minister to England—Barbour—now another of the same name—judge of the Supreme Court of the United States—now it was a United States Senator afterwards to be Minster to France—Wm C. Rives. A speaker
[I 57]
of the House of Representatives—Andrew Stevenson. Madison & Monroe & Jefferson had visited in the old house. Wm Wirt had been there with his bride—Uncle Lewis' Aunt Mildred. All of these men lived within a very few miles of Logan. Aunt Maria was a Miss Lindsay daughter of Col Reuben Lindsay. She lived up to the time I was over twenty, and I recall her very well indeed. Very black eyes dark complexion—thin and erect. She bore life's trials and troubles with wonderful fortitude—like an old Roman matron. She was engaged to be married to Francis Walker Gilmer—uncle Lewis' cousin—the brilliant genius Mr Jefferson selected to go to England to select the Professors for the University & who was to have been the first Professor of Law, but he broke the engagement for some unknown reason—the
[I 58]
tradition is, she was trying on her wedding dress when she got his note. For a long time she was very ill, but on her recovery, Uncle Lewis addressed her & she accepted him—married him and made him a good wife.
Uncle Lewis—tho' the owner of one of the finest farms in Albemarle, was indolent and shiftless and became heavily involved. It is said that half of his harness at times was made up of hickory wythes, whilst long wild grape vines were used for plow lines. Logan was sold just before or during the war & Uncle Lewis moved with Aunt Maria to Lynchburg, where he died in the early sixties.

He was at one time the only descendant of Dr Thos Walker in the male line. My great grandfather—Capt Thos Walker—his father, had only one son
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who reached manhood (no other son of Dr Walker left male descendants of the name)
Uncle Lewis had only two sons Dr Thos L. Walker of Lynchburg and Genl R. Lindsay Walker.
Cousin Tom had only one son—Lewis—now a Captain in the U.S. Army. Uncle Lindsay had four sons—Lewis—Scott—Thos H. & Frank T. by his wife Aunt Maria Eskridge—mother's sister—and Charlie C. by his second wife—a Miss Elam.
Lewis—son of R.L. died without issue , & so did Scott.
Tom has one son Davin.
Frank left two sons—Roger and Frank.
Charlie has two sons Carl & Lindsay.
So of the almost innumerable descendants of Dr Thos Walker only seven of his name on the male side live today—1903.
[I 60]
Whilst at Logan we went to Indian Fields— Aunt Maria—mother's sister & Uncle Lindsay were living there when the house burned down— Cousin Mag Pryor was sleeping in an upper room with a little niece—Cousin Isabella Gilmer's child.
Cousin Mag escaped, by jumping out of the window, but the poor little girl was burned to ashes.
Cousin Isabelle was Uncle Lewis' oldest daughter. She married a distant Cousin John Harmer Gilmer [error; married Peachy Harmer Gilmer]. Cousin Mag: was the second daughter & married Wm H. Pryor Lt Col. C. S. A.
Cousin Belle died in The Louise Home several years since. Cousin Mag died this spring in Charlottesville.
I remember seeing with feelings of great awe, the smoke stained chimney & foundation & seeing the corner where the child's heart was found unconsumed.
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I visited the Indian Fields graveyard where Aunt Maria Eskridge Walker—was buried— She had the only monument in the graveyard—a white marble shaft. General Wm Gordon is buried near her. Only a pile of rocks marked then & still marks, I suppose, his last resting place. I could sketch that old graveyard now, so indelibly is it impressed on my mind.
I also was taken by my father to the graveyard where his father & mother were buried. It was surrounded by a high brick wall & no opening left in it. He held me up to see the graves. The vandal who bought the farm—during the war pulled down this wall & used the bricks & by this time I suppose names & memory of the graves have both perished.
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I recall nothing of any importance between the visit to Logan and the breaking out of the war.
The War
My first recollection of the war is the departure of the troops from Charlottesville, but prior to this I must recall one incident which came very near ending my earthly career— Early in the summer of 1860 I was allowed to go in swimming with my Brother & other boys in what was known as the "little University Pond. This was the upper pond of two lying in the flat between Morea & the University. The large pond was separated from the smaller by an embankment broken in the centre by an overflow which was spanned by a very pretty rustic bridge. The little pond was not very deep & as none of us could swim we did not adventure very far out, tho' each tried to go out farther than

[I 63]
the others. I was quite a "brash" and vain-glorious youngster and one occasion, I cannot now recall whether it was late in the summer of 1860, or early in the summer of 1861, I was in the pond one afternoon with my brother & several small boys. Several negroes were on the bridge watching us. I, with my usual foolhardiness, went out deeper & deeper yelling "No one dares go as far as I", when all of a sudden I stepped into the channel & over my head. Out of sight I went & tho' I yelled lustily each time I came up, & I came up four times instead of the traditional three, nothing was done to help me, my brother & his companions being frightened out of their wits. Down I went for the last time, & down I would have remained had not a young
[I 64]
negro on the bridge jumped in and pulled me out. I was not unconscious, but nearly so & had to be carried home. My father rewarded the negro handsomely.
Let me say here that of all disagreeable things the sensation of drowning is the worst. I can describe it easily.
Let some one draw an endless belt of white, at lightning speed before your eyes, whilst some one else beats two gigantic bass drums at each ear, and another strangles you. This is drowning.
I distinctly recall as I went down the last time, that I remembered with much regret having surreptitiously eaten a bunch of malaga grapes some one had sent my mother that morning. This seems to have been the only sin I recalled then.
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The troops left Charlottesville for the War between the States on the night of April 17th 1861. I recall it as tho' it were only yesterday.
My father dressed in his uniform wearing by his side the sword belonging to his great-grandfather Dr Thos Walker, looked to my boyish eyes all that a warrior should be. I could not understand my mothers tears—nor see why she tried to conceal them. Father looked very stern & quiet. I went with him after supper to the Armory which stood on the public Square on the Court Green North of the jail, or rather East by North. Not a trace of it remains now. There the Albemarle Rifles—Co: "B" later on 19th Va Regiment, & The Monticello Guards Co "A", were assembled. My father made a speech to the assembled
[I 66]
men, but of course I do not now recall it. Men have told me later that it was very eloquent & as events proved prophetic. Everybody believed the war would be over in 90 days and the troops were hilarious & jubilant; but my father told them—so men have told me since—that they should be calm & serious; that they were embarking on no holiday jaunt, but going away to a long and bloody war, many of them never to return. After the assembly in the Armory, all the men went out in front of the Court House & skylarked there. The Albemarle Rifles—my father's Company had on gray uniforms with white leather belts & belts of the same leather crossing the chest. The Monticello Guards wore blue uniforms trimmed with red & tall black leather shakos with a plume of red & white cocks feathers.
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Strange to say, they had bought with them the United States flag & I heard their Captain order the Colour bearer to "Case those colours", I saw what he meant when the man put a black oil cloth cover over the flag after he rolled it around the staff. On the end of the staff was a gilt spear & I remember the colour-sergeant lowering it & making a thrust at Joe Lipop the bugler of the Rifles—for they were ordered by bugle—of course all this was in fun.
The night was a little misty, with some moonlight. Presently the bugle blew—orders rang out

sharply & sternly & the troops fell in. They marched down to the Depôt—the C & O. Depôt—the only one then in the town & there they waited the arrival of a train which soon came crowded with men in red and
[I 68]
blue shirts. These were the students of the University of Virginia. The entire student body volunteered—forming in two companies—one of which wore red shirts and one blue. What struck my childish mind was the fact that a good many of the students were on the top of the coaches. My father kissed my mother & my brother & myself goodbye & followed the troops into the train & it pulled out, & my mother took us back home bravely struggling against her tears.
It is strange, but talking some time ago to the members—or rather some of the surviving members of the Monticello Guard, I found they had forgotten the fact that they went off to the war in blue uniforms. Charlie Wertenbaker, however, quickly recalled the fact & then
[I 69]
recalled to me the time when the old Town Hall—now Levy Opera House—was turned into a gigantic tailor shop & every tailor in town was there cutting out gray uniforms, whilst the ladies basted them & sewing women sewed them up. These uniforms were for the Monticello Guards & Wertenbaker had been detailed & sent back to get them.
Whilst writing these last few pages memory has brought back to me the raising of a Confederate flag at the University, some time prior to the troops going off to the war. The pole was erected in front of the Harris boarding house—a long brick building—since destroyed by fire—which stood on the sight of the three cottages next to the residence of Judge John L. Cochran—near
[I 70]
the University— A large crowd was there— The owner of the house—Tommie Harris, as he called, led out his daughter Miss Bettie dressed in a blue bodice spangled with stars & a red & white dress. The band played & Miss Bettie pulled the cord which ran up the flag & the stars & bars floated from the top of the flag staff, whilst some adventurous student climbed to the top of the Rotunda & nailed there a staff with a Confederate flag floating from it. Speeches were made, but I remember none of them, except the conclusion of a short speech made by old Mr Jas Alexander—the venerable printer & publisher of the Jeffersonian Republican.
He had long white hair which floated in the breeze as he spoke. His conclusion—which
[I 71]
is all I recall was "Oh! fellow citizens, if the soul of Thomas Jefferson could see this day, it would leap for joy" and as he said this, the old gentlemen suited the action to the word & jumped up in the air. There was great shouting at this and the crowd dispersed.
Tommie Harris during the war moved to his place in Sugar Hollow on Moorman's River & died there. To the house of his widow, father & I went on many a trout fish in subsequent days, & I was surprised to find the buxom Bettie Harris was the beautiful fairy who raised the flag. She was a handsome woman, however, & her mother—her sister Mrs Rice Wood & herself were three splendid women. Bettie after the death of her mother and brother-in-law married
[I 72]
a cousin named Maupin and she & her sister moved to Missouri where the latter died, and Bettie still lives.
I think some time during my father's absence on this first expedition I had typhoid pneumonia & was very ill—so much so father got a furlough & came home. I recall seeing him in his uniform sitting by my bed-side & weeping bitterly but that is about all I recall of his visit.

When I got well I remember that I found my brother—"Teague" Leitch—The Via boys & others busily engaged in a mimic naval warfare on the pond just above the present wine cellar—or rather which was there then—no trace of it remains now. They had built small ships out of scantling, had rigged them with sails & masts
[I 73]
some of them nicely painted with their names in white paint on the stern. One was called "Sumpter", one Moultrie—& other names suggestive of the time. On the bank were toy cannon carrying buckshot & each boy shot at the others ship as it sailed down the pond.
"Teague" Leitch usually fired first & then yelled "look out". He accordingly one day shot Lyman Via in the calf of the leg with a buckshot & we all fled incontinently, supposing we would be hung. Lyman limped after us, using rather vigorous language & threatening to "lamn" Leitch as soon as he caught him.
The Via boys—George & Lyman—were sons of a carriage maker whose shop was in the old Baptist Church—now
[I 74]
converted into a double tenement & on the corner of Jefferson and Fourth Sts. It was from Via's shop most of the material for the ships was obtained & tools to make them.
Lyman was one of the older boys—about 16. He ran away from home the second year of the war & enlisted in the Artillery—in Southall's or Carrington's battery I do not recall which—I think Southall's. He was colour sergeant. At the bloody angle Spotsylvania when the order was given to retreat he sprang on the breastworks & snatched his colours, but was pierced by many balls & fell with his flag in his hand. The earth works were reversed there & his body covered up & never recovered. He was a brave gallant boy—the only one of
[I 75]
my playmates who died for his native land.
My next recollection is a visit my mother—my brother—my sister and myself paid my father at his camp just below Manassas junction. This occurred just two weeks before the 1st battle of Manassas— We left the present C. & O. Depot one morning on the train of what was then known as The Virginia Central Railroad— The Engine was a small affair with a very large smoke stack. Wood was the fuel used, and every now and then we stopped to take on wood & water. The Cars were very small affairs compared to the Cars of today. The tops were rounded and in the interior covered with oil cloth on panels of which were painted gorgeous pictures. As we drew near Manassas Junction we began to pass tents and long brush
[I 76]
arbours, under which lay, soldiers whilst in front of them others strolled about.
Father met us at the Junction but we went on upon the train a mile or so across Bull Run & then got in a waggon and drove to the House where we were to stay. We drove through woods into an open field to a double frame house—unpainted and not very prepossessing in appearance—here we were to stay.
Father's company was in Camp not very far from this house & I was soon very much at home. The men had tents & my father had a large "A" tent with a fly—both made of striped "bed ticking"—canvass being very scarce, father & Judge John L. Cochran (then plain Mr Cochran) the 1st Lieutenant of the Company, having bought the material & having had the tent
[I 77]
made in Charlottesville.
Some distance from the Camp was quite an array of Rifle Pits, which my father had caused his

men to make & by one of which he received the only wound he did receive during the war. When he met us he was on crutches, and laughingly told mother he had been wounded in a skirmish.
Father kept his company hard at work—drilling—digging Rifle pits & fitting them for real warfare. He determined one day to see how they would respond when called on at night & so instructed a Sentry—letting no one else into the secret & binding him to secrecy—to fire his gun about one o'clock in the morning having previously instructed the Bugler as to his duty in
[I 78]
case of a musket shot heard at night.
About one in the morning "bang" went a gun on the outposts—the bugle sounded the alarm—out poured the men, hurriedly dressed & with rifles & accoutrements hastily gathered together. Father, up & dressed, gave orders to fall in & march to the Rifle Pits and organize for a fight. In the darkness, he fell into one of those pits & sprained his knee so badly, he was on crutches up to the first battle of Manassas—and the fact is that he never thoroughly recovered from the sprain—the knee giving him occasional pain & remaining weak all his life.
I enjoyed our little stay with the soldiers very much— Father's nephew—Walker Rhodes—was in his Com-
[I 79]
-pany and I remember once walking down the road through the woods, until I came in sight of Bull Run & the Railroad just across it. Below the embankment was a Mill—Union Mills—as it was called. Just as I got into the clearing I heard a voice say, "Halt", & looking around I saw Walker Rodes treading his beat, as Sentry, across the road. He looked very imposing in his gray uniform with white belts crossing his chest, and around his waist. On his hands he wore white cotton gloves—for they were still playing at soldiering— I halted & he very gravely said—dropping his musket athwart his body, "Who comes there?" "Why its me Walker", I said. "Advance 'me' and give the countersign", he
[I 80]
said very gravely & sternly.
"I don't know it", I replied rather frightened, to tell the truth—"Then I'll have to arrest you & call the Corporal of the Guard", he said, but at this I turned and ran back to camp as hard as I could go, despite his laughing summons to return.
My brother tells me that the name of the owner of the house at which we stayed. It was [ ]
Soon after we returned home from this trip I broke out with a fine case of measles—contracted I suppose on the train. My sister also had the disease at the same time. I was not out of the house when the news of the battle reached us. Mr Geo: M. McIntyre—our Druggist—came around one afternoon & in a very excited manner told mother that a Captain Rea had just reached Charlottesville with the awful news that our army was defeated &
[I 81]
twelve thousand men killed. Poor mother was almost wild, & kept saying "Then I know, Walker,"—as she called my father—"is dead."
Soon afterwards, however, the news of the glorious victory reached us, and later we saw in the paper that Capt Duke had been highly complimented by Genl Beauregard— How proud it made us & how Mother cherished the paper.
Father's Company was on the extreme right of the line—guarding the ford, and did not fire a gun in the fight. They saw the enemy once & I have often heard father say, that whilst they were lying down behind breastworks & concealed, a Federal Officer walked out of the woods in front

of the line & looked up & down it. He was in easy range & my father in a low voice ordered his Adjutant W.W. Alexander to shoot him. Alexander
[I 82]
leveled his rifle & was about to fire, when my father said the thought came over him "Heavens!, this looks like murder", & told Alexander to lower his gun.
The officer presently went back into the woods, utterly unconscious of the fact that death had been so near to him.
A year later, he would have been shot by a dozen bullets, as soon as seen, but human life then had not become so little regarded. Father towards the close of the day, got very restless at his Company's inaction and turning the command over to his first Lieutenant John L. Cochran, he went off hunting his General, & soon came to General Beauregard—who knew him.
Beauregard hailed him & ordered him to come to him, & ordering an Aide to dismount, directed Father to mount the horse &
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go to a point in the line of battle & try to reorganize an Alabama Regiment whose officers were killed or missing, & the Regiment in a bad condition.
Very much relieved—for he expected a severe reprimand, or an arrest—father galloped into the thick of the fight. The enemy were then in full retreat and when father reached the hill where the Alabama Regiment ought to have been, he saw the enemy in full retreat—rapidly becoming a mad route. He was on the hill overlooking the Stone Bridge— As he stood there, his first cousin & brother-in-law Capt (afterwards General) R. Lindsay Walker dashed up with his battery of Napoleons & turned the guns on the retreating Federals. A waggon—or caisson—overturned on the Bridge, just as the gunners got the range, and a shell
[I 84]
exploding in the crowd created a wild & mad mob— Father said the sight sickened him, as shell after shell fell in the midst of the seething mass of men in blue & he was in an ace of asking "Lindsay" to stop, when he realized that this was what war meant, & he turned away to seek the Regiment, which by the way—he never found.
He saw Bee & Barton dying or dead & saluted a grave Colonel Jackson whom he knew as an odd & eccentric man, a Professor at his old school.
He reported later on to Beauregard, who told him that the missing Regiment had been found & then asked him where his own command was. Father "owned up" that he had left it where it was ordered to be left, but that he couldn't resist the temptation to be in the fight. Beauregard, laughed & told him to
[I 85]
return to his command "excused". He found his Company all "hopping mad", because they had had no chance to smell gunpowder.
Beauregard mentioned my father in his report of the Battle Lee Series I Vol 2 p497 "Rebellion Records.* (*Official records of the War of the Rebellion)
But to return to Charlottesville. Poor Capt Rea, of Co K. Va Infantry—"left" in full retreat at the critical time of the day when it looked as if the enemy had routed us. He fled to Manassas—boarded a train, & getting off at Charlottesville mounted the old Central Hotel Steps & told the large and wildly expectant crowd that "Our forces were defeated—twelve thousand killed" that the enemy would be in Charlottesville very soon & that everybody would be hung". He was still wild with terror, & as the train pulled out, jumped on it &
[I 86]

went on to Mechums where he lived. Of course this terrible news spread, & was believed until telegrams came in the evening telling the truth.
Poor Rea resigned, & I remember following him once with a crowd of young rascals, singing
"Captain Rea,
Of Co "K",
Ran away,
On the battle day."
as he walked up Main Street.
He went back into the army later on, as a private of Cavalry & served with gallantry. His "run-a-way" was a panic irresistable & he just couldn't help it. I knew him well in after years & found him an excellent jolly good fellow— Very short & rotund & with a pleasant face and manner. He died a few years ago respected by every one.
[I 87]
As I was getting over the measles I read Gulliver's Travels in the Edition of Swift's Works which belonged to my Great-Great-Grandfather Thomas Hoops of Carlisle Penn:—who is said to have educated Benjamin West. I have the seventeen volumes now in my library. Reading the old type gave me an awful headache and to this day I cannot read Gulliver's Travels without a headache—which comes on sooner or later. Curious, but true.
The summer of 61 passed with no particular incident which impressed itself upon my mind. Towards its end however Cousin John Towles died at our house, and his death made a deep impression upon me. His Regiment reached Manassas too late for the battle, but went into Camp. He contracted camp fever and was brought to our house where
[I 88]
he gradually grew worse. Just before his death a soldier came to see him. It was a Mr Lyons—now Judge [Thomas Barton] Lyons who lives in the old Flannagan House on Park St [Bonahora on Lyons Court]— He had been at Coleman's School & at the University with John, and was exceedingly fond of him.
Cousin John's death was a great sorrow to us all. Father & mother looked upon him as a son. He was exceedingly handsome, bright chivalrous & lovable in every way. The effect of the war upon commerce and trade was shown in a small way by his funeral. Uncle Towles insisted that his body should be sent home for burial. A trip to Bayou Sara La was no few days journey in those days. A metallic coffin was needed as the weather was very hot, but not a single one could be obtained in Charlottesville. They were all made North & the supply on hand was exhausted & no
[I 89]
more could be had. The undertaker accordingly lined a wooden casket with zinc and soddered down the lid. I watched with tearful eyes the man at his task, little thinking then that the other brother Wm E. Towles, equally beloved, had but two more years of life before him.
That fall our cook Jane had an attack of varioloid. Great was the excitement in the little town & a strict quarantine was established— So strict that if father had not come home we would have welnigh frozen & starved— No one was allowed to enter the lot & no one to leave. A little Irishman with a large pistol patrolled the walk in front of the house. The Town Sergeant—Mr Geo: Slaughter—whose person composed the entire police force—used every morning to mount a stump in front of the house & bawl out to know if we
[I 90]
wanted anything & often ran off before a window was opened— In vain our Doctor assured the

authorities that Jane was isolated in the Cabin fifty feet from the house, and that her attack was of the very mildest type—indeed, he was doubtful it was really varioloid—and that the absurdly rigid quarantine was foolish.
Our wood gave out— Everybody burned wood in Charlottesville in those days. It made no difference—no one was allowed even to haul a load in—and our provisions grew very low. At this critical time Father returned & was halted by the Irish Sentinel—"If ye go in ye can't come out" he said & attempted to bar his passage. He was quickly pushed aside & father came in. I recall his blazing wrath when he found the condition of affairs. Out he strode—to be stopped by the Sentry, who unfortunately was tempted to display his revol-
[I 91]
-ver. He had no time to do more than display, for he was hustled down the street by the irate Captain & never returned to his beat. In an hour wood came in, and provisions, and the blockade was raised. They did say that Capt Duke read "the riot act" to the Town authorities and informed them that both Sentry and Sergeant would meet a worse fate than small pox—if the quarantine was kept up longer.
That fall I commenced school at a school kept by Uncle Wm J. Duke, father's eldest brother.* (*This photo is Taken from John Harmon's residence & shows the school house—now moved near the station & a story added to it) He taught in a wooden house which stood just over what is now the Southern Railway at the Union Station. The House itself was rolled down the hill when the cut was made & a story added to it & it is now the Lunch establishment diagonally across from the depôt.
[I 92]
My schoolmates were Green & Howard Shackelford—now dead—R.T. Martin—Teller of the Bank of Albemarle—Jesse Jones—the Locksmith—Jas W. Lane—now principal of the High School and my brother and our Cousin R.W. Duke—now Clerk of the Circuit Court—Uncle William's son. John Marchant—Ned: Hamner—the Druggist of Lynchburg who married Bettie Hamner—my wife's cousin. There were of course many others whose names I cannot recall. Jas Hardin was one of the older boys—a very tall athletic man. It was at this school I developed a talent for reciting, which caused me at times a good deal of sorrow, but which eventually did me a great deal of good. I was very much teased as an "orator"—a nickname which clung to me a long time.
I recall very well my reciting Byron's "Ball at Brussels"—the lines from Childe Harold. "There
[I 93]
was a sound of revelry by night" &c and the gusto with which I recited it, & the mock applause of the boys & my tears thereat.
Sometime this year we were visited by Scott, Lewis and Tom Walker, sons of Uncle Lindsay Walker by his first wife—my mother's sister Maria. Their younger brother, Frank, did not come with them. They were fine fellows—Scott as dark and swarthy as an Indian—Lewis tall & fair & gentle—Tom boisterous & merry— All are gone now (1903) but Tom.
I recall very little of my school days that & the next year or so. I remember how once the boys nailed up the doors and windows & how my Uncle thrashed the guilty ones when they were detected. I recall a fight I had with Howard Shackelford in which I was the surprised victor, but the years of 1861 & 2 left little impress
[I 94]
upon me beyond the news of battles & the anxieties of my mother & the stories of death & wounds that came to us.

I recall seeing the body of Col Turner Ashby in his coffin in the lobby of the Farish House—now "Colonial Inn". It was clothed in Confederate Gray, & I recall the long black beard & the dark handsome face, to which death had given the colour of a yellow wax mask. He was buried in the Soldier's Cemetery at the University, but his body was removed after the war. Why it was brought to Charlottesville I never knew.
I recall distinctly the building of the Hospitals at old "Mudwall". These Hospitals or Wards were long one story buildings erected on what is now the freight depôt & Grounds of the Southern Railroad at the Union Station. "Mudwall" was a large three story brick building
[I 95]
standing on the site of the present coloured Baptist Church nearest the depôt. It was built by Gen Cocke of Fluvanna as a Student's Boarding House & surrounded by a wall made of clay—hence Mudwall.
The old Stone Tavern was also used as a hospital. It stood a little back from the street, between Gentry & Irvine Livery Stable and Eldridge Turner's Grocery—facing Market St & between 4th & 5th. Adjoining it on the site of the Livery was a brick addition quite as large, which had been used as an hotel. The old Stone Tavern was quite old. It was built by the Nicholas' & Gov W.C. Nicholas was born in it.
It was burned sometime in 1862 & I recall the fire very well. Indeed I stood in the line & helped to pass buckets of water the night it was burned.
It had a good many wounded
[I 96]
and sick soldiers in it, & there was great excitement getting them out. No lives were lost, tho' the building was entirely consumed.
After the Hospitals at what was then the junction (of C & O & Southern R.R's—then the Virginia Central & Orange & Alexandria) were built, I went to them very often with my mother. Nurses were very scarce & the ladies in the town each in turn helped to nurse. My mother had her regular turn & occasionally I went with her. She always carried some delicacy & went from couch to couch a very "ministering angel". I remember seeing her wipe the death sweat from a handsome young fellow, who murmured "mother" & gazed at her with dim eyes as he died. I recall car-loads of wounded unloaded & figures of men desparately wounded carried on stretchers into the wards from
[I 97]
the cars. I remember seeing a great heap of arms & legs outside of a ward soon after 2nd Manassas & was fearfully shocked at the indifferent way in which a severed leg or arm was tossed on the heap by the surgeon.
We were hard pressed for Hospitals early in the war. At one time I remember seeing the Chapel—which stood on the site of the present Chairman's Office—and the old Public Hall—now burned—of the University, filled with wounded men lying on pallets on the floor. Some of these wounded "convalesced" at Morea. One was a Texan by whom I saw the first cigarettes made. He used the tender inside of the corn shuck instead of paper & I took great pride in getting this shuck for him & cutting it into proper lengths.
I recall the March of Jackson's Army through Charlottesville in [ ] 1862.
[I 98]
and the enthusiastic welcome given the brave men as they tramped through the town. It took them nearly a whole day. They marched with a swinging steady gait—chatting & laughing & eagerly accepting the gifts of cakes & bread the townspeople offered them. Jackson himself went

through on the train & I think I saw him at the window of a car, but do not recall how he looked. Sometime during one of these years a number of federal Soldiers—prisoners— were brought through town & stopped awhile in the Court House yard, the rear of which was surrounded by a stone wall. I have drawn a diagram of it on the next page as it then stood, & have made the sketch one of the whole surroundings of the Court House & vicinity as I remember it in 1863. The Court House was different both outside & in from what it is now. The Diagram I explain as follows.
[intentionally blank page]
[Inserted between I 98 and I 99]
1 House in which we lived from 1853 until May 1863. Built by Dr Chas Brown prior to 1822.
2 House in which I was born—August 27th, 1853. The room in which I was born marked *, was a one story room. It has since been added to & made a separate house.
3 Mr Simpson's house—now pulled down, & a brick house built on the site.
4 Office room in Miss Nancy Child's yard.
5 Miss Nancy Child's house—now pulled down. The Elk's Home built on its site.
6 I do not know who lived in this house.
7 Mr Tom Wood's house.
8 John Wood Jr's house—now Saltsman.
9 Office. 10 Mr Tom Wood's Office.
11 Father's Office.
12 Judge Cochran's Office.
13 Engine House
14 Sam Leitch's House—Site of Jack Jouett's Tavern. (The Swan) (Red Lands Club 1906)
[added later see 102-103]
15 No: 0. Benson's Auction House.
16 Farish Hotel— 17 Billy Watson's Drug Store
18 Kamerer's Jewelry Store— 19 Hoppe's Grocery
20 Mannoni's Confectionery
21 Where Judge Watson lived until 1861.
22 Old Post Office— 23 Old Central Hotel
24 Old Bank. 25 Old "rookeries". 26 Some poor people lived there.
27 Office Alfred Benson lived in.
28 Henry Benson's residence—now Conner.
29 Henderson's School room.
[I 99]
[MAP OF COURT SQUARE AREA]
[I 100]
The whole Court House yards front and back were filled with these poor fellows, who were a tired & hungry lot. I examined them from a distance, at first, for the hated "Yankee" was to me a terrible creature even tho' a prisoner: After while my curiosity led me closer & I began to talk to one of them over the railing. He looked to me very tired & hungry & by and by a great pity for him & the other prisoners swelled up in my boyish heart.
"Are you hungry?" I asked. "Nearly starved", he replied, & he looked it. I had a dime in my pocket & I went over to Mannoni's & laid it out in ginger cakes—the good old fashioned black kind, no other generation will ever see. I returned & gave "my prisoner" a handful & the others were rapidly snatched by eager hands. Our citizens soon came with provisions & the prisoners

were given a good square meal. Not an unkind word
[I 101]
was spoken to them by anyone, but they were kindly treated— Quite different, I have heard, was the treatment of Confederate prisoners by the Northern citizens.
In the early Spring of 1863 my father sold the house in which he lived to Mr Wood—of Ivy, for his daughter Mrs Wm G. Rogers— The price paid was $6000.00 in Confederate money. The "SunnySide" farm was soon after offered at public auction & my father asked the Auctioneer—Hy Benson to buy the place if he could get it for $6000— Failing this he was to invest the money in Confederate Bonds. Fortunately the place was knocked out at $6000—and Father thus became the owner of "SunnySide"—that lovely place I had so admired as a boy, and which was my happy home for twenty one years—and which I trust may remain in the family for generations yet to come. We had to give up possession of our town house the first
[I 102]
of May— We could not get possession of SunnySide until Sept 22nd, so we moved to "Morea"—boarding with our Aunt Mary from May 1st to Sept 22nd 1863. We occupied the front rooms upstairs, and a large curtain of bed ticking was put up on the large upper front porch, giving us almost another room.
Aunt Emily Duke, her two daughters & son & Uncle William were boarding there, as well as Cousin Lizzie Tucker with her son, Gilmer & her daughters, Lena—Lucy & Annie. It was quite a houseful & a very jolly one; but before I go into my recollection of this summer I must give a parting glimpse at Charlottesville, many things being recalled to me now since I have commenced to write for I have now—Nov 1903—been just four years on these 102 pages—
[I 103]
Charlottesville in 1862-3
Neighbours & Friends-
Our opposite neighbours were the Bensons. Henry Benson was a famous auctioneer and wag—one of the wittiest men I ever knew, with a tongue like a whip— His brother Alfred—partner in his business—was a handsome, melancholy man, very delicate—a great practical joker—a sport and it was whispered—with much truth a gambler. He lived in a little office on the corner of the street & directly opposite us— Mrs Benson's mother lived with him. She was a dried up little old woman who had lost one eye, & always kept a lock of her hair carefully curled over the vanished optic.
Mr Hy Benson had been married twice— His children by his first wife were numerous. Charlie & Jim & Ben were the three youngest & our playmates—but Charlie went off into the war quite
[I 104]
early— By his second marriage Mr Benson had several daughters & a son. His baby daughter died whilst we lived opposite & I recall their sorrow at her loss. Over her grave was placed a box with a glass top in which was put all of her toys— The Bensons had a black pony, & how I envied them that pony! It frequently ran away & threw its rider, but that made no difference. Benson had his Auction house at No Nothing as it was called, the house projecting out into the Street on the Eastern Side of the Court House. It was a great gathering place for the men of the town in summer afternoons, & the gossip therein & thereat indulged in must have been unique. Just across the Street—Jefferson—was Sam Leitch's house.* (*Site of Jack Jouett's Tavern—"The Swan", & now the Redland's Club.) Sam was a great character— An Irishman—nephew of "old" Sam—as he was called—his father had made quite
[I 105]

a competency as a merchant, to which Sam had added a great deal & retired from business when I first recall him. He was tall—slim—much wrinkled—clean shaven—and always wore a high silk hat & old fashioned collar & black stock. He had a ready wit—a sharp tongue but a frequent subject of practical jokes, and a favorite butt of Hy: Benson—whose store he frequently visited, but whom he cordially despised, "If the Savior of mankind was to come bodily to earth, "Sir", he once said, "he would not escape the "slanderious " tongue of Henery Bensing".
His cousin Dr Jas Leitch (Teague's father) was our family physician & himself being a great wag & practical joker used to play a great many jokes on the old man. He took great pride in his garden, his small fruit trees and his pig. The latter Dr
[I 106]
Leitch once took & put in a box, the box they nailed on top of the tallest pole they could get & then planted the pole right across the street from the old man's house. Great was his lamentation on finding his pig gone. He informed some people later on, in the day, that he knew his pig was dead, that he could hear its ghost grunting in the air. Later on his attention was called to the post & his pig was rescued.
Fred: Godwin, who was one of the bad boys of the town, generally got all of the old man's fruit before it got ripe. On one occasion, the old gentleman loaded a shot gun with cubes of fat middling & shot Fred: in one of his apple trees. Fred: fell to the ground, not only badly scared but one of the greasiest individuals ever seen in Charlottesville. The following Spring it was report-
[I 107]
-ted that Fred: had been drowned in the Rivanna River, whilst bathing: "Thank God!" old Sam is said to have said, very solemnly, "Now I shall know what my fruit tastes like?"
There was in the early fifties a great deal of trouble between the mechanics & town boys and the Students of the University. On one or two occasions serious riots were narrowly averted. I heard my father say that on one occasion, so serious had matters become that a meeting was held to protect a man named Dodd with whom some student had had a row & the student body had taken it up. The citizens met in the Mayors office & Hy Benson proposed they should send Mr Leitch on a scouting tour to find out if a mob of the students were really coming, he in the meantime having
[I 108]
placed some friends of his on the lookout, to beat tin pans & yell when old Sam approached the top of Vinegar Hill. Old Sam accepted the position of Scout—he was a brave old fellow—& posted off.
The crowd was let into the secret. Amongst them was Hardin Massie Esqr—a prominent lawyer & banker afterwards then young in the profession, and Dr Hughes who had just begun the practice of medicine. Old Sam went to the top of Vinegar Hill & as he came up, the friends of Benson yelled in fine style & beat their tin pans & the old man rapidly returned to the Mayor's Office: "Mr Mare", he exclaimed, "I have the honour to report that the inimy are approaching in great force".
At this Massie & Hughes—who were in the secret—sniggered. He wheeled on them & exclaimed in a loud voice "Misther Mare,
[I 109]
I want it to be distinctly understood that I am not to be laughed at in the discharge of me official duthy, by a briefless barrister, and a physician without a patient." The rest was silence.
Dr Marcellus McKennie—afterwards my dear old friend—when he graduated in Medicine,

opened for practice in Charlottesville. He put an advertisement in the paper
"M. McKennie, M.D. will be found in his office at all times, except when professionally engaged."
"Hevins!" said old Sam "Does the man expect to make a recluse of himself."
Dr Jas S. [A.] Leitch was the prominent physician of the town. A wild young man—fond of all sorts of practical jokes—full of fun and merriment, as maturity came on he lost the wildness, but retained the light heart and generous merry disposition which made him
[I 110]
exceedingly popular. He was a fine physician with a very large practice. A prominent & enthusiastic Free Mason he was elected Grand Master in 185[4-1855].
He was the physician attending my mother when I was born & was the first person who ever saw me. He is buried within ten feet of where—God willing—I will be buried, & in case of my interment in our family plot, there will be buried within a few feet of one another two Grand Masters of Masons in Virginia one of whom was the first person who saw the other. I remember Dr Leitch but slightly. I recall his funeral which was largely attended & the evidences of grief were sincere & welnigh universal.
Dr R.B. Nelson I remember very well— Young Dr Nelson he was called. His son Willie was a
[I 111]
boyhood friend— He too was a great Mason. Cousin Chas Minor was also a physician I recall. He "refugeed" into Charlottesville early in the war. A nice rather indolent man. The father of Judge E.C. Minor lately decd & of Gilmer Minor who was another playmate.
I was a rather "oldish" sort of a boy & had several elderly friends in the humbler walks of life. The tailor B.L. Powell was a great friend & I used to steal off & sit in his shop on the square & watch him stitch away whilst he talked to me very learnedly. Bob Cogbill—a coloured barber—was another crony who worked in Tom Drew's shop. Both were free men of colour & I used to go to their shop & read the Bible to them. It must have been a funny
[I 112]
sight. Bob was a very shrewd sharp fellow & accumulated a nice estate. He lived to shave me many a day, dying only a few years ago
Old man Billie Summerson was another type, who lived in a little frame house just across the street from the Episcopal Church. Not a trace of the house remains now— John T. Antrim having bought it & thrown it into the lawn of his house—where T.J. Williams now lives. Billie was a little dried up old man, who was Constable—Town Sergeant & general utility man. One of his occupations was to whip disobedient darkies whose masters were too tender-hearted to inflict punishment. The unfortunate recipiant of the chastisement to be, was sent with a note & fifty cents
[I 113]
to old Billie, who gave the necessary thrashing & sent back a receipt for the money as an evidence that the bearer had received a quid pro quo. This was seething the kid in its mother's milk so to speak.
Near Billie, lived Mr Keller, the Baker and Confectioner—father of our former respected City Sergeant Spotswood Keller. He was a small man with quite a paunch, & when Tyler of the Masonic Lodge a curved sword he used to carry seemed made to fit his shape. He was a Belgian & fought in the Battle of Waterloo & had a Waterloo Medal.
Where now stands the store of Eldridge Turner—corner of Market & 3rd Sts was a ramshackling old frame building in which lived an old Englishman—Eubank by name—a mattress maker. He

had been a British soldier and at one time
[I 114]
had been one of the troops who guarded Napoleon at St. Helena. He often told me of how Napoleon looked & walked.
E. Watts the bookbinder & small store keeper I barely remember. A little one & one half stone frame house on the corner of Main & First Sts—now occupied by the Hartnagle Building was his store and dwelling. He was a tall lank peculiar man & spent all he made in Lottery tickets. The boys used to tease him a great deal— They would go in his store & ask for all sorts of things & he would chase them out in a great rage. Charlie Llewellyn—the young wag of the town—once went in and gravely asked him if he had any nails "Yes! Yes! Yes!" he said."What kind?" said Charlie: "All kinds: all kinds Sir: all kinds." "Then give me a pound of toe-nails", said Charlie running out of the store as the
[I 115]
old man rushed around the corner with a yardstick.
Cousin Anne Gilmer lived in the house now occupied by T.J. Williams*— (*Now—1916—by C.H. Walker & the place is called "Altamont Circle".) the long brick dwelling on the Hill in front of the Episcopal Church— The lawn in her day only extended a few feet from the first slope of the yard. An open street—a sort of cul-de-sac—ran up to the fence & gate which was then about fifty feet from the door—or rather fifty yards.
This street was badly washed & gullied but was a favorite play ground. Now—1916—built up. ["Now... " inserted later] Cousin Anne was the widow of Gov Thomas Walker Gilmer who next to Mr Jefferson was probably the most brilliant intellect this County ever produced. He had been member of the Legislature—Member of Congress; Governor of Virginia and Secretary of the Navy before he
[I 116]
was forty one years old. A brilliant lawyer—polished speaker, witty & handsome he was a popular idol. Whilst Secretary of the Navy he was killed by the explosion of a gun, which was being tested on a vessel at Washington.
President Tyler's second wife's father was killed at the same time. Lyon G.Tyler son of the president & this second wife, subsequently married Anne Baker Tucker—Cousin Anne's Grand-daughter.
After Cousin Walker's death, Cousin Anne became almost a recluse. She seldom went out at all, but when I knew her was a bright smart old lady, given to repartee & an elegant conversationalist. She used to read Boswell's Life of Johnson a great deal & first introduced me to that charming book.
He[r] daughter Lizzie married H. St George Tucker—brother of John
[I 117]
Randolph Tucker—who was a great wit & charming man. He & my father were Law partners for a short while prior to the war— Cousin Lizzie was exceedingly fat good natured & cheerful. She had one son—Walker Gilmer Tucker & three daughters—Lena—Lucy & Annie.
Gilmer Tucker was a handsome boy—stuttered in talk—& we were great friends & playmates. Lena was quiet & dignified— She is now a teacher at the Miller School. Lucy was fat—saucy & a whirlwind of a girl— Annie was plump & pretty & a jolly girl every way. She is now the wife of Lyon G.Tyler President of Wm & Mary College— Gilmer is dead—poor fellow—& should have died—for his own & friend's sake earlier. He became very dissipated & died only a few years back, a wreck.

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Cousin Anne's Sons were George: Walker: & James— Another son—a very brilliant young man—John [Inserted later]—was killed in Baltimore by the train just before the war. I remember my father going on to bring back his body.
George Gilmer & Walker Gilmer were Presbyterian Ministers. The latter was taking a high stand in the Church when he died quite suddenly.
James was a lawyer in Charlottesville when I first came to the Bar. He moved to Waco Texas and died there. Cousin Juliet was Cousin Anne's youngest daughter— One of the wittiest brightest women I ever knew, whose satire spared no one and whose ready speech was the source of much delight, and some fear, to all who knew her. She died at the Louise Home in Washington
[I 119]
a few years ago.
Cousin Anne was much devoted to my mother & to the Morea folks. I will have something to say of them when I come to the summer of 1863 spent at Morea.
The capture of Alexandria & the invasion of the lower Valley brought into Charlottesville a large number of families from Alexandria—Winchester & other sections of the Country. They came to Charlottesville & the University—some renting houses and some boarding. Don McClain*(* died Sept 1905) —a stout good natured boy from Alexandria joined the boys and was a great favorite. Mason Ambler a grandson of John M. Mason came from Fauquier & John Randolph Tucker & his son Harry and his daughters came from Winchester & rented one of the Dawson Row buildings at the University.
[I 120]
1863 and SunnySide
We moved into "Morea" in the Spring of 1863—occupying the front upstairs room and one of the side rooms.
Uncle William—his wife & two daughters & son R.W. (Dick—now Circuit Clerk) Cousin Anne Gilmer—Cousin Lucy Tucker—& her children—Lena—Lucy—Gilmer & Annie were also there. Aunt Mary Smith & Aunt Mattie Duke & their & father's niece Nannie Deskins (daughter of Aunt Sally, who married Hon Harvey Deskins of Floyd Co & died when Nannie was a baby lived at Morea. It was a jolly household & we children had lots of fun.
In the summer Dick Duke went off to the wars— I remember how carefully he was fixed up by his doting mother & the tears we all shed at his departure. I wept for another reason. I too was anxious to join the army & was laughingly told I might. Amongst my most cherished possessions was an ancient "horse pistol" that had belonged to my
[I 121]
Grandfather—an immense thing—flint lock—smooth bore— I brought that out—tied it around my waist & thus prepared walked out a few moments before Dick left announcing my purpose to go with him. Great was my wrath & greater my howls when I was told that I could not go—for they saw I was in dead earnest—and I was finally incarcerated in a dark room & my weapon confiscated.
Dick joined Carrington's Battery & did gallant service. He was in many important battles—was in the "bloody angle" at Spotsylvania, but escaped safely.
During my stay at Morea I read a great deal. Swiss Family Robinson & The Arabian Nights were then for the first time perused & I got half way through "East Lynn", when Aunt Emily took it away from me. Why? the Lord only knows, as I could never have

[I 122]
seen the impropriety in it—if indeed there was any.
Cousin Annie Gilmer introduced me to Boswell's Johnson & I read the "Tour to the Hebrides." I also read "Tom Jones", and being a very innocent pure minded boy the indecency of the book was absolutely unseen by me. I rejoiced in its incidents & I believe my mind was helped by its perusal. Aunt Emmie did not see me read it— I kept out of her way with all books after the East Lynn episode—nor did any one else I know of.
The Summer went by very rapidly. During it Aunt Mourning my Mammy's Grandmother died nearly a hundred years old. She had belonged to my great Grandfather Thomas Walker, Jr & I have spoken of her heretofore. Old Uncle Si, also died that summer, and in July, Sam my father's body servant came back from camp
[I 123]
ill with typhoid fever. He died a very short while after his return. I remember how carefully my mother watched the poor boy—giving him his medicine herself & going nearly every hour of the day & several times at late hours at night to see that he was well taken care of. He was a fine negro, devoted to my father and we all wept much at his death. He could not have been much over twenty years of age.
I smoked my first cigar that summer—with the usual result. I am glad to say that I have never—except for a short interval—cared to repeat the smoke, and hope my children will follow my example & that of their Grandfather, Great Grandfather & Great-Great-Grandfather—none of whom used the weed.
My play was interspersed with warfare with Lucy Tucker who
[I 124]
quite a tomboy and with whom I had many a combat—generally good-natured, but sometimes ending in a downright fight, in which I was usually badly worsted.
On the 22nd of September we moved into SunnySide.
During this summer my mother with my sister went down to visit father at "Wilton", the old Colonial Mansion occupied by Col W.C. Knight, near which Father's regiment was camped. Thus began an intimacy between that family & our own which has lasted to the present day—Sally Knight & my sister became devoted friends & Sally later on, became my first Sweetheart & was my only one for a long time.
Wilton is on the James nine miles below Richmond. It is a beautiful place—walls very thick with secret staircases in them & I heard much of it from
[I 125]
my mother.
We moved to SunnySide on the 22nd day of September 1863, and I remember it well indeed. Waggon load after waggon load of furniture was hauled to the house, to which my brother sister mother and myself walked over in the afternoon.
We went from Morea across the fields and in a sketch map on the next page I have attempted to give some idea of the path &c. A very thick wood lay on the hill now owned by myself just a few hundred yards from Meadow Creek & on the line between Massie's place and ours. This land then all belonged to Wm P. Farish and his overseer Mr Jas O. Harden—who yet lives at the advanced age of 90 lived at what we knew as the old Lewis place afterwards christened "West Cairns" by W.T. Randolph.
At the edge of this wood was
[I 126]

a “shelter house”, built for the hands to take refuge in from inclement weather. The path ran by this house & then thro’ the wood & for some twenty yards it was the blackest bit of woods I ever saw. Even at noonday the gloom was oppressive, and after night it was really as black as black could well be.
We found the house filled with the furniture & the dining room was so crowded there was hardly room in which to turn around. Mother & Mary and Aunt Martha Eskridge slept upstairs, Willie & I slept on a mattress back of the door, the tired sweet sleep of childhood. It was several days before the house was gotten in order and we all worked like Turks.
The place was much different then from what it is now. In the back yard were five immense oaks—only two now remain. The front yard
[intentionally blank page]
[I 127] MAP OF PATH FROM MOREA TO SUNNYSIDE AND ENVIRONS
[I 128]
even including the circle was planted in apple trees—a row of cheese apples—a row of Queen Cheese—a row of Belles Fleurs—a row of Albemarle Pippins, & in the Spring the beauty and fragrance of the blossoms can be imagined better than described. The place was only thirty acres in extent, and a few acres in woodland at the foot of Still House Mountain. A large Spring walled up & cemented over, lay at the foot of the lawn & our water was drawn from it. The rear line of the property was not more than fifty yards from the back door & across the worm fence was an old burying ground, long disused, thro’ which led a path to the County Poor House down the hill—the County Poor Farm adjoining our land— On the other side is a sketch map of the property as I first knew it.
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LAYOUT OF POOR HOUSE AND FARM
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The house at SunnySide had been originally a log cabin. Mr Ira Garrett bought it, added the wing to the South—weatherboarded the log part added a porch and made it a lovely picturesque cottage— The Kitchen—as in all old time houses was of logs—some twenty five feet away & adjoining it was a servants house still standing, but added to & now united to the main dwelling by the new kitchen & the extension added by father in the 90’s.
The kitchen was one story only & the servants room one and a half. The stable—on the site of the present stable was of logs also. The back gate was about ten feet from the present Ice House—& a lane to the stable separated the SunnySide land from the Poor House land.
Opposite is a photograph taken in the 90’s. The photo could not be better. On the steps are my two sons Walker & Jack & standing is Harriet—their “Mammy”.
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FIRST AND UPPER STORY OF SUNNYSIDE

This upper story was only half pitched & the window in my room & in the passage opposite were skylight windows. The present dormers were put in when the room now used as a library was built. There was a narrow little passage between Aunt Mat’s room & the storage room.
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The Poor House adjoined us and as all the buildings except two are now gone I give a diagram on next page
The paupers were all white with one or two exceptions— One was an idiot named Bob Beaver

(still living) who was all out of shape & continually jerking himself about & throwing up his arms & tossing his head. He had a mania for collecting light bread & had an old sack in which he kept it until it was old & musty.
Mr Smithson—one of the paupers had once been the keeper of the Poor House, and now in his old age had come to be a pauper. He died whilst at the Poor House and I was in the room when he died—the first person I ever saw depart this life. He was a kindly good old man & was well taken care of. The Keeper of the Poor House was a Mr Richard Anderson. He had been brought up by my
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MAP OF SUNNYSIDE, POOR HOUSE AND ENVIRONS
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Grandfather—Richard Duke under the following circumstances— During the war of 1812 my grandfather was drafted. He hired a substitute—the father of Mr Anderson, and that substitute died in camp— So my grandfather took his son and raised him, employing him at the mill & taking care of him until he was able to take care of himself.
He was a most devoted admirer of my grandfather & grandmother and never spoke of them except in terms of the highest praise and his account of his life at Millbrook & of the family there was exceedingly interesting. He always spoke of grandmother as the best woman he ever knew—Aunt Lucy as the prettiest, and Aunt Mary as the smartest of all women. He had married a Miss Yates—a stout large woman—who had once been I judge a very pretty woman.
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She was the "grey horse", and much disposed to talk of her family & the great condescencion she had shown in marrying Mr Anderson. They had three children—Mary—a rather handsome woman—Boswell P.—now a distinguished and wealthy physician in Colorado and R.T. Washington Anderson—whom I knew as Dick—a boy about my own age & to be the companion of several happy years— A negro boy named Tom—a few years younger than Dick, belonged to Mr Anderson. Very soon, he & Caesar—Dick & myself were inseperable.
In the house now occupied by Gen T.L. Rosser—known as Rugby, lived Andrew J. Brown—a retired Druggist of Charlottesville who had married a Miss Minor a distant cousin of fathers & they had quite a large family. Bettie—afterwards a Mrs Moses—Susie—afterwards a Mrs Staling
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Lily afterwards Mrs Frank Moore—James—Lewis—Andrew—Charlie Maggie—now Mrs Huck. Willie who married Dr Dold & died—and Cornelia now hopelessly insane.
Susie—Lillie & Maggie were very pretty women—tho' Maggie was only a girl in 1863, being a little younger than I. James was about Willie's age—Lewis about a year or two younger. A noble generous wild youth—sweet tempered, but hasty, & under good influences might have—had he lived—been a noble man. He died at 16 years of age. The three Brown girls were great belles & the house was quite a rendevous for soldiers during the war & students afterwards.
Between the house & Meadow Creek was a thick woodland—gone now—more's the pity.
"Cousin Betty" as we called Mrs Brown was one of our earliest
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callers, and the girls & their beaux used to come over very often. They also visited Mary Anderson & as the Andersons lived very well often took meals there despite the fact that they were a little disposed to look down on the kindly people whose misfortune—not their fault—had made them occupy the position of the family of the Poor House Keeper. Mother very early

warned me to be careful, neither by look word or deed, to make any of the Andersons think that their position made any difference to us. They were good kind neighbours, worthy people, and much better & kinder than many who thought themselves vastly superior to them.
As I have said Dick & I were soon friends and presently there came in George Terrill a boy of our own age who lived about a mile away. His father Mr Geo: Terrill owned a farm just back
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of the negro settlement known now as Georgetown—the settlement itself having been a part of the Terrill farm—sold off to negros after the war. Where the settlement now is were thick old-field pine woods, and the fields across from the settlement—now cleared, were then in thick woods.
Mr Terrill was a kindly old man, but an odd eccentric one. His wife was one of the best women I every knew. They had two sons—Willie who was in the army & George—still living—tho' in wretched health—at the old place.
The Terrill family lived in a couple of cabins on a hill, the view from which is superb. Prior to the war Mr Terrill had commenced a more ambitious house & had gotten up two huge pens of logs which were to be the framing. He always intended to commence finishing them tomorrow—but tomorrow never came
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and they still stand—roofed it is true, but nothing more.
The fall of 1863 I did not go to school— With my dear sister Mary & Caesar & Dick Anderson & Tom, I had plenty of amusement in all sorts of games. But my main sport was to carry on war against the yankees—I—of course—was General—Mary Colonel & Caesar the army—occasionally reinforced by Dick & Tom— We rode stick horses & carried stick swords & one old bayonet on the end of a tobacco stick. I proudly claimed the horse pistol of my grandfather—a huge flint lock without, a hammer, but which I wore buckled about me. We exterminated a large patch of broomsedge back of the garden in our charges & no doubt the exercise did
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us lots of good.
The pinch of war began to make itself severely felt during the winter of 1863-64: Coffee and sugar had ceased to be seen— For coffee we tried many substitutes. Sweet potatoes, dried roasted & ground: Acorns, ditto: ditto:, but we finally fell back upon rye, parched & ground, and we used this straight along. For sweets we used sorghum molasses, which was made in the neighbourhood & we ourselves raised the cane & made sorghum in the summer of 1864. The molasses was thick, quite black & sometimes a green scum was on the top of the syrup. It was made by crushing the cane in a press made of two wooden rollers, the juice being then boiled down in a large kettle over an open wood fire.
When we moved to SunnySide
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we had no horses—father having taken old "Noble" (Young Noble, he was then") off, to use as his horse in the Army. R.F. Harris—a kind good man—came over and plowed up some fields for us & seeded them in wheat.
Flour was very scarce & high—as indeed everything was—but we were allowed to get it at Government prices from any farmer—this being a perquisite of my father as Colonel.
Meat was even scarcer then flour. Butcher's meat we saw very seldom. We were allowed, as an officer's family, to get from the Slaughter House of the Hospital a beefshead one week and a sheepshead the next. Great was the rejoicing the week the beefshead came, for out of it Jane

deftly concocted soups and stews and hash.
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The sheepshead furnished a much smaller ration & was not much enjoyed.
Bacon was our standbye; but of that the "homefolk" did not get much; the hands having to be well fed. So very often the bacon was fried for breakfast, the gravy, with milk poured into it, served us with cornbread. This, with rye coffee sweetened with sorghum was our breakfast. For dinner our usual "piéce de résistance" was a large bowl of black pea broth, the peas being boiled with "middlin"; and the "midlin" with as much soup as they wished given the negroes, whilst the soup alone was served us. We had a few potatoes & apples & sometimes cakes made with sorghum.
Later in that winter my brother made rabbit traps &
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our larder was replenished once or twice a week with savoury rabbit. Our supper generally consisted of cornmeal mush & milk with a little salt. Salt was very scarce. The Confederate Government took possession of all that was made and doled it out from a store-room in Charlottesville. Our neighbour, and father's old friend Andrew J. Brown, was the distributing agent & I was once or twice sent to him with a little sack, which he filled & I brought back. Our clothes soon became much worn & were indeed, before the war ended "things of shreds and patches". Lights were also a problem— There were no wax candles—no sperm oil and Kerosene was not to be had—indeed was unknown— Tallow candles soon became unpurchasable
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and I remember we bought candle molds & the servants tried to make them. But tallow soon became too scarce & high and we made and used "Confederate Candles". These candles I often helped to make. They were about 25 feet long. Strings of cotton were taken for the wick. A kettle of melted beeswax with a little tallow in it, was put on the fire & when melted, these strings were run through & held in the air to dry; This process was repeated until the "candle" became about as thick as a child's little finger, when—before it had become entirely hard—it was wound around a wooden candlestick at the top of which was a wire hook in which the candle was fastened, about two inches standing above the
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hook. This was lighted and as it burned down, a bit more of the candle was unwound & shoved up, until the whole candle was consumed .
As our clothes wore out, homespun took their place—homespun of cotton & wool mixed, spun and woven on the larger plantations. Our mother & Aunt cut them out & the negro women made the clothes. I had to wear aprons—to my great disgust—which came up to neck, were tied around it, & around my body. These were made of gingham & later of ordinary cotton cloth dyed at home in the kettles and of the most fearful shades. The negroes used to use the red mud with something to set it, & dyed the white
[I 146]
cotton a most fearful yellow. From April to frost, we went barefooted, & my pleasure at turning my toes "out to graze", as we said in the spring, was only equaled by the joy with which I resumed shoes & stockings after the ground grew cold & hard & white.
Our shoes—rough raw hide affairs—were made by cobblers in town, and mended by little Henry, who was quite a cobbler. He used to make shoe pegs out of beech wood. Blacking was out of the question; so our shoes were regularly greased with a preparation of tallow & beeswax, which if it did not prove ornamental at least served to make them water proof.

In spite of hard times & poor food and thin worn garments, and the absence
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of father & my dear mother's care & anxiety, I had a good time. I was always hungry, so anything to eat came in very well, & to this day I am thankful for an ability to eat anything & to like everything to eat. I had a fine digestion; was healthy and merry and full of life. So the fall of 1863 went along into the winter & we began to feel settled in our new home. Father's regiment had been ordered to South Carolina, & before its departure he had a short furlough— So this made us very happy.
In the winter we were told that Genl Wickham's Brigade of Cavalry, would go into winter quarters in the Poor House woods & around the neighbour, & in the latter part of November or early in December, the troops came in. How many they were
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actually I do not know, but to my childish eyes they appeared an immense host. They came along the road one "dumb dim dripping" afternoon, the rain drizzling down & the road churned into a mass of mud & water. I was not allowed to go out of the yard, but went to the rock fence & got soaking wet watching the columns file by.
A little after dark a negro man rode into the yard & gave mother a note, which proved to be from Genl Roger A. Pryor—whom she had known well in earlier life. Genl Pryor had been a Brigadier General, but in a fit of pique resigned & went in the service as a private. He was then a private soldier in Wickham's brigade, but like many of the private soldiers had his body servant along with him, & the negro
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who brought the note was this body servant. The note—recalling the writer to mother's recollection requested the loan of the second volume of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Mother promptly sent the book, but in an hour back came the book with the General. "My Dear Madame", he said, "I cannot read in camp. No tents & no huts. Its bivouac or nothing. Can't you take in a poor private for the night." I shall never forget my Dear Mother's smile as she replied—seeing for the first time the General's little ruse. "I cannot decline General, but think you should not have waited & tried any other plan than the old Virginia one of coming right to the house where you knew you would be welcome".
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So the General was made welcome & I took him up into the room over the parlour. A bright fire was ablaze in the fire-place; the red curtains gave colour to the room and the white-counterpane on the bed shone like snow."Ah! me," he said, as he rubbed his hands "this looks like Heaven". He remained with us two or three days until quarters were in some shape for his reception, but soon left on a furlough. I never saw him again until 1878 at the White Sulphur Springs. His daughter married Frank Walker—my first cousin.
In a few days after the General's visit I was allowed to go up into the camp & roamed around watching with much interest the tents & huts,& stables & the cavalrymen. The Brigade occupied the woods in which the Barbecue Spring
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is situated, the main camp being up the little branch that runs from Still House Mountain & thence extending in a Northerly direction to the public road. The soldiers were very ingenious in building log huts with stone chimneys (the ruins of some of the chimneys can yet be seen in the woods). The stables were long sheds roofed with leaves for the most part. Along the road, where now is the negro settlement known as Georgetown were thick "old-field" pines. These were, to a

certain extent cleared & I saw for the first time portable forges, which were placed amongst the pines along the road. The forges were all captured from the Yankees.
Some few nights after General Pryor's departure we were very much frightened by a
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drunken soldier, who tried to gain admittance to the house after nine o'clock. On being refused he rode up on the front porch & dismounted & went to sleep on one of the benches, his horse being tied to the door knob. My brother got the shot gun & loaded it & started to go out & slay the would be intruder, but my mother would not let him. The trooper left before morning & we at once went to Genl Wickham. The offender was detected and severely punished. General Wickham then sent to my mother and asked if she did not wish a soldier to stay in our house and act as a guard & mother very readily assented. So down came a tall good looking young gentleman—a Mr Eppes of Prince Edward County (or Amelia, I've for-
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gotten which) who remained with us that winter & until the troops left. He was a quiet pleasant man & enjoyed the comforts of a good home. He was the innocent cause of the last "condign punishment" I ever received. The way of it was this: I found his cartridge box hanging on the back of a chair, and took out several cartridges—and Caesar & I had great fun throwing pinches of the powder, which we extracted from the cartridges—paper shells they were—in the fire. We enjoyed this so much that we practically depleted the box, and Eppes finding it out, told my mother of the fact & told her to warn the children that these cartridges were dangerous. She investigated the matter, and then asked me if
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I had used any of these cartridges. I am sorry to say I denied it; but Caesar, more honest than I, told the truth. He was let off with a reprimand, whilst I received a thorough and well deserved flogging. Eppes, when he found this out, was much grieved & as a solace took me up on his horse & and allowed me to ride with him to the camp and dine with his friends. They occupied one of the numerous little log huts with a stone chimney; Their beds consisted of bunks filled with straw— Dinner consisted of hard tack cooked in bacon grease and rye coffee without sugar or milk. The hard tack was a novelty to me and I soon forgot my thrashing and enjoyed my visit very much. Eppes remained with us until the Spring & I never saw him
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again until some time in the 90s when he came into my office & introduced himself. He was then a colporteur for the Presbyterian Church. We had quite a pleasant chat over the old times and he went out to SunnySide & spent the night. A year or so afterwards I heard of his death.
I went to school during the winter of 63–4 to my old teacher Miss Bettie Lewis—who had a little school at A. J. Brown's (now Genl Rosser's). My brother—Dick Anderson & I walked over there & spent a few hours each day.
The winter of 1864 as I remember it, was a very hard one—I know 1864–5 was exceedingly so—& I think 1863–4 was also.
It passed—as such seasons always pass—in a round
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of rabbit & snow bird hunts, but its main events are forgotten. It is strange how little I recall of the war that winter. Probably we were in the Country & away from the news—or I was so busy with the novelty of country life, I was oblivious to all else.
In March 1864, my father resigned the Colonelcy of the 46th Va regiment & came home—remaining a month.

The reasons of his resignation were as follows:
Genl Henry A. Wise—ex-Governor of Va —and absolutely without military training—a political soldier—was the Brigadier of the Command of which the 46th was a part. My Father was a trained soldier & in every way a direct counterpart of his Superior Officer. On his first
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taking command of his regiment he was made much of by General Wise, who availed himself in every way of my father's military knowledge and in a very patronizing manner he assured my father of his confidence in him & desire to promote his advancement. The men of the Brigade & officers also soon became exceedingly fond of father & in a short while the General became exceedingly jealous. He showed it in many petty ways, but my father ignored him, which seemed to pour fat on the fire. In the winter of 63-4 the Brigade was ordered to South Carolina— It is said this was done to get Genl Wise out of the way, as he was a sort of an enfant terrible, both to the War Department and his Commanding General. As the Brigade did little more than guard duty during that winter
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being stationed near Charleston & never under fire save from a Federal Gunboat now & then, matters went on rather smoothly, but when ordered back to Virginia & stationed on the lines below Richmond, the command had several sharp skirmishes. In one of them General Wise was missing & the command devolved on my Father, who extricated the men from a dangerous position, drove the enemy back & then found General Wise sitting near a Railroad Culvert reading a newspaper. My Father reported the fight, which was still going on & the Genl cooly told him, that as he had managed the affair as long as he had he could continue it. My Father saluted returned to the Brigade & in a short while the skirmish was over. Genl Wise made quite
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an elaborate report of the skirmish & never mentioned my Father's name. At this Father (who I may say en passant, was exempt from military service, being Commonwealth Attorney of Albemarle) sent in a preremptory resignation to the War Department direct, not even sending it to Wise's office. The Department wrote back asking him to recall it, in a very flattering letter, & at the same time sent the resignation to General Wise stating they were forced to accept it, but urging him to use his influence with Colonel Duke to remain in service. Wise ignored my Father, but returned the resignation to the Department with a scurrilous letter in which he spoke of my Father as "bearded like a pard" & wound up by saying he preferred to have the resignation accepted
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and let the valiant enjoy his "otium cum 'dollar'" [adapting Cicero's "otium cum dignitate" meaning "leisure with dignity" to "leisure with money"]. The Department promptly sent this letter to my Father & he prepared in duplicate one of the most tremendous flayings of Gen Wise ever read. It exposed his ignorance of the simplest rudiments of the Art of War . It showed up his vanity & conceit: his petty spite & jealously: the contempt of his soldiers for him & his utter unfitness for the position he held. Junius never wrote a stronger paper & as Gen Wise's grandson once told me, he wondered the old Genl did not have an apoplectic fit—despite his lean-ness—when he read it. For read it he did. One copy Father sent to the War Department. One to the General direct by Col Ran: Harrison with a letter in which he stated
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that he sent this by private hand, as he knew General Wise would deny ever having received it, if he sent it by mail or by a private soldier. The General promptly sent word that if my father was

not his inferior officer he would challenge him. Father at once sent a peremptory demand that his resignation be accepted. Accepted it was & he then sent word to General Wise that "Mr" Duke"—a citizen, was ready to receive any cartel sent by Genl Wise. None ever came altho' Father remained a week at camp & Genl Wise saw him several times. Father then sent him word that he proposed to return to Charlottesville & would remain a private citizen for thirty days. So home father came to our great joy. I think

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I recall this visit with as much clearness as if it were yesterday. Father was much graver than I had ever seen him & was accustomed every day to take the small sword he wore in the army and go through some exercise with it. I learned afterwards that had Genl Wise challenged him, he would have selected swords as the weapons—and that Genl Wise knew my father was a fine swordsman. The facts as to all the foregoing I heard—not from my father at first—but from Gen (Maj) J.C. Hill, Col Randolph Harrison & others.

Father afterwards told me about what they did, and stated that he did not believe Gen Wise lacked actual courage, but that he would never challenge any one unless he could have choice of weapons.

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As far as the family were concerned we were grateful for anything that gave us father for a month & we clung to him with a devotion that was ever due to him.

I may state here, to be understood, that Father was Commonwealth's Attorney for Albemarle all during the Civil War, having been elected in 1858 and regularly re-elected until he was elected to Congress in 1869. Judge Watson volunteered to do all the work of the office all the time father was in service & declined one penny of the salary—saying that he wanted to give the Confederacy a soldier & my father was that one. This civil office—of course exempted Father from military service, but he would not avail himself of it & served from the first tap of the drum until the end.

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with the exception of the thirty days named.

At the end of the thirty days he reported for service to the War Department & asked to be assigned for duty. They at once commissioned him as Lieutenant Colonel & ordered him to raise and drill a Battalion of the Reserve Force. These "Reserves" as they were called consisted of boys between the age of 17 & 18—and old men from 45 to 60. The Confederacy had so exhausted itself that it became necessary as Grant said to enlist "from the cradle to the grave". The first aim in raising these troops was to use them simply for Guard duty, but before the end they were in regular service & did noble duty.

So in a week after the thirty days expired we saw

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our Father leave us again.

During the late winter or early Spring Caesar & I were playing in the hayloft, when all of a sudden we heard a "boom" "boom" boom" sounding like distant thunder— Out of the loft we tumbled & rushed to the house where we found the entire household listening.

"Those were sounds of cannon," my mother told us, and our faces were pale and anxiety very great. But we heard nothing more. The next day we learned that a raiding party of Yankees, had ridden into a parked battery at Rio Mills— That the artillerymen, at once jumped to their feet, loaded a gun & fired it at the Yankees & then mounting the Artillery horses charged the raiding party for several miles.

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The gallant officer in command was "Jim" Breathed, & it is said that he himself followed the retreating foe armed with nothing but a fence rail broken in half and with that weapon he soundly belabored two troopers & made them surrender.
1864 (continued)
The spring time of 1864 passed very quickly & the early summer. August brought to me the most eventful and delightful circumstance of my life up to that time.
Father came up for a short furlough and announced that he proposed to take me back with him for a two weeks visit to Camp. It seemed to me the time dragged until the happy day that we embarked on the Virginia Central Railway train at the University Station, as it was then called. The Station being a platform at what
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was a grade crossing where the Railway now crosses Main Street, and the trains regularly stopping there up to the Spring of 1871.
The engines of those days burned wood, and the cars were small & light—roofed with canvass on the interior & on that canvass were painted landscapes &c. I do not think the trains made over 15 or 20 miles an hour & I know we were all day getting to Richmond. It is true we were held up at Trevillians Station for several hours, & my father took me over much of the battlefield. There were broken wheels—& bits of saddles & harness—some broken carbines & sabre handles—A few graves & skeletons of horses. The fight, which took place in 1863 was the greatest cavalry fight of the war.
We got to Richmond about dusk & walked
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through the streets & out into the country, for what are rows of streets today were open fields then. We passed the gloomy walls of the Penitentiary, then outside the City, & along the Canal by the Tredegar works, then actively engaged in the making of arms & munitions of war, & soon reached the River opposite Belle Island. My father hailed & presently a boat put out & took us to the Island & my father's tent was reached in a little while & I was soon sound asleep beneath the Canvass.
Belle Isle is a small island in the James—now really in Richmond. It is now connected by a bridge, but in 1864 it was not. Upon it then—as I believe now—were nail works—and these works were & are at the foot of the hill on which the Camp was. The Island was used as a
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place of temporary confinement for federal prisoners and father's regiment had been stationed there to guard them. No prisoners were on the Island whilst I was there, & only the "pen" indicated what the Island had been used for. This "pen" was a sort of earthwork, like a fort, a deep ditch on the inside between the earthwork & the place where the tents were stored. This place was now empty.
The Camp was on the hill above the "pen" & my father's tent stood by a locust tree on the Summit of the hill. This tree is still standing, or was, some year or so ago when for the first time since 1864 I revisited the Island. There was a hole in the tent right by the cot on which my father & I slept & I could touch the tree by putting my hand thro'
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this hole. I spent ten days with my father on Belle Isle and delightful days they were.
The tents of his men, were very poor flimsy things, & the hot sun poured thro' the thin canvass. The men were either old men or young boys & had no uniforms to speak of, tho' their guns were

kept as bright as they could be. The food was the same for officers & men & the menu quite limited. It consisted of thick fat pork—middlin— which had been brought over in a Blockade runner & some of it smelt of "Bilge Water", my father said. It certainly smelt very badly.
We had no wheat flour—only corn-meal—and there was not a sifter in the camp, so the hoe-cakes were baked with husks & all in them. Rye was used for coffee & there
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was a meagre allowance of sorghum molasses.
Father's cook was an old man named Harris—who was alive some two or three years ago— He was the father of Capt <Genie> Harris—a most excellent man, now a conductor on the C. & O. R.R. By acting as cook, he escaped guard duty & so was glad to take the place. He was not a cordon bleu, by a long shot. He got me & the apothecary into trouble with the Colonel whilst I was there, in this wise: He told me one day that if he had a tablespoonful of soda, he could make some fine batter cakes & that I knew the Colonel was awfully fond of batter cakes, & that all I had to do was to go to the regimental apothecary & tell him the Colonel had sent me for the soda & I could get it & we would have a fine "mess" of
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cakes. So off I went in the innocence of my heart to the apothecary—who was Ben Benson, one of my playmates—tho' some five or six years older— I told Ben that the Colonel—my father—wanted a tablespoonful of soda, & Ben promptly gave it to me, & I to Harris. That night we had batter cakes galore & the way Father enjoyed them, with gravy from the fat pork, was duly equalled by the way I put them down. All went well, until all of a sudden Father laid down his fork & seemed to think a moment: Just then Harris came in with a plate of smoking cakes & a broad grin. "Harris"—said the Colonel—"I think these cakes are made with soda. Where did you get it?" "From the young Colonel", replied Harris, indicating me. "Where did you get it?
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Tom" said Father. "Why Mr Harris told me to go to Ben Benson, for it," I said "and Ben gave it to me". "Send Benson to me", my father said to his orderly & in a few minutes in came Ben—Harris had fled— "How came you to issue soda without a requisition from the Surgeon or myself, Benson," sternly asked my father. "Why I thought you sent Tom for it", replied Ben. "You had no business to think, Sir", said my father, "But as it has happened, I shall overlook this one offence. "Remember, however, sir that if you again allow anything to be taken from your stores except by proper authority, you are liable to strict punishment"— And then my father's eyes twinkled "The only punishment I shall inflict now, is to make you
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eat some of Harris' cakes". So Harris was called in, reprimanded & Ben devoured cakes to his heart's content & Harris' dismay—for he counted on the lions share.
My father then told me that soda was so scarce in the Confederacy that it was kept very carefully & that it was worth almost its weight in gold & used mainly for the sick, & so Ben had been guilty of a great indiscretion in letting me have it. But of course I did not know this & was excused; but never to take or ask for anything without asking him first. The cakes did this much good—Father found where Harris got the buttermilk he used with the soda—& made him get a gallon for us every other day.
Life in the camp was quite monotonous—I suppose to everybody except myself. I never tired
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of anything from reveille to taps: I went from one tent to another & from one end of the Island to the other: I watched the half naked men in the nail works rolling the red hot iron sheets, cutting

out thin strips, & then putting them in machines that cut out the nails complete: Squad drill & company drill I attended regularly, & dress parade was a source of unending delight each afternoon when it was had. It must have seemed—as I look at it now—a very amusing performance to my father. The troop—or regiment I should say—was composed of men from 45 to 60 & boys from 17 to 18— They had no uniforms—or rather no "uniform" uniforms— Some were welnigh coatless—several barefooted: Every sort of a hat—from an ancient "beaver"
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to a tatterred straw were seen— Some men's clothes were actually ragged—and most of them patched everywhere. They straggled into line & each company was formed by its Captain & what I suppose a short company drill took place. Then my father took his position & everything came to attention— The "band" consisted of two fifes and a drum & the fifes were certainly "ear piercing". They were played by two old men who had been fifers in the militia.
My father had a brand new uniform— The same in which his photograph—I have, was taken. He was exceedingly neat; very soldierly: Carried himself very erect (Something he did to his dying day) and was a superb figure as he stood in front of the line & drew the sword he carried— The small
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dress sword which belonged to his great grandfather Thos Walker—& which tradition says he wore whilst with Washington under Braddock. His commands were given in a short, crisp, clear way & under his orders various evolutions took place, winding up with the drum and fifes parading from one end of the line to the other, up & down, & then "ranks broke".
As can well be imagined it was rather hard to get these old men & boys into military ways— Their ideas of discipline & military matters were very crude—to say the least of it. I remember once the Sergeant of one of the Companies came to my father's tent boiling over with rage.
"Colonel!" he said saluting "What am I a' 'gwine to do? I have ordered young so & so (I
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forget the name) to go on guard & he says he'll be d-mned if he will". I didn't blame so & so—for it was a fearfully hot day & it did look idiotic to me to have men walking up & down in the boiling sun on an Island—apparently guarding nothing.
"What!, Sergeant," my father replied sternly, "A man refuses to obey orders & you return to me & ask what to do?"
"Yessir!" replied the Sergeant, saluting again, "Name o' God, Colonel, what kin I do"?
"Take a file of soldiers & shoot him, Sir" my father said sternly & my blood ran cold.
"All right" said the Sergeant, "All right Colonel. It shell be done" & off he wheeled & marched away. I saw
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my father's eye twinkle as the man left & my anxiety was allayed.
"Come on Tom," he said to me "Lets go & see what the Sergeant will do."
We followed the rapidly walking "non commission" to an old tent & saw him dive in it & presently out he came dragging a youth, who had on nothing but a thin shirt & a pair of trousers.
"Come along Sir, Come along," You've gone and disobeyed orders & the Colonel has told me to have you shot, & I'm a' gwine to do it, just as soon as I can get the men: Come along Sir."
The youth began to beg—for he evidently thought his last hour was come. "I'll go, Sergeant," he said, "right off. I was only fooling". "Too late" Sir—too late now", was the stern reply. "You
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jest bet I ain't a' gwine to disobey the Colonel & he's told me to shoot you. Come on," and he

dragged his victim towards the path leading to the pen, shouting lustily at the same time—"Six of you fellows come here with your guns loaded".
Father stopped him. "Well! Sergeant", he said "if the soldier will go now, you can let him off this time, but report him to your Captain, as you should have done at first, & he'll probably be a little milder on him".
The victim was released—ran back in his tent—came back with his hat & coat on & gun in his hand, & coming to a present said "Colonel I was just a foolin" Whar shall I go Sergeant? I'll walk a line all day, ef
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I'm to be shot for not a' doing it". Father laughed & then gave a lecture & a little instruction to both Sergeant & private & they went their way. The next day, passing the guardhouse I saw the young fellow on the ground nicely "bucked", so I suppose his delinquicy had been reported & he punished.
Bucking was not a very dignified proceeding. The unfortunate victim had his hands tied—his elbows were then brought over his knees, as he took a sitting position: A stick was then run through his knees—or rather under them & above his arms—so he sat like a trussed fowl, or was turned over on his side & lay there helpless & a spectacle for God & men— How long he was bucked depended upon the nature of the offence, but I do not think any one was kept
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very long. I think men were generally punished this way for drunkenness, & it seems to me it would have had a very sobering effect.
Once or twice a week my father & I went swimming in the James in pools at the upper edge of the Island & enjoyed this about as much as anything during the trip. We would go up under "the falls" & have a shower bath & I would paddle around in water up to my armpits—for I could not swim, whilst Father swam in the larger pools.
Once or twice we visited Richmond— One night we took tea with some friends of my Father's— I have forgotten their names. One never-to-be-forgotten night I was taken to the Theatre—my first experience. The Theatre was the old Richmond
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Theatre on the corner of Broad and [ ] Streets—long since pulled down— The play was "The Ghost of the Dismal Swamp", and it was advertised that a new and ingenious method would be used to exhibit the Ghost. This was some usage of mirrors, that projected the figure on the stage & allowed swords to be thrust thro' it &c &c.
It was a lurid melodrama but was something inconceivably delightful to me— I can see "in my mind's eye" now the ghostlike figure of a beautiful girl that now & then flashed on the stage to thwart the villian & had I an artists' pen I believe I could draw the face & ghostlike form. I remember absolutely nothing about the play except the ghost.
I was taken to a paper mill on one of the Islands; also to the Tredegar works where I
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saw the making of small arms & the boring of cannon— Also to see the manufacture of percussion caps—the only kind used then. The building in which these caps were manufactured was on an isolated Island in the James. The business was a risky one & there had been an explosion very shortly before which had killed several people. So we were careful in our walk and conversation. I was much amazed to see white ladies at work—for they used women in some portions of the work. I was shown the whole business. Sheets of thin copper were struck off into a sort of a <cross> this <cross> was twisted into the cap, row after row of these caps were put

into a machine & filled with a white powder, which was slowly & carefully pressed down by
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another machine & the cap was then taken out, ready for use.
I think I remained at the Camp about two weeks. In the slang of the day, I had "the time of my life", and it was with a heavy heart I was told that my visit was over and that I must return to SunnySide. The day of my departure came & with a ten dollar Confederate note in my pocket, as pocket money, I was put on the Virginia Central Railroad & came home. The ten dollar bill I paid to an ice-cream vendor for a small saucer of frozen milk— The vendor was a negro boy named Charles who belonged to Cousin Ann Gilmer, but was allowed to peddle ice-cream &c on the trains between Gordonsville & Charlottesville. As
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Confederate money went then I suppose the actual value of my expenditure was about ten cents. To my great surprise and delight, however, Charles gave me back the money before we reached Charlottesville—saying he wanted to treat me.
I got off at the University Station—there being a platform where the C & O now crosses Main St by a viaduct & was met by Caesar, with whom I walked across the fields home, where I was for a while the centre of attraction as I told of my adventures in Camp.
Before going on with my narrative I want to revert to a sad circumstance which took place in the summer of 1863, and that was the death of Cousin William E. Towles which occurred in
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[ ] of that year. I well remember the receipt of the telegram telling us of his death & the great grief of my mother and Aunt Martha who loved him like a son.
He had served gallantly with the Washington Artillery, and then was aide on Genl J.E.B. Stuart's staff—Gen Stuart being his kinswoman ['wo' deleted in pencil]. He distinguished himself & was complimented by the General for gallantry during the raid around McClellan. He became engaged to his & our Cousin—Fannie Stuart—the daughter of Cousin "Sandy" (A.H.H) Stuart of Staunton. The wedding day was fixed & Cousin William started home on furlough to make arrangements for the wedding. There had been great floods in Mississippi and a
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bridge over "Chunky" River in that state, on the line of the Railroad, washed entirely away. A man had been set to guard it, but he went to sleep & train plunged into the chasm. Cousin William & his body servant "Bill", were in one of the coaches and Cousin William was drowned. My father had often taken him bathing & tried to teach him to swim. It seemed utterly impossible for him to learn strive as he might & this inability to learn to swim caused his death. He got out of the car, was seen to get on a cotton bale floating in the river, but either fell off, or was thrown off & was drowned. His faithful servant who swam out was like a crazy man, they said. As soon as he saw his
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Master was not amongst the saved, he plunged into the river and diving again & again finally found & brought up his young master's dead body, & took it home.
Cousin William was a brilliant man— An A.M. & B.L. of the University of Virginia, the son of wealthy parents—a brilliant future seemed before him. He & his brother—Cousin John—who died at our house in town in 1861, lived with Father & Mother some time &went to school. They loved my parents as if they were their own & were loved by them almost as if they had been their children.
Dear old Aunt Mat used constantly to call attention to the fact that Cousin William's initials—

W.E.T.—were prophetic of his death
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by water. There is a strange circumstance connected with his death, which I learned from his mother's own lips.
Neither she nor his father knew of his home coming: He wanted to take them by surprise. The night in which he was drowned my Aunt Frances awoke my Uncle & told him she had just had a dream that William was dead. He laughed at her & told her to go to sleep. She did so, but presently awoke him, screaming "Oh! Maj Towles, William is dead! He is drowned. I saw him in a river dead". My Uncle tried to soothe her & told her to go in the next room & get in bed with her daughter Belle. She did so, went to sleep but had the dreams a
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third time. The next day as she saw a man riding up the long Avenue of live oaks that led to the house, she exclaimed, "Maj Towles, that's a telegram coming to tell us of William's death." So it was— He had been drowned as I have related & as near as she could reckon about the time of her dream.
My Aunt told me this, herself. That it is true I believe beyond question. I have never attempted to account for it. Who can?
A greater sorrow came to my dear mother that same year— My Aunt Virginia—my mother's youngest sister—lived at my Uncle Towles'—as did my mother's father Wm S. Eskridge. Aunt Virginia was an exquisitely beautiful woman. She
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noted as a wit, and a belle and had many suitors. The favored one was a Mr Walter Harrison, a cadet at the Va Mil: Inst:, who was very handsome but very disippated. The opposition to the marriage on her parents' side was so great that she broke off the match. She declined all other offers and went into a decline, which the softer climate of Louisiana seemed to check. She was never entirely well, however, and the shock of the death of the two nephews proved too much for her and she died that fall. My old grandfather did not survive her very long. He died suddenly a short while after her death & so in a brief few months my mother lost her favorite nephew, her sister & her father.
Black was the wear of the ladies of our family for several years: But that was nothing uncommon. I remember once
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attending the Presbyterian Church on the occasion when the Revd Wm Hoge (Brother of Moses D.) who was then our Pastor, preached a great sermon, when it was proposed to give the Church Bell to the Confederate Government in order that its metal might be used for cannon. Gun metal was very scarce in the Confederacy so the Congregations of the various Churches were requested to donate their bells to be cast into cannon— I recall Dr Hoge's appearance in the pulpit even now. He was strikingly handsome & a superb pulpit orator . I recall only one thing of his sermon, tho' I remember that tears were profusely shed: Looking over the audience he was silent a moment & after a pause said in deep impressive tones. "What do I see? A large mass of men and women filling
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this church to its capacity. What else do I see? Every man in it is old with white hair, or wounded and incapacitated for active service, and every woman wears black". It was true— Every able bodied man of the proper age was in service of the State, and every woman was in mourning for some loved one dead in the same service. The Bell was unanimously voted away—as indeed was

every Church bell in the town—but before they were ever sent for the war was over.
St Paul's bell—in Richmond was used, & the Congregation, so I have heard, never agreed to get another in its place—preferring that the empty steeple should stand to remind the people of their sacrifice.
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Cousin "Sandy" Stuart's
It was during the late summer of 1864 or early fall that we paid the first visit of which I have any distinct recollection, to Cousin Sandy Stuart's in Staunton_
Cousin Sandy, was the Hon A.H.H. Stuart a distinguished lawyer & Statesman, who had represented the State in Congress—was Secretary of the Interior under Fillmore and was held in high estimation over the State. He was a very tall distinguished looking man, smoothly shaven—a superb head—& a manner in which dignity gravity and austerity combined to render him in my eyes a sort of demi-god of whom I stood in great awe. His wife—Cousin Fanny—my mother's first cousin—was one of the loveliest sweetest women I ever knew—gentle—tender—low voiced—calm & serene. Her face was beau-
[I 196]
-tiful not only in regularity of feature, but in expression. I never saw her angry—or remember hearing her speak in a loud or ill tempered voice.
The old Stuart Mansion—stood & stands today on Church St in Staunton. It was planned by Mr Jefferson for Judge Archibald Stuart—Cousin Sandy's father—who built it. It is a stately old Mansion, with its great high white pillars & stands today amidst its modern surroundings like a dignified old gentleman in venerable dress, amongst a lot of fops. Mr Jefferson—whose domestic architecture—was not one of his strong points—omitted a fire place in one or two rooms. I always thought one of these rooms should have been given him—especially in winter—but the best bed-room was always turned over to him when
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he visited Judge Stuart & to this day is known as Mr Jefferson's room. Just across the narrow street in rear of the house stood a pretty tho' simple cottage, whose long porch was covered with an immense grape vine, and in which lived Aunt Martha Baldwin—Cousin Fanny's mother—the widow of Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Va and whose son Cousin John B. Baldwin, was the distinguished lawyer—& a prominent citizen of Virginia. Aunt Martha was a tall wrinkled old lady, who carried herself like a soldier & had a power of wit and sarcasm noted in her day & generation. I was desperately afraid of her, tho' for my life I cannot say why, as she was always as good to me as one could well be.
Aunt Martha Eskridge—Dear
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old Aunt Mat was her namesake. Cousin Sandy had a large family— His eldest son Baldwin—was blown up on a steamboat on the Mississippi river just before the war, on his way to be married to a Southern girl— I never remember seeing him. Cousin Mary—who afterwards became the wife of Dr Hunter McGuire—was a tall & beautiful girl— I used to think that Queen Mary Stuart was like her—this Mary Stuart who was so queenlike in person & manner.
Then came Cousin Gussie—not at all pretty—but one of the Saints of the earth— Gentle & sweet as a woman could be. Then Cousin Fanny—a handsome exceedingly sweet girl—who was engaged to Cousin William Towles. For years after his death, she went very little out into Society, but finally
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became the wife of Revd Dr Atkinson, of Hampden-Sidney College—his third— She & Cousin Gussie died in the seventies.
Next came Sandy, Jr, a fine sweet fellow—gentle in his ways as a woman. About brother's age, he & Willie were great friends. He entered the University in 1865-6 contracted typhoid fever there & going home died in 1867. He was at the V.M.I. in 1864 & took part in the battle of New Market, being, I believe slightly wounded in that fight.
Next came Susie—who afterwards married Right Revd Robt A. Gibson now Bishop of Virginia. Susie was beautiful in face form & character. Lovely eyes and golden hair—a fair skin, regular features & the sweetest smile I ever saw on a human face. Being several years older than I was, of course
[I 200]
I was wildly & desperately in love with her, but never told my love. She died only two years ago in Richmond, leaving two sons & three daughters, whose friendship with my own daughter is a great pleasure to me.
Next came Maggie—a wild tomboy—full of fun and mischief—whose brown eyes sparkling with life & animation made one forget the irregularity of feature. She was—and is—tho' now a gray haired middle aged woman—one of the wittiest, brightest persons I have ever known. We used to fight like wildcats, but were both honestly & truly devoted to one another. She and my sister were devoted comrades & friends & their affection was akin to that which knitted David & Jonathan together. Her children & mine carry into the third generation a fondness
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& affection that I trust may have no end.
Archie—the youngest—a handsome brilliant boy—a few years younger than myself—we were not very "chummy" but I was fond of him & we got along very well together. A youth & early manhood of brilliant promise, he did well at the University—went to St. Paul & died of the same dread disease which carried off Cousin Gussie & Fannie—consumption.
My visits to the Stuart House were often renewed— I had always a happy time there, & I still love to return to the old place & repeople it with the vanished forms of those dear sweet kinsfolk—the best beloved I think still of any of my mother's kin.
The Stuart house was handsomely furnished & was a
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most charming house in every way. One peculiarity of the service there was continued up to a late time, until the lack of good servants forced them to discontinue it. That was handed tea— Breakfast and dinner were at table, as usual, but the table was not spread for supper. Two negro servants came in at supper time with plates &c, & tea—& food was served by being handed to each person on large waiters from which each one took what he or she wanted. Chipped beef was always one of the dishes I remember.
Staunton in 1864 was quite a small town. Cousin Sandy's house stood almost alone: The section between it and the C & O Depôt was then a pasture lot—a saw-mill stood in the bottom where a little branch then ran, & when it was at work—which was
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not often—I used to spend some time in watching it work.
This visit to Staunton was for about ten days, I think, & I had a good time. I was taken to the Deaf & Dumb Institution, also an Institution for the Blind & there met mothers two cousins— Cousin Ann Covell and Mary Merillât—who were daughters of my mother's Uncle George Eskridge. Both were beautiful women. Mr Covell was Superintendant of the Institution. His

daughter Avery was a beautiful girl—with whom I proceeded, at once to fall in love—an affection, which with multitudinous others kept a place even up to my twentieth year. Cousin Mary's husband was Dr Merrillât, a frenchman, who was a teacher in the School. After the war they moved to Maryland & the Doctor had a flourishing school there.
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Amongst the pupils was a boy named Albert. He was about fifteen years of age. Cousin Mary was forty one—but a marvelously beautiful woman. The boy was sickly & she nursed him thro' one or two spells. Dr Merrillât died when Albert was about 24 years old. He at once came on & besought Cousin Mary to marry him: She laughed at him: He persisted time & again—and finally Cousin Mary to try & rid herself of his attentions went to Europe. He followed her & his persistence was at last rewarded. They were married in Paris. Albert was at that time a man of a good deal of wealth. The couple now live in New York. When Mary Slaughter—my niece—was married they paid us a visit. They seem very happy & he is an attentive kind husband
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tho' she is now an old old woman & he about fifty two years of age & really looking younger.
I remember on this visit to the D.D. & B. Institution I heard a blind man play Gothchalk's "Last Hope" on the great organ in the Chapel. He played exquisitely & to this day I never hear the music without recalling the swaying figure at the great organ & the pathos of the player's condition of sightlessness as it appealed to my young mind.
The winter of 1864 was quite cold, I remember. I went to school during that Fall and the winter of 1864-5 to Mr Carroll—in Charlottesville—my brother & myself walking in & out. Mr Carroll was a fine teacher—for those boys who wanted to study, but not very good for those who
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did not. He was a small man with a long black beard & an incessant smoker— I commenced Latin under him that session.
Amongst his pupils were the friends of my boyhood & I made others. J.R. Wingfield—afterwards State Senator & Consul to Nicaragua—was the star pupil— Gilmer Minor—Gilmer Tucker Jim (Teague) Leitch, Willie Watson Jim Lane—& others I cannot recall. Meriwether Anderson—Green Shackelford & Carter Minor—the latter was a great bully I remember, & was much disliked.
I shall never forget the Christmas of 1864. Things had become very scarce with everybody in the Confederacy & at SunnySide we were on very short rations. I recall our horror when Aunt Mat: came in the sitting room & said to Mother
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"Lisbeth", I don't know what we are going to do. The rye is all gone and the sorghum most out". Now parched rye was our only coffee— Sorghum our only "sweetening. So this seemed to mean no sort of cakes or sweet things for Christmas. And the fact is we had very little of anything good that Christmas. We hung up our stockings— something I continued to do until I was married & left the old rooftree.
Tom—Mr Anderson's boy & Dick Anderson in some way had got some powder & Christmas eve we loaded an old hollow log with it and put it in the thicket across the lane— Early in the morning my brother & I got up and met Dick & Tom & Caesar & we lit the fuze & the log exploded with a loud noise which awoke all the neighbour. We—my brother &
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Caesar & I ran in to get our stocking. My brother & I went into mother's room & there was our little sister Mary sitting on the floor her stocking in her lap. Slowly she pulled out some paper

dolls—homemade—an apple & two ginger cakes & drawing a long sigh she said "Well! I reckon the Yankees has caught Santy Klaus".
Our stockings had cakes & apples, but we ate them gladly & then to breakfast which consisted of Corn bread & cream gravy & a little rye coffee. Aunt Mat had skirmished around & in some way gotten both rye & sorghum.
After breakfast we played in the deep snow & had as good a time I suppose as any children could have.
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Sheridan's Raid
I do not recall much more of the year 1865 until March. Then came an event indelibly impressed upon my mind and never to be forgotten. Rumour after rumour of disaster reached us & finally early in March the news came that the Yankees had won a victory in the Valley & were on their way to Charlottesville. The news froze our blood. Was it—could it be—possible that these awful creatures were to come to us. We had heard of Sheridan—of his ruthless plundering—burning of dwelling houses & all the fiendish acts which characterized his raids in the Valley of Virginia. We dreaded his approach & could not believe it to be true. But as the certainty of the fact was impressed upon by one or more persons it was determined to
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send my brother away with what silver plate we had & with father's horse which he had sent home for the winter. So the solid silver was boxed up, and on the morning of the 8th of March—I think—Willie mounted old Noble and with the box of silver on the pommel of his saddle & his shot gun on his shoulder started off to go to Buckeyeland to the house of Uncle Kit Gilmer, which being off the line of the public roads and ten miles from Charlottesville, we thought would be out of the line of the enemy's march—as indeed it was.
Willie—as he afterwards told us—met General Jubal A. Early and a few of his staff on the Southern outskirts of Charlottesville. He accompanied them across Monticello Mountain where they separated. With them was one poor Federal prisoner that
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had been captured and whom they were taking along. From Genl Early Willie learned of our defeat at Waynesboro. I may say en passant, that Willie reached Uncle Kit in safety & the Yankees never got to Buckeyeland— On the morning of the 9th, I think it was, of March Caesar & I were playing under the oaks in the back yard, when a squadron of men rode up to the gate and asked us a question. They had on grey uniforms, and we supposed they were Confederates. They were really "Jesse Scouts"—that is Union Soldiers in Confederate uniforms.
Since writing the above my brother informs me that I am mistaken as to the day he left and as to the time he met Genl Early. He left on Friday morning March 9th & rode halfway up Monticello Mountain—then took
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the road across the Mountain side up to the Gap & then crossing above the Crank place went to Uncle Gilmers that way. As he rode along the Mountain side he saw the Yankees enter Charlottesville. He heard the shots fired by some fools who met the advance guard & fired on them & then ran away. He saw the smoke arise from the C & O. Depot, which Sheridan burned & then he hurried on. It was on his return home that he met Genl Early, who had "side stepped" somewhere after the defeat at Waynesboro & was in the rear of the raiders. Willie had overtaken Lewis Garth & one or two others who had captured a straggler— They all rode down to the Woolen Mills to see the ruins of the railroad bridge and Mill which the Yankees had destroyed.

Returning they
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met Genl Early & a few of his staff & turned the prisoner over to them. The poor fellow was killed that night, attempting to escape, it was said.
But to return to my own recollections. The Jesse Scouts rode off without coming in the yard and after a question or so, & Caesar and I played on under the trees— Presently we heard faintly borne on the wind the sound of martial music. It came from the University road and at once Caesar & I with Jane the cook & one other servant started off and ran across the hill and up on the hill just back of Brown's—now Genl Rosser's. From this point we could see very plainly the road. A long blue line of horsemen filled it as far as we could see & the band which was playing
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loudly was just about the foot of Carr's Hill. I never shall forget the horror & rage and indignation with which I looked upon these dreadful invaders. Disgust, fear anger, sorrow, all struggled in my boyish bosom as I saw the hated Yankee coming as a conqueror on our "sacred soil". We stood watching the long—seemingly endless— column—move along, like a great blue snake: No one spoke: The negroes seemed as much awed as we did; and after a little while we returned slowly and sadly home, to tell them that the news was true & that the Yankees had really come.
Mother took my sister and myself into her room and sat down. She had an air of agonized expectancy and fear upon her face. I don't think she spoke a word whilst we sat there. All
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of a sudden the chamber door was opened and Aunt Fanny came in, a long meat hook in her hand & the top of her turban—a red bandana handkerchief—on her head quivering with indignation. "Miss Liz", she screamed, "Fo' God, I'se never seen sich folks in all my life. Don't you think they's done come in the kitchen and took the meat out'n the pot".
And she shook the meat hook in the air as if she wanted to hit somebody with it. Mother got up & went into the passage, my sister clinging to her skirts and I following her. She turned to walk towards the door which opened out to the kitchen when it was kicked open and in rushed a lot of men clothed in blue uniforms with dirty yellow trimmings. The man in
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front was a hideous jimberjawed creature, with a dirty face, a hooked nose & one of the most horrible faces I ever saw— This wretch—without any rhyme or reason I could see—caught my mother by the throat & yelled out "G— d-mn you, woman, where's your bread?" My mother gave a wild shriek, & tearing herself away, pointed to the store-room door which happened to be right at her side; The devil who had seized her immediately kicked that door open & followed by what was now a yelling crowd rushed in the room & began to loot.
I am not, as a general rule malicious or unforgiving, but to my dying day I shall hate & despise the miserable wretch who caught hold of my mother. I think I would know his brutal mean face
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today. I would like to kill him even now—forty two years after the event—and I would like to do it slowly & with deliberation. Something "slow & lingering", boiling oil, or a rusty case knife to saw his throat with.
Mother went right away & taking Mary called to Aunt Martha & begged her to come with her & they would go to the Andersons where Mr Anderson might be able to protect us. Aunt Mat refused but told Mother to go with Mary & let me remain with her. Mother did so & did not return until night. In the meantime the looting devils went on with their robbery— They went in

the bed rooms—took off the pillow cases and using them as sacks put everything in them they could lay hand on. Aunt Mat followed
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them fearlessly—upbraiding them for their conduct & now & then asking them to forego their depredations as she was saving this, that & 'tother "for sickness".
She snatched preserve jars our of their hands, & one or two other things— The climax came when one fellow had a pillow case filled with dried apples & started away with it. "Don't take those apples", said Aunt Mat: "We need 'em for sickness". The fellow roared with laughter & Aunt Mat left the room.
There was indeed very little to take— What little bacon we had was hidden under the kitchen floor & up the parlour chimney and escaped the spoilers— But they made a clean sweep of everything else. They went into the bed-rooms—opened the ward-
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-robes & bureaux— They took out our poor little dresses and tore them up in sheer wantoness. They went into the room where Father's books & papers were stored & threw papers & books on the floor & then broke over them some large bottles of "elder berry" ink; Ink we had made by pressing the juice of elder berries into vinegar. One man broke a molasses jug over the heap & another with a yell emptied a pillow case of meal on the heap, which soaking up molasses and ink really saved some of the books & papers. Evidently some man in the crowd knew the value of some rare books my father owned—for a Venetian Boccaccio and several Elzivers [early Dutch publisher Elzevirs] disappeared that day. All over the
[I 220]
house from top to bottom they went tearing up everything, kicking doors open & breaking locks and furniture. One fellow put a silk hat on his head over his cap & another father's wig—an adornment he gave up—with the beginning of his first campaign. One wretch went in the parlour & with his drawn sword whacked at the furniture & pictures. He was drunk & didn't do much harm. He started to slash, with his sword an oil painting of my mother's sister—Aunt Maria—Uncle Lindsay Walker's wife—an exquisitely beautiful woman—the portrait was exquisitely beautiful. He raised his sword & as frightened as I was I, who had followed him into the parlour, was about to beg him not to destroy the picture, when the uplifted
[I 221]
sword was dropped. He peered at the picture & muttered "You're too d-mn pretty to hurt," & then left the room.
I ran out into the yard which was full of men—mounted and unmounted—one man was just in the act of mounting his horse—from the large rock which is near the oak tree that is now the only one left of the noble seven of my childhood. Under one arm he had a jar of preserves, in his hand a pillow case filled with flour. He got one foot in the stirrup & had the other half over the saddle, when there came the sound of rushing troops & quickly with the sound the "bang", "bang" "bang" of pistols and carbines. Down went the jar of preserves & the pillow case of flour and off rushed this "gallant"—
[I 222]
thief, his foot caught in the slit of his McClellan saddle. There was a loud yell of "Mosby", Mosby" and then such a route "A hurrying to & fro"—
In a moment the yard was empty— Troopers on foot and on horseback were scurrying away for dear life & in ten minutes not a Yankee was in sight. Down to our back gate rode half a dozen men, one or two in grey—the rest in citizens clothes. Upon a horse one held a poor federal

trooper all covered with mud & blood, his head hanging down & his limbs limp. It was not Mosby, nor any of his men—but a lot of citizens & soldiers, who had ridden down the road into a squadron of marauders just above our gate. Shots were fired; this one poor yankee wounded—he died afterwards at the Hospi-
[I 223]
pital in Charlottesville—and all the Yankees fled—thinking Mosby had attacked them.
The men looked into our yard & then turned and rode away carrying the wounded man with them. I cannot describe my feelings. Joy at thinking that there was going to be trouble for the Yankees—fear that a battle might take place on our place and the house be destroyed—amazement, and a little sense of pity for the poor wounded man—all these sentiments were in my heart. It was not long, however, before fear became the predominant sense. Out of the woods on the hill between SunnySide & the University, on the land I now own—tho' the woods are gone—cautiously filed out a few troops. They advanced
[I 224]
slowly, their carbines unslung & by the time they had reached the branch—a company or more came out of the wood—& formed on the hill.
The advance guard came cautiously & slowly up the hill in the lane & halted at the gate a moment— Then went up the public road & then a Company came & formed partly in the lane & partly in our yard. I rushed into the house— Aunt Mat came out, and an officer in rear of the Company kindly spoke to her & told her that they were sent to meet an attack, which he believed was only an assault by "bushwhackers", But if a fight came off she had better go away.
Presently—probably half an hour later some troops came back & I suppose a report was made.

Volume II

[II 1]
Sheridan's Raid—continued—from Vol I.
The officer then spoke to my Aunt & told her that what he supposed was true—that it was merely an attack by Bushwhackers. But he added, that as a man had been shot near our house there was danger of some marauding party burning the house out of revenge. He therefore urged my Aunt to send me to get a Guard—saying that he knew General Devins, who was in command of our section of the Camp, would gladly give us one. That he thought Genl Devins' headquarters were in a large brick house on a hill near us. I at once agreed to go, and as the nearest large brick house was Mr Andrew J. Brown's (now Genl Rosser's) I trotted off down the road towards it. Just beyond Meadow Creek beginning at the line, between
[II 2]
Genl Rossers and what is now my land a tract of woods then stood & the woodland extended up to the top of the present Meadow Creek long hill, about opposite the Country Club building. You could not then, see the Brown house from our house as you can now. About halfway up the hill there was a gate and a wood road which led to the stable—which is still the same as in Brown's day—only added to a good deal. That stable was then just on the edge of the woods. I trotted along up the hill thro' the gate and along the wood road, until I came to the stable— On looking

up to the house I saw that it was being looted. Men were coming out of it with arms full of various things and there was a stir & bustle about & around it, that child as I
[II 3]
was, I knew would not be about a house where a General had headquarters. A trooper, evidently drunk, was riding down towards the stable flourishing a large bottle and shouting in a maudlin sort of a way. I turned to go back, when he saw me & yelled—"Halt, there, Halt there, d-mn—you". I did not halt: On the contrary I turned & trotted briskly back along the wood road. To my horror & dismay, the trooper put spurs to his horse and followed me yelling "Halt! I tell you Halt" At that I ran like a deer & the drunken wretch drew his revolver and began to fire at me. It seemed to me every ball came right by my head. Ye Gods how I did run, but he came after me, emptying his pistol. At a turn of the road I dashed out into
[II 4]
and struck across the woodlands—I ran until I came to the Creek jumped into it and crawled under one of the banks, where I had often gone after rabbits when the snow was on the ground. High water dug a sort of cave under these banks in many places, & being high & dry at low water & completely sheltered, rabbits often crouched there during snow storms. I found a dry place & stretched out with a heart beating so loud it seemed to me it could have been heard in Charlottesville. I laid in this shelter probably half an hour & hearing no more shots or hoof beats, I crawled out & went home by the path which led from Morea. When I reached home another fright confronted me. The house was entirely surrounded by troopers on horseback. A
[II 5]
silent line that stood at attention. I crawled thro the line no one seeming to notice & found Aunt Mat: talking to an officer on the back porch. As I got on the porch, he saluted, bowing very politely & walked away to where an orderly held his horse. He mounted, gave a sharp quick command, & the troopers were soon gone— Aunt Mat: who was frightened out of her wits, told me that she couldn't understand what was the matter. That the troops rode up, surrounded the house and the officer came down & told her he wanted "General Duke" & that she had better tell him to come out & give himself up. Aunt Mat: assured him that "Colonel" Duke whose house this was, was not there, but away with his regiment. The officer then said he would have to search
[II 6]
the house, which, with several other men, he did. Finding no one, he made an apology & told my Aunt she ought to have a guard as she was there alone. He told her that Genl Devins' headquarters were on the Staunton road at a large brick house in a Southerly direction from our house. He then very politely & courteously took his leave.
Aunt Mat: then told me she thought Devins' headquarters must be at the "Jewry" house—the residence of two old ladies known as the Misses Jewry—the house afterwards dubbed "Seymour", by Judge Goodyear who bought it of a German named Haze, who bought it of the Jewrys. Senator Thos S. Martin has lately purchased the property. So I told Aunt Mat I would go there
[II 7]
and off I started, but this time with leaden feet, for I had to go thro' the long stretch of the Poorhouse woods, and the sun was about setting. But the thought of SunnySide in flames, stirred me & spurred me. I first went to Mr Anderson's, where I found mother & Mary & told her of my errand. I begged little Dick Anderson to go with me, but his mother wouldn't hear of it. Mr Anderson said he would sent old man Hearst—one of the paupers—with me, & old man Hearst

came & off we went up the wood road & by the Barbecue Spring. Old Hearst was a thin, undersized old man—almost bald, with a thin gray beard and the expression of one to whom Fate had done her worst, and who no longer cared for anything in this
[II 8]
world. We walked along in the darkling woods—for the sun was about down, & I do not think either of us spoke a word. We reached the Jewry house & here a sight met us, that seemed to paralyse old Hearst, for he stopped as tho' shot and stared, at the figure of a man swinging to a small tree just a foot or so from the side door of the house. I saw, however, that the man was suspended by his thumbs—his feet just touching the ground—or rather the tips of his toes. He was groaning mournfully, & two or three men stood near him joking at him. One of the men saw Hearst and asked him sharply what he wanted. Hearst was struck dumb. He simply pointed at me with his finger & muttered something. I then spoke up & told the men that I must
[II 9]
see Genl Devins on important business— They took me into the dining room—then in the basement & I found it filled with soldiers laughing & chatting. One of them—with stripes on his arm—was told my errand— He asked me what I wanted with the General— I told him, and he began to joke me. Asked it we had any apple jack at my house— Now I had never heard of "apple Jack" in my life, but I knew that a yankee had taken off a great jar filled with "apple butter" despite Aunt Mat's plea that it was absolutely necessary to have it "in case of sickness". So I thought this was what he meant & I indignantly said "We did have a big jar of it, but you miserable fellows stole it all & my mouth watering
[II 10]
for it too". There was a roar of laughter at this. "By-G— "Sergeant," said one of them. "Give the little rebel a drink", and the sergeant held his canteen out to me. "Take a swig, boy", he said, "I like your pluck. This is some fine". But I pushed the canteen away & told them I wouldn't drink with them. This of course raised another shout & I felt perfectly at ease & began to talk with them as boldly as if I was a man. The merriment at my speeches, must have been rather loud, for presently a young man with shoulder straps on his coat came in asked what was the matter & why all this noise. There was silence & I—being then decidedly "cocky"—spoke up & said "I want to see Genl Devins at once. I've talked to these men long
[II 11]
enough". The young man took me by the hand and led me up stairs into the room on the left of the passage as you go in. In this room were several men in handsome uniforms & seated in their midst was a man with a heavy square cut beard. The officer with me spoke to him. "Genl Devins", he said, "this boy wants a guard for his house". Devins simply looked at me & said, "Send him to Custer", and went on talking.
The young lieutenant—for such he was—took me out of the porch & pointing down the railroad said "Go to Genl Custer's headquarters down yonder in the house back of the University & tell him Genl Devins sent you, & he will give you the guard." I went back to the lower room, found old Hearst & off we started.
[II 12]
About the time we got upon the railroad track night had fallen & so we trudged along in the dark, neither speaking a word, until we got to what was then known as the Carr's Hill crossing—a point just about where the boys now cross the C & O R.W. track to go to the Athletic field. Here we turned off & scarcely had we taken half a dozen steps when we heard the rattle of a gun and a man stepped out of the shadow & said sharply "Halt! Who comes there?" We stopped in our

tracks & I answered promptly “People to see Gen Custer, sent by Genl Devins.” “Advance & give the countersign”, said the sentry—for it was a sentinel. “I don’t know it,” I said, “I’m only a boy”. The sentry walked then closely up to us—his gun slung into position across his body. “Stand where you are.” He said. You can well imagine we stood.
[II 13]
“Corporal of the Guard,” he shouted, “Post No—” I’ve forgotten the number. An answer came & presently two men approached. I told my story, & the Corporal bade Hearst & myself follow him. We did so & he led out to what I knew as the McCoy house— The house Dr Chancellor afterwards bought—then Col Peters—who added to it, and where now resides Dr Alderman (1907)* (*St Paul’s Memorial Church now (1911) stands on its site.) The House was then entirely different from what it is now. It was then a rather small brick house—a passage on the left hand side and the parlour on the right. On the right side of the yard, about where the Booker house now stands, was a two story tenement house for students—a single room depth and a portico two stories high running along its front. Into one of these rooms the Corporal
[II 14]
led me, and I was again subjected to a good deal of good natured guying. I suppose the Corporal had sent a messenger to the General for by and by a man came in & told me to go with him, bidding Hearst remain where he was until I returned. I was then taken in the McCoy house parlour which was crowded with officers. One of them who looked to me like a boy & who had long yellow hair like a womans, spoke to me. “Well boy; what do you want?” “I want a guard”, I replied boldly & I expect somewhat pertly— “Your men have insulted my mother, robbed our house and they say are going to burn it tonight.” “Where’s your father?” said this young man looking at me with a rather amuzed glance. I suppose he must have thought I represented very little that needed guarding. I was barefooted:
[II 15]
Had on a pair of muddy & stained trousers & a thin patched jacket with which the briars had played havoc— “He’s with his regiment” I replied. “Where he ought to be—for he’s Colonel of it.” His whole manner changed at once. “Is your father a field officer?” he asked.
“I don’t know what that means,” I replied—“He is a Colonel in the Confederate States Army & his name is Duke.”
“Well!” said he—“that’s quite a different matter. Where do you live?” I told him. He turned to a man & said “Orderly bring so & so here”. The man saluted & in a short while returned with a huge six-footer. He told him to go with me and remain at my father’s house until the rear-guard left & to see to it that we were not molested in any way.
[II 16]
He then told me that this man would take care of us and bade me go with him.
I recall hardly anything of Custer’s appearance beyond the fact that he looked very young and had long yellow hair, hanging down below his coat collar & I think on his shoulders. I never saw him afterwards.
I followed my Michigander, who went out to get his horse. I then picked up old Hearst & with him & our guard—who rode his horse—we went across the fields & soon got home. I found mother had returned, but she was wild with anxiety over my absence so late in the night.
Our guard & my safe return seemed to have a very happy effect & we were all soon sitting down by the fire chatting away. This soldier
[II 17]
was a large, tall, pleasant looking man, quite a talker.

He told us, the war would soon be over, that Richmond—which he said was entirely surrounded by Mountains with only one outlet, was now bound to fall, as this raid had effectually closed up that only exit. And the joke on mother was, that she forgot her geography and moaned over the fate of the City. But I remember very little more—for the excitement of the day & my two long trips had worn me out. I faintly recall Mammy Rose washing my feet in warm water, and moaning over "de po' chile's feet cut with rocks & torn with briars." I was soon asleep in that happy sleep of childhood & the Yankees & the robberies & the anxieties & troubles of the day faded into nothingness.
[II 18]
It seemed our Guard had failed to get from the proper officer any papers stating his position & several times during the next day he was asked for his "papers" by one or two impudent marauders whom he prevented from coming into the house: About 12 o'clock a stubby little Irishman came over to visit him & he asked this Irishman to remain and take care of us until he could get his papers. Off he rode and in half an hour was back with his papers: But during the interval four or five men rode up the stable and began to take out what little hay was left in it. Down went our little Irishman & told them the "General's" orders were that nothing was to be molested on this place, and that he was the Guard.
"Where are your papers?" asked one of them— As quick as a flash the little fellow jerked
[II 19]
out a long "naval" revolver. Click went the lock, as he cocked it. "Here dom ye," said he. "Here's me papers". The fellow looked into the muzzle of the revolver and laughed "They're good, Paddy," said he—"Come along boys." and off they rode minus any hay.
Our guard left the next day towards noon & we were told that the yankees were gone. About three or four I walked over to the camp near the University & saw everything in motion & came back to give the news.
The following morning I was playing in the yard under the big oaks, when I heard a familiar voice say "Tom". I couldn't believe my ears. It was my father's voice. I looked around & there he stood in his grey uniform smiling at me.
[II 20]
My joy at seeing him was tempered by the thought of the danger he was running from stragglers or men left behind as a sort of a rear guard. So as I ran to kiss him I said, "Oh! Papa come in the house quick & hide: The Yankees may not be all gone". He laughed at my fears & taking me in his arms kissed me & bade me not not to be uneasy. Mother was of course overjoyed to see him, but like myself terribly frightened at the thought of the risk he ran. He told us that he had obtained a furlough & started home. When he reached Gordonsville he heard of the raid & at once went across the Mountain between Gordonsville and Barboursville to the house of a Mr Ben: Johnson who had married his cousin. He borrowed a horse from him and rode to Gilbert's farm &
[II 21]
thence around, making careful enquiries as to the raid, & learning that the rear guard had gone he ventured home. He did not know what had happened: Was afraid they had burned the house, and of course was in great trouble & anxiety. As he came down the road he could just see the tops of the chimneys, & not until he heard the "quack, quack" of some ducks in the yard did he feel assured. "If they haven't taken the ducks," he said to himself, "they have hardly burnt the house," so he rode joyously up to the gate & saw all was safe & me at play. He had hardly been in the house an hour when we heard a man's step on the back porch. He started to go out, but

mother threw he arms around his neck & begged him not to go out. “Go: go:” she said to me,
[II 22]
“and it is a yankee or any one you do not know, call loudly for me— If you know him come right back & tell us who it is.” I rushed out & to my great delight saw that it was Prof Wm H. McGuffey of the University. Dr McGuffey was Professor of Moral Philosophy in that Institution. Being a Presbyterian Minister & the University practically closed, he had charge of the Church in Charlottesville & had come over to see how mother—one of his parishioners—had fared, after the raid. I didn’t wait to report but ushered him immediately into the room. He was very much surprised to see father but much pleased. He told him he thought all the yankees had gone & that he was perfectly safe, but that before Father exposed himself to general view or went into town it was
[II 23]
important to know that all the troops had left: That there was really more danger from stragglers & camp followers, than from the troops. The latter might capture, but the former would murder. So it was suggested that I should accompany him back to the University & remain at his house whilst he went on a reconnoitering tour & would send me back with a report.
So after a little chat, off we went—the Doctor & I—across the fields to his house, the last pavillion on the left hand side (West Lawn) of the Lawn as you face the Rotunda. He turned me over to the tender mercies of Mrs McGuffey & went off to learn what he could of the Raiders whereabouts. Whilst he is out I might as well here say something of the man— For
[II 24]
in my judgment he was the greatest teacher I ever knew and a most remarkable man in every way.
Born & I believe reared in the State of Ohio, he came to the University of Va in 18[ ] and no son of Virginia was ever more loyal to her than he was. He filled, for awhile the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, whilst carrying on his duties at the University. He was Pastor when I was born & christened me. A thin spare man, bald as a bat, close shaven a little below the average height—with a keen incisive gray-blue eye—A quick walker—Seemingly stern & grave he was really very tender hearted & full of fun and jokes. As a preacher he was dry, & “lectury”, tho’ he used to weep very often in the midst of his sermon. He shook his head very much both in preaching and lecturing, and had a curi-
[II 25]
-ous way of smacking his lips between sentences. He taught moral philosophy and logic and political economy—turning the latter over to Prof Holmes when the chair of History & Literature was established. His sermons were dry, as I have said, but wonderfully logical, I have heard. My grandfather used to say that he never knew a man who could “dovetail” a subject like the Dr. He was the author of the celebrated and widely used McGuffey’s spellers and Readers—books which I used entirely when I was a boy, and a complete set of which he gave me after the war. Like a fool I let them get away from me. Of the man as Professor I will write more fully—if I am spared and have energy enough to complete these random reminiscences thro’ my college days, as
[II 26]
I hope to do.
The Doctor came back about dinner time, & told me I was to stay to dinner and then return home and tell my father that no vestige of the yankees was left, and that some Confederate Soldiers were now in the town, & he thought all danger was over. So after a bountiful meal I scurried

across the fields with the news.
My brother Willie came in the next day I think with news of the safety of our Buckeyeland kin & some funny stories of Uncle Kits excitability. I do not remember how long Father stayed with us. It must have been a very short while. I remember distinctly going with him to the Junction—as it was then called, now the Union Station & saw him walk up the Railroad track towards Lynchburg. I think he walked the greater part of the way &
[II 27]
from Lynchburg went to Richmond by train. I did not see again for over four months & then after the surrender of Genl Lee & his own imprisonment in Johnson Island Prison.
The month which elapsed between Sheridan's Raid & the Surrender must have gone very rapidly. I recall nothing of it beyond the fact that our rations became very limited & we were often hungry for something to eat. We first heard of the evacuation of Richmond form an old Irish ditcher—named Daly—who had come our to do some ditching. He told us that Richmond had fallen & the army gone off to the South. Our agony and distress and deep anxiety can be better imagined than described. Some days after the same man brought us a rumour of the Surrender.* (*It was merely a rumour & was not then true) We did not believe it.
[II 28]
I recall very well that the day after the rumour was abroad we—that is my mother, brother & sister & myself had been over to the University Chapel. As we came home & reached the edge of the woods where the shelter house was a shower of rain came up and we went into that house. Whilst there we heard the far off roar of what we knew were cannon. My mother at once said "Listen children! Genl Lee had not surrendered! That noise you hear is the sound of cannon." It was indeed the sound of cannon. For it was the salute the Federals were firing, over their victory, but which Genl Grant ordered to be stopped.* (*My brother says this was Sunday afternoon Apl 9th) Within a day later we had the sad news confirmed & I do not think that in all my life I felt greater dismay & sorrow. My mother's condition can be well imagined,
[II 29]
when as day after day the paroled soldiers came in, no news came of Father. At last she heard from one of his men of the 46th Regiment that he had seen the Colonel at the head of his regiment entering the battle of Sailor's Creek on Apl 6th, and that he had heard they were all captured. This was—as it turned out—true, but rumour after rumour reached us: One that he been seen on his way home: Another that he had been seen wounded. Mother's courage and hope was sublime. Facing her was ruin & despair & sorrow & foreboding. But she kept a stout heart. In the course of a week—perhaps more—we heard that the Yankees were in the town and it was true. A company had come in and camped near town in what was known as Craven's woods.
I had
[II 30]
overlooked the fact that in the Winter of 1864-5 my brother & myself were sent to School to Mr Wm Carroll to whom we had previously gone. We walked in every day to the School house which was in the house in which Mr Carroll resided. A frame house on the public square—the second from High Street and the western side of the square. In this way we carried home every day the news of the town. I remember Genl Lee's farewell address was printed by old Mr Jas Alexander whose printing office and residence covered the present site of The People's National Bank and Gilmore's Furniture store. He got it up on a small slip of paper and sold it for two eggs a copy. Confederate money, of course had ceased to have any value & we had no gold or silver or greenbacks.

We walked into school along the
[II 31]
Public road—Preston Avenue it is now called— It was then known as the Poor House Road. Patterson's Drug Store was then the first store one came upon as you entered the town by this road. It is now No [ ]* (* Now Shapero has erected a handsome store room on this site). Main Street & occupied as a bar room. In the rear of the store was the telegraph office and Marco Paoli—a youth a little older than Willie was the operator. The messages were then printed, in the Morse alphabet on long slips of paper tape— As we went into school we frequently stopped in the rear of the store to chat Marco. One morning we came in early—the date of course is easy to fix, April [ ] and we walked in the office to find it in a great state of excitement. Patterson—a small man with a long brown
[II 32]
Beard was walking the floor in a state of repressed excitement—an expression in his face of joy mingled with fear. Three or four others—one I remember was Mr Wm Sharp of Norfolk if I am not very much mistaken, and all seemed doubtful as to whether they should rejoice or be sorrowful. "Read it again Marco", said one as we entered the room. Marco pulled the long paper slip thro' his fingers and read. "President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated last night in Ford's theatre by Wilkes Booth"
There was quite a discussion as to whether that meant that he was dead until finally Marco went to the machine & read some more tape. "Yes!" he said died at such and such an hour". My brother & myself waited for no more. Off we sped as fast as we could run & dashed into
[II 33]
the school room— School was just assembling. "Oh! Mr Carroll, Mr Carroll," we shouted "Old Abe Lincoln has been killed, The South will be free yet— Hurrah! Hurrah!" For to us Lincoln represented the entire Yankee nation & with his death it seemed to us, all our losses would count for nothing. "Be quiet," and sit down", said Mr Carroll who as usual was smoking his long pipe. Down we sat rather abashed at the way our news was received. The old gentleman paced the floor awhile; then he said sharply. "What's that foolishness, about Lincoln?" We told him & he paced the floor nervously. Presently he said. "Well! boys I think I'll let you go for the day", and out he hurried on his way to the telegraph office, whilst we broke out into shouts at
[II 34]
holiday & in gladness to know of the death of "the tyrant". Of course none of realized what a horrible crime it was. Lincoln to us was a bug bear—a clownish ape, who had brought on the war—who had stolen our slaves—incited them to insurrection—was the exciting cause of all our troubles. The whole sentiment of the town seemed one of joy at the news. I remember seeing the same old Mr Jas Alexander—who tho' born in Boston & raised there almost to manhood, was a great secessionist—talking that day on the corner of the street to an excited crowd & jumping up and down—as he usually did when excited & saying over and over again—"Sic semper tyrannis", which was the motto of the State, & which Booth shouted as he jumped to the stage after his awful deed. I suppose old
[II 35]
man Jimmie had heard this and was repeating it, tho' he may have been using it as an appropriate expression of his own feeling. Of course we hurried home to take mother the glad news, but to our surprise she took it very seriously and sorrowfully. She talked to us of the wickedness of the act and its foolishness, as well, & told us that so far from doing the South any good, she feared it would do us a great deal of harm! That whilst she thought Mr Lincoln was a bad man, in that he

forced the war upon us & freed the slaves—thus robbing us of what was as much our property as our horses or money or furniture yet no man had a right to take his life and that one ought to be sorry for him and his poor wife & children. In all this she was of course right, but it
[II 36]
was hard for us to look at it that way.
Evidences of our conquered condition soon forced itself upon us— Sentinels were placed upon the public square & on Main Street & in front of what was then the Farrish Hotel—now the Colonial—there was hung a large United States flag—a sight as abhorrent to us as the blue uniform of the Soldier who with fixed bayonet walked up & down the pavement under it— It seemed to be the pleasure of the sentinel there to see that every one who walked along that street walked right under that flag— More than once I heard him call out to some man who got off the pavement before he approached that part of it over which hung the flag, "Come back here, you d—med rebel & walk under that flag". I saw this happen several times
[II 37]
during one recess— It soon got so that people entirely abandoned walking in front of the hotel; But very soon the flag was taken down & things resumed their normal course. Ex-Confederate soldiers soon came back to the town, & as the poor fellows had no other clothes than their uniforms, they were subjected to a good many petty persecutions. At first the Provost Marshal issued orders that no man should appear in the town in a Confederate uniform— The hardship of this order being made apparent it was changed and the wearer of the uniform was ordered to remove the military buttons or have them covered over with cloth. A great many old soldiers thereupon got crape & draped every button.
Sentinels were placed on the street & if a man came along with a uniform and uncovered
[II 38]
buttons, he was stopped and his buttons all cut off. I saw one day a funny occurence on Main Street. I was on my way home from school and a long heavy man wearing a Confederate uniform, with buttons uncovered, came walking along the street. A vigilant sentinel ran out and without saying a single word commenced clipping off the buttons with some sharp instrument. The man then stopped, looked at the man who had stopped him & who was then mutilating his clothes, for one moment: Then he raised a ponderous fist and knocked the fellow halfway across the street. As he fell he yelled "murder" & "corporal of the guard", lustily & in a moment the pugilist was in the hands of a squad who seemed disposed to handle him roughly. Just then an officer came along & enquired the cause of the trouble
[II 39]
He spoke sharply to the sentinel whose nose was bleeding and whose blue uniform was covered with mud, and asked him what was the matter. He gave his version, & then the officer turned to the Confederate and asked his account of the matter. He told him that this chap—pointing at the Sentinel—had come up stopped him & commenced cutting off his buttons without a word to him. "In course, I knocked him down— Wouldn't you have done it?" The officer laughed. "Hadn't you been told to have your buttons covered with cloth?" he asked "No!" replied the man. "Didn't the sentry tell you of the order?" "No! sirree!" he replied, "just commenced a'whacking my buttons off— I thought he wanted them to show his gal how he had worsted a rebel, & I couldn't stand it Capn."
[II 40]
"Didn't you tell the man of the order?" asked the officer of the sentry. "No!" he replied, "My orders were to cut off all exposed buttons, & not to tell anything." this rather surlily—"Then, he

served you right", the officer said.
"Go home, my man, he said to the Confederate," & get your wife or sweetheart to put cloth over your buttons & don't be so handy with your fists, next time." The Confederate saluted & walked away to the great disgust of the blue coats. "A d-mned shame," I heard the officer mutter & then he turned to his man. "Do your dirty business in as decent a manner hereafter as you can, & molest no man, until you have explained the order to him. I will not report you this time as you have had punishment enough."
Orders were issued that all men were to take the oath of allegiance
[II 41]
and the Provost Marshal office was soon filled with reluctant "swearers." They say that old Cousin Wm (Billy) Gilmer—one of the greatest characters I ever knew & of whom I hope to write a brief sketch before I am through, came down & was duly sworn. When he got through he solemnly leaned over the desk & extended his hand to the astonished officer who grasped it with some hesitation. "We're all brothers, now", said Cousin Billie beaming on him. "I hope so Sir," replied the officer politely. "All good union men?" Yes! I trust so". "The fact is", continued Cousin Billie "We're all one & I'm a yankee just like the rest of you". "If you care to put it that way", smiled the officer, Yes!" Cousin Billie then leaned over the desk & in the most confidential way whispered. "Well! didn't old
[II 42]
Stonewall & Bob Lee lick hell out of us, until we starved 'em out?" And off he went ere the astonished officer could reply.
But to return to the "narrow things of home". Weeks rolled by and no news came of father. Provisions grew scarcer than we had ever known. We were often hungry for the actual want of food.
Mother called all the negroes up as soon as the news reached us that the Federal troops had taken charge of the town. She told them they were free to go—that if they chose they could stay & work the place & get what food they could, but she had no money to pay them wages— Little Henry—who was foreman—then told mother that they had all talked the matter over & had determined to remain just as of old "until Marse Walker comes home, and then we will see what he wants us to
[II 43]
do." And stay they did with the exception of Jane—the Cook—who left a few weeks before Father returned. Uncle Gilmer came in to see us & finding our pitiable plight, sent us a four horse load of flour & meal & meat & some rye & sorghum— So we got along & vegetables began to come in. I have often thought since with feeling of almost awe and wonder and admiration and love of my noble mother in these hours of agony and doubt & despair. She maintained a calm dignity—a quiet cheerful manner never doubting or despairing or repining. She went her way looking after the household & servants, maintaining order & discipline, teaching us our Bible lessons—seeing that we studied our tasks & from her lips I never heard a word of bitterness or of ill temper or of reproach at the
[II 44]
fate of her country or her property or herself. A Christian woman, she placed her trust in the good God who did all things well & her husband never showed greater courage on the field of battle than she did in those dark & trying hours.
At last a letter came. Never shall I forget the day. Wilbur Keblinger—a member of old Company B—son of the old Post Master walked all the way out to SunnySide & asked for Mother. She

was at Mrs Andersons— Then he told us that Capt Billy Woods—an old merchant in town—had a letter from Father & in it one to mother. Down we hurried with Wilbur & I can see mother now as she thanked God for the letter. "You thought he was dead", she said, All of you thought it. I knew, I knew he was not. God had kept him for me", and then she read both letters—for Capt
[II 45]
Billy had sent both. They told us he was in Johnson Island prison—a prisoner of war—but bade us hope for his early release & home coming. Letters came after this with regularity as often as the prison rules allowed. To understand something of the difficulties of communication one must understand that most of the Railroad bridges had been burned and there were very few engines. Handcars were rigged up & drawn by horse—or mule-power between bridges. One or two such cars, I remember were fixed so that the horse or mule could be taken aboard on the down grades & thus run much faster. I remember one car that ran between Mechums River and the Rivanna Bridge. The mule as soon as he had got the car to the top of the grade would stop and decline to go a foot further. He would then
[II 46]
be put in the place prepared for him on the car & down the grade the whole business would rush—Mr Mule looking very much pleased. At the foot of the grade he would, of his own volition back off the car & walk around in front ready for business. I several times rode from the top of the grade at the University down to the lower depôt.
Several robberies having taken place around us, & my brother being the oldest male on the place & he only seventeen, we were advised to apply for a guard, which we did, and the provost Marshall sent us first an old German named Schmitz—a quiet nice inoffensive old man, who made himself as pleasant as he could be, and who was respectful and polite & well behaved in every way. He only remained with us a week, I think, and then a sour faced mean looking puritanical
[II 47]
down-easter was sent to take his place. He was what Mr Bob Whitehead used to call a "sanctimonious son-of-a——" and was as disagreeable as the other man was pleasant. He brought with him a bible which he constantly perused—especially the old Testament—and from it he drew many illustrations to point out to us the wickedness of slavery and the just retribution we of the South had received for our treatment of the poor "Africane" as he called him. He sat a great deal with the negroes—read to them prayed in most unctuous tones with them, and we afterwards understood was "patriarchal" in some ways not today considered exactly compatable with our present system of morals & civilization. Later on he returned home once or twice in a very pious and lacrymose frame of mind & it was suggested that the holy
[II 48]
man was drunk, as it subsequently turned out he was rather frequently. He and Aunt Mat: used to have some lively spats & with her quick way & wit and ready tongue she frequently ran him out of the room. I remember once he was sitting out under one of the oaks perusing his Bible, when Aunt Mat: went by. "Miss Eskridge", he called out to her, "Do you know I think the Africane is a descendant of that wife which Cain took when he went into the Land of Nod." "No question of it Mr Brown, replied Aunt Mat quickly "For they have been a sleepy headed race from time immemorial."
The provost marshall at this time was a man named Stratton. His title was not Provost Marshal, but Commandant of The Post. Very soon after his arrival he was taken in charge by Mr Woods Garth—Wm H. Southall, Maj Green

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Peyton, Col Stevens—Jas Ross and Billy Gilmer— These were—or rather most of them, genuine types of the old Virginia Squire—high livers, hard drinkers and jolly good fellows every way. Poor Stratton soon fell a victim to their wiles and was in a state of glorious intoxication most of his sojourn. He went to their houses; was dined and wined & "whiskeyed" and "brandied" until he wound up in delirium tremens & was withdrawn.
A branch of the Freedman's Bureau was established in Charlottesville within a month or so after the occupation by the Federals. Of its object & workings I know very little, but I witnessed one of its "trials" which I think I will preserve here to show the comical side of it.
It seems that Mr J. Woods Garth—a large planter and one of my
[II 50]
father's warmest friends—had hired a lot of negro men to worm tobacco: One of the men had shirked his work & on being rebuked for it became very saucy— Thereupon Mr Garth, who hadn't gotten used to the new order of things, had two of the other hands take the offending darkey & tie him to a tree whilst he proceeded to give him a good sound flogging. As soon as he was let down, the whipped darkey came into town & made complaint— Mr Garth was accordingly arrested & the day of his trial the Court House was packed with a large crowd of negroes and anxious whites. In the mean time Mr Southall: Maj Peyton—Dr Stevens & Cousin Billy Gilmer had been seeing Maj Stratton & when he ascended the Bench in full uniform with his sword clanking long side of him he was as drunk as a Lord. Mr Garth was brought
[II 51]
in between two soldiers with drawn bayonets. I supposed he would be hung or shot & was in a terrible state of excitement. Maj Stratton in a very thick voice asked Mr Garth what he had to say, telling him that he was accused of having whipped a coloured man very severely. "That's right," said Mr Garth, "I hired that nigger to worm tobacco. I went over his rows and found he was leaving a great many worms on the plants. I spoke to him time & again about it. He continued to neglect his work & became very "sassy" and impudent & I had two of the hands tie him to a tree & I gave him a good thrashing."
Stratton looked very solemn and owlish. "These people are free, now Missur Garth", he said, "You ain't no business thrashing 'em like you used
[II 52]
to do,"
"Now boy", he called to the negro, "what have you got to say about this?
"Well!" said a burly impudent looking black, as he came out of the crowd in front of the bench, "Well" Capn, what Woods Gath says is 'bout correct".
As he said "Gath" I saw Mr Garth's eye flash, and Stratton stiffened up & glared at the fool darkey, who went on.
"Well! Woods Gath hired me to "wum" terbacca— I was a' "wumming" it, & may be I did leave a few wumms on the leaves and he kept a'pesterin' me & sassying me & I sassed him back—I'se jes as free as he is—and den he made two dem po' white folk trash niggers ketch me and tie me to a tree & he tuk his cowhide and cut
[II 53]
my back all to pieces."
Stratton glared at him & swayed backwards & forwards—"An did you leave worms on them leaves?" "Course I did, Marse Capn," said the negro rather jauntily. "You carn't wum terbacca, without leaving a few womm-s."

Stratton brought his sword down with a bang, & leaning over the table in front of him, yelled out. "You d— black — — — —. You go right back to that field & go to work & if you leave a single worm on a single leaf in a single row—Mr Garth you thrash his hide off, & send him back to me & I'll have him shot."
The Court broke up, the complainant fleeing as from the wrath to come & Stratton & Mr Garth & several others wended their way over to the Huffman's Saloon on the right hand
[II 54]
corner of the square facing the Court House—the room is now occupied by Harmon as a law office.
Now I have said this trial was under the auspices of The Freedsman's Bureau. Since commencing it, I do not think this is correct, for I do not believe that organization began its work in Charlottesville until after Stratton left. I am not certain, either as to whether it was in 1865 or 1866. I only remember the trial, not its date, & put it down now for want of a better place.
The Spring wore on into summer with no especial event to impress itself upon my memory. The fields were plowed—crops sown—Jane, the Cook, left us. We had the usual round of visitors—for no matter how "hard up" we were the old hospitable ways were
[II 55]
kept up. Kinsfolk came & went— Our boy friends came to visit us and in the month of July Gilmer Tucker—Cousin Lizzie Tucker's son—nephew of J. Randolph Tucker— & grandson of Gov Thos Walker Gilmer—was at home. He and I were playing "seven up" on the steps that led up the grassy slopes in rear of the house—now taken away & a area-way—occupying their place— Mother was watching us & Mary & Willie standing near. Our Yankee Guard was sitting on the fence which separated SunnySide from the woodland, which used to be between us & the University. None of the present outbuildings were then standing or the high fence between the present woodyard & back yard of the house: So there was an unobstructed view of the woodland & the path
[II 56]
leading from it to the house. I happened to look up & there I saw a familiar figure coming down the pathway. I did not wait for a second glance—"There is Pa, dear Pa", I shouted & up I jumped & down the lane I ran—forgetting a very sore & much bandaged "big toe." I met him at the branch & as I kissed him, I felt, I believe the happiest moment of my life.
The residue of the family were close behind, & such a scene of rejoicing one seldom sees in this weary world. Soon the darkeys were all about us & their joy was as great as ours— One or two of them knelt down and actually kissed his feet— He still wore his uniform. The tattered old gray coat is still at SunnySide. Our "faithful guard" never came to the house again. Father saw him sitting on the
[II 57]
fence, but neither spoke— I think he was afraid the Colonel might take summary vengeance on him, for his meanness—& so went away. Two days later quite a surprise came, in the shape of two or three boxes, which Father brought back from prison. He had gone in empty handed & he came back with many gifts— It seems he was about the last to leave prison. Those who went before him gave him their blankets & over-coats & caps & lamps— He brought back a cap & overcoat for each of us & for each negro. Blankets galore & many other things. The first Kerosene lamp I ever saw he brought back from the Island & along with the lamp he brought a gallon of Kerosene. Mother laughed & said he had "spoiled the Egyptians".
The next few days were

[II 58]
very happy despite the poverty and hard times. Father did not go into the town for a day or so, and I have often heard him since then tell of his feelings when he opened his office door—20 C.H. Square—now a two story building—then a one story office, the room my stenographer now occupies— It was the present room, with a little room back of it—where the coal room now is,—which was connected with the office by a door & which had one window opening out on High Street.
He found Sheridan's men had been in the office. Had amused themselves by overturning the chairs & tables—scattering his papers on the floor &c &c. He went to work straightened up the furniture—got his papers on his table & then sat down & put his face in his hands with a sudden feeling of absolute despair. What future awaited him?
[II 59]
Here he was, ruined— Owing more money than he possessed property— His slaves all freed— He, himself worn by war & the prison house—a young family on his hands— Not one cent in his pocket— Who can gauge the depths of his despair, when to all the loss of his own private fortune was added the loss of the cause he had fought for, and the country he loved. There came a rap at the door. "Come in", he said; And an old client came in. After the usual greetings the gentleman asked father for his advice on some legal subject & when it was given asked for the amount of his fee. "Oh! the usual one," said father, "five dollars",
Down in his pocket went the man & pulled out two dollars & a half in silver and a two dollar and a half gold piece, handed them to father
[II 60]
took a receipt and thanking him walked out. Father said that at once the clouds lifted, the sun shone, all was bright and beautiful & he felt that starvation was no longer to be feared. He kept the two dollar & a half gold piece up to his dying day. It was not long before business began to be very brisk & in a short while my father had to associate with him Jas D. Jones a life long friend & very able office lawyer.
It was before this event, however, & in September, I think, he began to take me to the town with him & put me to work at my books. I commenced the study of Latin, in Anthon's Grammar, I remember & he taught me in this language as well as in Arithmetic and Geography— My brother was sent to a private school taught by Mr J. Samuel Coffman at
[II 61]
the Brown's place "Rugby".
In February 1866 my father—I suppose finding that he could not spare the time to teach me any longer entered me at this same school & my brother & I walked to it every morning.
The school room was in the basement & the scholars were, not only boys, but men who had fought in the war— Some of them with their teacher & in the same company—R.W. (Dick) Duke & Charlie Sinclair, had been in the Artillery Company with him. Of the scholars I recall these two & Cephas Sinclair—John Antrim Jim - Lewis & Andrew Brown—sons of the owner of Rugby—Willie Massie—Lewis Teel—Walker Maury—Frank Rives—Garrett Pretlow & doubtless several others I could recall—Lilly Brown—now Mrs Frank Moore—used to come in for Latin and French classes— Mr Coffman
[II 62]
was a very stern, severe man; a firm believer in the efficacy of birch or any other kinds of rods obtainable & he used them most unmercifully—especially on Andrew Brown & Walker Maury. I escaped the rod altogether—just how, I don't know, except that I was fond of my books & was

well behaved. Mr Coffman tried on one occasion to whip Lewis Brown, but Lewis promptly knocked him down & ran out of the room & never returned to school again. He used to come to the window & drive us to desperation by making faces at us. He never returned to his studies at any school, and his father & himself had a serious falling out, in the course of a year & Lewis left home. For awhile he stayed with us; then he stayed at Morea & worked for Aunt Mary as an ordinary hand. In the summer of 1867 or 68, I do not
[II 63]
now remember which, he was taken very ill, returned home & died of typhoid fever— He was only seventeen—a boy of lovely disposition, true and sweet & honest— I loved him very much & shed many tears at his funeral. He lies buryed under the trees near the house at Rugby in an unmarked grave & under the turf where we played our schoolboy games.
At Mr Coffman's I read Cornelius Nepos & studied very well— Colby's Mental Arithmetic was my bête noir & gave me more trouble than anything else.
The school closed—as schools closed in those days—early in July 1866, and it was during that summer that Robert S. Towles—mother's nephew—came from Louisiana to live with us & go to school, as his two elder brothers Wm E. & John T. had done before the war. His brother Dan: T. came the next Spring.
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Retrospect
These rambling reminiscences have been written at intervals for over eight years. A few pages at a time & in a very desultory way. My "consecutive memory" commences with the Fall of 1866, but before I go on with my later school days I want to jot down a few of the memories which have suggested themselves to me as I have read over the preceding pages— I failed to note that I went to the depôt, to see the train which brought the body of Genl Stonewall Jackson thro' the City in [ ] 1863. The body was taken to Lynchburg via Charlottesville & then on the canal to Lexington. The coffin was on a bier in a baggage car, a guard of honour at the head and foot of the coffin. The whole car was filled with flowers, & the station platform was crowded with weeping men
[II 65]
and women— I took some flowers and handed them to an officer in the car. The bells of all the churches in the town tolled on the arrival of the train & as it went thro' the town, and the sorrow of the people was exceedingly great— I recall early in the war when we were living on High St—seeing Gens J.E.B. Stuart and Fitz Lee at Mrs Shackelford's—she living next door— Fitz' long goatee was about the only thing I remember about him & I have no recollection whatever of Stuart's appearance.
I remember seeing Mosby just after the war and it was on the same day the following incident occurred, told me by Maj Horace W. Jones.
There was a large reward offered for the capture of Mosby. He had come to see his mother who was then living in the house we knew as Dr Poindex-
[II 66]
-ters—afterwards owned by Dr W.C.N. Randolph—& just opposite the First Baptist Church on Jefferson St. The Federals then had a company or so encamped in or near Charlottesville & Maj Jones met at the Depôt (present C & O) a squadron of Cavalry the lieutenant in command of which knowing Maj Jones hailed him & told him that they understood Mosby was at Ivy Cottage—Maj Jones' residence about a mile beyond SunnySide— The major replied that he did not know where Col Mosby was, but he had never been to Ivy Cottage to his knowledge.

He then walked back up Main Street & up towards Poindexter's house, when to his amazement & surprise he saw Col Mosby on horseback talking to his mother in rear of the house— He, at once hurried up to him & told him he had better get away, as
[II 67]
a Yankee Squadron was then probably coming up Main Street on their was to Ivy Cottage, bent on capturing the Colonel— Mosby then made a few enquiries—opened the dark cloak he had on, looked at two revolvers—then thanking Maj Jones, deliberately rode down to Main Street. Maj Jones followed him & as he turned into the Street saw the column of soldiers riding down the street. Mosby quietly rode right up to them & instead of getting out of their way rode right thro' them, the horsemen parting to get out of his way. The column went on to Ivy Cottage, but where Colonel Mosby went the Major did not know. Of course none of the federal troopers knew Mosby, or if they did never "let on".
Thos J. Williams has since this time told me he was standing in the front of the Alexander Building—now People's National
[II 68]
Bank & saw this occurrence.
I have known Col Mosby very well indeed, of late years—& I once asked him why he took such a risk. He laughed & said he did not know, but that he had often found the boldest way was the best & he did not believe he would be recognized.
"But had you been"? I asked—"Well" he said slowly—"Then I reckon I could have demoralized them & gotten away".
Mosby when a young man shot a man named Turpin on Main Street. He was tried and given twelve months in jail. Whilst a prisoner my brother Willie used to visit him & chat with him & he has never met me he did not allude to this kindness on a small boy's part.
Whilst in jail he studied law—Judge Robertson who was the prosecuting attorney—lent him
[II 69]
his law books.
Fitz Lee I also got to know very well, he living a year in Charlottesville— The last time I saw him, was in Washington a short time before his death. He went with me into the Raleigh Hotel & we had a couple of gin fizzes together & a very pleasant chat. He was a delightful, genial, whole souled man & I do not believe ever knew what fear meant. I asked him once if he did, & he "laughingly put the question by". I often smile over the comparison he made, when he & I took a couple of Mint Juleps in the same hotel. The waiter brought them with straws in them. Fitz threw the straws on the floor & said laughingly. "Duke! I would just as soon kiss a woman through a veil as drink a julep thro' a straw"
[II 70]
I take these pages up again in 1916, having laid them by for several years & on reading them over I find I have omitted some of my earlier "cronies". I think I was a little oldish boy. Anyway, a good many of the older men took a great deal of notice of me. One of them was old man Ben Powell—a tailor who had his shop in the long wooden building on the Court House Square, in what is known as the McKee Block. It had then a double porch extending its whole length. I used to sit in Ben's shop & watch him sew & talk to an old lanky cadaverous man who was a very peculiar—it seemed to me half crazed individual— He was a spiritualist & used to go out to the Graveyard & sit down by the graves and mutter to himself. I was very much afraid of him.
Ben Powell was a "spiritualist" of a different kind and used to get on the wildest drunks every now & then. There was a large & deep mud-

[II 71]
-hole right in the street in front of Ben's shop. I remember seeing him once walk out of his shop in an immaculate white suit & wearing a silk hat. He walked deliberately into the mud hole and sat down violently. One can imagine the splash and the result, but Ben sat there blandly smiling on the crowd that gathered about him & it took much persuasion to get him to come out & go to bed. He lived in a little brick house just across the street in the rear of the present Episcopal Church—in those days it was in front as the Church's entrance has been reversed. Ben lived up & into the seventies. He was an ardent Free Mason & was present when I took the degrees in that venerable Institution. We were friends up to his death. He accumulated some property & left two sons who lived in the West—very worthy & excellent men.
The Brockmans were also
[II 72]
tailors and lived on "Vinegar Hill". Tandy & Fontaine One had a beard which came below his waist. He kept it hidden under his waistcoat on week-a-days but on Sunday it appeared in all of its glory, finely brushed & flowing over his vest. He was noted for a grewsome fondness for "shrouding" dead people—a task which he performed for the mere pleasure of it.
He also was a devotee of the flowing bowl.
Mr Conner (O'Conner as his wife has it on his tombstone) was Wertenbaker's cutter. A tall grave, dignified man— He looked, & acted as any high bred gentleman would have done. He was very handsome, with courtly manners which seemed natural to him. From Dublin, but with no accent. Mrs Conner kept a boarding house—in one of the oldest homes on High Street—on the site of Ben Dickerson's present residence— The house has been rolled down on 4th St across from the goal, & just below it has been rolled
[II 73]
the house we lived in from 1853 to 63. Both houses have been remodeled—
I boarded with Mrs Conner & nicer kindlier people than the husband & wife & two girls I never knew. Devout Catholics—in their house I met Bishop—afterwards Cardinal—Gibbons & Bishop afterwards Archbishop Keane—both of whom when I met them were Bishops of Richmond & charming men.
I recall Andrew Farish & John Fry—men whom I was to know well when I grew up & the former a client who gave me a great deal of business. I will have much to say of him later on I hope.
But these two & Alfred Benson were rather out of the pale when I was a boy— They were gamblers & I was always taught to look at them with no favourable eye.
Alfred was a great favorite with men, however, & I once heard his old mother Mrs Benson say, "I do think often—Mrs Duke—" speaking
[II 74]
to my mother, :What a large funeral Alfred will have." He did.
Old man Peterson—the gaoler—was another man I used to watch with much awe— He was very fat—rubicund—& generally in his shirt sleeves. He lived in the front part of the gaol & I think, kept a sadler's shop there— When asked whom he had in gaol he always replied, "Same old criminons and ijiots."
Insane person were then & to our shame, often since kept in gaol— I remembered hearing loud yells from the gaol yard when the whipping law was in force & some unfortunate thief receiving nine & thirty. This law—abolished for awhile—was revived after I commenced practicing law & several thieves were sentenced & received their dose after I had been at the Bar several years.

One was a client of mine, a young jew who stole from his co-religionist & got thirty nine lashes on one Friday & a similar dose the next. He richly deserved it. Old Simon Leterman was
[II 75]
anxious to convict him of grand larceny & two of his friends, the boy's friends Heller & M. Kaufman who were in the clothing business were called as our witnesses to prove the value of the clothes this young scamp had stolen from Leterman. It was as good as a play to hear their testimony— Leterman had sworn that a pair of trousers was worth six dollars. Heller held them up to the jury: "Gents," he said scornfully, "Come to my stohse und I sells you all of dese pants you vant for three dollars a pair & den I make a dollar on each." Kaufman—who was a splendid fellow—testified fairly as to values & brought down the amount to less than $50— There had been repeated thefts & so the Judge gave him nine & thirty lashes in two cases. Leterman insisted on seeing the whipping, but the gaoler refused to allow him the pleasure. I believe whipping for petty thieving the right punishment. Its a splendid deterrent.
If it was made optional with
[II 76]
the Judge I think much good might be done to the community where the petty negro thieves do not mind a term in gaol any more than the ordinary man does a bad cold.
I find that I have failed to jot down the great excitement which took place in 1863 when a Yankee raid was expected & the home guard called out to defend the City. My brother was then (15) fifteen years of age & mustered into service. Col Taliaferro, from Orange County—or rather just over the line in Culpeper—was refugeeing at the University. He was placed in command & marched these home guards down to the railroad bridge over the Rivanna, the one over the river & just about half a mile below the bridge over Moore's Creek. He actually had breastworks dug right under the bridge— Why, Heaven only knows, as they would have been overlooked and commanded by the hills on Pantops.
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A couple of cannon were mounted on the hill above the bridge. My brother—"Teague" Leitch & Moses Kaufman were all in the command & spent one or two nights in camp. The alarm was a false one, so the troop was disbanded & ordered back to the town. I remember visiting my brother whilst he was in camp & taking him something to eat. I inspected the breastworks with great awe & also the cannon. Old soldiers who saw the location of the breastworks laughed at them a great deal later on. As my brother was "sworn in", it made him a Confederate Soldier & he has been duly admitted to the John B. Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans. He "did his bit" anyway & I think was clearly entitled to join. I envy him—for to have served in the Confederate Army even an hour is a patent of nobility.
[II 78]
1866 — 1870
In the Fall of 1866 Major Horace W. Jones opened a boys school at his house "Ivy Cottage", just about a mile west of "Sunny Side" & the first of September, my brother, Bob Towles & I entered the School. There were only three other pupils: John Robertson—son of Judge Wm J. Robertson of Charlottesville—Garrett Pretlow of Southhampton County—& Frank P. Venable—Son of Col Chas Venable Professor of Mathematics in the University of Va & who had been on Gen R.E. Lee's staff.
Frank was afterwards Professor of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill & later President of that Institution. All of these pupils are yet living (1916) except Garrett Pretlow who died a few years ago.

Maj Jones was a superb teacher—an elegant gentleman & gallant soldier. He was Major & Commissa-
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-ry in Picketts Division—A handsome man & splendid disciplinarian. His discipline was founded on the boy's own self respect & sense of justice & brute force had no place in his curriculum— He appealed to the boy's sense of honour—made him realize that he came of gentle stock & had to be a gentleman. "Disce aut discede" [Learn or leave] is the motto of Winchester School "Study & be a gentleman, or depart" was the unwritten motto of Major Jones School. He was a born educator & no man ever did his country greater service than he did, in the training of boys & young men.
When his health failed & poverty stared him in the face, in his old age—his former pupils got together & raised over two thousand dollars & sent him not as a gift, but, as I put it in the letter I wrote with the first five hundred in gold,
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"as a part payment of much larger debt we owe you."
I well remember the anxiety of his "old boys"—as to how "the Major" would take our offering. He was a proud man—highly sensitive & we did not know if he would accept our gift. So when the first five hundred was raised I got it all in twenty dollar gold pieces—had them highly polished & put in a neat box & with a little note in which I used the above language—sent it to him. He took it in the right spirit & the first thing he said, after expressing his gratitude to his brother Jas D. Jones who at our request took it to him, "Now James, take this & pay my note in bank." His gratitude & emotion when three times afterwards five hundred dollars was handed him was as his brother said: "A pleasure to see & a thing to remember".
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He died a short while after the last five hundred was given him & out of one or two tardy subscriptions a monument was erected to him over his grave in Maplewood Cemetery.
His wife Sue Duke was a daughter of Alexander Duke with whom my grandfather always claimed kin— Their fathers—strange to say were double first cousins—tho none of my generation knew this until Mrs Jones & I got to looking up the family tree— Her mother was a Garrett, whose mother was a Bolling & so Mrs Jones had the blood of Pocahantas in her veins. Her father, Alexander Duke & my wife's uncle Charles Slaughter taught School together in the old Midway building, which stood on the site of the present High School Building— Duke & Slaughter
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was the firm & the "firm" of Duke & Slaughter—which was formed Octo 1st 1884 may have been said to be a successor.
Mrs Jones—who is still living—was and is—a very intellectual highly cultivated woman—Quite handsome—a charming talker & a dear friend of my dear mother's— "Ivy Cottage" was, and is, beautifully situated on a High hill about three miles west of Charlottesville on the White Hall road—and about one mile from Sunny Side. The view of the Blue Ridge Mountains & the hills & dales between Ivy Cottage Hill & those mountains is exquisitely lovely. The house was an old fashioned frame house, with a straight narrow hall & two rooms on each side— Our school room was the near room on the right hand side as you entered. The old house was pulled down & a new one on practically the same lines
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erected within the last twenty five years, by Mr Coleman—the father-in-law of my brother

Willie, who little imagined I suppose when we went to School there, that at this place he was to meet & marry his future wife. In front of the house grew two immense pine trees under whose shade we often studied in the hot days of late Spring and early summer. My School days at Ivy Cottage, were the happiest school days of my life.
Some description of the scholars might not be amiss.
Garrett Pretlow was a cousin of Mrs Jones—his mother being a daughter of Alex: Garrett for many years Clerk of the Courts of Albemarle—and who built the handsome brick house in the beautiful oak grove near the Rothwell Cold Storage. His father was Dr Thos Pretlow of Southampton County noted for its fine apple
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brandy—now indeed the "dream of a dram". He was a small red faced man, who always wore shining black broad-cloth & a shiny silk hat— Garrett was stouter than his father, but equally red faced. He had been out with the home guard & a yankee bullet had pierced thro' one of his cheeks, being caught in the mouth. The wound was still red & not entirely healed over. Garrett was a blunt sort of a young man, with rather gruff manners and hoarse voice. He had been a pupil of Coffman's with Willie & myself.
John Robertson was next in point of years. A tall olive complexioned boy—quiet & rather grave. He was a son of the distinguished lawyer & jurist Judge Wm J. Robertson. He studied engineering at the University & lives now in California. It has been many years since I have seen him.
My brother came next in point
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of years & was very popular with teacher & scholars.
Bob (R.S.) Towles was the son of my mother's eldest sister Aunt Fanny Peyton Towles, who was the wife of Maj John T. Towles of "Weyanoke" near Bayou Sara La He was curly haired—very freckled face—a wild, good natured boy, who never studied much. He had learned to swear & did so violently and profanely. I had never uttered an oath in my life, until I met Bob—but am sorry to say I learned under his tuition & surpassed my tutor. A vile, vulgar, senseless habit, of which I broke myself in after years with very little difficulty.
I came next & can only say that I was freckled faced—wild high tempered & impulsive. I had then a heavy suit of hair & a big cowlick that gave me a lot of trouble— I feel
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it very often now (in my mind's eye) fall over on my forehead & brush it impatiently away, to find it only a freak of the imagination.
Frank P. Venable was the youngest pupil. Curly haired, with quite an exalted idea of himself, we never got on very well together & once had quite a fight. He rode from the University to school on a Shetland pony. John Robertson tramped the three miles from his father's house on Park Street & Willie & Bob & I walked from Sunny Side.
Major Jones taught me more in the ten months at Ivy Cottage than I ever learned in any other ten months of my school life. With such a small number of pupils he had time to give each one of us careful attention & as the term lasted from Sept 1st to June 30th—with a week at Christmas & Whitsunday (one day)
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as our only vacation we got over a great deal of ground.
I read during the session three books of Caesar: two orations of Cicero—Some of Livy and the greater part of Virgil's (We spelled it Virgil—not Vergil then) Eneid. I hated Caesar—cared little

for Cicero or Livy, but enjoyed Virgil exceedingly. Major Jones made us read a great deal of Latin. He did not want to make us philologists, but desired us to be good Latin scholars & to thoroughly read the great classics— I studied mathematics—ancient and Modern History—Reading and Spelling. The Major did not teach any English Grammar—holding that a thorough drilling in Latin Grammar with reading & writing exercises in English gave a boy as good an instruction in English Grammar as he needed. Exercises in English were required every week & were severely criticised.
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Three events of that session stand out very clearly in my mind.
One was the big snow storm which took place sometime during the winter. Not only was the snow very deep & drifting, but it turned very cold & froze on top, so that we walked to school on top of the snow. The road from the gate to the house at Ivy Cottage had been worn into a deep gully. This was filled up entirely so that no trace of the road could be seen. Frank Venable rode his pony up the road & broke thro' & the animal went entirely out of sight— Frank yelled for help & we beat down the crust around the animal & he got out. I am not sure whether this snow was in December 1866 or January 1867, but I think the former. Our seasons have assuredly changed, for December in my boyhood was usually
[II 89]
a cold, snowy month. I have often heard my father say that if you did not get ice before Christmas you stood very little chance of getting it all. This certainly used to be the case, but for the last few years the reverse has been the case— You did not get any ice until after Christmas. Today—December 7th 1916 has been like a Spring day—overcoats absolutely unnecessary & we have had very little cold weather. This was the case last year also. But on Decbr 19th of this month the snow was 6 inches deep.
This second event I remember so clearly is breaking in the ice whilst skating on Major Jones' ice pond. This pond was in the woods a mile away from the house. We rushed up to it in recess once & put on our skates. The ice was very thick but I ventured up to the head of the pond
[II 90]
and broke through the ice on the channel. I went over my head but caught on the edge of the ice as I came up & tho' it broke before me I worked my way to the shore & set off in a run to the house. By the time I got there every stitch of my clothing was frozen stiff & they had to thaw me in front of the kitchen fire & getting off my clothes wrapped me up in blankets until my clothes were dried. I did not catch cold and was not in anyway injured.
The third event was a fight between Garrett Pretlow & my brother, which—as they were large boys was rather savage. In the scuffle Garrett was struck on the badly healed wound on his cheek, which began to bleed & scared us all very much. It stopped the
[II 91]
fight & my brother & Garrett made friends & were warm ones up to the day of Garrett's death. (* This fight took place when we were scholars at Coffman's & they made friends when they met at Maj Jones.)
I do not remember what the fight was about, but I expect it grew out of my brother's teasing characteristics. I remember he & Garrett once had a great argument on the question of catching a "Cancer". Willie insisted a Cancer could be caught. Garrett, who was very solemn insisted it could not and gave instances of husband & wife one of whom had a cancer for twenty years & the other never "caught it". Willie insisted that the knew instances innumerable where many cancers had been caught. The dispute was growing quite warm when Major Jones came &

Garrett appealed to him;
"Major, Willie says a Cancer
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can be caught & won't listen to reason or argument. I want you to tell him he is wrong."
"But he is not wrong Garrett", the Major replied. "I have seen cancer's caught often," and his eyes twinkled as Garrett stared at him, "A "cancer" means a "crab", you know". The boys all shouted & finally Garrett had to join in the laugh.
I look back to the ten months spent in this school with much pleasure: Particularly in the months of May & June when we studied out on the lawn under the shade of the great pines, whose soughing I have always loved.
Summer came & school broke up & Bob Towles & I went down to "Buckeyeland" to visit Uncle Gilmer & Aunt Milly—Father's sister— "Buckeyeland"—or Buck Island is the name of that portion of the Flatwoods which lies along or
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adjacent to Buckeyeland Creek.
About ten miles from Charlottesville Uncle Geo: Christopher Gilmer had a large farm. He had a Grist Mill & numerous barns & tobacco houses & was a very successful farmer. A man of a good deal of culture he read a great deal & wrote much for the papers—particularly for the Southern Planter. He was a small wiry man—very high tempered & exciteable—with a very loud high pitched voice when he was aroused. His brother Thomas Walker Gilmer, had been Governor of the State—Member of Congress & at the time of his death was Secretary of the Navy under Tyler— Uncle Gilmer had been married to a Miss Lewis, by whom he had three children. Lee: Walker: & Bettie, who married a neer-do-well—named Mays. After his first wife's death he married my Aunt Mildred Wirt Gilmer by
[II 94]
whom he had two children—Maria & Frank. Maria was a very pretty girl, with lovely dark eyes. She grew up & married a Dr [ ] Cunnningham of the Army & died out on the frontier. He husband brought her body back to Charlottesville & it was buried in our section, & later on my dear Sister's body was buried near her. They were devoted to one another. The house at Buckeyeland was a very old one; story and a half high, with a front porch of comfortable size—a large living room & to the left a big room which Uncle & Aunt Gilmer used as their bedroom, but in which we used to sit, especially when a fire was needed, as it had a fire place & the living room, which was really a large hall, had not.
We boys slept in a ceiled room with sloping sides & which was very comfortable. Some years afterwards Uncle Gilmer practically rebuilt the house—carrying it up
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to two stories, destroying its old time picturesque character, but making it a more modern and more comfortable house— It was burned a good many years later & Aunt Milly & Uncle Gilmer occupied "the office", that small building which was an appendage to every old Virginia farm house.
Two things were peculiar about Buckeyeland— One was the Mill which very often stood idle quite a time for lack of water to run it. The other was that no well could ever be dug deep enough to find water, so water had to be "toted" from a Spring about half a mile from the house: The Spring was beautifully situated amidst three big oaks in front of the house. The nearest neighbour was Mr John M. Hart, who lived on a high hill about a mile South west. He was one the best men I ever knew & his wife who still (1917) lives, was & is a lovely woman. Her sister Miss "Pat:"

Anderson lived
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with them.
My several visits to Buckeyeland are very much mixed & it is hard to separate the events of one visit from another. I remember riding behind my father from Charlottesville to the place & night overtook us about a mile this side of the "Morven" (Sam: H. Marshall's) gate. It was drizzling rain and my father tried a "short cut" thro' the flatwoods & "got lost". The rain began to be torrential & the night very dark. Old "Noble" father's war horse—who lived to be over thirty years old by the way—did not seem to know the way & presently Father admitted to me that we were lost, but I need not be frightened as the wood road we were following must lead somewhere into the main road. We were both wet to the skin, but he attempted to cheer me by singing a song the refrain of which I remember after
[II 97]
all these years -
"What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Put him in a boat & make him bail her."
I think I can yet hum the air to which he sung it— Presently a light appeared amongst the trees & father rode towards it & it proved to be a cabin on the plantation— So we were soon at the house & before a roaring fire forgot our troubles.
And speaking of rain I remember being at Buckeyeland once with Bob & Dan Towles & Dick Anderson. We went to spend the week's end & stayed a week, on account of a steady rain which lasted all that time. An old carpenter named Abner Williams—rather weak in the upper story—was also storm bound. He taught us to make a sort of gun by splitting tobacco sticks about one third down & then inserting a short piece of stick across
[II 98]
the open cleft. In some way—I do not now remember—by pressing the cleft stick this piece flew out with some violence. We worried the poor old fellow nearly to death, by shooting at him, with the guns he had taught us to make.
Uncle William Duke & his wife & daughters were at Uncle Gilmers on one of my visits & he taught school in one of the cabins on the place. Bob: Randolph & Bob Carter (Rev: R.S. now of Orange) went to school to him together with several girls—one very pretty one a Miss Hoard—& one very ugly one a Miss Johnson & a Miss Harris whom Bob Randolph afterwards married. Bob Carter lived at the old home Redlands & Bob Randolph at the old home near him.
Having nothing better to do I attended school—altho' it was in my vacation— & then commenced the warm friendship with Bob
[II 99]
Carter which still continues. Bob was a wild boy—a wilder youth & young man—but eventually saw the error of his ways & became an Episcopal Minister— No finer fellow ever lived—drunk or sober— I may have, if I continue these reminiscences into my maturer years—many a story to tell of dear old Bob— (He died in Septbr 1918)
Uncle William subsequently took charge of the Slate Quarry about two or three miles from Buckeyeland & lived there several years. I went to see him once or twice & looked with much awe at the deep slate quarries, the big dam & the works which were then lying idle.
Uncle Gilmer had a large number of slaves. "Chunk" Anthony was his head man—an unusually smart, stout, negro who became a prominent politician in later years— Paul and Silas were two younger negro men, who very

[II 100]
often played with us, tho' much older. I defended one of Paul's sons in my early career as a lawyer, for stealing corn. The jury gave him one year in the Penitentiary. Woods forgot to prove the venue & I got a new trial, but alas! he got two years on the next trial—to my great discomfort.
In the fall of 1867 Major Jones opened his school on the Court House Square in the rooms now occupied by Allen & Walsh. The rooms have been subsequently subdivided. He had quite a large School & Jas: M. Davis who was then a student of law at the University taught several classes. Amongst the scholars were Armistead Gordon—now Rector of the Board of Visitors of the University—Eugene Saunders (now dead,) but at one time a prominent Lawyer in La & U.S. District Judge) his brother Ed: Saunders—now a prominent physician in St Louis: Gordon Robertson—who was Judge of the Corporation Court of Roanoke & now dead & many others whose
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names I do not now recall.
Major Jones taught here two years & I advanced in languages, but was very dull in mathematics. I still am. We were thoroughly drilled in reading & spelling.
My brother Willie gave up school after the one year at Ivy Cottage & undertook the management of the farm. He was one of the hardest workers I ever knew.
I generally spent my recess hours at my father's office. I'm afraid I was a rather unsocial, shy and lonesome sort of a boy. Egotistical & hating teasing or being teased and the rough ways of most school boys. I do not think I had any friends, certainly no close ones. Shelton F. Leake Jr was a friend & remained so all the years in which he lived in Virginia: Jas Blakey was another—Both are now with the silent majority.
I do not recall very much of the session of 1867-68— During the summer of 1868—in August I think—I went to Staunton & thence to
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Cousin "Sandy" Stuart's farm on North River. It was a lovely place, tho' the house was an unpretentious wooden building, erected on a hill above the clear beautiful North River. Maggie Stuart—now Robertson—and I became much attached to each other in a boy & girl friendship, which has grown into the warm regard of our maturer years. Witty—smart—splendid company—a magnificent woman in every way, she is still the loved kinswoman & dear friend. But my warmest admiration & devotion went out to Cousin Susie whose loveliness of person was a reflex of the loveliest of characters. She was a beautiful girl—then about 18 I suppose—Tall, graceful—willowy—lovely fair hair, beautiful blue eyes, shapely features & pure complexion—I fairly worshipped her. Her voice was very sweet—"soft, gentle and low" & her whole manner one of dignity and sweetness. She married
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in after years Revd R.A. Gibson now Bishop of Virginia, and has these several years past been with the Angels who never welcomed a purer, sweeter, lovelier soul.
Archie Stuart was several years younger than I, a handsome, mischievous splendid boy. He shoved me off of a footbridge into the river one day & I got a fine wetting and a very angry temper.
My dear sister was with us & she and Maggie commenced then a friendship and love which grew with the years & never were two sisters more devoted to one another. I look back to that visit as one does upon a happy dream. The farm was a few miles west of Waynesboro & I have never

revisited it.
In the Fall of 1867 Father made up his mind to come into the town, so that Mary & I could go to School & not have to come
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in to school from the country in bad weather. He accordingly rented two rooms in the house owned by Mrs Doctor Leitch on the corner of 2nd & High St— The two rooms had once been Dr Leitch's offices & were almost entirely distinct from the main house, being entered by a porch which whilst facing on High Street was some ten feet back of that street. Father & Mother occupied the back room— Mary slept in the front room which was used as a sitting & dining room & I slept in a two roomed frame building the Doctor had built to use as an office— It stood on the site of Harman Dinwiddie's home, but nearer High St.
In my room was the dessicated body of a small boy, which had been opened, dried & the arteries painted blue & the veins red: The skull was intact with the skin dried on it & the teeth showing thro' the thin dried lips.
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It was a horrible looking thing & I put it in the front room, but would often wake up at night & cover my head under the bed clothes for fear of seeing it walk into the room. I passed very many unhappy nights in that room.
We brought one servant with us who was cook & housemaid—Rhoda—a very efficient, rather likely brown-skinned negress. A good cook & neat, excellent servant.
The main house was occupied by Mr Carroll & his wife— Mr Carroll had been my old school teacher & then had a school, but father preferred Major Jones. During the winter Fannie Stiles a niece of Mrs Carroll from Pennsylvania paid her a visit of several months. She was a beautiful creature & I can recall her trim, lithe figure, flashing black eyes—milk & roses skin & her grace in every movement. I fell desparately in love
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with her, of course, tho' she was at least three years older than I, but "I never told my love", being content with silent devotion. I remember her kissing me once or twice in a joking way. Heavens! how I treasured the memory of those kisses.
She was courted very wildly by Willie Davis—Dr John Staige Davis' eldest son— Someway or other the course of their true love didn't run smooth & Willie announced his intention of joining the patriots who were struggling for Independence in Cuba—one of the innumerable Revolutions having that year broken out in the Island. I remember seeing him in his grey uniform—a single star on the collar & he & his love & his volunteering were a nine day's wonder in the town. But Fanny went away & Willie remained. He graduated in medicine at the
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the University, went in the Navy—& was after transferred to the Army. He married subsequently & I think is still living, but has seldom returned to his old home. He was a very handsome fellow—but I have not seen him for many years.* (*I met Willie at the University Club in Balto) he did not marry Fanny, I may say en passant.
I recall the election for the Constitutional Convention, called the "Black & Tan" Convention from its mixed nature. Our delegates were Clif: Thompson—a scalawag—son of an English Officer who came here with the Hessians & remained— He was a tobacconist. J.S.T. Taylor * (*James S. Taylor) —my mulatto neighbour was the second delegate, "Jim" as I knew him & know him now. The third delegate was Mr Jas C. Southall son of V.W. Southall a highly educated, gentleman, who was elected despite the negro vote. All the negroes voted then

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and many of the white gentlemen were disenfranchised.
We were then District Number 1 & our Ruler was General Canby. My brother Willie began then to take much interest in politics tho' he did not become a voter until the following year. I should say 1869 This Convention adopted a Constitution entirely uprooting old Virginia's system of County Administration. It was a horrible melange & upset our old traditions & engrafted Yankee Supervisors and Townships upon us. Amongst its most horrible provisions was a clause absolutely disenfranchising every man who had held Civil office before the war & had served in the Confederate Army. This would have disfranchised my father. The Convention put forth its work in 1868 & Genl Grant, then President, permitted a separate vote on this clause,
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which was defeated. We returned to Sunny Side in the Spring of 1868 and I walked into school every morning & back in the afternoon.
In the Fall of 1869 we again moved into town for the winter months but this time occupied rooms on Main Street in the building known as the Mannoni Building on the corner of 5th & Main St, mother & Mary occupying two rooms on the second story facing Main Street & on the Eastern end of the Building. I occupied a room on the floor above them next to the Odd Fellows Hall which was then in that building. The Mannonis kept a confectionery store in the room on the Western corner & I renewed my old friendship with John & Andrew. Whilst we living there a young nephew came from Corsica to live with them—Tony—Anthony—Mannoni— He is now a prosperous citizen & depôt
[II 110]
agent of the N & W. R.W at Marion— He was younger then, full of fun & mischief & sang the Marseillaise with great fervour.
I made a good deal of progress this session in Latin & recall reading Livy— which I found easy, but dull—and some books of Ovid & I think one book of the odes of Horace. I also commenced Greek & read some of Xenophon, before the end of the session. I was—if anything—rather more unsocial that session than the session before, & spent most of my recesses at Father's office—where my office now is. It was then a one story building. My Father built in 1858, I added the upper story—the County joining in putting a story on to its offices on the Eastern side of Father's office sometime in the latter part of 1879— My present office & the story above I added on since my marriage probably in the late 80'.
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The session of 1868-69 was rather uneventful as far as I can recollect. I joined the "Sons of Temperance" in the Spring of 1869, but withdrew that Fall— It was quite a large organization & admitted boys of fifteen. I was a constant attendant at its meeting & very proud of my membership. Quite a temperance wave went over the country about that time & I remember a large mass meeting in the Town Hall at which Micajah Woods made an address in which he made a slip of the tongue which caused a good deal of laughter— He spoke of "iron tears running down Pluto's cheek"
In 1870 my Father was nominated by the Conservative party as candidate for Congress. Gilbert C Walker was nominated for Governor and Col R.E. Withers for Lieutenant Governor in 1869, elected in 1869 * (*Robert Ridgeway was elected Member of Congress from our District in 1869 served <illegible> Jan'y 4 1870 & dying in summer 1870. My father was elected to succeed him.) The Conservative party was a combination of the best
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white elements in the State. The old line Whigs positively refused to vote any "Democratic" ticket, and as there were a few decent—very few—white republicans who had come in from the North—these with the Whigs and Democrats formed the Conservative party. My Father was a member of the Convention which nominated Walker—who was a New Yorker & mild Republican— He became a staunch Democrat later on. Col Withers—then the Editor of a Lynchburg paper—was a prominent Candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination. It was thought wisest to nominate Walker to catch the respectable republican vote & Withers was so disgusted that when nominated for Lieutenant Governor, he at first declined to accept the nomination. My father went to him and begged him to accept telling him that his
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self sacrifice & acceptance of the office would mean his ultimate election to the United States Senate. He finally prevailed on Withers to accept the nomination & the prediction my father made came true. He was elected United States Senator by the next Legislature.
My father's nomination for Congress of course delighted us very much. His opponent was Alexander Rives a former prominent member of the Albemarle Bar—who had "ratted" and became a "scalawag" republican. During the contest Mr Ridgeway the sitting member, died & my father was nominated to fill the vacancy in the 41st Congress, caused by Ridgway's death— There was quite a contest between my father & Rives & father "tanned" the old man's jacket most thoroughly.
Rives had used his influence as a Republican to have my
[II 114]
father's "disabilities" removed. That is to have President Johnson solemnly "pardon" him for having been a civil officer & then fought in the Confederate army. Rives obtained a great many pardons for prominent people in Albemarle & charged them for it. In one instance he charged Mr Ferneyhough a wealthy citizen of the County $500 for his "pardon". He declined to take any fee from my father—as they were brother lawyers, but he was foolish enough in several of his speeches to throw up to my father his having obtained his pardon & charging him nothing for it. Father submitted to this for a short while, but finally retorted, as by saying that when he was elected to Congress as he knew he would be, he would tender the gentleman $500, that being the amount he charged an old friend, Mr Ferneyhough.
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Rives never alluded to the subject again. My father's district then took in Greene— Fluvanna, Albemarle Nelson—Amherst—Campbell—Lynchburg and Appomatox. Many of his old soldiers of the 46th regiment were from those counties & they rallied to my father's support to a man. He was triumphantly elected. It was well I had resigned from the "Sons of Temperance" for at the great rally to celebrate his victory held in Charlottesville I drank several glasses of beer & was very hilarious. There was an immense crowd in town the night of the celebration & father & others spoke from the porch of what was then the "Albemarle Insurance" Company's building—the structure on the S.W. corner of Main & 4th Sts—now occupied (1917) by Keller & George &c. The enthusiasm was very great & father made a splendid speech.
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In detailing my school years I have neglected a very important event at which one might be tempted to smile, but one which really had a remarkable influence on my after life. That was a visit paid to Morea & SunnySide by my Aunt Lucy Bills— Father's eldest Sister—her husband Maj John Bills of Bolivar Tenn & their daughter, my dear Cousin Lucy—who afterwards—married Wilbur Armistead— Lucy was then in her eighteenth year— Just as pretty as she could

be—with the most charming ways about her—full of life and fun & happiness. I shall not try to describe her. I worshipped her almost as soon as I saw her & in the after years we became dear friends & loved one another with a love which combined brotherly & sisterly affection with something of the "sweetheart" in it. No woman ever influenced me
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more— And now altho' she has been dead twenty four years I look back upon the hours spent with her as amongst the happiest of my life. Dear, sweet cousin—she loved me & spoilt me & petted me—being just three years older—& in many ways she moulded my character & ways of thought— I love her yet with an affection hard to describe & cherish her dear memory, as one of the dearest things in life. It was in the summer of 1868 she came to visit us & it was made peculiarly happy to my brother Willie, as Father delighted his soul by giving him the money to take a trip with Uncle Bills—Aunt Lucy—Cousin Lucy & a Cousin of hers Octavia Polk, to the Northern Cities & Niagara Falls. He went off one of the happiest of the happy and came back with a mind very much improved by the travel and a heart very much affected
[II 118]
by Lucy's charms. I believe he loved her if anything more than I did & I believe, but for the near relationship it might have been a match.
The session of 1869-70 was destined to be my last year at school. Maj Jones had associated with him Wm R. Abbot—who married a distant cousin—Lucy Minor— Mr Abbot was a fine teacher if his pupil was apt & if he liked him; But he was much prejudiced & he & I developed a mutual dislike—the whys & wherefore's I never could understand. Doubtless I was a very conceited young chap & he was a very conceited man. Anyway I despised him & he me. He had a very sharp tongue—was sarcastic & didn't hesitate to use his sarcasm whenever he saw fit. I was decidedly "stuck up" & impudent I expect & we had a hard time together. Had I been younger I believe he would have thrashed me, but as I was beyond the thrash-
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-ing age he would sneer at me & I would sneer back at him until in a tremendous rage he would order me to leave the room—& I would majestically stalk out into Maj Jones' room, where I had my desk. One reason I never was a good Greek scholar—a thing I deeply regret—was that Mr Abbot taught me what Greek I knew & I did not take kindly to his teaching. Major Jones—in his quiet tactful way tried to keep the peace, but I never got over my intense dislike of Mr Abbot & am sorry to say it remained even up to his death— I do not think he—on his part ever got over his dislike for me, tho' in after years we met pleasantly. But he never—as Maj Jones did—claimed me as a pupil—or congratulated me on any success in life.
Amongst my school mates were John B. Minor—dear old John—who lives near Eastham & who was
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Mr Abbot's brother-in-law—Walter D. Dabney—afterwards Assistant Secretary of State & Law Professor at U of Va whose friendship grew with the years & ceased only with his death. Armistead C. Gordon—with whom I used to discuss literary subjects & who has in late years reminded me, how he & I sat under the shade of a tall tree near the school house and wept over the death of Charles Dickens. Lewis Wood—a thin little devil—a great tease—with whom I had many a scrap, but with whom I have ever had a warm friendship—Wm Gordon Robertson—afterwards Judge of the City of Roanoke—his brother—or rather step brother Geo: W. Morris, who succeeded me as Judge—J. Ad: Patterson, who has become a Philadelphia millionaire—his brother Willie—Tom Massie—the brother of my dear friend of after years & of today—Gertrude

Massie—his Cousin Willie Massie & many others I cannot now
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recall. The school room was on the corner—N.E. of the lot on which now stands the McGuffey School. Our playground was the green which stretched between it & the old Episcopal Church which stood on the site of the present one—but being entered from what is now the chancel of the new Church. This old Church had an exceedingly tall & sharp pointed steeple, which in a high wind fell over in the street—fortunately we were in school when it fell. The wonder is that it had not fallen long before it did, for it was supported on rather thin scantlings which had rotten at their bases— This fact was an unfortunate one for me—for as I was going from school the afternoon of the disaster, I passed Cousin Lucy Abbot sitting on the porch of the house she & Mr Abbot occupied—the newly revamped house on the corner of High & third
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Streets—then a frame building, which has since been stuccoed & made into two "apartments." Cousin Lucy was an ardent Church woman & I being of Presbyterian extraction & thinking myself quite a wit remarked to her as I passed, "Oh! Cousin Lucy, your steeple is like your Church. Stuck up & high, but rotten at the base". I never dreamed of the storm I was raising. She took it good naturedly & simply laughed & said "If you come up on the porch I'll box your impudent jaws, you young Calvinist." But the speech was overheard & Heavens, how I caught it. It really was magnified into a very serious thing & some of the Congregation actually refused to speak to me, whilst others said they would like to carry out Cousin Lucy's threat in earnest. It distressed my mother very much—which distressed me more than anything else & some of her "episcopal" friends were actually
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cool to her for some time.
I made good progress in Latin & in Geometry—actually making 99 on both of my examinations on the latter subject. I read several satires of Juvenal & the Germanicus of Tacitus & one or more books of the annals. In Greek I read two books of the Iliad, but was always at daggers draw with Mr Abbot. Evidently my father took more notice of it than I knew of, for just before the end of the session he told me I should enter the University the next year.
My joy & delight can well be imagined: To be a Student: Why it was the height of every town boy's ambition & I felt that life was really commencing for me— In the summer of 1870 my Father took Louis T. Hanckel into the firm, which then became, Duke, Jones & Hanckel—under which style it continued until January
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1875, when it was dissolved & Father took me in partnership with him—the firm of Duke & Duke commencing January 1st 1875.
1870-1874
During the summer of 1870 I commenced the study of German under Gaetano Lanza (Gaddy as he was usually called). He was the son of Chevalier Gaetano Lanza who was a political refugee from Italy & who taught school & lived in the house on what is now known as West Main Street—J.D. Via now owns & occupies it (1918) The elder Lanza was a tall grave white headed old gentleman with grizzled side whiskers—quite thin & very reserved. I knew very little of him, but those who knew him held him in high esteem as an estimable gentleman & fine scholar—"Gaddy" had a room in the Old Midway Building which stood on the site of the present public school on the summit of Vinegar Hill. I am inclined to think he & his father & mother
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were then occupying a suite of rooms in this many roomed house, having given up the house in which they lived when I first knew them.
"Gaddy" afterwards was an Instructor in Latin & Mathematics at the University. He married a Miss Miller—niece of Dr Dice—moved to Boston & occupied an excellent position in educational circles in that City.
My Father allowed me to buy at the University of Va bookstore from my friend of after years Dr Marcellus McKennie a very handsome two volume edition of Schiller which I still possess.
"Gaddy" taught me the Alphabet: Gave me some lessons in pronunciation: Got me a Dictionary & Grammar & then opened Schiller at Wilhelm Tell read me the opening scene—first in German, then in English. I shall never forget the verse he made me memorize tho' I did not then understand a word of it:
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"Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum bade" &c
Der knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade" &c &c
[The lake smiles, it invites one to swim
The boy fell asleep on the green shore.]
"Now, said he, I want you to take your dictionary— Find as many of the words as you can recognize in that little song & read it to me day after tomorrow."
I stood aghast: But I did it & was amazed to see how easily I did it. And so I began to read German before I studied any grammar.
I believe "Gaddy's" method the right one. To commence reading a foreign language at once: Stumble over it, if you will: Puzzle over it, but work at it & then as you study the grammar, words come to you intelligently: You learn the grammar in reading. I certainly made wonderful progress in July: August & September 1870 & Lanza told my father I had a genius for languages & that it was wonderful how well I could pronounce.
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In the Fall of 1870 I went with Louis T. Hanckel, on a short trip to Washington. I had never been over that Railroad—i.e. the one between Washington & Charlottesville, since 1861 & then no further north than a short distance beyond Manasses. I had never been north of the Potomac, so this trip was quite a novelty to me. I think we stayed at The National Hotel & at Harvey's Restaurant I ate my first steamed oysters. It was in the same Restaurant that I took my two sons Walker & Jack & gave them their first steamed oysters— Washington then was far from being the place it is now. The Pennsylvania side of the Capitol was almost entirely unimproved—the present terraces having been all built since, & the view of that side of the Capitol was not at all attractive. They were then paving Pennsylvania Avenue with wooden blocks & the street railways were, of course, horse power.
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Very few of the handsome residences had then been erected— Mr Corcoran's house was considered extra-ordinarily fine & we went to it to see his pictures—the nucleus of the present Corcoran Art Gallery— I always had a taste for pictures—the "Farmington" pictures having given me some education in respect to the fine arts. These pictures were hung in the parlour & in an extended room on the left as you entered the house. I still recall many of them as I go into the new marble gallery now such an ornament to the Capitol City. I recall very little of this visit, except my indignation at negroes being allowed to ride in the Street cars. These poor creatures gave themselves great airs & were quite insolent & disagreeable. I do not think I rode much in the Street cars after finding that they were allowed to do so.

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Mention of "Farmington" reminds one that I have forgotten to allude to many pleasant hours passed in this old house during my boyhood. It is the house now owned by Cousin Warner Wood's widow & heirs.
The original house—that is the present main brick building was built my Father's great Uncle George Divers—whose wife was a daughter of Dr Thos Walker of Castle Hill. "Uncle Divers", as I always heard him called, was a man of large means. He owned, in addition to the present Farmington estate all the land to the West of it up to the present Ivy Depôt. At his death—being childless—he divided his estates between his own nephews and nieces & those of his wife. In this way—Cousin "Billy" Gilmer—thro' his father came into possession of the beautiful little farm a part of which is now
[II 130]
owned by Higginson. The house in which Uncle Divers lived and died was planned by Mr Jefferson & remains as to the old brick buildings substantially the same— The rooms on the right and left of the main entrance originally were one story—that is went up all the way to the cieling of the rooms above. They were so tall Genl Peyton who subsequently bought the property—put in a floor & made rooms above them, those with the round windows.
Mr Jefferson & "Uncle Divers" were great friends & there used to be great rivalry between them as to who had the first green peas & asparagus in the Spring.
Farmington, was, & still is a beautiful place. Uncle Divers was very hospitable & used to entertain the Professors of what was then the new—University a great deal. He and his wife are
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buried in the little brick enclosure in the edge of the wood as you go up to the house— Altho' he left those nephews & nieces of his own and his wife's, large and handsome estates—they left the graves of these old people absolutely unmarked & unprotected. The Professors at the University got together & put up the brick enclosure now around the graves. "Farmington" property was left to a [ ] White one of "Uncle" Divers own nephews. He sold it to General Peyton who added what we used to call the "Bachelors quarters"—the long wooden extension on the left as you face the house.
He or his children sold the property to an Englishman named Miller & thro' him—strange to say—it came back into the kinsfolk of "Aunt" Divers.
This happened "thuswise". There lived
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in England a Mr [ ] Miller who was a sea captain. He had two children—a boy and a girl—Mary Miller was the girl. The elder Miller came to this Country prior to 1812 bringing his daughter with him. He came to Norfolk, then to Albemarle, & was for awhile at Monticello. He was detained here for some reason & died leaving this little girl—a stranger in a strange land.
Just below Monticello at the place now known as "Carleton", lived General Bankhead. He took this little girl & reared here— She visited around amongst neighbours, at my Grandfather's amongst other places and there met Joseph Wood a cousin of my Grandfathers. She married him & had two children Drusilla & Warner. Joseph Wood dying she married a man named [ ] Harper.
In the mean time young Miller in England worked his way up and became an eminent Engineer & a
[II 133]
man of large wealth— He was a man of high cultivation—a friend of Chas Dickens—the Hogarth's &c &c. Sometime in the forties he wrote to this Country asking if any one knew of his

father & sister & his letter was read in a large Whig Convention of which my grandfather was a member. On hearing it he got up and stated the fact that the lady in question was—as it happened—then at his house. She was then a widow for the second time. So Mr Miller then wrote over here & Cousin Mary—as we called her—and Cousin "Lou"—as Cousin Drusilla was called went over to England & remained there for eleven years. In 1858 or 59 Mr Miller came to this Country bringing them with him.
Cousin Warner—all this time remained on his farm on Moorman's River—a mile or so above Ballard's old Mill. When Mr. Miller
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came he brought with him all of his furniture—books—pictures &c having determined to make this country his permanent home. For awhile he boarded at Mr John Woods Jr's in the house which was then on the corner of Park & High Street—a house has now been built between that & on the actual corner.
He suffered horribly with the gout & was wheeled around in a roller chair, by an English servant—who left him after having been in this country less than a year.
Mr Miller bought Farmington & moved his beautiful furniture, pictures &c into it. But hardly had he become settled before a severe attack of the gout compelled him to seek a warmer climate: So he went to Charleston S.C. where he died shortly after his arrival.
Cousin Mary & Cousin Lou & Cousin Warner then occupied Farmington & as Cousin Mary was very fond
[II 135]
of Father we went there a great deal. She was a short, plump, pleasant little woman—very active & bustling & very sweet & kind. Strange to say, she occasionally dropped an "h" where it should have been sounded & sounded it, where it should have been dropped—or rather where it did not occur. Amongst Mr Miller's pictures was a superb Landseer "The Children of the Mist" a herd of deer in the mist. There were also Coopers and Leslies & several by minor artists— There were also very fine proofs of Tom Landseer's engravings of Sir Edwin's pictures. I have spent many an hour even whilst a small boy gazing on all of these pictures & tho' too young to know anything about Art, I think they gave me an education far above the average. "The Children of The Mist" went back to England after Mr Miller's
[II 136]
death, he having left the choice of any one of his pictures to a friend, who selected this. There is yet a fine engraving of the picture at Farmington. At Cousin Mary's death the property descended to Cousin Warner & Lou & so came back into the blood of "Aunt" Divers, they being descended from her father.
Cousin Mary embarassed me very much when I was a boy of about seven or eight years of age by giving me a silver quarter. It was the law of the Medes & Persians at home that none of us should accept money: So I refused it: But the old lady insisted & Father—who was in the house—waived the rule in this one instance. I held on to that quarter for many months—finally buying a "baby waker" with it, which Alfred Benson took from me & slyly slipped his knife blade into the rubber bag
[II 137]
which when blown up, made a horrible noise as the air escaped thro' a whistle. When I took it from him & proudly blew it up, the bag at once broke. I "howled" in a fashion so much more horrible than the whistle that Alfred gave me a quarter to stop. I think I spent that quarter for candy.

I visited Farmington very often in my boyhood days & after I was a young man— Indeed went there quite frequently up to the time of Cousin Mary's death. When I went to England in 1882 she gave me letters of introduction to Lady Landseer & Tom Landseer: But both had died the year before or even earlier.
I used to enjoy the books in the Library very much & poured over "Il Vaticano" the vellum bound volumes of which I handled with much care. A handsome copy of Don Quixote with Tony
[II 138]
Johannot's Illustrations, also gave me much pleasure.
Cousin Warner looked a typical English Squire—tho' I do not believe he ever went out of the State of Virginia—Plump—smooth shaven—very florid—round faced—very quiet & phlegmatic. Brief in speech—a splendid farmer & one of the neatest men I ever knew. After the death of his mother & sister, he married Maggie Woods—daughter of Jno R. Woods & sister of Micajah Woods. He was over sixty when he married, but was the Father of [ ] sons & one daughter. I asked him once if he read any novels in Mr Miller's library. "Of course not", he replied, Why they are all his". He was rather well read in history, however, but delighted more in his broad acres & fat cattle than in anything else.
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And now a new life was to dawn for me. I was to be a student. It was with a half shrinking, but very proud feeling with which I entered the Proctor's office & matriculated. The Proctor was Maj Green Peyton—a tall red faced—side whiskered gentleman—very bluff & short in his manner. I grew to like him very much & in my "grown up days" had many a drink with him. The Major's weakness was ardent spirits, but he carried an immense load of it with small evidences of the fact. An excellent business man & much liked by his friends, but not popular with the " 'oi polloi." When the Readjuster's, "readjusted" the University, he was removed & the Bank of Albemarle was organized with the Major as its Cashier. When the Demo[c]rats came back into power, the Major was reappointed & died whilst in the office.
He lived in the middle pavilion on East Range—the one now occupied
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by Rev Bev: D. Tucker (1918)
I duly matriculated & entered the "schools" of Latin—German—Mathematics & Anglo Saxon. Latin was taught by Col Wm E. Peters, who had been a gallant Confederate Soldier; wounded at Warfield in Kentucky. He was absolutely fearless: Had wounded his man in a duel during the Civil War, tho' a staunch Presbyterian of the bluest shade. His first wife was a beautiful woman & his young son—Willie—then a mere child—a beautiful boy. After his wife's death, he married her sister—not a pretty woman—& had two sons—Dr Don Peters & [ ] The Colonel was a martinet in his classroom. Insisted upon absolute order & once enforced it, by knocking one of his pupils—a man named Clarkson—down, because he would not keep order. I saw Clarkson fall, but did not see the blow. The unfortunate affair was duly made up—mutual regrets
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&c passed, but "order" was always kept in The Latin room. Colonel always spoke of The Latin. He was a tall taciturn man—and taught latin as if he was making philologists. He loved to dwell upon "constructions" and grammatical niceties. I can see him now with the long white rod with which he would pick out sentences & words & syllables on the blackboard & can hear his sharp & strident tones as he dwelt lovingly upon "Ut," (oot, as he called it) "with the subjunctive." I had been taught to pronounce Latin as English is pronounced. Colonel—during my first year used the German pronunciation, changing it somewhat in the second year. For instance, in my

first year we were taught to say.
"Tcitero" Tcaiser".
"Matcenas atavis edite regiboos" [Descended from royal ancestors]
In my second year we said Kikero
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and Kaiser and
"Makenas" edite &c.
We read a satire of Juvenal & the De Officiis of Cicero & an ode or two of Horace's, but spent most of our time over construction &c &c. Many years afterwards, when I had lost the awe in which I stood towards the Colonel, I reproached him for his neglect of the beauties of Latin Literature.
"Do you know," I said, "Colonel your teaching of Latin reminded me of a physician who would take an exquisitely beautiful woman—strip her naked, put her upon a block & with a scalpel which he used unmercifully, dissect muscle after muscle, cut down into joint after joint & say 'Gentlemen don't regard this woman's beauty: See how exquisitely that muscle works—how charmingly those bones are articulated?" "Ugh!" he replied "From what
[II 143]
I recollect, Sah! of your work in my class—I do not think you would have been able—to use your own figure of speech—to know a muscle from a bone", And the Colonel was right. I soon lost interest in his Latin & made very poor progress— But for those who wanted to be teachers & to know The Latin, the Colonel's methods were fine. My German & Anglo Saxon Professor was M. Schelé DeVere—poor old Schéle— He was a Swede by birth, but the frenchiest of the french. Dapper—dressed to kill—moustache waxed to needle points— Hair carefully dressed—Deportment à la Turveydrop (See Bleak House) precise—formal—polite to the ultimate degree—he was much laughed at—but liked & to those who would study a most excellent teacher. He became addicted to mor-
[II 144]
-phine in his latter years—having commenced to use it for some spinal trouble & had to leave the University in his old age under a cloud— He died, a very old man, in Washington—in almost abject poverty.
He wrote & published several valuable volumes "Studies in English" &c &c & was a brilliant man in many ways. He married a daughter of Alexander Rives & by her had one daughter—a lovely girl—who died young. After his first wife's death he married her sister—a very precise—"prunes & prisms" old lady—as I recall her. He occupied the second pavilion on West Lawn & was very fond of entertaining young people & used to give very pleasant dances & dinners. I was very fond of the old man & was his counsel in his last serious trouble—anonymous letter writing & prevarication—& I have always thought he might have been "let down",
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a little gently—especially in view of the reputation he had brought to the University & his long & brilliant services as Professor of Modern Languages.
My teacher in Mathematics (of which—by the way I never knew anything) was Col Charles S. Venable—a very stout, handsome man, with fine eyes & bushy head & broad beard of dark brown hair. I do not think he was a good teacher except of advanced pupils—taking for granted that his pupils knew too much & being very learned in his subject it was hard for him to understand the depths of ignorance in his scholars especially in me. He was very impatient of "slackers", and woe to the man who said "unprepared" more than once or twice. After those

"corks", the Colonel seemed to despair of ever put-
[II 146]
-ting anything into a bottle of that character & seemed to ignore the unfortunate's youth's existence.
I do not think he ever "called on me to recite—" a single time after Christmas, after I had made one or two egregious failures I do not blame him.
He had been on General R.E. Lee's staff & was as intimate as any one could be with that great man. Later on I hope to tell some of the anecdotes he told me of our beloved Chieftan—the greatest man in my opinion in all the tide of time
So behold me duly matriculated; But before I go no further with my student days I must mention with much love & affection my Sweetheart & ever dear friend Sally Knight, who came to visit us just before the session opened. During the Civil War when my Father's regiment was in Camp near Drewry's
[II 147]
Bluff Col Wm C. Knight lived at the old Colonial residence Wilton—a superb old Virginia Mansion with its thick walls secret passages &c &c. Father was invited to visit Wilton & Mother & Mary were asked to come to see him there. A friendship sprang up between the families that has lasted now into the third generation. The family was a charming one: Col Knight was a highly cultivated gentleman of ample means—a most kindly, quiet man whose natural modesty kept him from occupying a prominent place in the State. His wife was an exceedingly bright, witty woman, very deaf, but with a readiness of tongue & a quickness of repartee which was only equalled by dear old Aunt Mat: She was Colonel Knight's second wife. By his first wife he had one daughter—Jennie—who married first Clarence Danforth [Henry Delaphaine Danford] & after his death married Col Chas T. O'Ferrall for many years Congressman from this District & afterwards Governor of Virginia. I may
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say en passant, that Col O'Ferrall addressed her whilst she was on a visit at SunnySide & he came over "expressly on purpose".
By Col Knight's second marriage [to Cleverine Thomas] he had three children—Willie Wray and Sallie B. Between Sallie and my sister Mary sprang up a friendship that only death severed—they loved one another as tho' they were sisters and frequently exchanged visits. Sally's first visit to Mary was in the fall of 1870. She was then just fifteen years old, but looked two years older— Exceedingly pretty—lovely hair—bright clear complexion & a lovely tho' petite figure. Of course I fell in love with her & she reciprocated & when I entered the University I was proudly conscious that I had a sweetheart who had promised to "wait for me." We wrote to each other regularly—exchanged photographs & I have now a tress of her fair hair, put away with the treasures of
[II 149]
my youth. I believe we would have married had I felt able to do so; but I had made up my mind early in life never to marry as long as my father owed any debts & I stuck to it. We drifted quietly & without a break from our love into a warm friendship. We never had a quarrel or even a "love tiff" & today "Cousin" Sally—an old woman & a grandmother is as dear to me as tho she were of my own flesh & blood.
She married a splendid fellow Chas E. Wingo of Richmond & is the mother of five sons & one daughter. Her youngest son John whilst a student at the University was a constant visitor at SunnySide & to my own home. He is a promising young lawyer in Richmond—married & has

one child.
"Cousin" Sally hurried to Lynchburg on hearing of Mary's death. As I was leaving she said to me. "Cousin Tom, why don't you marry
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Edith Slaughter—if she will have you. She will make you a splendid wife". And then I told her that Edith & I had been engaged for nine months. She seemed overjoyed at the intelligence & was I know sincerely anxious that I should be happy. She & my dear wife became sincere friends & she has visited us more than once. We went together to the Cemetery in Charlottesville when she was here once & it gave me a strange sensation to see her putting flowers upon my little boy's grave. It was on that occasion that she laid some roses on my mother's grave and turned to me and said:" "Cousin Tom I loved your mother, as much as I did my own & I loved Mary better than any one on this earth" And I verily believe she did.
Mrs Knight's sister—a Mrs Parrish was a very handsome widow—& they used to tease mother about my father's partiality for her.
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Dear old mother used to admit that if she could be jealous of any one it was of Mrs Parrish—"for you know," she said, "I've always believed Mr Weller was right when he bade us beware of the vidders". Mrs Parrish was very attractive, & sprightly & when her sister remonstrated on her being so gay within a year after Mr Parrish's death she replied, "Why my Dear," he is just as dead as he will be ten years hence". She married later on a very grave dignified old gentleman Mr Henry B. Hudnall of Richmond. Both are long since dead.
The Knight's & the Duke's kept up their friendship & visits were constantly exchanged until old age & death came on, but no two families unconnected by blood were ever closer together in my opinion. May the friendships still existing in the third generation last through many more.
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I remained at home, with the understanding that I was to get my dinner at "Morea", on those days in which I had lectures which kept me up to, or near the dinner hour—which happened about 3 times a week. I walked across the fields, thro' a very thick wood on land which now belongs to me, then the property of Wm P. Farrish's estate. Part of these woods were the shadiest I ever knew, the trees and underbrush making a regular tunnel where the path ran thro— Even on the brightest day in summer it was dim twilight in these woods & at night it was almost impenetrable darkness. The boarders at "Morea" were. Paul Tudor Jones—a first Cousin once removed—half nephew of Lucy Bills' Armistead—his room-mate Chas A. Miller—both of Boliva Tenn: Augustus Barnes of Opelika Ala: Ed: Ballard a grandson of my father's uncle Jas Duke—of this County [ ] Patten of [ ]
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and Barnett Gibbs of Texas—a very swarthy stout young man—whose nickname was "black" Gibbs. He afterwards became quite prominent in Texas and was at one time Lieutenant Governor of that State. At the University he was quite a politician—as I will describe later on. Charles Augustus Jenkins was another boarder—a rather curious sort of a man, who is now a Baptist Preacher in Winston-Salem N.C. I believe—a very good fellow in many ways, as indeed all of these young men were. I "took to" Barnes at once & we were very good friends. We were in the German class together & I very often got up my lessons with him in that language. Tudor Jones and myself became excellent friends—as befitted near kinsmen—and the whole crowd at Morea were very congenial & I got along splendidly with them. At Gibbs' and Jones' solicitation I joined the Washington Literary

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generally known as the "Wash", just as the Jefferson Literary Society was always known as the "Jeff". There was great rivalry between these Societies & they really furnished the only "College Spirit" in the University. For strange as it may appear to the "modern" student—the "rah! rah! rah! U. <of> V. &c" man, we had no college spirit. The desire of the student was to be "a man" & to put off all boyish things. So we had no "college yell", no "college songs & indeed every student tried to look as much unlike a student as possible. I entered the Latin, German Mathematics & Anglo Saxon Schools as I have heretofore stated.
I began to make friends quite rapidly: My schoolboy's shyness wore off & I am afraid I was a rather conceited impudent youngster. I am satisfied that I was "cultivated" by a good many men in the "Wash" Society in order to get my vote for Medalist. In those days the Medalist for the
[II 155]
best debater was chosen by popular vote—as was the Final Orator & Final President & politics ran very high. The Societies were large & well attended & the only College Spirit as I have said was contained in their activities. Edw:Farrar of New Orleans, since a very distinguished Lawyer in New Orleans & Fergus Graham of [ ] were candidates for the Medal in the "Wash". I was solicited by the friends of both sides, but finally voted for Farrar. Gibbs was Candidate for Final President & was elected.
Sometime during the Fall as I was walking up the brick pavement towards the Rotunda I was joined by John Frost Walker of South Carolina whom I knew slightly. He informed me that I had been elected a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity & wanted to know if I would accept an invitation
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to join. I promptly accepted as I had been much taken with the Society's Badge & some pictures I had seen of its members. Little did I know then what that acceptance meant to me. It did more for my future career in life than anything else I can now imagine. For to it I owe my wife & thro' her my connection with Kountze & thro' him to the small competency which now assures me of an old age of modest & serene comfort—I trust. For the members of my "Club"; We called them "Clubs" in my college days, soon began to visit "Sunny Side" and after I left the University they continued to visit there. Saml G. Slaughter of Lynchburg joined the Fraternity in 1881 whilst his Sister Edith was at Edge Hill He was in the habit of coming to SunnySide where my sister was one of the attractions. He brought his sister to visit my sister. The visit was returned in Lynchburg and Dr
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Charles Slaughter fell in love with my sister & they were married: I returned the compliment & fell in love with his sister & we were married. My wife's Father recommended me to Luther Kountze in 1888 as a young Lawyer ready to work up titles in West Virginia. Kountze retained me & that led to my long association with him, & my taking stock in the Ohio & Big Sandy Coal Company & from the sale of part of its property in 1917 my wife from her Father's estate's share in it & I from my share are rendered independent. So to my Fraternity I owe my wife & thro' her my fortune—but of it all she is the best treasure I have ever received.
I was duly initiated just before Christmas* (* November 6 1870—) in a room in the old Midway Building which stood on the site of the present Midway public school. Walter G. Charlton of
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Savannah Georgia was the other goat. Fraternities were then conducted in a much more modest & unpretensious manner than of late years. There was an immense amount of secrecy about all

their proceedings. They had no houses—& the room they rented & their hours of meeting were studiously concealed— My fraternity did not meet until 10 o'clock at night & I would steal away from my room or my friends as if I was bent on a burglary the night the "Club" met.
The room was plainly furnished—the regalia of the simplest kind—ours with the stands & other paraphinalia had been bought from the Chapter at Chapel Hill N.C. when the University there was closed in Reconstruction days. Most of the members were North Carolinians at first. I think I was very fortunate in my "Club"—not only for the rea-
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-sons I have given, but for the men it made me associate with. They were Geo: M. Smedes of Raleigh N.C. long since dead: Wm L. Whitaker of Texas a very tall taciturn man—now dead. S.F. Mordecai of Charleston S.C. now a prominent lawyer there. J.D. Smith of N.C. of whom I know nothing now: H.L. Staton of N.C. with whom I was quite intimate—a very nice dressy fellow with charming manners. He is Clerk of a North Carolina Court & I met him about 20 years ago in Washington—a little dried up old man—but with the same pleasant ways of "lang syne". Walter G. Charlton, with whom I was very intimate—a charming intellectual fellow—of Savannah Georgia— He became very prominent in Georgia & was Solicitor General & then Judge of a Savannah Court— He too has gone over to the majority. We never met after our University days were over, but kept up a
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desultory correspondence & used to send messages to one another up to the day of his death. I met his wife & a daughter—a sweet pretty girl who became a hopeless lunatic. His son—was a scapegrace—whom I helped out of trouble here & who was very dissipated & I think not very strong minded.
E.J. Lilly was another Zete of that year. A handsome pleasant fellow— He and I kept up a correspondence, but I have lost track of him now.
The member who pledged me was John Frost Walker—"Jack Frost" as we called him—one of the best kindest hearted men I ever knew. He remained in Charlottesville for a year or so after I commenced the practice of the law: Married Nannie Flannagan—daughter of B.C. Flannagan of this place & his son Geo: E. Walker is now a practicing lawyer here. Dear
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old "Worthless" as his nickname was—we were close & intimate friends—have met now & then on his visits here & I have a tender spot in my heart for him always.
Of course my fraternity mates were my intimates, but I made many friends outside of its ranks. I am afraid I did not study very hard, but I had a "good time" & enjoyed college life immensely. It was a vastly different life to what it became later. We were treated as men & did what we pleased—so long as we behaved like gentleman— The only rule of the University, was that you were not allowed to "cut", that is absent yourself from more than three lectures in any one class in one month. If your did, you were summoned before the faculty & had to give a good reason for you absence. Of course if you were sick or absent
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with leave, you were not within the penalty of the law.
Men then did everything possible to avoid looking like students. We had no college yell—no college songs—tho' of course we sang a great many of the old standbyes— Football was an entirely impromptu affair & from fifty to a hundred men engaged in it. Base-ball was played & once or twice a year a match game was had with Washington & Lee (then Washington College) & the V.M.I.

Dikes & Calathumps were the only "amusements", in which the students in a body took part & it is hardly correct to speak of these amusements as being taken in a body by the students: Sometimes ten—twenty or thirty students would start a dike or calathump & as a snow ball grows in rolling down a hill, so the crowd frequently grew as the procession
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passed until often a hundred or more students engaged in the "fun". A "dike" was a fiendish affair. Any man who put on his best clothes was said to be "on a dike", & when a poor devil arrayed himself in his best clothes & started at night to visit his best girl a lot of fellows would rush out with improvised torches, making the night hideous with shouts & ringing of bells & beating of tin blowers or pans & escort the unfortunate "dikee" to the door of his "best girl". The crowd would swell as he went along & the solitary policeman in Charlottesville would take to cover. The impromptu torches often shed grease on the poor fellows clothes & that was the bad part of it. Clothes were scarce & came high in those days.
Calathumps were simply a noisy
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crowd which went in procession from the University to Charlottesville & thro' the Main Street—blowing horns—beating tin pans & yelling furiously. Unfortunately a good many of the "Calathumpers" used to imbibe very freely & often misbehaved themselves outrageously. I never was in but one & was very much ashamed of myself for that— The crowd went down Main Street—running over the Police & wound up at Prof: Hart's Female School—Saint Anne's has succeeded it. Prof Hart came out wildly excited & as soon as he could be heard, yelled out, "Gentlemen I pray you to desist: "One of my lady boarders has fainted & another is about to faint". This was irresistible & with a shout & cheer the crowd returned to the University.
There was a good deal of drinking amongst some of the students— Not before I believe than would
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be found among six hundred young men assembled anywhere— But the vast majority of the students were hard working, plodding fellows. The Faculty of my day were superb men: Giants's intellectually & to know & associate with them was an education in itself. Dr Cabell: Dr Minor—Dr Davis: Holmes: McGuffey Gildersleeve: Venable: Francis Smith: Mallet—Schele—Peters—Harrison They were men: great teachers—splendid exemplars—Oh! quantum mutatus ab illo (1918) [Oh! how much has changed from earlier time Virgil Aeneid] Dr Socrates Maupin—old "Soc" as the boys called him had been everything a man & teacher ought to have been, but was failing very much in 1870. He was Chairman of the Faculty when I matriculated, but was killed by a fall from an omnibus in Lynchburg in Octo 1870 I think. Dr Cabell was very handsome—tall—stern—grave— Of all the Faculty he was the only one who
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had no nickname. There was "Guff" & "John B" & old "Pete" &c &c, but it was always "Doctor" Cabell. Most of the Professors were very hospitable & entertained the students during the session & at the "Finals" kept open house. Schèle used to give pleasant dances & dinner parties. There was a delightful feeling of friendliness between the Professors & students never verging on familiarity, and we all felt that the members of the Faculty were our friends. The "honour system" in those days needed no "honour committee" or anything of the kind. A student had to be as to "examinations" like Caesar's wife, above suspicion—or leave the University.
My first session at the University there were two bar rooms right at the gates— One in a brick building now gone, just above the Anderson building—the other at Ambroselli's—in a yellow

wooden building which stood on the corner of 14th & Main
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Streets— Main Street has been cut down to allow the undergrade crossing. In the old days the railroad crossing was at grade with the street & "Ambro's" as we called it not a stone's throw from the track. Fourteenth Street was "non-est" [not established]. Back of Ambro's was a field & the only house then in that field was the "Blue Cottage", which stood on the site of the house now owned by Peyton. Some of the old oak trees that shadowed it are now in situ. Life was quite primitive in those days. The Boarding House keepers furnished the room & board for $20 a month—students brought their own coal & those who did not have gas in their rooms used Kerosene lamps—which with the oil, they themselves, furnished. Bathrooms were few & far between— A tin "hat" tub & cold water were our morning means of bathing, but once or twice a week
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our janitor brought in kettles of hot water & we had warm baths—tho' I must say the morning tub was the exception—not the rule. The food was good—plain, but plentiful & good. Twice a week we had dessert & those days were known as "Boss days—"Boss", being the slang work for dessert. Students never hesitated to bring in a fellow student to a meal & often to share a bed & the boarding house keepers never "kicked" or made an extra charge—as the exchange of meals about evened it up. There were three so called Hotels—boarding houses rented to persons who furnished the rooms on the Lawn & Ranges & had a certain number of the occupants of these rooms assigned them as boarders. One kept by Henry L. Massie was on the Northern end of West Range. The Misses Ross kept the one on the Southern end of the same Range & Wm L. Jefferies—the old
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saddle & harness maker—kept the only one on East Range—at the Southern end thereof— The Misses Ross were gentlefolk in reduced circumstances— They lived in the house next to their large dining room & were noted for their good fare.
Henry L. Massie—afterwards Post Master lived in the house at the Northern end of West Range—his dining hall fronting North & on the east side of the house. Both it & the Ross dining room are now Chemical Laboratories I believe. Massie had too beautiful daughters—Susie—who died young & Loula [Lulie] who was a great belle & who at the time of her death was engaged to "Alph" Thom—now A.P. Thom a prominent railroad lawyer. Each boarding house—as I have said,—had a part of the Lawn and Range assigned to them— Dawson's Row was assigned to the Misses
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Ross. There was one curious thing about Dawson's Row which lasted all the time I was at the University and for several years after and that was the characteristics of the students in the different houses. These houses were numbered—commencing with the house on the East, which was just next to the last house occupied by the Chaplain—or I should have said "lettered.—"A. B. C. D E & F". House "A", right next to the Chaplains, always had the toughest lot of fellows in it. To say that a man lived in House "A" meant that he was a wild—hard-drinking—card playing chap— House "B" was better & as you approached "Monroe Hill"—as the group of buildings near the house in which Thornton, now (1918) lives, together with that house was called—the men became more studious. Carr's hill—a row of buildings where the President's home now stands, had also
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a lot of "gay boys" on it, but by no manner of means as gay as House "A". I had many friends on Carr's Hill, but never very many in House "A". Whitaker and his brother, the latter afterwards a Zete—lived on Carr's hill. Most of my Fraternity mates boarded at Dr McKennie's on what is now upper Main Street—the house Livers now lives in—and I used to take many a meal there—Dr McKennie's mother—was Uncle Bob Rodes' sister, so I was always assured of a warm welcome— It was at that house I first saw iced tea & it being in decanters I thought it was sherry & was rather taken aback when I tasted it. It was not then considered an "Awful Sin" to have wine on the table & Dr Schélé always had it at his dinners— At home whenever any of the boys came over to see me, we had our toddies or in season our Mint Juleps & my
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own dear mother—the best of women—always sent the decanter & sugar & ice to the office in the yard when I came over with any of my friends. I never saw any one of them, even to the slightest degree under the influence of liquor at our house & I believe if young men had been raised as we were to have our toddies at home—less drunkeness would have been the result.
Dr Marcellus McKennie—"M. McKennie M.D." as he styled himself—never practiced his profession, but took up the business his father C.P. McKennie established at the University—i.e. running the University Bookstore—"established in 1825". It is gone now—the old bookstore—which stood on the site of what is now known as the "Chancellor Building" "Doc" as we called him, was a large, bluff, kindhearted man—An only son—badly spoiled I think I was very fond of him & in later years he & I became very intimate
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associates in Free Masonry.
He presided over the foot of Cousin Hetty's table—was a good carver—a good liver & entirely too fond of good whiskey. He had two sons—Cummings—and George & two daughters Annie & Hetty. Cummings & Annie were older than I, George about my age & Hetty probably a year younger. Cummings was a rude—boisterous bluff boy & man—big hearted—amiable & kindly. George had a terrible fall on the ice whilst skating, when he was about sixteen years of age & it really left him unable to do much study. With him originated the story that has been told of so many men— For it really happened & I heard it but a very short while after it occurred. Prof Beck—a brilliant erratic German was Professor of Civil Engineering. He was a very odd, curious sort of a man & constantly said, both in his
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lectures & private conversation, as an interjectory remark "Sirree! do you understand". On one occasion he asked George McKennie—"Sirree McKennie do you understand? Tell me the cause of the Aurora Borealis: George scratched his head— "Well! really, Professor," he said" I did know, but I've forgotten. "Gracious Heavens!" cried Beck, "what a loss to Science. The only man who ever knew the cause of the Aurora Borealis, has forgotten it."
And speaking of Beck, I was in his lecture room, when a little Creole from New Orleans, was whispering over his desk to his brother who sat in front of him. Beck was lecturing, but Turpin spoke so loud he heard him. Wheeling around with the chalk in his hand—he had been demonstrating—he cried out sharply: "Sirree Toorpan—vat a pity your ears are not as long as dose of de
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animal you resemble, so dat you could converse across your desk, vidout disturbing my class". Turpin was not very bright & Beck made quite a butt of him. On one occasion, they told me, he was examining Turpin on some problem in higher mathematics. He soon saw "Toorpan," as he

called him, was out of his depth, so he deliberately went on making the most absurb algebraic calculations on the Blackboard & rapidly firing leading questions at him, to all of which "Toorpan", was responding very glibly "Yes! Yes! Oh! Yes Professor—Certainly! Very true" & having gotten him to readily assent to problems absolutely absurb & impossible, he wheeled on him. "Sirree Toorpan, do you understand you are a fool", & went on to the next student. Poor Turpin stood dumb in his tracks until
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Beck looked at him with a twinkle in his eye. "Sit down—Toorpan—Sit down— There are others just as bad in the class, but they are not so glib with their tongues". And "Toorpan" sat.
For a number of years Mrs Beck was childless—to the Professor's great chagrin. Finally under the advice of Dr John Staige Davis she went to the Hospital & underwent some operation. About a year later she presented the Professor with a fine boy. Old Beck was in McKennie's bookstore shortly after the birth of this son & was being congratulated by several ladies, to his evident delight & at the same time confusion. Just then Doctor Davis entered the store. Beck rushed at him, seized him by the hand, shook it vigorously & yelled out. "Not me Ladies— Not me— All the congratulations are to the Doctor, dear, here. He
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is responsible for dat baby".
Doctor Davis used to say, that he never knew exactly how he got out of the store
Better had this boy never have been born. He grew up—a brilliant fellow, but got into bad company—became a theif and wound up in a Penitentiary in one of the Northern States.
But to return to the McKennies. Cummings was not brilliant tho' a good fellow in every way—Dear old Doctor got on one awful spree one night & fell in a ditch very near home. Several of the boys pried him out & as they were escorting him to the gates, he burst into tears. "Oh! boys! boys!" he wailed—"I think I am the d—ndest fool in the world," and then he paused—"except my son Cummings". Just over the arch way which connected & still connects the old
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McKennie house with the building to the west, used for student rooms—was a room with two windows. The room could only be entered from the Doctor's bed-room— He called it his "study", but no one was ever allowed to enter it. As a matter of course it was considered a very mysterious apartment & one night a lot of us got a ladder & put it against the window sill & Jack Frost Walker mounted the ladder, raised the window, went in & came back with this report. "The study has in it—One chair—one sofa—one table one glass & a large demi-john of excellent whisky".
Doctor McKennie had been at the Virginia Military Institute with my Father—graduated high in his class & like my father married in Lexington—his wife being a Miss Cummings. He was considered a very promising young
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man, but never did more than promise. But like Cummings he was kind hearted & true & I got to love the old man. He died when I was in Kentucky on one of my trips for the coal companies & I heard of his death in a little place in Martin County called Eden. I could not keep back a tear & am not ashamed of it. His bookstore was a favorite resort of mine & I used to "loaf" there a great deal. As I bought all of my books from him he never minded my use of the store & my habit of pulling down & reading many of the books whilst I stood at the shelves. Our intimacy then commenced continued & as I grew into manhood & older we were warm friends. Cummings & I too were good friends up to the day of his death & George & I were intimate friends.

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My Father was elected to fill out the vacancy caused by the death of Robt Ridgway in the 41st Congress & at the same time was elected for the full term of the 42nd Congress. He was sworn in as a member in December 1870 & a curious episode in this connection will show what miserable hounds the Republicans were in that day & what dirty dogs our carpet baggers & scalawags were. A favorite dodge of the Republicans in Congress in those days in the attempt to keep out the Democratic members from the South, was to raise some technical objection to the members credentials—refer them to the Committee on credentials & keep them there on one prextext after another until the term of the Congress was about to end. They then reported favourable—they could not have the infinite mean-ness to do otherwise—the member was sworn in—probably on the last day of the term—and tho' he drew
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his entire salary—his vote was lost to his party. This trick was tried on my Father. Rives contested his election: That was universal on the part of the Republicans who were defeated in the South, as under the rule as it then stood they were allowed a considerable sum to "carry on" the contest.
Rives had no earthly ground for any contest—but he needed the money. Even the most partizan Republican could find no ground by any means whatever to sustain a contest. But a dirty little carpet bagger who misrepresented the Norfolk District thought he had worked out a scheme to refer Father's credentials to the Committee & keep him out of his seat in the usual way. When Father's credentials were presented this little wretch, Jas H. Platt, Jr, was his name called attention to the fact that they read "R.T.W.
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Duke was elected" &c. With great gravity he insisted that they should have read "duly elected" and were therefore defective & should go to the Committee for investigation. It was at once shown that the word "duly" had never been used in any certificate of election for any member from Virginia at any time; but the poor little creature insisted on his motion. Blaine, who was then Speaker put the motion & declared it lost. A division was called for & the members stood. Blaine again declared the motion lost & said, "The member from Virginia will come forward & be sworn in" Blaine afterwards told Father that as the standing vote the motion was really carried, but that he did not propose to let such a contemptible dirty piece of work go through & he knew the members would be ashamed to ask for a roll call. Blaine & Father became very good friends
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and Father admired his talent and owned to his wonderful magnetism, but always said he was not a high man & decidedly tricky. He stopped over in Charlottesville on one occasion after Father & I became partners & paid him a visit of an hour or so between trains.
Before Father went off to Washington he called me in his office and giving me some money, said to me. "My Son, you are now going to be treated as a man, as young as you are. I want you to behave like one and always remember that you are a gentleman. You are going to have many temptations & may yield to some of them. I am not going to ask you to do this thing or that thing or to refrain from this or that. I always want you to be clean & honest and upright, but there is only one thing I cannot forgive and that is a
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lie. You may drink & be a gentleman: you may play cards & be a gentleman: you may do many other things you ought not to do & be a gentleman; but you cannot lie & be a gentleman. So

always tell me and every other man the truth no matter how it hurts. Remember that I am your best friend and never hesitate to come to me no matter how large or small your trouble and tell me the truth always." And I always did. I went to him always no matter what I had done & I found him always the kindest, truest, wisest, most sympathetic counsellor. He never found fault: He listened: he asked few questions and them frankly advised or admonished. In the long years of intimate connection as father & son & as law partners we grew into the sweetest, tenderest most beautiful relationship. I loved him and admired him as I did no other man & I love him still. Heaven
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would not be Heaven with out him & from him I learned what the Fatherhood of God means and try to love God & trust God as I loved and trusted him.
Mother went to Washington with Father & she kept all of my letters of the Fall & Spring of that session & I have them now. Very gushing—youthful letters they are & reading one to my wife some time ago I said, "Isn't that just like a letter of Walkers"? In the month of February 1871 I had the great pleasure of being allowed to take one or two days off and spend them in Washington with Father. He and mother boarded with a Mr & Mrs Anderson in their house on the northern side of Judiciary Square. Mr Anderson was a Clerk in the Post Office Department I think—certainly in one of the Departments. He was a man to whom the term "lovely"
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could be well applied. A gentle, kindly, guiless old gentleman, the narrow horizon of whose life never ventured two hundred miles from Washington. He was born in that City; When old enough became a page in the Senate—then a Government Clerk & a Government Clerk he remained until discharged—I think under Arthur's regime. He did not survive his discharge six weeks. "Just died of a broken heart" his wife said. He had accumulated nothing & would have been dependent upon charity had he lived.
He came down the following summer & spent his vacation at SunnySide & no man ever enjoyed a visit more. He gave father a gold headed cane which I now have. A great many people to whom he did favours in his department used to send him canes— He had half a dozen handsome gold headed ones. "I wish", he pathetically remarked as he gave this one to Father-
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"that they had sent me barrels of flour instead".
His wife was a stout nice old lady who must have been a beauty in her day. She came of a good family & was a "thoroughbred" in her manner—never anything, however but gentle and kindly. The couple was childless, so they adopted a girl—I think Mrs Anderson's niece, whom I scarcely remember. Her name was Josie & I do not think I recall anything else about her. A young French woman—Miss Prudhomme lived with them—half protegé—half parlour boarder. She taught french to various pupils & was a pleasant nice woman.
Mother had very little to do with the "political society" of Washington—which in those days was badly mixed. She got in with the old Georgetown aristocrats, who held themselves quite above the common herd & very properly so. One
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of her intimate friends was a Mrs [ ] Beatty—a superbly handsome old woman with magnificent white hair, a clear complexion & the carriage of of a queen. They say that in her younger days she had an audience with the Pope. She positively declined to lower her veil as his Holiness came down the line and an officious Chamberlain was urging her doing so, when the Pope drew nigh.

With a benevolent smile the old man checked the official. “Nay! Daughter” he said. “God has made you so beautiful, surely his poor servants ought not to be deprived of the sight of His fair creation”; He then asked her name & hotel & the next day a superb set of cameos came to her with the Pope’s best wishes & blessing. Little did he imagine to what use his gift would be applied. Mrs Beatty was Presbyterian of the strictest type—and a
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Southern Presbyterian at that. Of course there was no Southern Presbyterian Church in Washington but Mrs Beatty & other Southerners got up one & Mother visited with them. They organized in an “upper room” and called the Revd Dr Pitzer as their Pastor and Mrs Beatty sold her cameos & applied the purchase money to the purchase of a communion service. Under Dr Pitzer’s charge the Church grew & outgrew its “upper room”. There is now a handsome Southern Presbyterian Church in Washington and President Wilson attends it.
Dr Pitzer remained its Pastor until a very few years ago. In Decbr 1899 when I spoke with Presdt McKinley at Mount Vernon Dr Pitzer wrote me a very nice note of congratulation, tho’ I had not seen him since <1871>. His wife was a Miss McClenahan
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of Roanoke & had a sister visiting her when I came to Washington & we had quite a pleasant flirtation & exchanged a few letters.
Some ten years ago I was going thro’ Roanoke & saw a woman with snow white hair dressed most elaborately in purple velvet & with a big picture hat adorned with white feathers. Her back was towards me & I noticed a slim waist & rather girlish figure— I felt somewhat disgusted at seeing an old woman as I thought so youthfully dressed & pinching in her waist; Shortly after I walked into my seat in the Pullman & in it was my “old woman”—a beautiful girl of about 20 with a complexion like milk & roses—a regular beauty—with snow white hair. Of course I got into conversation with her & found she was Bessie McClenahan’s half sister. Bessie had married & died when this young lady was a
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little girl—“so small”, she said, “I just remember her”. She told me her hair turned white with no earthly reason she knew of—just began to have streaks thro’ it & then almost of a sudden became as I saw it. “I know, I’m a freak”, she said “but I will not dye it.” “Heaven forbid,” I said “for you are one of the freaks which enchant men”. She laughed & said “I had not forgotten to be a flatterer”. But I was no flatterer— She was beautiful & very sweet and pleasant— She explained her elaborate costume by saying she was going to the next station to some entertainment & she soon got off. I have never seen her since.
But to return to Washington. It was a queer old set Mother went with. Folks who had great-grandparents & even further back & who looked with infinite
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scorn on the rabble that made up the political set. I used to tease Mother a good deal about a remark I heard her make when somebody asked her about going with Father to the President’s (Grant’s) reception. “Well!”, she said “Walker wants me to go & I suppose I must, but you know the Grant’s are really rather common people & oh! what a set they tell me you are forced to meet there.” She only went once.
Washington was then a rather crude place. They were paving Pennsylvania Avenue with wooden blocks when I first saw it & the terraces on the South side of the Capitol were not built. This “front” of the Capitol was very bleak & bare & an ugly twisting stairway had to be climbed to enter from that direction. And the Congress & Society was about as tough a set as one cares to

see. The Southern States were
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mostly represented by Carpet baggers & scalawags & negroes— In the Senate Hiram R. Revels [ ] were negroes— Ben: Butler represented Massachusetts in part. Garfield was in the house & he & Father had a little spat one day discussing the South. The Lobby was in great force—and amongst its members were a good many very handsome & flashy women.
Liquor was freely sold in both House & Senate Restaurants, as it was until only a few years ago, and the sight of a man "under the influence" was very frequent and scarcely created any notice. The rules of the House were not so strict then & the Son of a member was allowed to go on the floor of the house at will. I went on the floor several times & sat in father's seat or any other seat that happened to be vacant near him. Ben Butler once came
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up to where I was sitting & put his hand on my shoulder. The way I "wiggled" from under the hated touch would have amused him no doubt had he noticed it, but he was intent on what some one was saying & paid no attention to me or my movements.
In the same house in which Father & Mother boarded Philetus Sawyer his wife & two daughters boarded also. Philetus had gone out west he said, with his axe on his shoulder & his wife cooked for him. He was then a millionaire & afterwards United States Senator from [ ]. A plain old man & his wife a plain, tall <rathered> hard featured, but pleasant kindly woman. The youngest daughter was quite pretty, but the oldest plain. The old man one day told the girls that they were "no account". That unlike their mother they did not know how to cook a decent meal.
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Thereupon the girls got breakfast for him & his wife & a very good breakfast it was. On telling him that they had prepared the breakfast, he laughingly said he did not believe it & that they must cook breakfast the next morning & do as their mother did, wait on the table & then sit down & eat their own breakfast. They did so, and when they sat down & turned over their plates there was a check for twenty thousand dollars under each girls plate.
Some fifteen or more years ago I attended a meeting of the Shriners in Washington made memorable by the fact that Admiral Schley was initiated & I sat by quite an old man, whom some one said was ex-senator Sawyer. So I spoke to him & told him who I was. He at once spoke of Father in the nicest way & said he remembered my Mother & Father with the greatest pleas-
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-ure.
We used to tease mother a good deal about going to the Theatre just to please Father. Being a Presbyterian of the old school, the Theatre was looked upon as an "abomination of desolation". But after going with Father several times she became quite reconciled & being fond of music used to attend the Opera regularly when ever there was Opera in Washington. During this visit I saw my first Opera—Trovatore— Emma Abbot being the soprano and Tom Maas the tenor. I do not think I ever heard a sweeter voice than Maas—& that this was not a youthful fancy was proven to me when in the summer of 1882 I heard him sing in the great Albert Hall in London in Concert with Adelaide Nillson— I have heard, I can safely say, the greatest tenors of the last thirty odd years. De Retzke—Caruso—Dalmorès
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Alvany &c &c, but I have never heard a voice that moved me as much as Maas'. He sang a little falsetto it is true, but I like that. Nillson sang also & what a gorgeous voice she had. One number

was Handel's "Let the bright seraphim," with a trumpet obligato. I never imagine I will hear anything sublimer until I hear "the bright seraphim in shining row &c &c" That was a memorable day. Nillson & Maas in the afternoon & at night in Covent Garden Patti in Il Barbiére. Nillson sang "Way down upon the Swanee River" as an encore, and Patti "Home, sweet home". I wept profusely at both, for they suggested home & I was homesick, all by myself in London.
C.D. Fishburne & Louis T. Hanckel were in father's office during the winter of 1870-71 helping Mr Jones. My sister
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Mary was at "Buckeyeland" at Uncle Gilmers being taught by Miss "Lou" Armstrong. Bob & Dan Towles—who had been living with us went to Hanover Academy in 1870-71
I remember in 1871 a snow-storm followed by sleet—it was in January—then a severe cold snap & the snow became a mass of ice. I had to walk to the University the morning after the freeze & it took me nearly two hours to do so, as I would repeatedly slide back the whole length of a hill I had just climbed, sometimes falling down & rolling over & over to the bottom.
I took dinner at Morea & going to lecture after dinner Tudor Jones who was walking behind me caught hold of my cape & made me pull him up the hill, I did so patiently until near the top, when I unbuttoned
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the cape & down the hill Tudor went the cape in his hand. He came very near landing in the University Pond.
I recall a big dinner father gave in the Spring when he came home for a few days. Col R.R. Prentis B. Johnson Barbour—Green Peyton: Woods Garth—Dr. McKennie, Mr Jas D. Jones & about a half a dozen more were guests & the fun was fast & furious. Col Prentis was on a pledge not to take over one drink a day—so he mixed a huge toddy & when he had drunk it half way down would set it on the mantel piece & one of the party would fill it up. Dr. McKennie got very full & went at Johnson Barbour with a carving Knife, but was disarmed. He fell down in a ditch going home & had to be prized out with fence rails. In one
[II 200]
of my letters I mentioned the fact that the Doctor was deeply repentant of his "evil behaviour". Dear old Doc:
Col Prentis had been for many years Proctor of the University but at that time had commenced the practice of law in Charlottesville. He bought the "Valentine" house on Park Street & added the Mansard roof now on it. He was the father of Robt R. Prentis, my old friend now on the Supreme Court Bench.
It was during the Spring of 1871 that our neighbour F.B. Moran married & bought his bride to the house Geo: Sinclair had built & to which he added, on the farm between SunnySide & Capt H. Clay Michie's. Mrs Moran was a Miss Blackburn—a handsome woman—several years older than Moran—the greatest talker I ever knew & decidedly "Keerless" with the truth.
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And now before going on with the period of 70-74 I shall make an interlude and write of the Neighbourhood.
It was a charming neighbourhood. There is no doubt of that & composed of people belonging to a generation we will never see again—altho' all of them were not to "the manner born." Our nearest neighbour was F.B. Moran—a New Yorker who father was a Belgian—whose mother was a Philadelphian & he a Cosmopolitan. He was educated in Lausanne—had lived in Texas &

in Clarke County Va where he met the lady who subsequently became his wife. He came to Albemarle in 1869 and bought from George Sinclair the Farm right across the public road towards the North. He added to the house Sinclair had built & was a gay wild fellow whom we all liked very much. His marriage did not change
[II 202]
him much. Mrs Moran was a very excitable woman & did not improve as she grew older;
Our next nearest neighbours were the Brown's—A.J's family who lived at "Rugby"—The Rosser place— There were six "girls". Bettie—a grave tall woman, who married a Dr Moses & moved to Knoxville: Susie—a gay wild girl—who married a student named Staley: Lilly who was the beauty of the family & married Frank Moore, son of the Revd Mr Moore of Richmond—who was one of the wildest men at the University—went to Germany—graduated there at one of the Universities—came back & became a Presbyterian Minister—as his Father was & was a very popular & eloquent preacher in Louisville Ken: He left the Church on account of his views as to the observance of Sunday—he believing in a Continental
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Sunday—went to New York to practice Law & died there after a few years a very much disappointed man. Maggie the fourth girl was a brown eyed beauty who was lame from the effects of a white swelling— She married Huck of Texas— Cornelia & Willie were quite young in the 70s— Cornelia died in the lunatic asylum— Willie married Dr Dold—now of New York—& died leaving two sons— There were five boys— Jim: now in Texas— Andrew who died in Texas— Lewis—of whom I have spoken & Charlie who is now (1919) in the freight office in Charlottesville.
Mrs Brown was a Miss Minor & a distant kinswoman of Father's— We always called her "Cousin Bettie". She & her husband got along very badly. He was an ill tempered man & she a high strung woman.
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He was much in debt & Rugby had to be sold in [ ]. They subsequently separated & were very bitter towards one another.
It was a gay household. All were musical & when Moore & Moses were at the University they & the girls would walk over to SunnySide with guitars & sing— How I remember those old songs—"Loreena" "Rock me to Sleep Mother" "The Vacant Chair" &c &c.
Cousin Bettie played dance music remarkably well their house was a favorite resort for impromptu dances. Ivy Cottage—the residence of Major & Mrs Jones I have already spoken of. Just across from it lived Wm H. Inloes—a very quiet excentric Marylander. He had been with Harry Gilmore in the Confederate Army & so was older than either Moran or Willie, but always ready for a bit of fun or a spree. I remember on one occasion in Char-
[II 205]
-lottesville, we had been taking a good deal of the cup that cheers as well as inebriates & about 12 midnight went to the Old "Stage Yard", which then occupied the greater part of the Square in rear of the City Hall & my brother & an ex-federal soldier—a very large man got into an altercation. The Yankee remarked that if Willie had not been such a small man he would have hit him: Thereupon Will swelled up & told him "Never mind my size. Just hit away!" Then Inloes walked up. "You had better be careful", he said very solemnly, "I've seen a much smaller man than he, kill a Yankee "deadever" than hell." Upon this hint our friend fled & we all rode home in a fine humour.
One of the most charming families was that of the Goodyears—who came in 1868 and bought

the old Jewry place—where
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Senator Martin resides now (1919). Judge Chas Goodyear was a splendid old fashioned gentleman from Ithaca—New York. He had been a member of Congress & Circuit Judge & was a gentleman of refinement, education & good breeding. His wife a gentle sweet old lady. But his daughters-in-law were two of the handsomest women I ever saw. Mrs Charles (Eirene) was a Miss King—whose father was a Presbyterian Missionary in Greece & her mother a Greek, who lived up to some thirty years ago. She was superbly handsome.
Mrs Geo: (Elizabeth) was a Miss Briscoe of Philadelphia & as a family of Briscoes had intermarried with the Baldwins, who had intermarried with Mother's family I at once claimed kin. "Cousin Libby", I called her & so she remained to the end. She too was superbly handsome. I never saw two more beautiful women.
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Mrs Charles had two children—Charlie & Mary—the latter became very intimate with my sister & indeed there was a constant interchange of visits between the families.
Mary & I became intimate friends & still remain so. She married an Englishman named McNeale—had two sons & McNeale dying she came back here to live. She afterwards married Louis Smoot of Alexandria & Washington & our friendship has lasted up to date. She was a pretty girl & is a very handsome woman now—1919.
Mr Woods Garth lived at Birdwood—where Hollis Rinehart now lives—& was a type of the old Virginia fox-hunting—hard-drinking Squire— His wife was not exactly of our set, but a good fine woman & Birdwood was the seat of a hospitality such as exists no longer.
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I paste here two pictures of this charming old place as it was when I first knew it— The house & the Avenue leading to the Road.
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And speaking of Judge Goodyear & Mr Garth reminds me of the trial of Mr Garth for the killing of Updike. My father was Attorney for the Commonwealth & had been & continued to be Mr Garth's intimate friend, altho' he prosecuted him as vigorously as if he had never known him. Updike & Mr Garth were neighbours & no man was ever a better neighbour than Mr Garth. It being before Mr Garth's mother's death, he was living at "Chestnut Ridge" where Calhoun now lives. Updike who was a "Valley Dutchman" was a tall powerful man—high tempered & not of a very neighbourly disposition. They had some trifling dispute about a plant bed & it grew into a bitter quarrel. One April Court day in 1869 they met on the corner of Main & Fifth Streets & got into an altercation. Updike knocked
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Mr Garth down & as fast as he got up continued to knock him down. Mr Garth opened a spaying knife in his pocket & rising on his knees cut Updike across the abdomen, & also stabbed Updike's brother who ran in to part them. Had the wound been given today, when abdominal surgery is so advanced & anti-septics used, Updike would probably have recovered; but the wound became infected—peritonitis set in & Updike died. Mr Garth begged to be allowed to see him before he died, but Updike refused. Mr Garth started to my Father's office to have him defend him, but as his foot was on the doorstep remembered that Father was Attorney for the Commonwealth.
The trial was held before the old examining Court—three justices. Judge Goodyear being the presiding Justice & Jesse Jones & Mr Jas Lobban associates.

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Mr Garth was kept in jail & the trial excited an immense interest. My father was devoted to Mr Garth & Mr Garth to him, and so the people who knew this sympathised very much with father, but—as might be expected watched his conduct of the case with deep interest. If any thought he would fail or ever falter in his duty they were grievously dissappointed. Never was a case pressed with greater strength and vigour, or with greater fairness. I heard his closing speech, and shall never forget the dramatic incident that then took place. Mr Garth's mother had died during the trial & he had been allowed to attend her funeral in the custody of the Sheriff. Of course the deepest sympathy was felt for him, but there was an undercurrent of ill feeling amongst people of Updike's class.
As I have stated my Father
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conducted the case with wonderful ability and skill—so I have been told—and yet with absolute fairness— His closing argument was very strong, forceful and eloquent. In the midst of it Mr Garth, who was sitting just behind him bowed over in his chair and buried his face in a great red bandana handkerchief & was evidently sobbing. My Father—for some reason turned around & saw him & stopped in his speech. He stood quietly a moment & then walked out of the Court House. Not a person stirred: The Justices sat silent and unmovable. Father went back of the Court House & for five minutes wept like a child— He then returned to the Court House with traces of tears on his cheeks. There had not been a sound or a movement in the vast crowd during his absence or when
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he returned. Quietly he resumed his argument & then in a burst of eloquence he drew a picture of the murder & the necessity of the enforcement of the law regardless of men— I know I was thrilled—the crowd seemed to hang on his lips: the justices seemed deeply stirred, and when he took his seat, for a moment there was not a sound or a movement— Mr Garth raised his head—wiped his eyes & half stretched his hand out as if he was seeking my father's which hung almost at him. Then he drew it back & gave a loud sigh—almost a sob. And then Judge Goodyear announced that the Court would retire for a conference. I was not in the Court room when the decision was given. Two of the justices—Mr Jones & Mr Lobhan voted for dis-
[II 214]
-charge on the ground of self defence— Judge Goodyear voted to send the accused on to the Grand Jury, but of course the majority carried & Mr Garth was discharged.
The Updike's took the case to the Grand Jury, but the bill of indictment was not found: They then appealed to the Military, but the General in command declined to interfere, so the matter was ended. Mr Garth continued Father's friend & client & it was "Walker" and "Woods"—as long as they lived.
Another case which excited great interest was the trial of [ ] Ayres for the killing of [ ] Brown in [ ] 18[ ]
Both Brown & Ayres were Englishmen—Ayres living in Loundon County. Brown came to this Country with his wife & they were entertained by & stayed some time at Ayres' home. Ayres' daughter— a woman
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considerably advanced in the twenties, was seduced by Brown. In the mean time Brown moved to Charlottesville and occupied a house on Ridge Street next to the house which John L.Walters lived & in which the tragedy of John's killing took place.

Miss Ayres was confined & told her father the name of her seducer. Ayres got on the train—reached Charlottesville in the early morning hours & went to Brown's house. Brown in his nightgown opened the door at Ayres' knock & held out his hand: "Why! Ayres—old man I'm glad to see you", he said. "Ayres—who had his pistol in his hand replied. "I did not come to shake hands with you, but to kill you", & commenced firing. Brown turned & ran & Ayres followed him shooting. Brown ran under his wife's bed & the
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last shot was made by Ayres as he stooped & fired at the man under the dead. Brown died in a few moments & Ayres quietly came into town & surrendered himself. He was indicted by the grand jury & his trial was of course one that excited much interest—public sentiment being somewhat divided. Of course there was immense indignation against the seducer who violated the hospitality of his friend by doing him the greatest injury one man can do another. At the same time many thought that a woman of the mature years of Miss Ayres—she was 26 or 27 years old, ought to have been wise enough not to accept attention from a married man whose wife was in the same house with them. She claimed that she was hypnotized by Brown & it was in evidence that he was a wonderful hypnotist. Ayres was defended
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by Judge Wm J. Robertson—Shelton F. Leake & probably one or two others I do not now remember.
Father made a powerful presentation of the Commonwealth's case, but the jury acquitted Ayres without leaving the box. Old man Chewning who was foreman wrote the verdict, "We the Jury find the prisoner guilty of justifiable homicide". When Judge Cochran instructed them to change it to a verdict of "not guilty". Judge Robertson arose—"If your Honour please", he said "We prefer to let the verdict stand, as an evidence that in the good old County to kill the seducer of an innocent girl is justifiable".
The last criminal case of a serious nature my father conducted before he resigned to enter Congress was that of John Henry Salmon who was indicted for the killing
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of his mother & brother—a most horrible murder committed for the sake of the little farm near Stony Point in the Mountains. The case was tried in the Circuit Court, Judge Shackelford presiding. Salmon was defended by Mr Leake, Mr Blakey & I believe Mr Southall. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, but damning & Salmon was found guilty and condemned to be hanged. His counsel moved for a new trial on the ground that the Jury had been allowed to read the newspapers during the trial & Judge Shackelford granted it. In the mean-time all criminal cases were transferred to the County Court—my father went to Congress—Micajah Woods—a young lawyer—was elected to succeed him & in some unfortunate way three terms of the County Court slipped by & under the Statute Salmon had to be released. He left the County & when last heard from was
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living near Parkersburg West Va. There was practically no doubt of his guilt.
Dr Austin—a neighbour of Salmon's—when he had moved for a new trial came up to him as he was leaving the Court room & solemnly abjured him. "Mind what you do"—John Henry", he said "It may go a great deal harder with you on a second trial". As John Henry had been sentenced to be hanged, he did not exactly view it from Dr Austin's standpoint. The Doctor was a curious character very fond of big words & not exactly accurate in the use of them. He came into Father's office once in a great state of excitement. "Col Duke", said he, "I have discovered a

mine of lumbago on my plantation". "I cannot imagine a better find for a physician" my father replied with a twinkle in his eye—but the Doctor did not see the point.
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I was examining him once in a railroad case & asked him what he had to say in regard to a statement made by one of the interesses for the road. It is superlatively incongruous, Sir!" he replied.
At a warrant trial of an Irish Ditcher named Donavan—an excellent man when not in his cups, but a "divil of a bhoy" when he was—the Doctor said to the magistrate—"Sir! in the midst of the fray—or rather melée, there was Donavan, Sir, a wild & turbulent Irishman, I confidently believe under the influence of ardent spirits—flourishing a dangerous weapon—a short club—which the French call a shindalig." "You missed," with both barrels, Doctor", Mr Leake who was present quickly remarked, but the Doctor understood him not.
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I have wandered somewhat from the neighbours and might return to say, that there was a great deal of visiting amongst these neighbours. The two Goodyear ladies with Mamie used to come home very often—dropping into tea or dinner & were always welcome. My sister & Mamie were great friends & Mamie & I were very "intimate enemies", as we used to "spat" at each other a great deal. The hospitality in those days was the genuine unpretentious hospitality of old Virginia. The "servant problem" had not begun to vex us & the experiences of the war had taught us to take what was set before us and be thankful. "Our board was frugal, but our hearts were great" and so we gave dinners and teas & dropped in without the formality of an invitation, tho' generally being invited to come at
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any time we chose.
In the summer of 1871 I used to go with my brother & his friends to various simple entertainments at WhiteHall—where there were several pretty girls—at Rio Mills—Hydraulic Mills &c.
We had dances—always the "square" dances as waltzing & round dances were looked upon as highly improper. Tableaux & little plays were also very much used as a means of entertainment & the rehearsals for them were frequent & afforded the young folks much opportunity for friendly association.
"Tournaments" were also a favorite method of exhibiting your skill in horsemanship & there were generally two or three every summer largely attended & ending with a ball at night.
A tournament was entirely a "ring Affair". A level piece of ground was selected & three
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and three posts with horizontal arms projecting from them planted at intervals of about twenty feet apart. From the horizontal arm hung a wire from which was suspended an iron ring about three inches in diameter the ring being hung upon a bent projection of the wire—so as to slip off very easily. The "Knights" carried long lances of wood & starting about one hundred—or less—yards from the first ring rode at the fastest rate they could make their horses go, taking if they could the rings with their lances. He who took the most rings in three runs was proclaimed the victor & had the inestimable glory of crowning some fair one as the Queen of Love & Beauty. This was done amidst much applause & the pair led off the
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dance that night. The "Knights" always chose some high sounding title—"Knight of Ivanhoe"—"Knight of the Forest" "Knight of Fair Ladies" & now & then "Knight of Virginia", "Albemarle"

&c &c. A great laugh was once raised when the "Herald" called out "Knight of Albemarle are you ready"? & a long-lank-red headed individual—in his shirt sleeves rode up to the starting point & raising his "lance" yelled out—"I are". But the tournaments were great fun & gave occasion to friendly meeting amongst the young folks— An oration—"charge to the Knights"—was always made generally by some young lawyer—& many flowers of rhetoric were brought into full bloom.
Ah! me—the Queens of Love & Beauty are old women now or under the sod & the good Knights are—so many of them—dust—cinererque sine nomen" [and are as ashes without name].
May 23rd 1919

Volume III

[Unnumbered page of printed photographs clipped, arranged and identified by R.T.W. Duke, Jr. as B.L. Gildersleeve, Francis H. Smith, Dr Cabell, Stephen O. Southall, John B. Minor] [III 1]
The Session of 1871-72
I was now a second year student & as mother was to accompany father to Washington it was determined that I should board at Morea. I needed a room-mate & at the same time wanted to get all the boarders I could for Aunt Mary: So, as the custom then was, I—with many others of the "old students"—used to frequent the depôt to look after the new men. There was only one depôt, in Charlottesville then—what is now the Chesapeake & Ohio. In those days & indeed up to 1880 the Southern Trains, then known as the Virginia Midland, ran on to the C & O trains track at what is now the Union Station—only a Switch then—& came to the C & O Station, whence they ran on the track of that road to Gordonsville, where they branched
[III 2]
off on their own track. Late in September or about the first of October—for the sessions did not open then until Octo first—I was at the depôt on the lookout for boys. That depôt was a busy place then. The old ramshackling building towards the east now used as a storage ware-house was the Central Hotel & it was a very popular & crowded hostelry, surrounded by a wide portico & always crowded. Across the way on the site of the present depôt and running in a triangular shaped row were several brick buildings adjoining the C & O depôt. The depôt was frame—these buildings brick & one was a bar-room which did a tremendous business— Indeed the profits of that bar-room paid the entire rent of the Hotel & its own rent beside. In those days large crowds of people used to meet the trains as an amusement— The C & O & the Midland trains passed each other at this Station, so it was quite
[III 3]
an animated and lively scene when the sight seers assembled & the trains came in: Especially was this so when the students came in. There were shouts of greetings from the "arrived" to the "arrivals". There were numerous visits to the Bar & a general jollification. When new & unknown men came, they were generally kindly greeted. On the occasion I mentioned, I saw

seated on the Hotel portico an exceedingly handsome young man—rather undersized, but with brilliant black eyes—very dark hair and a tiny black mustache. He had on a grey uniform with brass buttons & shoulder straps on which were in gilt braid, clasped hands. I was at once struck with him & walked up, introduced myself to him & found that his name was James E. Creary of Milton, Florida & that his uniform was that of Sewanee—now the University of the South— I recommended Morea to him, as a boarding house.
[III 4]
told him I wanted a room-mate & in an hour all was arranged.
Thus commenced a friendship which has lasted up to the present day. I loved Ed: Creary & he me— When his first child—a boy—was born he named it "Duke" after me. A beautiful child—who died when he was a few years old. I named my youngest son "Edwin Ellicott" after him & my friend of after years Eugene Ellicott.
That dear little boy joined the other in heaven when he was eighteen months old (Dear old Ed: died Aug lst 1924)
Creary & I established ourselves in the room at Morea which is now used as a kitchen. The kitchen of those days as in most Southern houses was some distance from the dining room on the North side & connected with it by a latticed covered-way.
We hung up pictures—got up our stove & made ourselves comfortable & made acquaintance with the other boarders.
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These consisted of Tudor Jones—a friend of his from Bolivar Tenn: whom we called "Bolivar" Miller tho' his real name was Charles—Allen J. Hooker a large Mississippian—whose favorite and only oath was "Great Science"—Edgar Ballard a cousin of ours studying medicine—Creary & I and one or two others whose names I do not recall. J.E.F. Mathews* (*Whom we called "Timothy Tugmuttar," & Joe Simpson of Pensacola Florida.)
I took that year in addition to Latin—& German, History & Literature & Moral Philosophy. The Professor of History and Literature was Geo: Frederick Holmes—an Englishman by birth—a graduate of Durham College, England & quite an odd and eccentric character. He was tall & thin, a scraggy beard—a shock of hair, which looked as tho' he never had a comb in it & decidedly careless in his dress. In some sort of way his face reminded me of Tennyson—tho' his eye had a peculiar
[III 6]
stare in it which was entirely unlike the liquid eye Tennyson had. He taught History in the driest sort of a way; but his Literature class was a delight. He had a thorough acquaintance with all the great lights of English Literature & with most of the small & his lectures on that subject were illuminating & instructive. He was very fond of reciting bits from the poets & did it well, tho' he mouthed his "o's and a's", in a very decided way. In his class and thro' him I made acquaintance with phases of English Literature I had never dreamed of before. I had never heard of Swinburne until I heard him recite "Itylus" and tho' the manner in which he recited it was somewhat comical, "Swallow! my Sister! Oh! my Sister Swallow", yet it made me get what was then

published of Swinburne & read it with avidity. I can yet hear his "Swallow, my
[III 7]
sister", and the laughing reply we were tempted to give to it, "What a large swallow, it was".
Of course the fraternity occupied much of my thoughts. We had to give up our room in the old "Midway building" and moved down town into a room over the building on the corner of what is now know as the Burnley block* (* Later No 1 Court Square Building—on the lower floor of which I now—in 1922—have my offices.)—the house in which the Mannonis had their confectionery shop, when I was a boy— We bought multitudinous yards of black calico & draped the room in the most funereal manner. Jack Frost Walker & I did most of the work.
The "old men" who came back were Walker & Charlton—Lilly; Harry Whitaker & myself. We took in that year R.M. Cooper of S.C. a brother-in-law of Dr Petrie & a splendid fellow. Saml L. Winston of Hanover Co who moved to Texas & died: Geo: J McCown of S.C & Jas L. Orr, Jr, of S.C. Son of the Governor of that State
[III 8]
who had also been Speaker of the U.S. Ho: of Representatives just prior to the Civil War, and J.C. Bush of Mobile Ala—a fine lot of fellows with whom my associations were most delightful. We met every two weeks & walked down to our meeting place very frequently stopping going or coming for a few "refreshers". I neglected to note that amongst the "tickets" I took was that of Wm H. McGuffey (old Guf as we called him) Moral Philosophy.
In an article in the University Bulletin published several years ago I wrote describing Dr McGuffey, so I will not dwell upon him very much. He was the most wonderful teacher I ever knew. In Logic I do not think he was as able as in Metaphysics & Ethics, but he taught me how to think, how to reason, how to study & I believe had as much influence upon my modes of thought
[III 9]
as any teacher could have. He was a thin—smooth shaven man—very bald—about the average height, tho' he impressed you as being rather undersized. He had a steel grey eye that looked you through and a rather pleasant voice in its lower notes. When he raised it, the timbre was decidedly shrill & unpleasant. His lecture came at 3 p.m. a very sleepy time of the day & as he spoke in rather a monotonous way, very often tapping with his pencil on his desk, it was sometimes very hard to keep from going to sleep. His lecture room was a model of neatness. He had benches & desks painted every year & woe betide the unfortunate youth who marred them with jack knife or pencil. His great skill as a teacher in my judgment consisted in the way in which he constantly repeated his subjects. I laughed and told him once that his last lecture had a little of the first one in it
[III 10]
"and why not?" he replied. The class looked upon him as a stern, unsympathetic man. He was just the reverse. One of the things I love to remember about him was the deep interest he took in the success of every man in his class & how eagerly he wanted to help the man who worked and showed interest in his work: And to stand well in his class made him your friend. One of his

class was Idus L. Fielder—a peculiar, wild chap from one of the Southern or South-Western States. Fielder never missed a recitation or a class & so stood high in the Doctor's favour. He was quite "lively" at times & one morning late in the session he got to the dining room of his "Hotel"—The Misses Ross'—after the door was shut. He kicked it open, went in & demanded breakfast. When it came there were no eggs,and he demanded eggs. He was told there were none—Thereupon he drew a large revolver &
[III 11]
laying upon the table cocked, simply said—"Bring me eggs"—and the eggs were brought. Of course this conduct was reported & the Faculty sat upon his case. It was resolved that Fielder had to leave the University, when old Doctor McGuffey spoke up: "Gentlemen!" he said, "Fielder is the best man in my class; He has never been absent or missed a single recitation. He will graduate very highly. I cannot permit him to be expelled." And he was not. He apologized—promised good-behavior & kept his promise. He did graduate very highly. In his last illness the old Doctor's thoughts were ever on "his boys", and he would talk to Witherspoon—the Chaplain—who filled the chair during his illness & after his death to the end of the session & tell him what student needed pushing and encouragement. I look back upon
[III 12]
his teaching as one of the great influences of my life in my methods of thought and reasoning. He generally graduated a large number of men. Indeed only one man failed in my class. It is said that the members of the Faculty once laughed at him at the large number of men who graduated in his ticket. The old Doctor smacked his lips: "In my opinion: he said drily, "the success of a teacher is shown—not by the men who fail, but by the men who succeed, and I would consider myself, but a poor teacher if the greater part of my men failed". And I think he was right.
His readers & spellers were wonderful books. What a pity they do not use them in the schools now, instead of the "new method" books which do not teach children either to spell or read correctly. When I was about sixteen, the Doctor once called me
[III 13]
in his office & gave a me a complete set of his books, from his primer to his fifth reader. I lugged them home & had not enough sense to appreciate their value & let them be lost. I would give a large sum to have them now. The Doctor had one peculiarity: I might say two. One has since been adopted universally. That is limiting the time in which men should stand his examinations. At 9 o'clock in the morning he put up a section of questions. At 2 p.m. he rubbed them out. At 3 p.m. he put up the second and last section and at 5 p.m. rubbed them out & dismissed the class. This very wise and humane method was the exception. In all other classes a hugh array of questions was put on the blackboard & the students were allowed to stay as long as they chose. I have known men to remain until midnight, snatching
[III 14]
a little time for dinner & less for supper. We had no printed list of questions then—tho' in my last year we raised the money to employ a lithographer. But of that later. Another peculiarity of the Doctor was to require each student to read to him his final examination paper. He called us in

squads of four. Two were admitted to his sanctum & one listened to the other read. John Sharp Williams—the present Senator from Mississippi—was my companion. His paper was almost perfect. Williams had taken one of the three prizes the Old Doctor had offered for the three best students & was by far the best man in the class. I could see as he read how many errors I had committed, but when I read as I came to them, the old Doctor would stop me, "Did you mean that Sir?" he would ask. "Yes", Doctor," I replied, "I meant just what I said at the time. I see now
[III 15]
what a fool I was". "Better late than never", he chuckled, but when I concluded said "Pretty fair, Sir—pretty fair; but nothing to be overly proud of." I graduated anyway—as did my room-mate Creary who was a far better student than I was.
I might say something here of the method of instruction in the University. We had text books, but the Professors lectured and we took down rapidly notes of their lectures— Sometimes they would pause & dictate slowly something they thought we should write out fully, but generally we had to get down what they said in the best way we could.
I find after writing this, that I have made a mistake in stating that I took History & Literature during this session. I did not—I took Latin—German—French & Moral Philosophy— In Latin I made very little Progress. The difficulty
[III 16]
was, I think, that Colonel Peters paid too much attention to construction & grammar & too little to the beauties of the Literature. I didn't want to be either a philologist or a teacher of Latin: the gerund was nothing to me, but an ode of Horace or a line of Virgil or Ovid much more & I soon wearied of construction and the like & the time I spent in Latin at the University was practically thrown away.
German & French I enjoyed thoroughly—for we did much translating and old Schéle's lectures were entertaining & instructive particularly on the literature of those languages.
I took much interest in the Literary Society and spoke often. I was elected President & appointed the Final Committee whose names all appeared on the engraved invitations & places upon which were much sought. I made many friends some of which I yet retain & many of whom have "gone West."
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While writing these last few pages I heard of the death of Robt M. Cooper of S.C. a club-mate whose friendship never ceased—a splendid gentleman—keeping ever the heart of a boy.
Father & mother spent the winter in Washington— My sister Mary went to School at "Edge Hill", the home of the Randolph's, presided over by the daughters of Col Thos Jefferson Randolph, Mr Jefferson's grandson. A nobler set of women never lived. The literary head of the School was Miss Sarah—the youngest—Miss Harrison—a widow with two children—a son & a daughter—Miss Mary & Miss Carrie—the latter being the business manager & one of the best women of business I ever knew. The School itself had been in existence many years. The Colonel having a large family of daughters commenced the School to educate them & then kept
[III 18]

it up. My mother's sister Aunt Maria—Uncle Lindsay Walker's wife—went to School there in the 40's. It was there I first met my dear wife. There were an unusually pretty lot of girls there. Mary Randolph—of California—who afterwards married Joe Kent of Wythe—who was at the University with me—Maydie May Marye—who was very pretty & a host of others I do not now recall. Of course I had to visit my sister very often & so met a great many of the girls & up to my twenty fifth or sixth year I was a regular visitor & a privileged character, as father was Counsel for the family & I as his partner went often on "business". A friendship for these noble women then commenced & only ended with their death.

I was the Executor of Miss Carrie the last survivor & she bequeated me Mr Jefferson's chair & couch & table which I still possess.

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Col Randolph was a superb type of manhood. Considerably over six feet in height—he was largely proportioned. He very much resembled the portraits of Mr Gladstone taken in his old age, tho' his expression was much more genial. I had known the Colonel from my boyhood. He had spent one or two nights at SunnySide & to him I owe probably the proudest moment of my life. I went to Edge Hill in the summer of my sixteenth year & was invited to stay to dinner—dinner hour being two 'oclock. Just before dinner the Colonel walked in the parlour where I was sitting & said, "Well sir;" its grog time: Come along". So up I got & went with him to the buffet where I mixed my grog—whiskey & water—& who can express my emotions. "I am at last a man", I felt—"Colonel Randolph invites me to take a

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drink with him". Verily I felt as a Roman youth did when he assumed the toga virilis, [attire of a man] and my "sublime head smote the stars", tho' to be honest the drink nearly choked me. I never cared for whiskey & water by themselves. How horrified the "Sisters" in the Methodist Church & the hypocritical tyrannical fanatical prohibitionists of today would have been if they had seen this. The whites of their "d-mned, sanctified" eyes (as Mr Garth used to say) would have been shown to the full. And yet I wasn't hurt by it. Whiskey in those days was used by gentlemen in moderation & was used daily. Young men drank with their elders & did not abuse it. I verily believe that the fanatical prohibitionists had as much to do with the curse of drink as the Bar-keepers. They drove the respectable grocers out of the business. They abused those who sold whiskey with such violence respectable people

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gave up the business and it fell into the hands of the lowest element who adulterated the liquor & who sold to anybody, at any time & whose only thought was to make money. When I was growing up nearly every grocer sold whiskey & wine. The Bars were regularly licensed & the character of the Bar Keepers enquired into & the Bars were well kept & law & order generally prevailed. I noticed the great change in all these things as the abuse of the "rum seller" commenced & by the time I was twenty five there was scarcely a respectable man who dared to be interested in a saloon.

But to return to our Randolphs & Edge Hill. I shall paste on the next page a cut of the old house

as I knew it. This house was burned some few years since & has been rebuilt by the Harrises—charming people who
[III 22]
now—1919—own it—on practically the same lines—the porch on the west side of the house not having been restored & the roof of the present house being somewhat steeper.
[Picture of Edge Hill cut from printed publication inserted here]
"Edge Hill" as it was in my early manhood days & until it was sold by Cary Ruffin Randolph & myself as Executors of Miss Carrie the last survivor of the sisters—in [ ]
There were four sisters Mrs Harrison (Miss Ellen) Miss Mary—Miss Carrie & Miss Sarah. The latter was the
[III 23]
only one of the four who had the slightest pretensions to good looks—tho' all were refined & fine looking women— Miss Sarah was of the highest intellectual order. A fine scholar—linguist & writer, her "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson" deserves reprint & her Life of Stonewall Jackson is an excellent piece of work.
Mrs. Harrison—the widow of one of the "Brandon Harrisons—was a very sweet kindly intellectual woman with two children—Randolph—a boy who was really mentally deficient & Jane who was as a girl one of the most peculiar girls I ever knew—she dressed as if her clothes had been pitched on her her hair was always disordered & her general manner caused her to be christened "Crazy Jane" by the school girls. She had lots of sense—was a jolly good girl & when she grew up
[III 24]
became a very exquisite in dress & manner & conducted a fine school in Baltimore— She married a Mr Randall & is about as far removed from the Jane of her girlhood as any one could be.
Miss Mary taught—chemistry amongst other things. Miss Carrie was the farmer & a splendid one too & Miss Sarah taught Literature & other branches of Belles Lettres. They had a french teacher & other teachers of course & the school was a superb one.
Contact with these four noble gentlewomen was an education in itself: Then no girls were admitted to the school except those belonging to the best families & a finer sweeter lot of young ladies I never knew than those who attended the school from the time I knew it until it finally closed. I had a sweetheart there every session for many years & sometimes
[III 25]
two. Being a sort of priveleged character I was allowed a little more freedom than most of the young men & so I visited a good deal & was allowed to see my sister & several "other sisters" whenever I went down.
Mrs Harrison I think died first of the sisters. Miss Mary next. Miss Sarah went to Patapsco & took charge of the almost moribund Institute there, making quite a successful school of it.
She gave that up & went to Baltimore & opened & conducted a very select & fashionable school there to which Mrs Duke's sister Rosalie went & also Maymee Richardson of Monroe Louisiana

who subsequently married Sam Slaughter—my brother-in-law & whom I have always loved very much, as a dear sister in some ways & a dear friend in others—and who is now—1924—my dear wife. [“and... wife.” inserted after his second marriage.]
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Miss Sarah’s health broke down completely in Baltimore & after fighting for some years with that dread disease consumption she passed away. The former pupils of her school erected a monument over her grave in the burial ground at Monticello, on which occasion I delivered an address which will be found in the Charlottesville Progress of [ ] & in my scrap book.
Miss Mary died some years before Miss Sarah & Miss Carrie carried on the School for several years giving it up finally as advancing years compelled her to do so.
I with her nephew Cary Ruffin—who being adopted by her took the name of Randolph were her Executors & to me she devised the curious old Chair—couch & table which had belonged to Mr. Jefferson & which I still have.
And speaking of Cary I must say that he was one of the most
[III 27]
loveable & most utterly worthless men I ever knew. Very dissipated at one time, he went West as a cow-boy then came back & reformed completely. He had no more idea of the value of a dollar than a cat & ran thro’ every cent he had. All sort of wild schemes—Polo Ponies—this—that & ’tother. Miss Carrie idolized him & really ruined herself borrowing money to finance him in his fool schemes. She would not allow any one to criticize him, or remonstrate with her for borrowing money to give him & the only time she grew angry with me was when I begged her not to put another lien on “Edge Hill” for Cary to throw away the money. She broke down & wept finally as she said to me—“Can I not do what I will with my own property”? Of course she got the money & Cary
[III 28]
threw it away, as usual.
Cary’s sister—Eliza Ruffin—also lived with them. Col Frank Ruffin of Agricultural fame had married one of Col Randolph’s daughters & dying left several children. These two were taken by the Randolph ladies and raised as their own. ’Liza & I were great friends & continued so to her death. She could out talk any human being I ever knew & talked, I think, sometimes with no idea of what she was saying. But I was very fond of her in an absolutely friendly way. A few weeks before her death she sent for me & asked me to promise her that I would sing at her funeral— When I remonstrated she said very faintly “Oh! I don’t mean for you to sing by yourself, but to join in the hymns—for I always loved to hear you sing in Church.” And so in the old Monticello graveyard I united my voice with the choir & sang her favorite hymns.
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Col Randolph—was—as I have said—a superb type of manhood. His devotion to Mr Jefferson was beautiful—“My grandfather—Mr Jefferson”—as he always called him. He told me many stories of his grandfather—most of which Miss Sarah has in her “Domestic Life”— When he came to die he had his bed moved into the parlour at Edge Hill & by the window thro’ which

Monticello could be seen & his last gaze was upon that Mountain where he had spent his boyhood days & upon whose side he sleeps today. He was to have read the Declaration of Independence at the opening of the Centennial of that Instrument in Philadelphia at the Exposition. But he died in 1875.
The session of 1871-2 went on about as usual. I had a good time, studied just enough to keep up on my classes & in the early part of 1872 I paid another
[III 30]
visit to Father & Mother in Washington. Of course I enjoyed it. The Sawyer girls—Miss McClanahan & others made it quite pleasant for me. I attended debates in Congress & saw & watched men—some of whose names became famous like Garfield: Bayard: Blaine &c &c
In the Senate were Bayard: John A. Logan O. P. Morton. Han: Hamlin who had been vice President under Lincoln—Sumner & Wilson. In the house were Garfield: Blaine Frye & Hale: Carl Schurz—Jas: Brookes & Oakes Ames of Credit Mobilier "fame". S. S. Cox: Roscoe Conklin—John Sherman &c &c The first four afterwards became Senators & Blaine Secretary of State under Garfield Wilson became Vice President under Grant Morton was a cripple with one of the meanest, most gloomy, lowering, scowling faces I ever saw. Sumner was, without any exception, the vainest & most egotistical looking man I ever beheld, with a mean cross look always on his face. Conklin was a strutting pompous looking man: very dressy: fond of red cravats, but one of the
[III 31]
clearest most convincing speakers I ever heard. Many years after I heard him argue a case in the Supreme Court of the United Sates & I never heard a more logical, clear presentation of a case. Logan was a very tall swarthy man with a huge black moustache. Garfield was a rather good looking man, with reddish brown hair & beard. My father always said he was as deep in the mire as poor old Brookes & Oakes Ames in the Credit Mobilier scandal, but too smart to be caught. He was not a high man—decidedly tricky & very fond of the ladies. The Assassin's bullet de-ified him. His nomination for the Presidency was all that prevented his wife from suing him for divorce. It is said the papers were actually prepared, when his nomination came & his wife was prevailed on to hold off. No caricature could do justice to Ben Butler "the Beast". Cross eyed—mean looking I have often thought
[III 32]
of him in connection with the German saying "When God has marked a man watch him". He was a shameless brute—a theif—a low dog, but as smart as you please. I was in the House when he was attacked by Democrats & Republicans alike & he was so badgered & bedevilled he actually broke down & wept.
Frye & Hale were afterwards Senators from Maine & I knew them both fairly well—Frye particularly so, when I was lobbying for a Light House at Sabine Pass in the 90s. He was always very nice to me. Schurz was intensely German—tall—with dark reddish brown hair & beard—bespectacled & with an expression about his nose that looked as if it smelt something bad.
S.S. Cox & my father became warm friends & father always liked him.

Geo: F. Hoar of Mass was in the House too. At that time a tremendous South hater & abusive of all things Southern. He was not unlike Mr
[III 33]
Pickwick. Round faced—ruddy, smooth shaven, with large eyes behind gold spectacles— Father gave him a severe reprimand which caused a great roar in the House. Hoar had made a most violent attack on the South—spoke of the immorality of the Southern men with the negro women & the horrors of slavery. Whilst he was speaking Father sent a Page up to Speaker Blaine with a note, which Blaine read & nodded to Father. When Hoar sat down, Blaine said "The Gentleman from Virginia" and Father rose & in that clear penetrating voice of his, said that no doubt the gentleman from Massachusetts knew from personal experience—for he could not imagine how else he got such wide information—the immorality of the negro women. That he admitted Slavery like the Factories of New England had bad points, but he wished to call the Gentleman from Mas-
[III 34]
sachusetts' attention to one remarkable fact as to Slavery, he had overlooked;" He paused a moment, walked out into the aisle & shaking his finger at the irate Hoar said, "We of the South took the negro when he was a very little removed from the ape & in two hundred years we made him the Equal of the Gentleman from Massachusetts". He then sat down amidst roars of laughter & applause & old Hoar—who had been a great advocate of negro equality—got as red as a beet, but never opened his mouth.
I got to know the old man very well in later years & he repented very much of his South hatred. He was particularly nice to me in aiding me to get a Bill thro' the Senate to buy the Jefferson Manuscripts from Miss Carrie Randolph for $50.000. We got it thro' the Senate in one Congress & thro' the House in another, but never could get it thro' both
[III 35]
bodies in the same Congress. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge finally bought them for $5000—& gave them to the Boston Public Library.
John Sherman was also in this Congress. I only saw him once or twice Both he and his brother Tecumseh—the General—had decidedly unpleasant faces. John was undoubtedly dishonest— He entered public life poor & came out of it a millionaire— No honest man could have done that. General Sherman was one of the most infernal old liars in the Country. I never shall forget the amazement of a young lady—I have forgotten her name—who rushed up to me at a reception & asked me to come with her at once as she wanted to introduce me to General Sherman, when I declined "the honour" & stated that under no circumstances would I be willing the meet General Sherman. She gasped with amazement & did not ask "why"?
Allen G.
[III 36]
Thurman—the noble old Roman—was in the Senate. He was a splendid looking man. Thomas F. Bayard was a splendid type of a gentleman. Tall, handsome, with an intellectual kindly face. I little thought that in a year's time, he and I were to speak from the same platform. He delivered

the address to the Literary Societies in the Public Hall in July 1873 & at the same time I was presented by Prof Geo: Frederick Holmes with the Magazine Medal & made my first public speech after his.
Mat Ranson was in the Senate from North Carolina and his son Mat, Jr., was at the U of Va with me & in Washington with me in the Spring of 1872. The Doorkeeper of the House pounced on Mat: & me when we were making a good deal of noise in the Speaker's Lobby one morning, to our great indignation, but he finally calmed us down by reminding us that we were only there "by courtesy" & "courtesy" required us to behave ourselves. We thereupon
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very promptly apologized & quieted down.
Speaking of Oakes Ames & Brookes, I was in the house when Ames was expelled & heard Brookes answer the reprimand of the house, both on account of their participation in the Credit Mobilier frauds. Brookes who appeared to me a very old man was dressed in a blue swallow tailed coat with brass or gilt buttons & was very tremulous when he spoke. Father always said that Blaine and Garfield & several others were just as guilty as Ames or Brookes, but too smart to be caught.
This was in 1873, a month or less before the 42nd Congress ended, but I put it down now lest I might forget it.
I made many friends during the session of 1871-72. Spoke in the Washington Literary Society quite often & I am afraid enjoyed myself much more than I studied. Amongst
[III 38]
the boarders at Morea was Joe Simpson of Pensacola Florida, who was a great friend of Ed: Creary's—tho' as different from him as night is from day—Joe and I used to get on an occasional spree & one night he tried to drink me drunk, at Bowyer's bar-room just outside of the University gate— We drank black-berry brandy & Joe got violently drunk & tried to jump in the University pond as we were coming back to Morea. I was so disgusted with myself I drank no more that session.
Amongst the friends of this session I recall John Sharp Williams—afterward the distinguished leader of the Democratic party in Congress & United States Senator from Mississippi. "Sharp" as everybody called him, was a brilliant fellow—rather dissippated—a habit he unfortunately never got over. Thos A. Seddon was received the magazine medal & was a man of exceedingly bright mind. He died young whilst teaching at
[III 39]
"Norwood". He started to practice law, but gave it up in disgust because he did not at once leap into prominence— He was a fine fellow. Fergus Graham who was "Wash" medalist was also a friend, as was poor old "Ranny" Mason— Jeffn Randolph Mason was a descendant of Jefferson's & a curious odd fellow. He & I were co-editors of the University Magazine in 1872—from Octo to December— Henry T. Kent—a brother of my Father's adjutant & of C. W. Kent afterwards Prof of English—was "Jeff" Medalist for that year as "Henry A. McCollam of Louisiana was of the "Wash". He beat Fergus Graham—but the latter was elected in 1873—I

being his opponent— Henry McCollam had a younger brother with whom I was quite intimate, as indeed I was with Henry.
Allen McC. Kimbrough of Mississip-
[III 40]
pi—a Z.Y—was a great friend: A tall, dignified, quiet man—who has since been a judge in his native State. Julio Romano Santos of Bahia de Carracas [Caràquez] Ecuador, also became a great friend—a friendship which ran thro' many years. He too was a Z.Y: Later on & the Fraternity helped to get him out of imprisonment & saved him from probable death in one of the Revolutions in his native land.
I made my first appearance as a poet in the early part of this session—my verses "Hidden Chimes" appearing in the first number of the University Magazine for the session of 1871-2. They were signed "Herzog" & dedicated to "Miss____ (Sally Knight) of Richmond Va."
In the early part of December I went to Staunton to visit Maggie Stuart & with her went to Cousin Mary Baldwin's School—the famous Baldwin School for girls.
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As "Cousin Mary Julia", as we called her, was a Cousin of my mothers she allowed me a good many privileges & I went several times to call on various & sundry girls. I was very much attracted by a very pretty one named "Emma Heard" & great was my delight when she told me she was going to visit her school mate "Annie Woods—the daughter of our Pastor Revd Edgar G. Woods at Christmas. Annie & I had been intimate friends for several years & both professed great fondness for each other—a fondness which was genuine on my part. So when "Emmy" came over I paid her the most devoted attention & so kindly did we feel for one another that we commenced a most vigorous correspondence. I sent her a handsome book at Christmas & all went "as merry as a marriage bell."
Imagine my horror when I
[III 42]
on a fine morning I received a package with all my presents & a curt little note saying she had been under the impression "she was corresponding with a gentleman". Finding she was mistaken she begged leave to return my correspondence & gifts & begged I would return her letters. I, of course, did it with a very stilted & solemn note saying I too imagined I was a gentleman & would like to know wherein I had failed. In the mean time I began to imagine one of my "deadly rivals" poor old Josh Green—was in some way responsible for "Emmy's" ideas & I at once proposed challenging him to deadly combat. I was laughed out of the idea—as I had no proof & really old Josh was as innocent as an unborn babe. I knashed my teeth—tore my hair—I had hair in those days—but all in vain. Finally I received a note from my fair one saying I had
[III 43]
best ask Annie Woods— Now Annie had been the first person to whom I had gone with rage & grief in my bosom—asking the meaning of "Emmy's" strange letter. I afterwards recalled a very peculiar look on her face, but she it was that made me think a "deadly rival" had told of some desperate escapade. The truth was I had, been on a rather conspicuous spree with some of the

boys & had made a good deal of an ass of myself, but no more than a score or more of the boys did very often. This spree I thought "Josh" had "given away". Hence I thirsted for his gore". But in getting Emmy's last note I hurried off to my "dear friend" & asked what it all meant? To my horror & surprise, she burst into a flood of tears & said She & She alone was responsible.
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That she had written "Emmy" I was showing her letters around to other young men & she must not write to me any more. "She was wrong" she knew, & "ought to have asked me first" & sob-sob-sob—would I forgive. "But there was not one word of truth in it", I said indignantly. "No living soul but she & I ever saw one of her letters to me. How could you write such a falsehood?" "Oh!" she sobbed—"Bob Meade" (to whom it seems "Emmy" was also writing) told me he had seen you with a letter from Emmy". That was true. Bob & I met at the Post Office each with a letter in hand. "I've a letter from Miss Heard," he said. "So have I", I remarked & that was all. Bob told Annie that I had had a letter from Emmy, as he had & he feared she was a flirt. I left Annie's presence the maddest young man you can imagine, & the
[III 45]
probably—foolish part of it, was that I never spoke to her from that night until long after we both were married— She wrote me a note asking me to do something about Chinese Missions, but I replied very shortly saying I had enough Heathens at home—I then had two children. After that we spoke & once or twice she tried to be friendly, but I had no use for her & do not think I made any mistake in not wishing to be friendly with her again. She married John Sampson—a splendid fellow—who started & built up "Pantops School", but his health broke down & the splendid School went out of existence. His brother—my intimate & dear friend Thornton Sampson—the missionary to Greece—once told me that Annie had much to do with the break down of Sampson & the School. She was a little "daft" on
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foreign missions. "Domestic missions" might have made her husband a happier man.
I do not know why I write this foolish episode. Best to have forgotten it I suppose, but I had been exceedingly fond of Annie Woods & was quite épris [taken with] with Emmy & the two fold blow to my friendship & love "wrankled in my bosom" a long time. But here is the sad part of it. About four or five years after I was married I received a newspaper directed in a woman's handwriting. In it was a marriage notice of a Mr. Thos Heard to Miss E.—something—Heard. I give you my honest word—I had forgotten—not only "Emmy's" existence, but her very name & wondered over the notice until all of a sudden it flashed into my mind "Heard"—why it must be "Emmy". And so it was: She & a cousin had become
[III 47]
engaged, but he was so dissipated her father would not let her marry him; but they remained faithful to one another & after her father's death she married the cousin. She must have been several years over thirty when she did marry. I hope she has been & always will be happy. Just to think of it. I have never seen her since Christmas 1871.
Quite a sad trajedy broke into our college life in April 1872. Arthur L. Coleman—one of the

hardest students & a most exemplary Christian man, who stood well in every way, had just received notice that his application for a teacher's place had been favourably received. He hastily wrote the joyful news to his mother—a widow & hurried down to the train to post the letter. In those days the trains on what is now the Southern
[III 48]
Railroad, ran on to the tracks of the C & O at a place called the Junction—right where the Union Station now is. They then ran on the C & O tracks to Gordonsville, where they met their own track again. Coleman tried to jump on the moving train as it took the switch—missed his hold—fell between the cars & his body was cut in twain.
I happened to be at the lower Station when the train come in & helped to carry his body up to the "Meade's where it was tenderly cared for. Of course this fearful trajedy cast quite a gloom over college & I do not believe there was a single student absent in the long procession that the next day followed his body to the train en route to Richmond, where it was buried in Hollywood
I took great interest in the Literary Societies—especially in my own—the Washington—& spoke
[III 49]
very often. I was a great politician also & took an active interest in the elections for Medalist—Orator—& Final President. All these were elected & politics ran very high. My friend & Fraternity Mate Walter G. Charlton was elected Final President of the "Wash" &C. A. Jenkins a Morea Boarder—Orator. Henry McCollam was Medalist in the "Wash" & Henry T. Kent Medalist in the "Jeff" Moses Langley Wicks was Final President of the Jeff & his campaign nearly led to a duel. Moses Langley Wickes imagined himself insulted by Kent & challenged him to deadly combat. Winchester was Wickes' second & all arrangements had been made, when Col Peters got wind of it & would be combatants & seconds were hauled up & required under threat of arrest to give their word of honour that the affair would go
[III 50]
no further: And so the matter was ended.
The boarders at Morea were a very pleasant set of fellows: They studied hard & our only dissipation was a game of cards now & then—never for any stakes. Cards bored me then, as they have ever since & as they do now, but I used to make up a hand once or twice a week. I visited very little. Went to dancing "school" taught by a man named Carr, whose "school" was carried on in Massie's dining room. I had much difficulty in learning to waltz: so much so that Carr said I never would learn—I got very angry at this & went to work & did learn & became one of the best waltzers in the University, so the girls said & as I afterwards lead many a "German"—as they called the Cotillion then—both in Charlottesville & at the White Sulphur, I believe the girls were correct.
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I resume these long drawn out "Recollections" this 28th January 1922 when the snow is pouring down—having snowed steadily for over twenty four hours & lying upon the ground over two feet. I cannot explain the way in which I have procrastinated from time to time bringing these Recollections up to date. "Laziness" pure & simple—I think is the reason & a growing dislike to

use a pen. But I am "house bound" & tired of reading, so I resume.
The session closed as usual with the Finals in early July in the old public hall, that hideous extension back of—north of—the Rotunda, which the fire happily cleared away. It was a long hall, with galleries on each side & in the front; a stage at the back end, behind which hung the "School of Athens" bright with colour & in my humble judgement far more beautiful—if not so absolutely a copy—as the present copy in Cabell Hall
[III 52]
"Finals" were great events in those days. To attend your "First Finals" was for the debutante in Virginia, very much what a presentation at Court was in England. These were three night affairs—the celebration of the Washington Literary Society—on the first night—of the Jefferson Literary Society on the second & on the third the Joint Celebration of the two Societies when some distinguished Orator addressed the large audience which then always attended. Pendleton: Thurman: Hendricks: Bayard & men of that stamp delivered address. Thursday was the Final Day when diplomas were delivered & after dinner a distinguished Alumnus delivered the address to the Alumni— At night was the Alumni dinner—tho' sometimes held in the day & it was not a "dry dinner" either The Final Ball then took place & we always danced until day break & were fearful objects when we came out into the
[III 53]
light—powder all gone—hair dishevelled—dresses often torn & wilted with the ladies & the boys with shirts & collars & cravats wilted—for those July nights were hot—& looking as they had been drawn thro' a keyhole.
The Board of Visitors & Faculty always attended these functions in a body— They were met at the Front—South door—by the Committee with rods wrapped with the colours of the Societies—white for the "Wash", blue of the Jeff, & as the Band in the front gallery—that is the East gallery—played a March—first the Board of Visitors marched down & passed under the crossed rods of two of the Committee & took their places on the stage— Then the Committee marched back & brought down the Faculty in the same way. Then came the third Procession—consisting of the Society whose
[III 54]
night it was, the President & Orator & Committee being seated on the Stage & the Society in seats reserved for them in the front of the Hall. Invocation was offered & then music & then the Orator spoke & then the best debater's medal was delivered by the President & then the debater delivered a short address. Then everybody went out on the lawn, which was brilliantly lit with long rows of Chinese Lanterns & in the centre a Band Stand ablaze with many coloured lights & whilst the Band played—happy couples paraded down the Lawns & crossed at the celebrated "Triangle" at the foot of the lawn. In those days the Lawn only extended about fifty yards beyond Prof Lile's (then Minor's) residence on the East & Prof Fitzhugh's (then McGuffey's on the West. From the end of the pavement by each house ran a
[III 55]
brick pavement to the centre of the lawn where there were steps running to the Public Road

which then & up to the Fire in 1896, ran at the foot of the Lawn. There has been quite a fill made there now & all trace of the old road lost. These two pavements meeting as they did made a triangle & as the lights hung along each side of it, there was quite a shadow outside. So "Courting Couples" used to walk the "Triangle" & disappear in the shadows. Many a match, they say, were made in those same shadows. The promenading was very pleasant for awhile. Your first session you could not get enough of it: your second you did not enthuse & thereafter you "dodged," if possible: For sometimes you were "tied" to the same girl & the tramp, tramp, tramp, for hours became fearful & always reminded me of the procession of the
[III 56]
damned in <Vuthek.>
The Professors then very generally entertained & the various classes were invited—with a few other favoured men—to receptions & dances, where refreshments--oh! tell it not in Gath"—often of vinous kinds were served. Schele—who lived then, in what is The Administrations Building now, generally had a dance every night of the Final & many envious glances were directed at the windows by which fair forms flitted by & out of which "music arose with its voluptuous swell". Other Professors had receptions or dances & old fashioned Virginia Hospitality was the rule. I graduated in Moral Philosophy & with the class marched up to the sound of music & were handed our diplomas by the Chairman of the Faculty. Each graduating class in every school marched up & the Professional Schools after the last class & then the A.B's &
[III 57]
A.M. these being very few—sometimes only one—of the latter. For an A.M. then meant to graduate in nine schools & no credit was given for work done elsewhere. A P.H.D of Oxford or A.M of Cambridge, Yale or Harvard had to attend the same classes & pass the same examinations as if he had never been either. This made scholars it is true, but as I come to look at it now, it sacrificed too much good material for too small a result. Many men actually broke themselves down trying to make this degree.
The session closed with Ball—& then the usual farewells. I have seen since very few of the men of those days. Some rose to prominence—some went into obscurity—many oh! so many now have passed beyond the river. Pray God they rest under the shade of the trees."
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1872-3
The summer of 1872 was an unusually delightful one: For in it I accompanied my dear father in a trip thro' Augusta, Bath & Highland— Whilst Father was in Congress the Virginia Legislature changed all the Congressional Districts & some of the ambitious & as I think unscrupulous members of that body, determined to work a plan which they hoped would get themselves into Congress. The plan was to so manipulate the Districts as to throw two of the members into the same district & in the rivalry of these two between each other, the valiant & shrewd Legislator would slip in. I am glad to say not a single one succeeded. But they threw my father & John T. Harris of Rockingham into the same District & the fight came up between them. It looked like a hopeless one, for they left my father only Albemarle

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Green & Goochland on this side of the Mountain—all the other Counties being in the Valley & Valley Folk are notorious for sticking together.
Harris, was a tall oleaginous demagogue— Had been elected as a bolter from his party prior to the Civil War— Had dodged service during the Civil War—& was very nigh into a deserter at the close of the war Yet he defeated my father—he carrying all the Valley Counties & my father all of his old District—that is to say—all that was left, being the three counties mentioned. Harris was no more to be compared to my father than a Satyr to Hyperion, but he was elected & re-elected, which shows what politics amounts to.
But my father was a fighter & determined to go into the enemies' country, so he made all of his preparation & to my great delight told <me> I should go with him.
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He and mother—who was to visit Cousin Stuart & Tom Ranson—went to Staunton on the train. I drove a large raw boned sorrel mare—a vicious but fine animal—to Staunton, the longest drive I had ever taken up to that time. I remember father & mother waving to me out of the car window as the train passed me just a mile or so this side of Waynesboro. I never pass the spot to this day without thinking of it. We spent the night in Staunton & the next day started on our journey to Monterey the County seat of Highland. Our only luggage were the essentials in the way of clothing & toilet articles and father's trout fishing tackle—for he expected & did combine some sport with his campaign.
I still remember the beautiful drive by Buffalo Gap & into Highland County. It was & is a beautiful County—very fertile—splendid farms & we were received very hospitably by
[III 61]
the people— Of course we did not hurry, as father stopped at the various house & "electioneered" & now & then chatted with men on the roadside and in the fields. There were many pretty streams & full of trout, but father did not fish any until our return trip. At Monterey, the County seat of Highland, we spent the night at the house of a lawyer named Stephenson—who was a friend and supporter of my father & my father the next day addressed a large crowd in the Court House and was very favourably received. Father was a splendid speaker—Had a fine voice—used clear, crisp, elegant English—embellished his speech with anecdotes & apt quotations & it did not take him long to enthuse a crowd. His manner was very pleasant—he spoke without effort & at times rose to the heights of eloquence. Indeed I do not think
[III 62]
I every heard a better—stronger and more elegant speaker & I have heard a great many of the best orators.
We came home by a little different route & spent one night at the Warm Springs. It was my first visit to that quiet, delightful old watering place & I recall to this day the shock I received, when I plunged into the clear beautiful pool—whose deep green water I expected to find cold—& found it almost hot. I do not think there is a more delightful bath in the world & there is a peaceful, sweet air about the place which has always made me wish to re-visit it. I never saw it again until

after my first marriage, when my dear wife & I—attending a meeting of The Bar Association—drove over from "The Hot". She enjoyed the Ladies Bath as much as I did the Mens: We too promised ourselves to come to it & stay awhile, but with the single exception of
[III 63]
another day's visit when we were again at a Bar Association meeting at "The Hot," we never saw the place again. Father fished in many of the Streams as we came back, but with indifferent luck. I used to laugh at him for many years at two of the incidents which took place as we made our way over the roads. One was on a Sunday—when of course—according to the strict rule of those days—& my dear mother was one of the strictest of Presbyterians—fishing was not to be thought of. As old man Gaujot used to laugh & say "Á pêcher c'est á pécher." ["To fish, that is to sin"] As we crossed on a rustic bridge one of the streams we looked down & a pool beneath the bridge just swarmed with trout. Father reined up our mare—got out & leaned over the railing & fairly sighed as he saw the splendid fish lazily swimming in the deep water or lying at the end of the ripple—now &
[III 64]
coming to the top of the water & jumping out at a fly. Father looked long & lovingly— then finally walked to the rear of the wagon—got out his tackle—chose an attractive fly & started to work. But evidently the fish were Sunday observers also, for not one of them so much as looked at a fly—tho' father changed a half dozen times. After half an hour of useless whipping—father returned his flies to their book—the rod to its case—got in the waggon—took the reins & drove silently away. I suppose we had driven three or four miles before he opened his mouth: Then he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye and said: "Don't tell your mother."
The other episode was a very unsportsmanlike one, but I think entirely justifiable under the circumstances. We drove some miles along a stream; I think it was a branch of Jackson's river, when
[III 65]
we came to a beautiful pool filled with splendid trout. There was one fish—evidently the boss of the pool—which was—as we found out later—about fourteen inches long and beautifully coloured. He swam in the most dignified way in the pool as if he owned it. Again father stopped—got out his flies & pole & line & whipped the water for a good half an hour— Not a fish paid any attention to his flies— He then got a cricket & put on his hook. Then made me dig some worms. "Nothing doing". "The old rascal" father said, actually shoved the worm away with his nose and winked at me". Flesh & blood could stand it no longer: Hastily removed his light line from the rod, father put on a heavy line to which he attached a "dull"—a snare— Cautiously leaning over the bank he slipped the fatal noose over the fishe's head and in a in-
[III 66]
[stant] had the fish out of the water & in his hand. He was a beauty & weighed nearly a pound. "The Colonel's" blood was up & in the most murderous & unsportsmanlike manner he continued to "dull", until we had a dozen, at least, fine fish in the creel. Then he turned to me—"A most outrageous, shameful thing, my son— Unsportsmanlike & to be utterly condemned: But

confound 'em and especially that big fellow they deserved it. I gave 'em every chance to be caught accordingto rule, but they scorned me & I just had to have a few: But don't you ever follow my bad example, for my conscience is hurting me now".
I'm afraid my conscience did not hurt me at all when that night I feasted on the fine golden meat of these delicious fish.
We spend one night at Covington at the house of one of Father's friends,
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and I still remember the delicious "fricasseed venison" we had for supper.
Father left me the next day. I drove home in three days, passing under "Elliott's Knob" & dining at the "Variety Springs" which at that time had a decidedly primitive Hotel. To this day I remember its "dried apple" pies.
The rest of the Summer passed uneventfully— The Democratic Convention for the 7th District nominated John T. Harris for Congress over my father. Father carried all of his old District; Harris all of his & so a common low politician—a skulker in war—a demagogue in peace was elected over a gallant soldier—a pure high minded gentleman of education—ability and learning. But such is politics.
I entered the University again in October 1872. I was now a full fledged "oldster" and as many of my friends came back I was very happy in my associates.
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My fraternity was much in my thoughts & the selection of new men was attended with great care and secrecy. "Rushing" was unheard of & would have met with the most chilling reception. We elected our man: One of us then went to the "fortunate" man & in the most secretive manner told him of the great honour conferred upon him. If he accepted, it was kept quiet & no one knew of his initiation until he blossomed out with the pin. During the session we took in several new men & before the end the Fraternity consisted of Augustus Barnes of Alabama—Bob Cooper—a dear fellow—whose sister married Dr Petrie our beloved Presbyterian minister & so Bob & his two pretty daughters in after years came to Charlottesville more than once. He died only a few years ago.
A. H. Goelet became a distinguished Physician in New York. He too has joined the great majority. E. T. (Tiff) Hunt—who died in Florida a few
[III 69]
years ago. Allen T. Mc C. Kimbrough who became a judge in Mississippi & who is yet alive. M. P. Morrell yet living a physician in St Louis—Julio R. Santos of Ecuador—who is dead. Tom Vivion—who became a writer of some note, but who simply dropped out of sight—Sam Winston of Hanover, who moved to Texas & died there—the first one of the Fraternity of that year to go into the hereafter. They were a splendid lot of fellows & I loved each one of them: Kimbrough & I are the only ones now living (1922)
I took that year International &c Law, as I expected to study law the next year. The Professor S. O. Southall was a charming old gentleman—a good lawyer—but one of the poorest teachers I ever knew. I took also History and Literature & Political Economy. I graduated in all, but history

which Prof Holmes made as dry
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as one could conceive.
I had been elected Editor of The University Magazine from the "Washington" Society; J. R. (Ranny) Mason was my associate from the "Jefferson. We elected a business manager—Geo: R. Lockwood—a splendid fellow & then commenced a friendship which has lasted until today & which I trust will last all of our lives. Geo: married Miss Davis—Capt Eugene Davis' neice & an adopted daughter of Col Thos L. Preston: This brought him back to the University very often & he was here this summer (1922)
I took very much pride in my editorship & wrote several articles & some inferior poetry. The printer's devil was pressing me for copy & whilst he waited I hurriedly wrote an article called "Old Letters"—which to my great surprise took the "Magazine Medal" given for the best article published during the year. Its only competitor was a criticism of Tennyson's Last Idyl by me. I almost thought Thornton's Article on The Study of English—ought to
[III 71]
have taken that medal. And speaking of Thornton (Wm Mynn) recalls to me his present wife, my dear, dear, friend Gertie Massie whose acquaintance I made in the early part of the session & we began a warm friendship, which has grown with the years & which today is warmer & dearer than ever— Into that friendship, there never entered the slightest idea of love or flirtation. We were just, good honest friends in the highest sense of the word. A truer more loyal friend never lived & today we love to get together & talk about the old days & old friends of 72 and 73 & 74. She was a most enthusiastic "Zete" & was really in love with E.T. Hunt. Hunt, I am sorry to say was rather dissipated & the parents of Gertie frowned upon the match. Gertie's mother was Mrs John L. Cochran—wife of Judge John L. Cochran and he was her third husband. By her first she had two children Tom & Gertrude. At the death
[III 72]
of this husband she married his cousin—another Massie by whom she had three children. Frank, Nita—now the wife of Archie Patterson of Richmond—and Jeannie the wife of Oscar W. Underwood—who died some time since. By Judge Cochran she had two sons & one daughter. Both of her Massie husbands were very hard drinkers & so was the judge when she married him: But she thoroughly & entirely reformed him in a few years. She was absolutely insane on the subject of Temperance—who could blame her, poor woman—organized the W.C.T. Union & was active in all temperance movements. She was a fanatic on the subject & when her son Frank Massie was desperately ill with typhoid fever & Doctor Davis prescribed whiskey, she refused positively to let a drop come in the house. Doctor Davis told her the boy would die without it. "Then let him die", she said. Dr Davis refused to continue in the case & told her she was a murderess. But she had her way, and Frank got well all
[III 73]
the same; He never was the same man again however. She was a good woman—a splendid woman all the same & I was very fond of her, as I think she was of me. I was the only person

who ever dared to jest with her on the liquor question, so they told me.
I visited the girls a great deal that session & there were lots of pretty ones in Charlottesville & at the University & many came over from the Schools in Staunton to visit friends in & about the City. Mrs Cochran was very hospitable & Gertie had frequent "parties", to which the Zetes were all invited. I made up my mind to "run" for medalist in the Washington Society & started out in the Campaign about December 1st. My opponent was Fergus R. Graham. The two great honours in the Literary Societies were the "Final Oration" & the "Medalist". The latter was the greatest honour & highly coveted. It was given to
[III 74]
the best debater, presumably but was really given to the man who could muster the most votes. Graham, however, was an excellent speaker—logical—clear & forceful. I was a sky scraper: Very florid & disposed to oratory instead of logical speaking. But as I said the relative merits of the speakers had little to do with it. It soon ran into politics of the most violent kind & caucus were held & all the arts of the politician brought into play. These caucuses were held at the rooms of friends most remote from the University & were accompanied by much smoke & a great deal of "Hotopp" wine. Hotopp was a German farmer who had come to Albemarle & like Noah planted himself a vineyard & made an excellent wine. He bought "Pen Park" the old Gilmer estate & covered the hills with grape vines. He was the pioneer in grape growing & wine making in Albemarle. His example was followed by many farmers & grape growing became a popular and paying investment.
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My brother Willie planted several vineyards at Sunny Side & shipped a great many fine grapes to the Northern markets. All of us helped to pack, & very often Mary's friends, Lucy Shackleford, Jeannie Randolph & others came out & we had regular "packing parties". It was easy & pleasant work. A gentleman told us he had seen boxes of grapes bearing the "Sunny Side" label on the station at Montreal Canada. It was a paying investment—sometimes yielding $50 to $100 an acre. With the establishment of the Monticello Wine Co: grape growing increased & soon Albemarle Clarets & especially its Norton's Virginia became famous. My Father was one of the originators of the Company & the best people in the Country took stock. It was years before it paid a dividend, but it did a great deal for the County & strange to say for the cause of temperance. The old County Court days used to be
[III 76]
drunken orgies accompanied by fights & rows, so that no lady dared to go on "The Square" on Court days. When wine began to be drunk, it was only a year or two before Court Days began to grow quieter. Men drank Claret & White wine & no longer got violently drunk & the change was simply miraculous— Our wines were absolutely pure & as they grew older became so good, that at the Paris Exposition of 1878 (I think it was) a box of Albemarle Monticello Norton's Virginia—very close kin to Burgundy—took the only silver medal given to America Wines, no gold medal being given.
When phyloxera attacked the finer varieties of grapes & communication with California became

easier the cheap wines of California injured the wine industry very much. The Monticello Wine Company held its own, however, for the superior quality of its wines holding the market & its splendid brandy being used by physicians, kept it in fine shape. It was
[III 77]
paying well & improving in its products when the infernal fanaticism of prohibition gave it its death blow. In 1872, however Hotopp's wines were very popular & quite in evidence at our caucuses.
I made several delightful friendships during that session. Dear old Westray Battle of N.C. one of the most charming of boys as he is of men was one of them. He was tall, thin & rather cadaverous. He always swore that he had consumption & used to beat his breast & in a hollow voice proclaim that one lung was gone & the other going— Prof Beck's assistant was a poor old foreigner named "Folke". He actually had consumption & was tall, lean & cadaverous. "Pig" (W.W.) Dancy christened Westray Battle, "Folke" & the name stuck. He was called "Folke Battle" all the time. Wes took very kindly to his "dram"—"for my lungs, you know," he would say. He was—& is—a most
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charming fellow—very brilliant & witty & full of "quips & oddities". Along with Battle came Tom Brem, also of North Carolina—Raleigh—& who was one of the greatest oddities I ever knew. He was tall, angular, a shock of red hair over a freckled face. He dressed as carelessly as a field hand—seldom wore a cravat & to look at him one would have thought his intelligence would not have been very high—to say the least of it. He came with a letter to the Fraternity urging us to take him in, but when we saw him, we simply laughed at the idea. All of us met him as he lounged into our room, but all pronounced him "impossible" from a fraternity standpoint. What was our surprise to find that in a few weeks he was taken into the Delta Psi's—one of the "high-brow" fraternities & composed of unusually bright & nice fellows. And what was our greater surprise to find him an unu-
[III 79]
sually brilliant man. Well read—a fine latin & greek & french scholar & a mathemetician of the first order. So well his ability in the latter study he had been offered a professorship in a College of first class standing— But he wanted to be a lawyer & so came to the University. Whilst a member of the Delta Psis, his affection grew for us & he was more with us than with his own fraternity. He and Wes Battle roomed together & we never had a supper—even a fraternity supper—that Brem was not a guest. He was a fine talker—full of fun & merriment & with ability to talk on more serious subjects than mere college gossip. His failing was drink. He loved it beyond any other love & drank a great deal—often to the extent of drunkeness. It became so apparent that the Faculty took notice of it—a rare thing in those days—& he was summoned
[III 80]
before that august body & given the option of "swearing off" or leaving the University. He "swore off" & pledged his honour not to take a drink during the rest of the session—a pledge he literally kept: But we saw every now and then plain indications that Brem was under the

influence of liquor. We taxed him with his breach of faith, but he swore he had never taken a drink of anything in the nature of wine, beer or spirits. The mystery was explained when one morning as I entered the room I was greeted by a strong smell of whiskey & saw Brem—half dressed—with his face deep down over a washbasin. He looked up with a deprecating grin on his face as I said, "What's the matter—nose bleeding?" and replied "No! I'm getting drunk". He had taken a quart bottle of whiskey, poured it into his washbasin
[III 81]
& by inhaling its fumes had time & again got "comfortably drunk". I am glad to say we persuaded him that this was in spirit if not in letter, a violation of his pledge & he gave up the habit & kept entirely sober the rest of the session.
W. W. Dancy also of North Carolina was another particular friend. From a supposed likeness to a pig, he was christened "Pig" Dancy and seldom known by any other name. He was a very handsome fellow all the same and very popular, despite a rather loose way of talking and very dissipated habits. It is curious the nicknames we gave each other in those days. Hunt was known as "Mule" Hunt. Clarke of Arkansas was known as "Spread Eagle". Cooper of Delaware was "Horse" Cooper &c &c.
Two of my warm friends were Tom Raymond & "Sid" Lewis of New Orleans— Raymond has been
[III 82]
dead many [years]. A splendid Christian character. Sid Lewis was devoted to me & I afterwards helped to nurse him thro' a severe attack of Typhoid fever.
One of my warmest friends & one of the handsomest men I ever saw was John [ ] Marshall of S.C Full of fun & devilment—charming in every way—a Z.Y. the next year. I met him in Richmond with his wife several years since—& once before that when he passed thro' Charlottesville. He was, & is, the same jolly good fellow, tho' entirely bald. There was an awful trajedy in his life, which saddened him for many years. His father & he were chums—their relations being very much like those of my dear Father & myself. Some years after he left college he & his father were out hunting together & as they rode, his father fell in behind him. John threw his gun over his shoulder & it was discharged—killing his father instantly.
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Two odd characters from Texas—"Big" Huck & "Little" Huck, were also friends. "Big" Huck was one of the most eccentricmen I ever knew. They were very rich—spent money like water. Roomed together & always had in their rooms—Champagne & claret &c &c, tho' Big Huck was very sober. He married Maggie Brown, who was "Cousin Betty's" daughter. Whilst at the University the great tidal wave washed away the City in which they lived—Corsicana—& utterly ruined their father & themselves; They were rich one night—paupers the next morning.
All these men were supporters of mine & attended the caucuses— One caucus I recall very distinctly at what we called "Andersonville" now the home occupied by Mrs H.H. Williams (Fanny Berkeley) There was a huge crowd & several Kegs of Hotopp consumed. Billy Boaz was making a speech standing on a Beer Keg, when

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some of the opposition rushed in & tried to break up the meeting. Billy deliberately fell off of his Keg on the chief offender & so smashed him that the crowd became good natured at the sight & amidst laughter & song the "enemy" came into the meeting & some were actually converted to our side. Billy Boaz—my life long friend was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. Born and raised in Albemarle at Covesville, I happened by chance to sit next to him in the German class. I very frequently copied his exercises, but we never spoke to each other until nearly at the end of the session when we were formally introduced. Such was the absurd custom at the University then. That ceremony being duly performed we became friends & remained so to his death.
He was a brilliant man, but so quiet & unostentatious no one would have judged him above the ordinary. But he took his A.M.
[III 85]
degree—no easy thing in those days—graduated in law—& began practice about the same time I did. He drank hard—a habit inherited from his father—& was known in college as Billy Boaz—the Gittite—But it never interfered with his work. He moved from Charlottesville to Lovingston in Nelson County & there nearly drank himself to death: Came home—pulled himself together, was elected & re-elected to the Legislature—became Chairman of the Finance Committee & stood high in State Finance. He & my brother were in the Legislature several terms & the warmest friends. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention. A splendid fellow—he died in [ ]. I shall never forget his first political speech—long before he obtained prominence & when he & I first came to the Bar. Tom Wallace of Fredericksburg—later of Orange was to be the chief speaker at a
[III 86]
big Democratic Rally held in the Court House, I think in 1875. Billy was to flesh his maiden sword & as the hour for the meeting drew nigh, proceeded to get up his courage by numerous libations; so when he walked into the crowded Court House at 8p.m he was decidedly high. Wallace was late, so Billy was put up to keep the crowd. He mounted the rostrum as solemn as an owl steadied himself against the railing & in a rather thick voice spoke as follows:
"Feller Citizens. We come here tonight in the intrests of the great Democratic party. Who is its opponents. The Publicans. Publicans are friends of rich men— Publicans got no use for poor man. Democrats is the party of the poor man. I'm a Democrat. I love the poor man. I don't want to 'sociate with rich men. Am a poor man myself & I love to go around and grasp the hand
[III 87]
of the poor man—of the horny handed Sons of _____s" Billy intended to say "horny handed sons of toil" but unfortunately the other word had been rather too often used & instead of toil he substituted the word which designated the plural of female canines. The crowd roared & just then Wallace came in the door. Billy's face lit up—"Genelmen", he said, "I see the distinguished orator of the evening approaching & I am goin' to sit down". And so he did. It was a long time before Billy ever made another speech, but when he did he had no occasion to regret anything he

said & neither did his audience.
Our Fraternity that year got in the habit of having a supper at Ambroselli's every Club night: That is every other week: Ambroselli's restaurant was situated on the North East corner of what is now fourteenth & Main Streets—only there was no Fourteenth Street in those days
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Where the street is was then a field & the only house in it was The Blue Cottage a four room—or rather eight room house—four rooms on a floor—it having two stories with a porch on each floor. It was a very simple frame structure lime-washed blue: Hence its name. It stood on the site of the Peyton house—that is the second house from King's Greenhouse on the West side of the street. Brem & Battle roomed in it on one side—the Hucks above.
Ambroselli had a restaurant and Bar-room, my first year at the University—but license was refused him & he had only the restaurant during the rest of his life. The cooking was very simple—but Mrs Ambroselli's waffles were famous. Our suppers were very simple. Scrambled eggs & waffles & oysters in season. Each member of the Fraternity "set up" suppers in turn, so it did not cost any one very much. There being ten men in the Fraternity & each
[III 89]
one paying for a supper in turn, it can be seen that it cost very little And besides our suppers rarely cost over fifty cents a head. Whilst Ambro—as we called him—no longer kept bar—wine was easily obtainable at $l a bottle. Of course he had to send to town for it, but we always noticed that the messenger never took over three minutes to go & come the two miles necessary to be traversed. But we asked no questions & enjoyed our "Hotopp" as if it had come from the most respectable grocery. Occasionally one of our members "got wealthy" & "set up" a bottle Champage. Miserable stuff it was with a curious metallic "after taste", & was not a popular drink, except with "fools."
Our suppers usually took place about 11 o'clock & we used to raise a window in the rear of the dining room & yell for Tom Brem, who living in the "Blue Cottage" a very short distance
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away, was in easy call. He always came & always insisted on "setting up" supper when his time came around. So Tom was almost like a Zete—of us, if not in us. It used to be said he was was a member of the ΔY, but belonged to the Z.Y, & that was practically the case.
These suppers were very delightful affairs: There was no dissipation—nobody got the slightest "under the influence." We sang & talked—gossip some times—of course our girls were discussed—always in the most gentlemanly way—but sometimes graver questions were talked over & literary questions touched upon. Our noctes Ambrosellianae, as I christened them, were—if not equal to Kit North's Noctes Ambrosianae—certainly very good & I often wished we had had a stenographer to take down the wit & humour—the sparkling talk & the pleasant discussions of men and things which took place in the plain
[III 91]
old dining room—now a thing of the past.
I boarded at Morea again this session in the front room to the South up stairs—Allen Hooker

being my room mate. Two Jones boys from Tennessee—a man named Beaton from Texas—J.E.F. Mathews & several whose names I have forgotten. Not as congenial crowd as the year before, but we got on pleasantly. My campaign for the "Wash" Debater's medal went on in a very lively way & I spoke often.

I paid numerous visits to my sister—of course—at Edge Hill & was invited to one or two dances. I went to Washington to visit Father once & I think twice & enjoyed the occasion very much. My brother went with me once & on that occasion something happened which will shock the <"onco quid"> I'm afraid. My Father asked us if we had ever been in a Faro Bank? On our answering in the negative he asked if we would like

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to see one. We answered in the affirmative, so that night he took us down to a very noted Faro Bank on Pennsylvania Avenue on the block on which the Raleigh Hotel is now situated. A man from Albemarle—Tom Yates—was part owner & he greeted us as we entered the room. He was a large, stout—man, rather good looking & was a brother of Mrs Anderson our neighbour. "I brought the boys down to "see the Tiger", Tom," Father said & I am going to leave them in your charge." Then turning to us he said, "Now boys you are old enough to be trusted: I want to tell you & Mr Yates here will tell you the same. Do not ever bet on a card or on anything else: But you have your own money. I do not tell you that you must not; only that I wish you would not. Look around & then say "good night to Mr Yates. "Not a bit of it Colonel" replied Tom—"You & the boys have got to stay to supper" and he would have no

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excuse. Such a supper as it was I have rarely seen. Oysters in every shape—Old Virginia Ham: Wild Ducks: Terrapin: Venison: Damask table cloth—glittering cut glass—Champagne & Clarets & the finest whiskeys & brandies. The dining room was very handsome—as indeed every one of the rooms were. Velvet carpets—silk hangings, beautiful furniture. Well dressed servants moved noiselessly about & a throng of men—Senators—Congressman &c &c "sat down to eat & rose up to play". Father ate a light supper & then left. Tom Yates made us sit down & had us served in the most royal way—took us to the Faro—& Roulette tables & told us all about the games—then let us peep in the Poker room where we recognized several men prominent in public life. Tom re-echoed father's warning. "Keep away from cards, boys. I make my living by them, but only fools bet." He introduced us then to a very

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quiet, dignified, handsome man—"Col Black". I got it in my head it was Jeremiah Black & watched him with much awe, which was changed into amazement when I saw him take the place of the dealer at a Faro table. He was one of the professional dealers.

At one Faro table was a handsome young man—who had a large stack of chips & was betting very high & it seemed to us losing. Yates told us his name & two weeks later we saw in the newspaper that he had shot himself after losing his fortune at the gaming table.

We stayed until twelve o'clock & later, but did not bet, tho' we asked Yates if it was customary for guests to throw at least a dollar or so to pay for supper. He laughed and said: "Why for

regulars, yes, but you boys are my guests & the old man left you in my charge: You should not bet even if you wanted to. Take my advice & never bet.
[III 95]
And we never did: We saw "the Tiger", but he never got his claws into either of us. My Father never bet himself. I think he adopted a very wise course in doing as he did. He let us see a gambling house at its very best & trusted us. I do not think my brother or I would have violated that trust even if we knew we were going to break the Bank. Yates was a client of my father's & afterwards of mine. He was said to be the best "Boston" player in the United States & used to play matches with noted card players at Saratoga—winning there once in one summer over fifty thousand dollars: He died however, not worth a nickel. I never knew a gambler who died with any fortune.
The session went on about as usual dances & caucuses and lectures & fun— I spoke often with Graham as my opponent & politics ran very high & very exciting, but in an absolutely correct & gentlemanly
[III 96]
way. I had a lot of friends & they worked hard for me. But when the election took place I was defeated by eight or ten majority.
I graduated in Literature—Political Economy and International Law.
Walking up Main Street in the morning a few days before Commencement I met Graham & two or three others & Graham hailed me. "Hello, Duke," he said— "Do you know who got the Magazine Medal?" I replied that I did not, as I had spent the night at home & did not know the bulletin had been put up. "Well!" he said, it is up & they say a fellow named Duke got it on an article called "Old Letters", and my late antagonist shook my hand most cordially. I never felt a greater surprise or a more delightful one & I literally trod on air. Absolutely unexpected & more delightful for that reason. I never had a greater thrill, excepting the time I saw my first poem in the old Scribner's
[III 97]
Monthly Magazine.
The most important event of the Session of 1872-3 was my trip to Eastern Penna as a delegate to the Convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity.
I left soon after Christmas—late in December & got to New York on the 31st of that month. I recall my amazement in Baltimore when we dropped the engine & the cars were pulled thro' the streets over the tracks by a long string of horses. I had never been north of Washington & of course the whole trip was very full of interest & delight— I got to New York in the night I think & went to the St Nicholas Hotel. I do not know now where it was, except that is was on Broadway & what would be now very far down town. Then it was rather up town. To my eyes it was one of the most gorgeous structures imaginable—gilt & scarlet & immense mirrors— I remember the Barber's Shop was one immense
[III 98]
mirror, sides & ceiling.

Some of the New York Zetes called on me New Year's day & insisted on my going calling with them. I did so & visited home after home of people whose very names I never knew. My companions of course did know them. There was a very fine "collation" spread at every house & a great deal to drink—punch & champagne & all sorts of wines & liquors. At the door of some of the houses a basket was hung to the doorknob, which meant that the ladies of the home were not "receiving." We deposited our cards in these baskets & went our way.
I recall very little of New York, but remember that the wooden scaffolding had not been taken down from the steeples on St Patrick's cathedral. I expect I ate & drank more than was good for me for I woke up on the train going to Easton where I arrived that same night. I went to the Hotel where I was most enthusiastically received by the
[III 99]
boys. I think my coming was looked forward with much interest. There had not been a Zete from the South since the Civil War & I rather expected that they would be rather chilly to me. I think they expected I would be a sort of a wild man. But both were disappointed. They were enthusiastically friendly—in fact gushed over me & I was found to be a boy just like they were individually. Somewhere I have a collection of the photos of most of these boys. Amongst them was a very young fellow named T.A.H. Hay who sported huge side-whiskers. Dear old Tom Hay—who is now a cherubic rosy faced old man without a sign of a whisker, but with the old time boyish laugh & happy youthful spirit— Then commenced a friendship which has lasted up to the present time & his delight in seeing me & my children this August (1922) when we stopped for lunch in Easton (his home)
[III 100]
was very pleasant. We had met at several Conventions & I visited Easton twice since 1873 in addition to my lunch this summer. I spoke at the Convention Banquet & raised such an enthusiasm that they took me off my feet & put me on the table to finish. I went back to the Convention of [ ] stayed at the same Hotel (much enlarged) & spoke in the same dining room & was wildly cheered. I went back again in [ ] at the invitation of dear old Prof [ ] who was the Professor of Latin in Lafayette College. He had read my speech on the study of the Classics delivered at William & Mary in [ ] & asked me to deliver it to the students. I did so—staying this time with Fred: Drake a very enthusiastic Zete who also lived in Easton. I was most kindly received. I do not recall very much of this trip, except the Convention which was very enthusiastic & pleasant— There were delegates
[III 101]
from Maine & California. Hay is the only one of whom I have now any knowledge.
I graduated in International &c Law. in Political Economy & in English Literature. At the Commencement Senator Thos F. Bayard delivered the Address to Literary Societies: It was a magnificent speech & his tribute to General Lee was very beautiful & received wild applause. After he finished Prof Holmes read the report of the Committee on the Magazine Medal & then in a graceful little speech delivered the medal to me as "the hopeful son of a distinguished sire". I made a very short speech in acceptance & as I had quite a carrying voice & could be heard I was

much applauded. All the family were present & Sally Knight as well who had come up to the Commencement. She gave me a beautiful basket of flowers: But Gertie Massie captured the medal
[III 102]
and wore it that night.
Prof Holmes also announced that the Scholarship awarded the two Editors who had gotten out the three best numbers of the Magazine had been awarded to Mason & myself. This meant very much to me, as Father had told me that owing to the falling off of his practice—owing to his being in Congress—& some heavy security debts he had to pay he would not be able to send me back to the University. But the Scholarship enabled me to go back free of all charges & as I was to stay at home I was enabled to go back. The Summer of 1873 went by very rapidly. Dances & tournaments & parties took up a good deal of time & we had a series of tableaux at Rio & Hydraulic Mills (mere names now) and at White Hall which was very pleasant. We only danced the "Square" Dances at the Country Places then. Waltzing was confined to the University dances with some
[III 103]
rare exceptions. I do not think any thing can be prettier than the old Virginia Reel (Sir Roger De Coverly, as the English call it)
As I was older I made friends with the Charlottesville men—most of whom were older than I & some of whom had served in the Civil War: John Foster—who owned & edited the Charlottesville Progress. Wm Garth—"red Billy" to distinguish him from Wood Garth's family—to whom, however, he was related—Bob Harris—a fine fellow—a great fiddler—& a valued friend & later on a client. Billy Garth—who is still living in a green old age—was desperately wounded in the Civil War. Bob also served—both in Cavalry. Rice Burnley an artilleryman—afterwards Sheriff & still living in the eighties Moran—a New Yorker—who bought the farm adjoining Sunny Side. Inloes—a Baltimorean, who served in the Civil War & bought the place adjoining Sunny Side on the west.
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Bob Harris—Moran & Inloes have all "gone West".
Foster was a very tall & large man: Full of fun, but in looks & appearance very grave & dignified. He—like most of us, was very fond of a drink & generally carried a quart "tickler" of good whiskey to every party to which we went. I remember in the winter of 1873, we had tableaux & a dance at Rio. It was very cold & cloudy & after the tableaux we had a dance. Bob Harris was the fiddler & got very tight I'm sorry to say. He played very well at first & shouted the figures in the liveliest way. Finally his playing became very unsteady & ceased: Bob was sound asleep. One of the young ladies—a great favorite of his—went up to him & woke him up. He roused himself & in a stentorian voice yelled "Change partners" & began to play vigorously—just where he left
[III 105]
off. It was only for a moment, however, & he was asleep again. Again he was awakened by the

same girl & this time he yelled "I won't play another d—nd drop until you change partners" & then we led him out on the porch & laid him down on a bench. We got another musician, & forgot all about Bob, until going out on the porch we found it had been snowing steadily & drifting over Bob's inanimate form until it was completely covered. Some one suggested that it was a dry snow & the best thing to do was to let him lie there—and he did until the party broke up about 3.A.M & it was still snowing. We woke up Bob, who was then perfectly sober—gave him a drink & all drove off in the fast falling snow—as merry as crickets. Bob didn't take cold & suffered no inconvenience.

Foster wore a very long Ulster overcoat & carried his Quart in one of the pockets. He

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hung it up on a hook in the room in which we were dancing & in the midst of the merriment took it down for some purpose & the quart bottle fell out & rolled over in the midst of the dancers, who paused in the dance. Foster was unabashed. He picked up the bottle—& then looked at the overcoat. "Oh! me" he said "what a fearful thing. This is not my Coat, but that of dear old Uncle William ___'s" mentioning the name of a prominent Methodist Minister in Charlottesville, who was about as high as Foster's shoulder "I took it off the rack in the Hall where we took supper together: I never thought he drank". And gravely he replaced the bottle in the overcoat pocket & walked out on the porch, where he was followed by "many friends".

John is long since dead—a fine fellow & charming gentleman—peace to his ashes.

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1873-4

It was determined that I should remain at home for the session & walk over to my lectures, dining at Morea when it was necessary: My lectures were nearly all in the morning, so I only dined at Morea probably twice a week. I walked across the fields to the railroad track & then down the track to McKennie's bookstore. This way by the track was not the shortest, but it led me by the Blue Cottage, where I generally stopped for a short chat with Brem or Marshall or Battle—the first two being in the same classes with me. Sometimes I would stop at the Bookstore and "hae a crack with Dr McKennie—"old Doc" as we called him, tho' he was then in his forties.

Dr Minor lectured in a large room under the Public Hall in the Annex. Only a small part of his Institutes had been published, so he got a student to write a portion

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every morning on the Blackboard & we copied it. He adhered rigidly to his analytical method. "A1 Contingent Remainders—Wherein consider—(abbreviated to W. C)

He was a very clear forceful lecturer—and great teacher. Like Dr McGuffey he taught his pupils to think & his constant repetition kept a given subject in mind. He was a strikingly handsome man, with a fine voice & very impressive: With a very high temper, which he kept, as a usual thing under good control, when he did give way to it his explosion of wrath was like lightning & thunder at once. He grew deadly pale, then red & with a fearful explosion fell upon his unfortunate victim with all the power of sarcasm & invective. He quizzed a great deal & used

question and answer as a vehicle of continued dissertation upon the subject under dis-
[III 109]
cussion. His great fault—in my judgment—was a "fondness for the antique" & he frequently discussed & dwelt upon laws & customs belonging almost to the "age of the mammoth & mastodon". And the difficulty was that he gave some prominence to these subjects on his examinations. "Old John tithed mint & rue" one of the brilliant members of his class," once said, "and if he doesn't exactly neglect the weightier matters of the law, certainly wastes a lot of valueable time, which ought to be given to it." He was fearfully severe on any change in the law—attacked most vehemently "homestead & poor debtor's" exemptions, and almost frothed at the mouth when the married woman's law—"that abominable piece of legislation fathered by one Smith of Nelson" was mentioned. Tom Smith—who introduced the earliest married woman's Act being from Nelson County in the Virginia
[III 110]
Legislature. Common law Pleading was to him the perfection of human reason & no pharisee ever saw a jew touch the Ark of the Covenant, with greater wrath & horror than Mr Minor viewed any change in that wretched system. He was a cold man, I think & somewhat narrow, but no more honest, upright and high minded man ever lived.
The other Law Professor was dear old Stephen O. Southall—about as poor a teacher as he was rich in all the elements that make up a gentleman. He came to teaching directly from the Bar & at an age when it was too late to learn the art of teaching. He had the important subjects of Equity and Evidence & the minor subject of International Law & Government. We used Vattel in the one & The Federalist in the other. It was a very easy subject under "old South's" teaching & he made it a very uninteresting one. His lectures were dry & he seemed very indifferent as to
[III 111]
the whole matter. It is said he graduated a whole class once because the papers blew out of his window & he was too lazy to pick them up. Having graduated in that subject at the last session I did not have to take it & attended his lectures on Equity & Evidence passing my intermediate examination in both subjects. Why I did not graduate I will explain later.
Mr. Southall was, however, a most lovely character—a splendid gentleman & a most eloquent speaker. His farewell address each year to his class was a model of good taste & style as well as pathetic and eloquent. He was a bachelor & very quiet & rather solitary in his life. It is a rather strange thing that the Chair filled by Prof Southall never—until late years had a teacher in it. It had able lawyers & fine men, but absolutely poor as instructors. Prof Holcombe, Southall's predecessor was a brilliant man—eloquent—strong as a lawyer, a member of the
[III 112]
the Confederate Congress—but a very poor professor of law. Southall was succeeded by Professor Gilmore—one of the ablest lawyers in the Southwest, but an absolute failure as a Professor. Indeed he resigned after some years of service, thus preventing a request for his resignation which was said to be about to be made. He was succeeded by my dear friend Walter D. Dabney, who was a most learned & brilliant man & who would have made his mark but for

an excessive modesty. As it was, he was a decided improvement on any of his predecessors. I am unable to say anything as to his successors.
There were a fine lot of men in the class of 1873-4. Thomas Nelson Page sat next to me & then commenced a friendship which has lasted up to this day. Tom was an excellent student & stood high in the class, despite a rhyme I made on him in return to some verses on me rather inelegant it is true. In reply to them I
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wrote.
"There are Pages of wit & pages of Glee,
And pages writ over with maxims, so sage,
But when Tom Page is called on by old John B.
Why what is it then but a blank Page"
Edward Echols who failed on his final examination to the great anger of the whole class, was afterwards a Member of the State Senate & Lieutenant Governor of the State. He was a wealthy man & did very little out of Politics. [ ] Rector of Arkansas—who was afterwards Attorney General of that State—also failed on his final examination. The indignation of the class was caused by the fact that Echols & Rector used to write up Mr Minors syllabusses on the Blackboard in the class room, giving much of the time they might have spent in study to this work for the Professor. They ought to have known that Prof Minor was absolutely just & fair & "played no favorites. If Echols & Rector failed, they failed to answer the question & Mr
[III 114]
Minor saw the papers & no person behind them. But the boys, with whom Echols & Rector were great favorites, when the names of neither one appeared on the graduating list, went down en masse & "booed" under Mr Minor's window—interspersing the "booing", with loud cheers for Echols & Rector. Mr Minor paid no attention to the demonstrations. Jas M. Ambler now Associate Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore was also in the class and others who have made their mark.
I commenced the session with the fixed intention of taking my B.L. in one year & I began to study hard & with some system. But fate was against me. I drove mother over to Morea to spend the day the latter part of October—a raw & chilly day. I drove the old sorrell mare I had driven down the Valley in the summer of 1872. She was an ill conditioned brute, but I took her out of the buggy—took off her harness & turned her out to graze. When evening came I attempted to catch
[III 115]
her, but she showed me her heels & it was a very angry young man who finally cornered her in the angle of a <worm> fence— As I came up behind her she threw up her heels & kicked me square in the face. Had I been three feet away she would have killed me. As it was she shattered the bones in my nose & I got up & rushed back to the house a very bloody youngster. I alarmed the household. Mother almost had hysterics. Dear Lucy Armistead was then on a visit to Morea & she dressed my wound—washing my face & laying me down on the bed & sitting by holding

my hand until Dr Cabell came. He came very near not coming at all as the stupid negro who went for him informed him he must come at once to Morea where a horse had kicked a man & knocked out all of his brains. He did come, however, ran a pocket pencil up my nostril, put adhesive plaster on the injured mem-
[III 116]
ber & went off. Lucy was simply lovely to me & then commenced a friendship & affection that ceased only with her death. But the wound was a serious one. My face was blue & yellow & my eyes closed. I was not able to read until nearly Christmas & so I got behind my class and never caught up.
The wound was long & obstinate in healing & a great deal of what was called "proud flesh" came in it. Dr Cabell treated me with an electric needle, burning out the flesh, every other day. It healed about Christmas, but left a decided scar, which has not entirely disappeared. I suffered a great deal with it & was rather despondent & gave up studying almost altogether, only doing enough to keep from failing in the class. I did graduate—or rather pass—several of the intermediate examinations.
I am afraid my running for the debater's medal in the "Wash" Society had a good deal to do with my failure as well, as my wound. Politics
[III 117]
ran very high & the Wash had the largest membership in its history. My opponent was a young gentleman from Alexandria named Brooks of whom I have never heard since he left the University. He could not speak but was very popular & defeated me by a tie vote—the President Richard H. Bell of Staunton casting the deciding vote in Brooke's favour. But the contest was a hot one & canvassin[g] & speaking & caucussing took up a lot of time. I am sorry to say that my opponent or his friends played very dirty politics & in one case a dirty little jew from Norfolk actually forged some telegrams. My friends took the matter up to the faculty & the result was that this was the last contest for the debater's medal on the old plan of election by popular vote. A committee of the faculty heard a certain number of debates and awarded the medal.
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(whilst I was writing the page before this (Wednesday Novbr 1st 1922) dear old Thos Nelson Page was lying a corpse in his house in Hanover Co: He was walking in his garden & dropped dead yesterday—Nov lst— His wife & mine died within a week of each other.)
The Session passed rapidly to a close— The Finals were very pleasant & the Final Ball unusually pleasant. I was President of the Ball Association & very proud of our success. I took Mrs. Charles Goodyear, one of the handsomest women I ever saw— She was half greek—her father being a Presbyterian Missionary to Greece & her mother a Greek lady. We danced in those days "jusquá jour" [until day] & I never shall forget how well she looked as we came out in broad day light—Most women looked bedraggled—powder in streaks—gown torn & dishevelled. Daylight on any one who has danced all night in July is a terrible "dis-
[III 119]
illusioner", but she looked very beautiful.

My opponent—Brooks—received the medal, but that rascal John Marshall persuaded him into getting a white vest about six inches too long for him & his appearance was rather ludicrous. Old friends parted that July night never to meet again & my college days ended. Delightful days they were, full of joy & pleasure but in many ways I wasted the greater part of them. Had I studied as I should have done—& been less superficial I might have made my mark in life. But they were happy days & I learned one thing which has proven of great value to me; that is the ability to think on my feet & to speak readily.

I did little that Summer, but enjoy myself. Dear Lucy Armistead came to Morea to spend the summer & I saw much of her

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there & at Sunny Side. Drove with her, walked with her & thoroughly enjoyed her company.

I was twenty one on the 27th day of August. I applied for a certificate as a man of "good moral character" at the September County Court & with it went with Father to Fluvanna Court at Palmyra, where Judge Henry Shackelford—who was holding Court there—examined me. His only question was, "When do they cut clover hay?" and when I answered, "When it was ripe," said, "Hand me your license & I'll sign it. If you are as d—nd fool farmer as that, I suppose you will make a lawyer— Why they cut it when its green".

I did not get off as easy a week later when with Warwick Reade—an A.M. & B.L. of the University I went to Staunton & was examined by Judge [ ] Christian of the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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The Judge made an appointment for late in the afternoon, so Reade & I got a handsome "double team" & drove around Staunton.

When we got to Judge Christian's room we found [ ] Quarles—who had been a classmate & the Judge examined us & signed our licenses. Quarles was & is a remarkable man. Seemingly dull & stupid he was afterwards County Judge of Augusta Co & a member of Congress. I think he was "heavy" not dull. He had & I suppose has a good law practice, & was & is, an excellent gentleman.

I returned home & spent the next month having a good time. Dear Lucy Armistead & I drove a good deal & I went to dances &c &c making new friends & renewing old friendships.

The Circuit Court met in October and I qualified to practice law, Judge Henry Shackel-

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ford being on the Bench. He immediately assigned me to defend a negro accused of breaking in a corn house & stealing corn from Col [ ] Northrop, who had been Commissary General of the Confederate States & whose general inefficiency contributed much to the downfall of the Confederacy. He was a South Carol[in]ian & was anxious—so I have heard—to feed our armies on rice. He had been at West Point with Mr Davis & it was probably a personal appointment. He was a bigoted Roman Catholic & a very strange sort of a man. Highly educated, but absolutely impracticable. He bought the farm on which Col Mosby was raised—now owned by Mr [ ] Harrison. His son Xenus & I were & still are good friends. Xenus lost a son in the world war.

Of course I was intensely interested in my case. Made a speech which was much complimented &
[III 123]
darkey was acquitted: So greatly disgusted was Col Northrop that he never spoke to me again. Said these young "springalds of the Law", ought to be prohibited from taking such cases. The evidence against the negro was very slight & he ought to have been acquitted. Not quite as slight, however, as a case the Col had against a negro whom he had arrested for stealing a sheep. He stated to the Magistrate that he found where his sheep had been killed; He suspected a certain negro—went to his cabin—found what was "cold sheep's grease" in one of the pots in the kitchen. "I, then sir", he said to the Magistrate, "seized the negro firmly by the nose & chin, opened his mouth & smelt his breath. He had been eating sheep, sir & it was my sheep". He never forgave the magistrate for not issuing a warrant on this
[III 124]
testimony. I recall that dining at home once, Mother taxed him with Roman Catholics denying salvation to any but of their own faith. "Not at all, Madame", he replied— "We believe many of you will be saved by "invincible ignorance". I never shall forget how Mother drew herself up & replied, "I do not think I would value salvation on such a plea."
My father threw some little business in my hands & my first chancery suit was for partition in the case of Sandridge vs Lewis. Father declined to give me any help. "Work it out for yourself", he said & I had to do it. He adopted this wise plan during all of our lives. I had to prepare papers without his assistance. He then looked over them & pointed out any errors. This made me self reliant, but was the best way to teach me the practice of the
[III 125]
law.
Shortly before Christmas father told me that he was going to dissolve the partnership of Duke Jones & Hanckel & take me in as his partner. It was—I know—a hard wrench for him to give up Mr Jones. He loved Mr Jones as if he were a brother & Mr Jones loved him. He was a quiet, modest, unassuming gentleman—rather shy & never appeared in Court; but was a good draughtsman: But father really brought practically all of the business to the firm & thought I ought to help him. Father hated to write. He had some trouble with the nail on the thumb of his right hand which made the thumb tremble when he wrote, so his handwriting, which had at one time been very good, became decidedly bad, so he had his partners do most of the
[III 126]
writing. This was long before the stenographer was known in Charlottesville & the type writer had not been invented. I may say here—en passant—that I was the first lawyer ever to have a stenographer and a type writer—the old Caligraph. My stenographer was a Miss Conger of New Orleans & the older members of the Bar were very much horrified to think of having a woman employed in a lawyers office. Today a young lawyer gets his stenographer as soon as he opens his office. How many of them can afford to have them & pay them is a mystery to me.
But it was well on in the eighties before I had either stenographer or type writer & the amount of

writing I did in long hand would look marvellous to the young lawyer
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of today.
On January 1st 1875 the firm of Duke & Duke was formed & the old sign is in my office now (Feb:y 1923) I kept the name up to 1922 & then my son Eskridge & I took C.E. Gentry into partnership with us we kept the name, simply adding his to it.
From January 1875 commenced my real career as a lawyer. I do not think I have ever been a good lawyer. I have been a successful one, but I never cared to study law. My main strength has been as an advocate, tho' I liked to work up for, & write briefs. Strange to say I have always hated the wrangle & jangle of the Court room—even with the superb lawyers who were at the Bar when I came to it. They were learned, courteous men, high men, disdaining chicanery & sharp practice
[III 128]
such a contrast to the set who now practice here— It is with a mingled feeling of disgust & contempt that I now have to cross—sticks—not swords—the latter being too noble a weapon—with the men at the Charlottesville Bar today, with a few honourable exceptions. Ignorant, pretentious—shysters,—but I must not go on.
I worked very hard for many years, helping my dear Father & as he told me in his last illness, taking the burden from his shoulders. I made up my mind that I would never marry until he was out of debt. He had no idea how much he owed & my first work was to get a statement of all he owed. It welnigh paralyzed me, for a hundred dollars in those days meant to me far more than a thousand does today.
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The amount father owed would be to me now nothing extraordinary. Then it looked colossal: But each year saw it cut down & when Father was out of debt, he owned SunnySide, well stocked & had money in Bank. I might here say something of the Albemarle Bar in 1875 & future years, but I have written my reminiscences & a history of this Bar in Vols VII & VIII (new Series) of the Virginia Law Register to which I refer my children. It was a superb Bar of fine lawyers & splendid gentlemen. "Quantum mutatus ab illo". [how much has changed from earlier time]
The year was a very busy one with me, but I had a good time. I went to the University a good deal to see my old classmates & friends & it was hard to realize that I was not still a student.
[III 130]
I attended all the dances—lead many of the Germans & visited the ladies in the City & at Edge Hill a great deal.
Col Thos Jefferson Randolph died at Edge Hill this year & I went to his funeral which was largely attended. After the grave was filled about six or eight of his old servants gathered about the grave & sang a very pathetic song— I recognized neither the words or the music, but the latter was very sweet & impressive. There were very few dry eyes in the crowd. Col Randolph was a kind master & much beloved by his servants. He was a strong believer in Emancipation of the negroes & introduced a bill in the Legislature, where he served several terms. He told me

more than once that but for the rabid abolitionists in the North & their violence & abuse, slavery would have been abolished in Virginia long before the Civil War. A few months before
[III 131]
his death he spent the night at SunnySide & I recall with much pleasure his charming conversation & anecdotes of the old times. How I wish I had written them down, in their entirety: Somewhere I have notes of them. By the beginning of the year 1876 our practice began to be quite a large one & I was kept very busy. We practiced then not only in Albemarle, but in Fluvanna, Nelson & Greene & I went with my Father to the Courts of those Counties right often. We generally got a hack to go to Palmyra, the County seat of Fluvanna & with some of the other lawyers—Perkins or White or Judge Robertson or some other member of the bar drive down to Palmyra—staying as short a while as possible—as the so called Hotel at that village left much to be desired. Father and I sometimes drove down & spent the night at Mr Tom Clarke's about halfway to Palmyra. He & Father were very
[III 132]
dear friends & his house was a very pleasant one. In after years his sister, dear old Mrs Tompkins, was a client of mine as well as friend. She was a genuine "Daughter of the Revolution", her father having been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. The "Daughters" gave her a gold spoon. She married a Mr [ ] Tompkins who was at one time editor of one of the Charlottesville Papers. The old lady gave me his books & a picture of Thomas Ritchie under whom Tompkins worked awhile. He moved to Nelson & built the rather handsome brick house about a mile South of Shipman as it is now called & died there just before the Civil War leaving his widow, my friend, with one child. This boy entered the Confederate Army—was captured—sent to Point Lookout & died there a victim to the horrible Northern Prison System. Mrs Tompkins got a pass from the Confederate Government—went to Washington—saw Mr. Lincoln—got
[III 133]
a permit from him & brought her son's body back with her & buried him by his father in the family graveyard at the place I have mentioned and where she now lies. She died at a very advanced age—somewhere in the nineties. I think she was over ninety five when she died.
The roads to Palmyra as well as to Lovingston—the County seat of Nelson—& to Stanardsville the County seat of Greene—were indescribably horrible in winter & whilst rough were not very bad in dry weather. There was no railroad to Palmyra then. The prominent figure at the Fluvanna Bar was Col Wm B. Pettitt a tall lank gentleman with long hair & who always wore a silk hat & when I first knew him a black stock. He was an unusually fine lawyer & his arguments in Moon v. Stone had the high compliment of being ordered to be printed in [ ] Grattan p[ ]
[III 134]
A.A. Gray, Esq was then practicing in Charlottesville in partnership with C.D. Fishburne, but subsequently moved to Palmyra & lived there & practiced at that Bar until his death. A very handsome, highly cultivated gentleman of the old school, courteous & kindly.
I cannot say I enjoyed my visits to Palmyra very much. The only thing that made them pleasant

was the association with the other lawyers & the pleasant evenings spent together after Court was over, when we met on the Hotel porch or in the parlour & chatted—the older lawyers reminiscensing—and told stories & anecdotes. The cessation of "going on Circuit," has done much to break up the cordial relations between members of the bar, or rather the intimate knowledge of each other.

Going to Nelson Court was a great pleasure, as the drive from the Railway station at what was then known as Lovingston Station was only five miles to the Court

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House which was & is known as Lovingston. The Station has had its name changed several times in my knowledge. It has been known as Montreal, Oakridge, Lovingston Station & Shipman—its present name.

At Lovingston we met members of the Lynchburg Bar: C.M. Blackford, R.G.H. Kean—Maj. Kirkpatrick & others. The prominent lawyer at Lovingston was Mr Robert Whitehead one of the ablest lawyers I ever knew, & one of the keenest intellects with which I ever came in contact. A well read, cultivated gentleman, & a fine speaker. He had a vein of humour, sarcasm & wit I never knew surpassed. Full of anecdotes & fun & most delightful company. Why he chose to bury himself in an obscure little village I never could make out. With the exception of a term or so in the Virginia State Legislature he never entered public life, tho' he was attorney for the Commonwealth

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for Nelson County for many years, holding this office at the time of his death. He had a good farm about two miles from the County Seat & lived there with a fine family a very contented & happy man. His son Stuart Whitehead succeeded him as Attorney for the Commonwealth & still holds that office.

Our trips to Greene were rendered doubly pleasant from the fact that we generally left home in the afternoon & spent the night at Frank Durrett's about fifteen miles from Charlottesville & about three or four miles beyond Earlysville. The roads in those days were inconceivably horrible & the trip which now takes a couple of hours was six or eight. Frank had a beautiful place & was the soul of hospitality. He had married a daughter of Samuel O. Moon who brought him a good deal of money. She was named "Samuella" after her father & was a short & very fat lady, kindly, pleasant

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and a good housekeeper. Frank lived like a Prince & we enjoyed our stay with him & I believe he & his wife enjoyed our company. He very often went on to Court with us. Stanardsville is a picturesque little village situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge amidst charming scenery. Before the civil war some ambitious person, built a large brick hotel, rooms with high ceilings & of ample proportions & here old Mrs Saunders kept a hotel which would have done credit to a City. This was the other fact which rendered our trips to Greene doubly pleasant, for I never saw such a variety of delicious food served as in this old Hotel. Not only did she have three or four meats—chickens—beef—mutton & pork—but vegetables galore. She would send off & get the

early vegetables before we saw them in Charlottesville & her desserts were delicious. I remember
[III 138]
yet her custard pies. Strange to say, her successors seem to have inherited her genius, for the Hotel is still well kept with good food.
There were only three lawyers at the Stanardsville Bar. [ ] Bray—Arthur Stevens & Reuben Thomas. The first from tidewater—of an old Virginia family drifted into Stanardsville during the war, fell in love with one of the girls there & returned & married her after the war, settling in the village & practicing law to the day of his death. He was a man of education & refinement & would have made his mark, but for his intemperate habits. He had studied at the University of Virginia, served well as a Confederate Soldier, but became a perfect sot. * (*Bray also entered Harvard College & was a student there at the beginning of the Civil War. He left & came home & entered our army.) In his old age he became blind & stopped drinking & was a very good Commissioner despite his habits. Old man Arthur Stevens was small man, a good quiet gentleman—not anything of a lawyer, but an
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excellent Commissioner in Chancery. He was a very bright Mason & kept the Stanardsville Lodge in an excellent condition as long as he lived. The other member of the Bar was a burly, dark, stout man named Reuben Thomas. Reuben was "a case": A good natured creature who practiced law "by ear" entirely; poorly educated and an awful shyster: He had been a good soldier and was devoted to my father. He had a very loud voice & when speaking simply bellowed. At first Reuben was very much disliked & treated with a good deal of contempt. Association, however with the gentlemen who come from other Bars, softened & civilized Reuben & before he died he had vastly improved & did the "best he knew how", which was not much it is true. He served Greene as Commonwealth's Attorney for a good many years and probably suited that County as
[III 140]
well as it deserved: For Greene—tho' it has some splendid people in it & a few beautiful farms is a Mountainous County with as about a wild a class of population as one generally sees anywhere. People with many of the rustic virtues, but all of the rustic vices—uneducated, quarrelsome, moonshiners & fighters. Mayo's School & the Mountain Missions of the Episcopal Church have done very much to improve the County & the Schools are now much better: But in the Mountain hollows are yet (1923) a wild & tough lot of people.
But to return to Reuben: He had a good deal of shrewdness & wit of a coarse kind & enough education to give him a knowledge of words without the knowledge as to how they should always be used. I remember in one case which was rather a cause célebre— Reuben was associated with ex-attorney
[III 141]
General Fields—who strange to say—entered into partnership in Greene & Madison with him—in a case of seduction &c &c. The offense was committed at a Sunday School picnic in Greene

County & Reuben in addressing the jury said: “Gentlemen of the Jury, while the good honest people of Greene were serving their God in the capacity of a picnic this spelurious villyan was a’ roamin’ around a’ seekin whom he mought devour” I asked Reuben for the definition of “spelurious”, but he told me to look it up for myself. He once characterized an indictment to which he demurred, as “a useless piece of literature”.
As the years went by, Reuben softened down & whilst like the leopard he could not change his spots, he tried his best & people began to see that under all his faults there was a kind heart. He had a son, who promised to be a man
[III 142]
of parts. He became the editor of the little paper published in Stanardsville & gave promise of a bright future. Consumption carried him off whilst a very young man & poor Reuben never really recovered from the blow. At the time of his death he had become—if not respected—at least liked. I grew quite fond of the old man. Peace to his ashes.
There was a good deal of business in Greene & most of the members of the Charlottesville Bar attended the Courts. From Madison came General Kemper, who became Governor of the State. He was a stout, swarthy, black bearded man, very fiery & impetuous—rather disposed to bully, but a man of dignity & ability. He had been shot at Gettysburg, whilst leading his brigade in Pickett’s charge & limped walking with a cane, all the rest of his life. Maj Field—called General, as he
[III 143]
was at one time Attorney General of the State—came from Culpeper at times to Greene & when he moved to Albemarle practiced regularly at the Greene Courts. He had lost his leg during the Civil War. A fair—tho’ not brilliant—lawyer he had a good practice.
Greene Court day was unlike any day I ever knew. Large crowds of men—women & children attended the Courts & by dinner time half of the population of the town & visiting mountaineers were drunk: there were innumerable fights & cracked crowns & bloody noses were much in evidence. I heard Father say, that when a Judge & Alexander Rives were running for Congress—the latter as a Republican they spoke in Greene in 1870. At that time Greene was a very strong Democratic county. It has sadly fallen from its high estate—being now Republican.
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But in 1870 there were very few white republicans in the County. A large crowd of whites & blacks attended the speaking. Most of them got drunk & had a regular battle—the whites on one side & negroes on the other. Father said that they formed a regular line of battle & the air was filled with stones which they threw with great dexterity. He & Judge Rives stood on the hotel & watched the battle. Many combattants were downed, but no one seriously hurt—cracked crowns meaning very little to a Greene mountaineer & less to a negro. Father said a lanky Mountaineer struck a negro on the head with a large stone & the fellows head resounded from the blow and down he went as tho’ shot. “God bless my soul”, said old Judge Rives—that was his favorite expression—“that man is killed.” But he had hardly
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spoken, when the negro got up, rushed at the white man, clinched & a very pretty wrastling match took place. The negroes soon fled, however, & the war was over with no serious casualties.

I have neglected to mention one circumstance which took place in 1874-5 which was to have an influence on my life, little imagined at the time: And that was my becoming a member of the Ancient and Honorable Institution of Free Masons. I was initiated an Entered Apprentice on the 26th Novbr 1874—Passed in Fellow Craft 23rd December 1874 and raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason on the 16th January 1875. My brother had been an Entered Apprentice for several years, but had not studied the lectures at all, so he and I were "lectured" by J.W. Scribner who was a dentist & a good fellow & Willie & I took the degrees after Entered Apprentice on the same nights. As I

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have said this had an influence of my life little imagined at the time. I took great interest in the Institution Was made Master of Widow's Son's Lodge No 60 in 1880 & served two terms. I began to attend the Grand Lodge in Richmond in 1876. It met in St Alban's Hall on Main Street in those days & each night of the session we had a very good & very pleasant banquet, but with no speeches.

I made a speech, however, at this my first session of the Grand Lodge upon some resolutions in honour of Dr John Dove, who had been for many years Grand Secretary & who died—I think—in 1876. My speech seemed to make a great hit. I attended the Grand Lodge regularly until 18[ ] when I missed three sessions & strange to say was elected Grand Junior Deacon in 18[ ] & then went thro' the chairs, being elected

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Grand Master in 1897 & serving for two terms— My reputation as a Speaker having grown I was constantly called on to make addresses on Masonic Occasions, all over the State, literally from Mountains to Sea Shore & this gave me a wide reputation throughout the State & gave me an acquaintance with different sections of the State I could have gained in no other way.

In 1899 I presided in the month of December over what was up to that time the largest assembly of Free Masons in America. It was on Decbr 13th 1899, when the Grand Lodge met at Alexandria & went to Mount Vernon the next day where we commemorated the one hundredth Anniversary of the death of Geo: Washington. We had Grand Masters from every State in the Union, except Pennsylvania—& representation from Canada Belgium &c &c. It was a wonderful meeting. At Mount Vernon Bishop Randolph prayed & President

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McKinley & I made addresses— It was a cold, raw, day & McKinley seemed to be very tired. My Darling wife was ill in the Hospital & could not be with us. But Mary & Mamie Slaughter, Willie & his wife & Cornie Burleson went & we had a suite at the Ebbitt & were splendidly taken care of. We went to Mount Vernon in a special car with the President: John Hay: Senator Clarke, who had been Grand Master of Wyoming, Senators Daniel & Martin, Bishop Randolph—my own family & several others I do not now remember—Revd Harry B. Lee being

with the Bishop—who was the most absent minded man on the earth. We kept the car waiting for him & finally Lee found him walking along the Avenue. When he saw Lee he ran up to him. "My Dear Harry", he said, "I have a very important engagement today, but to save my life I cannot tell where it is". Harry seized him by the
[III 149]
arm & hurrying him along to the car said "I've been hunting you, so you could keep it, Bishop" & so they joined us. That night we had a big banquet at the old Willard & a reception, at which I believe I shook hands with a thousand people. My hand was sore for days. It was a very beautiful affair & I have always felt proud of the fact that I was privileged to be at the head of the craft on the occasion.
But I have forged too far ahead in going into this & will return to 1876. This year was also memorable from the fact that I went to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia with my brother & later—after a week there I went to New York—up the Hudson & to Niagara.
In Philadelphia we had a room on Arch Street—1000 was the number of the building—& we took our meals at various
[III 150]
Restaurants & at the various eating houses on the grounds— I never shall forget that at one meal I asked the girl who was waiting on us for some "tomâtoes" giving the broad sound of "a". She looked very much taken aback went off & brought me back a bottle of Worchester Sauce. I pointed to the vegetable on an adjoining table & said "That's what I want". "Oh! tomatoes!" she said. It was the first time I had ever heard the word pronounced with a short "a". I have often since been asked why not "potâtoes", if you say "tomâtoes. I cannot say "Why not?" I enjoyed the Centennial very much & it was not only an enjoyment, but an education— My Fraternity had an annual Convention whilst I was in Philadelphia and it be-
[III 151]
in[g] "ante-Volstead" days we had what was called in those "mad, bad, glad" days a "high old time. One of the Philadelphia Zetes, a very large, solemn man attached himself to me and we had an uproarious time. I did not remember his name, & soon forgot him. When I was crossing the Atlantic in the Caledonia in July 1914, I met a large solemn looking man, who with his wife and child was going to England. We got to talking to each other & I found that his name was Hoffman from Philadelphia & that he was a Zete. On comparing notes I found he was the same man with whom I "celebrated" in 1876 at the Zeta Psi Convention. I will have something to say about him later.
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The two things that impressed me the most at the Centennial were the pictures & the buildings. Of the latter I can only say that they seem to me to be handsomest and most dignified of any Expositions buildings I ever saw.
The collection of pictures was very good. Up to that date I had only seen the small collection of masterpieces at Farmington & the—at that time small—numbers of pictures in Mr W.W. Corcoran's private house in Washington—the neuclius of the present splendid Corcoran Art

Gallery. I cannot now say, whether the Centennial Collection was an unusually good one, but I do say that it was the beginning of a fondness for Art which has grown with the years & tho' since then I have seen all the great Art Galleries of the world, save those in Germany & Russia, I have never experienced the same thrill of delight as I wandered thro'
[III 153]
the Centennial Collection & spent hours before one picture. From Philadelphia I went to New York, thence up the Hudson in a "day boat" to Albany & thence to Niagara. Of course I was carried away by the latter—which has always seemed to me more sublime each time I see it. I returned by way to Watkin's Glen—stopped over in Philadelphia for a couple of days & then returned home a muchly travelled man—in my own opinion.
My Sister entertained a great deal that summer. Jennie Randolph: Margaret Randolph—Lucy Shackelford & Minnie Anderson—the latter of Savannah who spent practically the whole summer with us at Sunny Side—yellow fever having broken out in Savannah. All of these lovely girls are gone now—save Jennie (Virginia) Randolph now the widow of Geo: Shackelford. Minnie Ander-
[III 154]
son died only a month or so ago in New York having been married twice. Once to Willie Allen—to whom I introduced her—and after his death to a Music Teacher whose name I do not remember. Without being exactly beautiful—she was one of the most attractive & fascinating girls I ever knew. Absolutely heartless—not at all truthful—but who cares for either of those traits in a fascinating woman—she was greatly admired. For quite a time I was one of her worshippers, who were quite numerous. We had quite a happy summer that year. During it there was a large "ladies" barbecue at which George Shackelford one of Minnies' most ardent admirers got <"unco fou"> & insisted I should read a letter Minnie had written him. The spirit of jealously was so strong in me I did what I ought not to have done & read it. I had its duplicate
[III 155]
in my pocket. It had been too much trouble for Minnie to think up two letters, so she had written one & copied it. As I had once done the same to two Sweethearts I had no right to complain. She subsequently married Allan—who was a rich man— They had a lovely house in Richmond, where I often visited. Allen after some years moved to New York—lost all of his money: got a good place in the Bankrupt Courts & they had one of the prettiest little bijoux of a house I ever saw, exquisitely furnished. I dined there once & never sat down to a more exquisitely served & finer dinner. Allen died & left her very badly off. She subsequently married a music teacher & died this year (1924).
I will always keep a kindly place in my heart for Minnie
[III 156]
but her life was not one to make one have really much more than a kindly feeling. Peace to her ashes, poor woman.
And this is a good place to tell about the Barbecue Club. About a half mile to the west of the SunnySide house a splendid spring issues out of a sandstone rock at the foot of the hill in the

midst of the forest. It is in shade all day & facing the north is exceedingly cold. Laurel and ferns are all about it: moss covers the rocks about it & its bold branch runs into the larger stream not ten steps away. Its waters are so cold that from time immemorial it has been known as the "Cool Spring", but known as well as "The Barbecue" Spring. This grew from the fact that old fashioned Virginia Barbecues were held there from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The Civil
[III 157]
War and its damnable successor, "Reconstruction" stopped Barbecues until about 1873 or 74 they were renewed by an organization known as "The Cool Spring Barbecue Club" composed of gentlemen of our neighbourhood whose names I shall mention hereafter. That piece of iniquitous, hypocritical, tyrannical & fanatical Legislation known as the 18th Amendment, State Prohibition & the Volstead Act, broke up Barbecues; for a Barbecue without something to drink was, as old Bazaleel Garth said about a Heaven with nothing to drink in it "a d-mn dreary place". I'm afraid our coming generations will know nothing about Barbecues, so I will describe them. The word is derived from two french words, "Barbe (beard) et (and) cue (tail) and came to us from the West
[III 158]
Indies where the sheep or ox was roasted from "head to tail". The process was as follows: A pit about ten feet long—five feet wide and about 3 feet deep, was dug in the ground & filled with kindling & green wood & set on fire about 5 o'clock in the morning & allowed to burn until it became a mass of glowing red hot coals. In the mean time pigs—quite young ones—& lambs—had been prepared & tied with green withes to two green poles about 6 or 7 feet longer than the pit was wide. They were then stretched over the coals & basted with melted butter in which some boiling water—salt & pepper were mixed. Two men were assigned to each animal, one on each side of the pit & turned the carcass over & over whilst a "baster" basted it with the melted butter. In the mean time, over a fire was a huge pot, in which had been
[III 159]
put water, were placed squirrels—if obtainable—if not, chickens—a piece of bacon, "streak o'fat & streak o'lean" several pounds of butter—tomatoes—butter beans—potatoes—ochra—green corn—Worchester sauce ad libitum—a few pods of red pepper—& salt & pepper: This was allowed to simmer slowly & by the time the meat was ready—it was ready also. I have eaten many famous ragouts & stews—at the great restaurants in England & on the Continent, but never at Spiers & Ponds or Simpsons—never at Vefours or Voisins—Foyots—or Boeuf à la Mode, have I eaten as a divine a concoction as the "Barbecue Stew" made after my Father's receipt. The only difficulty was, that you were tempted to eat so much of it, that it took away your appetite for the delicious barbecued meat. Had Charles Lamb ever eaten a piece of barbecued shoat, with cracklin'
[III 160]
on it he would have added an extra paon of praise in his essay "On Roast Pig". Nor was the lamb far behind it & for those who had not the "stomacha viri" [strong stomach]—of Horace, there

were a few young chickens “barbecued” also.
Nor was “wine that maketh glad the heart of man”, nor whiskey that rejoiceth his stomach or good old Apple Brandy lacking. Kegs of these too were brought & buried in ice & the day passed in song & merriment—a few short speeches—and eating & drinking galore. What days they were?—What glorious days? Oh! me, “Lochaber no more”. [work of Allan Ramsey 1686-1758]
It is true some of us did drink more than we ought to have done; some alas! retired to the kindly shade of the oaks and pines & dreamed away the afternoon. What of it? “Shall there be no cakes and ale” because a few poor fellows had
[III 161]
imbibed too freely? We played some pranks too. One of the most charming & witty Germans I ever knew—Dr Kratz—who spent a winter in Charlottesville & part of a summer. He attended his first barbecue at the Spring & he drank beer & wine & whiskey & brandy & offered a thousand dollars to the man who could teach him to make “dat divine soup”. He had ridden out to the barbecue. Some scamps led his horse into the bushes & put his saddle & bridle on a “muley” cow & tied her where the horse stood. Kratz came out—untied the animal—with great dignity & gravity, climbed into the saddle & stuck spurs into his “charger”, who immediately “bucked” & deposited the Doctor on the ground. He sat up, rubbed his eyes and yelled out “Oh! Bottom how thou art translated” & joined in the laughter
[III 162]
of the crowd, who soon brought back his “mount”, & aided him to “saddle & bridle and part”. He was a charming fellow, full of keen wit & dry humour. I never shall forget when during that same summer we were at the “White Sulphur”. It was an intensely hot night & the ball-room was like an oven. Kratz was a most enthusiastic waltzer and went at it with a vim. After dancing probably half an hour, he rushed out on the portico where I was sitting & mopping his dripping brow spoke to me: “Mein Gott, Duke” he said “I haf never suffered as much bleasure in my life”. Miss Ada Bankhead was a maiden lady of a “certain age”, who went with Kratz & his wife to Europe that summer. She was, without exception, the primmest, most precise, “prunes and prisms” lady I ever knew.
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She carried herself like a ramrod, was fautlessly dressed—wore little gold pince nez, with which she surveyed the world will ill concealed scorn & contempt. Whilst they were at Strassburg, Kratz wrote to Mrs Willie Flannagan. “Here we are at Strasburg. Here is Miss Ada: She is inspecting the Cathedral with distinct approval—guide book in hand: The Cathedral is centuries old: It is older than Miss Ada, but not so stiff”. Dear old boy: He died quite suddenly about a year later.
“O! ihm ist Wohl.” [Oh! he feels well.]
Some time in the seventies the gentlemen of the neighbors formed the “Cool Spring Barbecue Club”. My father was its first President. Before me lies a photograph of the Club: Today (June 1924) Willie (“Red” Willie Garth[)], my brother & myself are the sole survivors of the Club. I

am going to
[III 164]
describe the men in that picture commencing at my right hand. Standing just back of a little boy with features somewhat blurred was R. F. Harris several times Mayor of Charlottesville—who started the first Iron Foundry & works in Charlottesville. A bluff, good, honest, irascible man, but liked by every one. Next to him in a white coat was "Billy" McCraw, son of a distinguished physician in Richmond; Billy married money & did nothing thereafter. Rather disippated, but a good fellow. Next to him with whiskers around his lower face stood Judge Charles Goodyear, who had been a member of Congress & Judge in New York. He moved to Virginia in the seventies & bought the old "Jury" place adjoining Sunny Side—the place Senator Martin afterward owned & now the property of Louis T. Hanckel, Jr. Judge Goodyear named the place "Seymour" & Hanckel has retained the name. Judge Goodyear was
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a Democrat & named the place after Horatio Seymour, who once paid him a visit there. The house was built by Addison Maupin some years before the Civil War. Bought from him by the Misses Jury. Sold by them to a German named Hase, who had a brewery on the site of where Bowles now lives about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the house. It was in this brewery that I drank my first glass of "Lager". I can't say I liked it then or since.
Hase sold the property to Judge Goodyear & after the Judge's death it was sold to an Englishman—Frizell—& has repeatedly changed hands since. Senator T. S. Martin bought it & changed it entirely. He called it Monte Sano, not a happy name as his poor wife—the beautiful Lucy Day—died there of tuberculosis. Hanckel has, I think
[III 166]
very happily restored the old name. It was at this house I interviewed Gen Devins of Sheridan's command & received scant courtesy.
Judge Goodyear was a splendid gentleman—intellectual, highly cultivated, courteous & kindly. He had two sons, Charles & Geo: G. whose wives were two of the most beautiful women I ever knew: Eirene—Charles wife—was the daughter of the Reverend Mr King a Presbyterian Missionary to Greece, who married a Greek lady. Mrs Charles Goodyear was one of the children of that marriage. Tall, graceful, sparkling black eyes—a splendid figure & lovely complexion, she was simply superb. They had two children—Charlie—who died at Mary's house in this County a good many years ago—and Mary who a lovely child—pretty girl & beautiful woman.
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She married first a fine Englishman named McNeil & moved to Minneanapolis—where McNeil died leaving her but poorly off. She came back to Albemarle, bought a little place near Rio Station: built a little—but charming—house—on it & with uncomplaining nerve lived there raising her two sons—Agnew, who was burned to death in the Brown School house fire & Don who now lives in Washington. After some years she married Lewis Smoot of Alexandria, who moving to Washington has made over a million, where Mary now lives in great style. She is sixteen years older than her husband, but does not look it as she is still a beautiful woman tho' a

little bit too stout.
She & my sister were great friends & she was at Sunny Side a great deal, as was
[III 168]
her mother & Aunt. As boy & girl we quarreled a great deal in a "friendly" way; but it was more in fun than anything else & the friendship of those days lasts until now. I usually stay at her house when I go to Washington.
The other daughter in law of Judge Goodyear—George's wife was a Miss Briscoe of Philadelphia, whose name was Elizabeth—generally known as "Libby"—She too was exceedingly beautiful A "chataigne" [like a chestnut tree], tall, splendid figure, lovely hair & complexion with a pretty nose slightly acquiline. Being in some way connected with a family of Briscoes, I soon began to call her "Cousin Libby" & continued to do so up to the day of her death.
I owe many happy hours to the Goodyear family
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Between Judge Goodyear & my father just in their rear was Henry Massie—son of Mr Henry Massie who at one time kept one of the Boarding houses at the University & was subsequently Post Master at Charlottesville. Henry was a very handsome man, but with very rude brusque manners. Quite disippated he died young. He was the brother of my dear friend Eugene C. Massie who died quite suddenly only a few weeks ago. My dear Father stood next to Massie. Of him I need say no more, than I have said. Beloved by his entire community—no nobler purer—braver—tenderer—true man ever lived. He was the life & soul of every party into which he went & his memory remains to me a benediction. Just back of him & between him & Mr J. Woods Garth who stood next to my father was Ned: Coles, who belonged to
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the prominent Coles family of this County. The Coles were very much outraged at his marriage to a lady they thought beneath him in social standing & practically had very little to do with him. His wife was a fine woman & must have been a very handsome woman in her youth. She was in every way Ned's equal, if not superior & there was no reason for any one looking down on her. She left me as Executor in her will. Ned: himself was a rough diamond. Living on a beautiful place about 5 miles from Charlottesville on the old Lynchburg road he was a splendid farmer. The attitude of his relatives towards him embittered him very much & he affected a rude & coarse manner which gradually became second nature with him. I never think of the old gentleman without thinking of an incident which took
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place as he was returning from a Barbecue & met old Colonel Northrop of whom I have spoken. Ned: was in Tam O'Shanter's condition & when he met the Colonel greeted him rather boisterously. "Hello!" Colonel", he said: "You ought to have been at the Barbecue: Plenty of good eating". "Yes," Mr Coles", replied the Colonel, "but you know the Scripture says 'Man cannot live by bread alone'."
"Ha! Ha!" hiccoughed old man Ned" "Zat's true Colonel, but we had plenty of whiskey too".

The Colonel rode on.
Next to my father stood his dear friend J. Woods Garth; Mr Garth then lived at "Birdwood" that splendid estate on the Staunton turnpike about four miles from Charlottesville—now owned by a Mr Fonda. Mr Garth was a descendant of the Garth family which had long been settled in Albemarle: They were
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amongst the largest landowners in the County, at one time owning a stretch of land running from the Ragged Mountains to the Rivanna & about a mile wide. On this tract was situated "Chestnut Ridge" the original homestead on the "Garth Road" now occupied by J. Woods Garth the younger, & "Birdwood".
Birdwood was built by Wm Garth, Mr Garth's father & at his death was one of the finest places in the County—consisting of over a thousand acres. Wm owned a large number of slaves & was a wealthy man. The Garths were all high tempered & horses racers & fond of all sports—cards & cock fighting as well. Wm Garth was at one time a representative in the Legislature. Mr Woods Garth was a splendid, whole souled—gentleman. My father loved him & he my father, as if they had been brothers. He was a typical English squire—large boned—very
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strong, florid complexion & was rather rough in conversation. He had as kind a heart as ever beat in a human bosom, & yet he killed two men: One a negro—whom he ought to have killed, and a man named Updike, a huge Valley "Dutchman", who was a neighbour. They had some falling out over a plant bed & met on a March Court day on the corner of 5th & Main Street. They had some words & Updike knocked Mr Garth down & continued to knock him down as fast as he got on his feet. Whilst on the ground Mr Garth drew a small "spaying" knife & as he got up on his knees cut Updike across the abdomen; the edge of the knife piercing the bowel. In these days of anti-ceptic surgery Updike would have been quickly sewed up & cured; but he died in a few days of peritonitis. Mr Garth was arrested and
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put in prison. Whilst there his old mother died & he went to her funeral under charge of the Sheriff.
My father & he had been bosom friends & he went—as soon as Updike died to father's office for the purpose of engaging him to defend him. His hand was on the door knob of the office when he remembered that Father was Attorney for the Commonwealth & would have to prosecute him. He was tried before the old "examining" Court—three justices, who in those days enquired into the whole case & either discharged the accused or sent him on to the Grand Jury. The three Justices who sat in this case were Judge Goodyear; Jesse Jones and Jas Lobban. The case was heard at great length, my father prosecuting and Judge Robertson, Shelton F. Leake and I think Mr Southall defending. The magistrates discharged the
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prisoner holding that killing was done in self defence—Judge Goodyear, however, dissenting. People who knew said my father's speeches in the case were the finest ever made. I was present

at one very dramatic episode. Whilst my father was making the concluding argument he happened to turn around & saw Mr Garth leaning over with a large bandana handkerchief held over his eyes & his whole frame quivering with emotion: Father stopped—walked out of the Court House; went behind it & cried like a baby for a moment or two & then came back & made one of the most superb perorations, which moved every man in the Court room to tears. The three justices on the bench sat with tears rolling down their cheeks, as my father pictured the man he loved so much, as a man worthy of punishment for his
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crime & as an example to the community that neither wealth nor station should make the law vary one jot or tittle. The dramatic part of it was that during my father's absence from the Court room not a soul stirred. The Court sat immoveable: Mr Garth remained with his face buried in this hands. The crowded Court was absolutely still. It was an intense moment & I never shall forget it.
The death of Mr Garth's mother brought him into the possession of "Birdwood" charged with a legacy of $50.000 in gold, to his brothers & sisters. He had better have declined the legacy for it ruined him. He raised immense crops of tobacco & many cattle: but gold was at a premium & it was not many years before he failed making my father & his partner Jas D. Jones his Trustees.
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They divided "Birdwood" into three parts, & sold it & the personal property. Out of their commissions on the sale they gave Mrs Garth $1500, with which she bought cattle & sent them to Richmond by Mr Garth who sold them at a good profit, but lost every cent of it at the faro table.
He moved to Chestnut Ridge—where his son J. Woods Garth, now lives, remodelled the house & lived & died there. At one time he ran one of the boarding houses at the University but ran it in his own style of living & lost money.
The friendship between him & my father suffered no change by my father's prosecution. The two men loved each other like Brothers, tho' absolutely unlike in character & characteristics. Mr Garth had some as fine characteristics as a
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any man could have, but some unworthy of the man. He affected a roughness & ungramattical way of speech, which was meant to be jocose at first, but almost grew into a habit.
I still quote many of his sayings "Good enough for a dog", he always said when anything to eat pleased him, & being a great sportsman & loving dogs he meant it for high praise. My brother & myself were dining at "Birdwood" once—both at that time bachelors. He was, with great vehemence, inveighing against matrimony, more to tease Mrs Garth—who was his second wife—than anything else. She spoke up with some asperity, "If matrimony is such a bad thing Mr Garth, why did you marry a second time?" "Because I was a d— fool", was the reply, but said in such a way it provoked
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laughter from everyone. It became and still remains quite a saying amongst the older people who

knew him, when they wanted to be polite & yet to characterise the person who had done a foolish thing, to say, “He did it for the same reason Mr Garth married a second time”.
Old Mrs. Craven who lived at Rose Hill in the house still standing now occupied by Mr Sandidge, and which by the way was built for Wm Wirt & his bride, by her father Dr Geo: Gilmer, was one of the best of women & a very devout baptist. Mr Garth was dining there once & the question of religion came up. “Now Mrs Craven,” said Mr Garth, “there isn’t but one real good religion & that’s the Baptist religion.” Mrs Craven smiled & was much delighted. “But I’ve got one serious
[III 180]
objection to it”, continued Mr Garth, “there’s too many poor white folks & niggers in it”. “I think”, said the old lady, “You might have left that out.” Mr Garth became very much involved & died practically bankrupt.
His largest creditor—Warner Wood—who had a mortgage on “Chestnut Ridge” never disturbed him, but let interest run on unpaid for several years & never foreclosed until after Mr Garth’s death.
I have spent many happy days at “Birdwood”: Fine dinners, glorious dances & many flirtations. I remember a big ball in which not only young but old were invited. A good deal of wine & other spirits were consumed & some of the elderly gentlemen became “slightly in dram,” as Snowden Wood’s servant said. Amongst them was Mr B.C.
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Flannagan, a very sedate & sober old gentleman—as a usual thing. Mrs “Libby” Goodyear was standing just inside of the parlour door en grande tenue, [in full dress] when Mr Flannagan came into the room rather unsteadily. As he entered he staggered & caught Mrs Goodyear by one of her beautiful white shoulders, which <Aitens,> Ut pura nocturna revidet luna mari” [<something affirmative>, if only that pure moon would shine once more over the night sea.]
She drew herself up in her most stately manner. “Mr Flannagan!!!” she exclaimed in her severest & most icy manner. “’Scuse me: Please ’scuse me” hiccoughed the old gentleman, “I took you for the wall”. “Tableau”! as old man Gaujot would say.
Mr Garth had one child Gabriella by his first marriage, and by his second two sons & one daughter. His eldest son Wil-
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liam—“Billy” as he is usually known—now one of the most noted race horse trainers in the South was, of course, left quite poor at his father’s death. The old Wayt Farm just beyond Ivy Creek on the Whitehall road had to be sold. My Father was Commissioner to sell it. It had been a splendid farm but was so run down and neglected that it was a veritable eyesore. My father met Billy one day before the sale & advised him to buy it, telling him that in the hands of a good farmer it could easily be brought into fine condition. “Why Colonel”, said Billy, “I haven’t the money to make even the cash payment”. “Never mind that Billy”, said my Father, “My commission on the sale will equal that. I will lend that to you & you can pay me when
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you can". So Billy bought the farm, paid for it eventually & the other day refused the sum of $55.000 for it. It is now one of the most beautiful farms in the County. He paid $1500—for it at the sale. Humanity is a curious thing. Billy always professed & still professes the sin[ce]rest gratitude to my Father—who gave him his start in prosperity—& is unquestionably sincere; but he has always employed some other lawyer than our firm, when he had law business and he has had a good deal. "Gratitude is a lively expectancy of future favours" But we are warm friends & I am very fond of him. Its a strange co-in[c]idence. My father had to prosecute his dear friend Woods Garth for murder. I had this
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year—1924—to prosecute J. Woods Garth, Jr, for very foolishly distilling brandy. He was convicted, but on account of ill health sentence was suspended.
But to return to our muttons—which can very well be said of the Barbecue. Standing behind Mr Garth is Wood Tinsley who was a grain & hay merchant in Charlottesville—good fellow who died of consumption. Next to Mr Garth was John Fry—the son of dear old cousin Frank Fry and a lineal descendant of Col Joshua Fry of Washington's Regiment in Braddock's army. Cousin Frank—whose mother was a Maury & grandmother a daughter of Dr Thos Walker of "Castle Hill", hence the "cousin"—was a lovely old man— He was Commissioner of the Revenue for Albemarle
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County for many years & one of the best beloved & respected men in the County. John was hardly worthy of his lineage. He was a sport & "gay boy" generally & his reputation not of the best. But he was a good fellow & very well liked.
Peeping over his shoulder was old man Geo: Crank—a great character. His father was a prominent & well to do farmer who owned a large farm just over the South West Mountains adjoining "Morven & Ash Lawn". George was a good fellow, but worthy of his name. He was a member of the Monticello Guards and was with them at the hanging of John Brown. He said that Brown got on the scaffold: tossed away a straw hat he was wearing & seeing a negro woman in the crowd called out in a rather excited voice, "I am dying for your race". George said he was
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right at the scaffold when Brown said this, but no one else ever seems to have heard it as far as other accounts go. George lived to be a very old man as his father did before him. He had one brother—Wm H—who commenced the practice of law in Charlottesville, moved to Texas and become a successful lawyer. He had one son—that is Wm H. had—who was in the Navy & created quite a sensation in the Spanish American war by trying to go along with Hobson, but was detected & "returned to quarters".
Next to Crank, with the tall silk on was Col Richard L. Crank, a prosperous farmer who owned a beautiful farm on the Hydraulic-Earlysville Road, now owned, I believe by Tayloe. Colonel—the title was militia—was quite a character. His silk hat—never brushed—was a part of him. His friends said
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he slept in it. He was entitled to be called "Captain", for at the beginning of the Civil war he raised a company & served with gallantry. He was an old bachelor and served one term in the lower house of the Virginia Legislature. Next to him was Captain Teel—a prosperous farmer who owned a pleasantly situated farm in the ragged mountains. He was a first cousin of Woods Garth & a splendid old man. He was Sheriff of the County several times whilst I was at the Bar & I was very fond of him—as I believe he was of me. He married his wife when she was fourteen years of age & they had fourteen children. Mrs Teel survived all of them, but four. His oldest son—Lewis—was a school mate of mine & a fine fellow. He moved to the Indian Territory & died there

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His son—"Bootes" [ ] is a prosperous & respected farmer in the County &, I believe the only survivor of the fourteen.

Next to the Captain is your humble servant, hardly recognizable, however, as I moved just as the camera snapped. My brother—Wm R. Duke was next to me. Between—and just back of me was Slaughter W. Ficklin, who owned the beautiful farm which was called "Belmont" the name being perpetuated in the Belmont Addition to the City. But when Mr Ficklin owned it, it extended from the C&O Depôt to Moore's Creek & from the Monticello to the old Scottsville Road. Mr Ficklin, who claimed kin with my father-in-law Mr J.F. Slaughter, was a man of means— He was quite a fortune for those days in running stages—in partner-

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ship with Wm P. Farish from Richmond to White Sulphur Springs. He bought Belmont from the Winn Family & grazing it heavily it was a most beautiful place. It was the apple of his eye & he kept it in splendid order. He was a noted breeder of good stock: His stallion "Blackhawk" was a beautiful animal & very popular as a projenitor of fine horses. When he died at quite an advanced age Mr Ficklin had him buried in his garden & put up a handsome monument over his remains. I suppose it is still standing. He travelled extensively in Europe & in Switzerland met & travelled with Matthew Arnold. Some stories he used to tell of Arnold could not well be written for publication & whilst quite natural and not at all unusual in the average man, seem rather odd to

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those who only knew him as the Apostle of "Sweetness and Light". Mr Ficklin imported into this country & I believe was the first to import—certainly in the South—the Percheron horse. I remember the magnificent animals well—a stallion & two brood mares: They were immense, handsome iron gray animals and extensively bred from. A strange thing about them—they themselves & all of their progeny—as far as we knew it here became blind in their old age. Mr Ficklin was a large coarse man in person and coarser in conversation. His wife became insane a few years after her marriage & lived in seclusion. She with one son, Billy survived him. Billy was a school mate & friend. I was to have been his best man at his wedding to Mary Louise

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Harrison—to whom at one time I had been quite attentive—but something prevented. I was

subsequently her counsel in her suit for divorce against him—for what the fool newspapers call "statutory" Grounds when they should say "scriptural" grounds. Poor Billy, he was absolutely "unmoral", not "immoral". He ran thro' a handsome estate & died in very reduced circumstances. I believe he was the first graduate—amongst the very few graduates of The Miller School of Agriculture in the University of Virginia, under Dr John R. Page, when that School really taught practical Agriculture.
Mr Ficklin was high tempered & used to get very angry with the boys who played ball in the streets near the C & O Depôt & frightened the fine horse he
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always rode. He had about half a dozen of them arrested and brought before Dr A. Robert McKee who was a justice of the peace. The Doctor fined them each a dollar & then the boys turned around and swore out a warrant against Mr Ficklin for swearing—his language having been peculiarly "lurid" on the occasion of the arrest. So the Doctor fined him $1xx the amount the law assesses for profane swearing:
Which reminds me of Mr Ficklin's father old Ben, who was a magistrate—very austere and a terror to evil-doers. He had a man up before him once for violating the Sabbath by doing some work on that day. The man employed old Mr V.W. Southall to defend him. In the course of his argument Mr Southall said that he himself was in the habit of going to his office on Sunday & working
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behind closed blinds: "That being the case Mr Southall," said old man Ben, "I fine you two dollars on your own confession, Sah!" and both Mr Southall and his client had to fork over.
Mr Ficklin had several sisters and one brother, Ben,jr, who was a remarkable character. He was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute when the Mexican War broke out. He at once absented himself "without leave", ran off joined the Army, fought thro' it & came out a second Lieutenant. On being mustered out, he returned to the Institute, walked into the office of the Superintendant, Genl Smith, (old Specs) in his uniform, saluted & said, "Come to report for duty, Sir." Old Specs looked at him over his glasses & returning his salute, said, "To your quar-
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ters" and Ben resumed his studies. At the beginning of the Civil War he promptly enlisted in the Confederate Army: Was subsequently detailed & became a blockade runner & had many narrow escapes. After the war he went to Texas, got a contract to carry the mail & had many adventures: The Indians were quite lively then, & often the mail sacks—carried on pony back would come in with many arrows stuck in them. Had he lived he would have doubtless made a large fortune: But by the irony of fate he was choked to death by a fishbone whilst eating breakfast in a Washington Restaurant. After Slaughter Ficklin's death I became his Administrator d.b.n. [de bonis non] & collected a good deal of money. He had put in before his death a large amount of claims for Indian depredations & I worked hard to do something with them
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but as is the case in so many claims against the Government, red tape so enwound them and

beaurocracy enmeshed them, that I was never able to do anything for them. Being his Administrator I was brought in contact with his two sisters, Mrs Hardesty of Washington & Mrs Ellen Brown, charming old ladies. Mrs Brown died in the Baptist home several years since & Mrs Hardesty, who left quite a large family, has been dead many years.
Next to Mr Ficklin is my dear Brother—who today, tho' within less than a month of his 76th year is as young active & full of energy as a man of forty. A noble, upright gentleman, worthy of his father. God grant him many more useful years.
Next to them are the Scotts—the coloured fiddlers of Charlottesville
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to whom I shall devote a page or so later on.
We will return now to the front row of seated men commencing on the right of the picture. The first man is John N.C. Stockton, one of the handsomest men I ever knew—a boy all his life, not very strong in intellect, but a jolly good fellow whom every one loved. A great favorite with the ladies—a beautiful waltzer—superb horseman & sport generally. He was the son of a Mr Stockton who came into Albemarle & went in the stage business with William P. Farish: He married the beautiful Miss Fitch by whom he had two children—John & Kate. He was drowned, I believe in Florida & after his death, his widow married Dr Cook, by whom she had three children, Maggie who married Maj R.F. Mason—Lula who married "Lye" Boykin of S.C.
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and Willie who gave up his young life trying to save some negroes who were caught in a mine by fire damp. He was only seventeen when he so sacrificed himself & well deserved the epitaph on his monument: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of the these ye did it unto Me". This monument, by a most outrageous piece of vandism was taken down & sold by his niece & his ashes taken from "Maplewood" to the neglected family graveyard at "the Brook".
The Brook was owned by Mrs Cook & John Stockton inherited it & many a good time have I had in the old times in the old house built by the Carrs. The place was originally known as "Carr's Brook".
John was very much in love with Celestine Garth, the youngest daughter of Mr Wm Garth of "Birdwood", but the family
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on account of John's dissipated habits refused to consent to the marriage, so Celestine married Genl [ ] Walker & had two children—Marcellus—known as "Marsh" Walker, who bought Uncle Bob Rodes old place "Walnut Grove" when it was sold out of the family: He still lives a prosperous farmer in this County.
The other child—Lizzie—by name—was a pretty girl & much admired. I used, with a great many other boys, to visit her a great deal at the "Brook" where her mother moved after her marriage to John Stockton. For John married his old Sweetheart after all. Gen Walker was killed in a duel during the Civil War & they say that when John heard of his death, he jumped up, clapped his hands and shouted "D-mn it I'll get her now", & he did. He was a devoted husband &

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"Celly" as he called her was a devoted wife. Poor old John: He lost his mind before he died & died in the Western Lunatic Asylum in Staunton. He had one son.
Woods—named after his Uncle Woods Garth, who is a prosperous farmer in this County. Lizzie, married a student at the University named Albin & is still alive. She had one daughter—Rebecca—who is married, but I do not recall her husband's name. Mrs Stockton was a very hospitable lady & she & John kept open house. As Lizzie grew up there were many parties & dances at the "Brook"— Lots of pretty girls, plenty of good things to eat & John—on the sly for his wife hated drink for many good reasons—furnished plenty of potables. He kept a fine pack of hounds, behind which I rode now & then.
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Next to John Stockton sat Andrew Craven—dear old Andrew. A noble fellow whom I loved much. He was a splendid farmer—a wild reckless young man in his youth & early manhood, but died at an extreme old age an humble, sincere, Christian. He was reared at "Rose Hill" built for Wm Wirt by Dr Geo Gilmer—then a large farm kept in superb order by Andrew. It is now the "Rose Hill" addition to Charlottesville tho' the old home is still standing owned & occupied by a man named Sandidge. Andrew's grandfather & great grandfather were large land owners in Albemarle. He had one brother & several sisters—one of whom married a man named Wills. Andrew & Willie were bosom friends & I, tho' much younger, was much with them.
Andrew loved my father as tho' he had been his own
[III 201]
father. He went to School to him, & when the civil war commenced & my father organized "The Albemarle Rifle's—Co "B" 19th Va Regiment— Andrew joined it & was a Corporal & served with gallantry thro'out the war. At the Battle of Hatcher's Run, where poor Walker Rodes was killed—he was badly wounded & was taken to the Hospital & by some strange chance placed in the Bunk, out of which but a short time before had been taken the body of "Billy"—W.W.—Alexander. Billy was a member of Co "B". Adjutant & a first cousin of Andrew's.
He visited SunnySide a great deal & we often dined at his dear old mother's hospitable home. He was a great sportsman, but a poor shot. We used to tease him a great deal about a remark he made when he, Father & my brother were
[III 202]
out shooting. Andrew blazed away right & left and as no bird flew into his shots he killed nothing. Father killed a bird Andrew missed & Andrew enquired what the rule as to the "division of spoils". "Why! Andrew," replied my father, "when gentlemen hunt together, they always divide the bag after the hunt is over." Presently my brother brought down a bird & Andrew ran & picked it up & shouted like a school boy—"Hurrah! one more & there will be a divide".
After the death of his mother & the Wills children came of age the farm was sold for division & Andrew accepted a position as Farm Manger at the Miller School. In the mean time he had married the widow of Dr [ ] George—née Keblinger who had one daughter— After being at the Miller School a year or so, he accepted a posi-

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tion as manager of The State Farm & when he found that with advancing years the duties of the position were too onerous for him, he resigned; but so highly did the authorities think of him that they at once gave him a clerical position at the Penitentiary a place he most satisfactorily filled until a slight attack of paralysis & failing eyesight forced him to give it up. His wife dying, his step-daughter took the most tender & beautiful care of him & he died in Richmond at an advanced age. I loved him & he loved us & I believe meeting my dear Father in Heaven added to the joy of that place.
Next to Andrew was a man in many respects quite remarkable; Charles H. Harman. His father Peter Harman, of German descent was a butcher in Charlottesville—a most respectable & highly respected man.
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He came to Charlottesville—from Alexandria in the early fifties and purchased from Shaaf—another butcher—the sweet little home on West Main Street opposite, what was once the Cabell House, now pulled down & a Garage built on its site. This place is noted for the beautiful box which borders the walk from the entrance to the steps & is kept in beautiful order by my dear old friend John P. Harman—Peter's son by his second marriage. Judge A. D. Dabney—now lives there he having married Lilian Funkhouser—Mr Harman's granddaughter. This place was at one time owned by my grandfather Richard Duke—who bought it from the Garland's near kin to my dear wife Edith. Her grandmother was a Garland & at one time lived in this house. Grandfather only lived there a short while—but during which
[III 205]
time my father & mother came to the house on their honey-moon. "Morea" coming on the market grandfather sold the place for less than it cost him & moved to Morea, where he died. Peter Harman was married twice. By his first wife, he had Mrs T.J. Williams: Mrs C. H. Birch and Charles H. By his second wife he had John P. & Lilian who married a student at the U of Va named Funkhouser and died when her first child Mrs Dabney was born. John P. & I desked together at Uncle William Duke's school. We revelled in Indian stories & I would give much to have "Ten Nights in a Block House" to read once more. John is an eccentric old boy, but a noble upright Christian gentleman & we are still warm friends— But to return to Charlie: For awhile he pursued his
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father's calling & then branched out into the Cattle trade and made quite a fortune for those days. When the People's National Bank was organized he became a large stockholder & when W.W. Flannagan moved to New York became its cashier. Much of the success of this Bank is due to him. He had charming manners & it was said of him that he could refuse to discount a note in such a way that the party refused thought Harman was doing him a favour. He made in his youth a unfortunate connection which practically ruined him from a Social Standpoint; but he subsequently married the woman in question after he moved to New York, which he did after the Southern National Bank was organized there by W.W. Flannagan & Orson Adams. It was a very

unfortunate move for him, as
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he got into several unfortunate speculations & lost practically everything he had. I was his counsel for many years & am still counsel for his children. One of his daughters—Bessie—is a very beautiful woman who would be taken for a Spanish beauty. He died several years ago. He was very popular—a splendid business man & a good fellow. Next to Harman, was F. Berger Moran, who was a New Yorker. His father was a Belgian & his mother a Philadelphia lady of fine family. Moran—who was a little "daft" about horses settled as a very young man in Texas looking after his father's large interests in that State—the elder Moran being a Banker in New York, but an investor in Railroads & timber in Texas.
He and Luther Kountze had interests together in that State & Moran's eldest brother, Dan,
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was one of Mr Kountze's groomsman. Moran came from Texas to Clarke County, where he farmed & met his future wife Miss Jennie Blackburn. He then came to Albemarle & bought, what we knew as the "Sinclair Farm", adjoining Sunny Side across the road on the North. He added extensively to the house & after a year or so, married & brought his wife to the place. They had two children—Belle who married first a naval officer named Hudgins, who was killed in an explosion a a battle ship, whilst gallantly trying to save his men. They had one son who inherits his grandfathers love for horses & has spent several winters here. He boarded at SunnySide last session 1923-4 & is a fine fellow. Belle married secondly McFarland of Washington, who died a year or so since & Belle naively told
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me at The White last summer that she only needed a chance to try a third venture into matrimony Nora a very handsome girl—married a Mr <McConniegie> of Washington & has several children.
Moran was a good fellow—a great sport—very eccentric & odd in many ways. He ran with "us boys" as young as the youngest—he was my brother's age—& was much liked. At his father's death—coming into a large fortune he moved into Charlottesville—-re-modelled the handsome dignified old Cochran residence on Park Street and made it into the present "roccoco" structure. His wife was a handsome woman—several years older than Moran—a hospitable, but decidedly curious character & when Moran became rich, she lost her head & made a great fool of herself. I really believe she has been
[III 210]
for many years a little "touched in the upper story", but the irony of fate is that poor old Moran lost his mind & died in a Sanatorium some years since. She is still alive—tho' in the eighties & cuts a wide swathe in Washington. Tho' relations had been a little strained between us on account of her tongue—for she was a most reckless talker & "handled the truth rather keerless", we met at the White Sulphur last summer (1923) & she insisted on becoming very friendly & in fact was somewhat "boringly" so.
Next to Moran was George Goodyear, son of the Judge & husband of "Cousin Libby". George &

his brother Charles had been brokers in New York & were caught in “Black Friday”. They not [only] were bankrupted themselves but their father lost all he had & came to Charlottesville where
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he lived eminently respected, his wife having comfortable means. George was a good fellow, but did not amount to much. A most tremendous eater the boys of the Barbecue Club swore that on one occasion he ate eleven “roast’n ears of corn as an “appetizer” before “tackling” the dinner. He lived to an extreme old age, only dying in the last few years. He had two sons: Geo B. who lives in Charlottesville & John who is a railroad engineer. His one daughter, Lottie, married Broadus Flannagan & has quite a family. Some year or so ago, I held a granddaughter of Lottie’s in my arms & realized with a sudden start that this baby was the fifth generation of the Goodyear family I had known.
Sitting next to George Goodyear was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. Andrew
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J. Farish, for many years Treasurer of the County. He was a rather tall man, thin, very bald & with large whiskers. Exceedingly active & quick in his movements he generally walked very rapidly with his head bent over. Mr Woods Garth always called him “Lizzard Head”. He was a son of an old man named Stephen Farish, who was a brother of Revd Wm P Farish, but the two men were no more alike than if they had been born in different continents. Wm P. Farish was a handsome, dignified gentleman of fine manners—a man of education & refinement who—despite his profession of Baptist Preacher—made a large fortune in the stage business in connection first with Stockton & then with Ficklin. He built the handsome house on the beautiful estate of “Verdant Lawn”—the
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mansion with a part of the farm now owned by Dr Paul B. Barringer—who calls it “Hill Crest”. I was Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a of Wm P. Farish & made a good deal of money out of it, as there was much litigation, one case, Rives vs Duke—winding up in the Supreme Court of the United States—that tribunal deciding in favour of Farish’s estate But that’s another story.
Stephen Farish was a little dried up, blear-eyed old man—very insignificant looking & not of a very savory reputation. Andrew in his early manhood was a very “gay bird”. He had “kerds and he played ’em; cocks and he fit ’em; liquor and he drank it. horses & he ran ’em”, & he had other faults needless to enumerate. He was married three times & by his first
[III 214]
marriage had four children: Thomas who died without issue: Frank who married twice leaving a son by his first marriage (with his cousin Emma Farish) and a daughter by his second marriage—Wm P. the eldest who still lives & a daughter who married Loffland. Frank died sometime ago. Andrew had no children by his last two marriages.
After a somewhat lurid career—he settled down & was elected County Treasurer, an office he held up to his death & no one could beat him, tho’ several tried to do so. He was a most wonderful electioneerer & never hesitated to promise anything & in some way managed to

"worm out" of his promises. His son Frank used to tell a story on him as follows: During one of his campaigns for re-election he & Frank
[III 215]
were "working the "Flat Woods" in Buckeyeland—a section not noted for intelligence or education. Andrew would interview the inhabitants & several of them—some of whom could not read or write—expressed their willingness to vote for Andrew if he would give them the position of Deputy. Each one was told, "My dear boy; I was just mentioning your name to my son Frank here, as my first choice for deputy, when you came in sight."
After he had told about a dozen this, Frank thought it was time to remonstrate: "Why, father," he said you have promised about a dozen men a place as Deputy, when you can only have one in this District". Andrew cocked his head on one side—a peculiarity of his, and said
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"My Dear Son, you would never make a politician: Not a one of the creatures could give the security." All deputy Treasurers—of course—had to give quite a heavy bond. So when after the election these men claimed the appointment, Andrew would say, "All right; All right, my dear boy, the appointment is yours, but you know you have to give a large bond with security to be approved by the Court; Now just run off & bring your security—who must be worth at least twenty thousand dollars—& we'll fix it up". This, of course ended the matter & the men went off, cursing the law, but satisfied with Mr Farish. In his old age he became converted at some revival held in Charlottesville —was first immersed, as his family were Baptists & then joined the
[III 217]
Methodist Church, of which his last wife was a member. Andrew had many good traits along with his bad ones & I believe, after his conversion tried to live a Christian life. For some reason—I do not know why he became very fond of me and gave me a great deal of business. At his instance I was appointed Admr d. b. n. c. t. a of Wm P. Farish. He lived to be quite an old man & died on Park St in the house now owned and occupied by Mr H.L. Lyman. This house was built by John A. Marchant, sold to Andrew Farish, who sold it to Shelton F. Leake: At his death Andrew bought it back & at his death it was sold to Mr Lyman who has wonderfully improved it.
Next, to Andrew Farish, sat "Vat" Daniel, who with his brother established & maintained the
[III 218]
"Eureka" Café & Bar in a wooden two story building which stood next to Smith & Beauchamp's Office on Fourth Street. This was a very "fashionable" resort & I remember it very well as quite a respectable place. "Vat" was of good family & a good fellow. He eventually sold the place to "Lord" Pelham—a huge Englishman, a direct descendent of The Duke of Newcastle—who came to Albemarle—bought a farm on the Scottsville road & spent his money "like a Lord". He soon ran thro' his money—bought this Bar & "practiced" so much at it himself that he gave a deed of trust on it to Micajah Woods—who sold it out. Pelham went to New York, wrote for a sporting paper, got into Society & married one of the wealthy Miss <Ygnazas> & I believe has returned

to England. He was a grandson of the Duke of Newcastle
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& therefore not even a "courtesy" Lord—his father being a younger son; but he was always called "Lord Pelham Clinton by those who knew better.
Seated next to "Vat" Daniel was James F. Burnley, generally known as James "Seth" to distinguish him from another Jas F. who was his cousin & known as James "Nat", being thus called after their respective fathers. He was a prosperous farmer, a kindly good man & had two or three very pretty daughters, one or more of whom married their cousins according to the old Virginia custom. I was standing just next to Mr Burnley, but I moved just as the Camera snapped & so my features are blurred. Next to me is my brother Wm R. Who today—July 1 1924—celebrates his seventy sixth birthday & is hale & hearty & vigorous—a noble upright gentleman universally beloved
[III 220]
and respected. Next to him is William A. Garth—"red" Billy as he was called to distinguish him from his cousin. Billy was born & raised on a farm near the old "Barracks", about five miles from Charlottesville. He was a gallant Confederate soldier—badly wounded & "ran" much with us in the good old days. He married rather late in life, lost his wife & now lives in Alexandria with one of his sons. He spent his 80th and 8lst birthdays in Charlottesville & dined with me on both occasions. He is still a hale & hearty old man.
Standing next to Billy are the two Scotts—Bob & Jim, probably in the old days the best known and finest "fiddlers" in the Country. The small one next to "Billy" Garth was Jim Scott who is so bowed over as to be hardly recognizable. Next to him was Robert—Uncle Bob as every one called him—a very
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tall handsome man whose resemblance to Mr Gladstone was remarkable. Micajah Woods had once in his office a large picture of Mr Gladstone & some one coming in & noticing it asked him what he was doing with old Bob Scott's picture on his wall.
They were the sons of old man Jesse Scott & his wife who was a daughter of Col Bell, who lived on what I knew as the old Scott place—on the site where now stands our "sky scraper", the National Bank of Charlottesville.
They were not negroes—tho' they evidently had negro blood in their veins. On the Court records it was proven by the oaths of Col Thos Jefferson Randolph & other citizens that they were not negroes.
Jesse was a noted fiddler. He had three children—Bob
[III 222]
Jim & another son who went to France as Mr Wm C. Rives' valet when Mr Rives went as Minister to France & has never returned or been heard of since.
Jesse raised his two sons, Bob & Jim to be fiddlers & they had a fine reputation: The three used to be the "Band" at the White Sulphur Springs in the old days "befo' de war" & were widely known. "Jesse" died before I ever knew him, but his two sons & one of Bob's sons "Buddy" who

played the 'cello, made the music to which Charlottesville & Albemarle danced for many years. I have never heard or danced to better music in the "square dances, than when the Scotts played & old Bob in his stentorian voice called the figures. "Hands all round" "Turn your partners", Dos à dos" "Change partners."
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Why! my old feet tingle yet with the recollection of it & memory recalls with tenderest feeling the old strains, from "Robert [le] Diable— <Manasiello>" & the old operas— Malbrouk se vat en guerre, [Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre] was also a favorite number.
Jesse Scott married a woman of "mixed blood" who was a daughter of Col Bell. Colonel Bell built & lived in what I always knew as the old Scott house on the corner of 2nd & Main Street as I have heretofore mentioned. His "woman" was said to be of Indian descent with a very slight admixture of negro. With the rather "easy" morality of those early days no one paid any attention to a man's method of living & Col Bell lived openly with the woman & had two children by her. One was Jesse Scott's wife—the other a very handsome young man, of whom
[III 224]
Col Bell was very proud. He sent him up North to school and college & he came back a very elegant & charming fellow—tho' of course with no social status whatever. At that time there lived in the house across the street from the Episcopal Church—now occupied by Rosa Williams Hildebrand & which was extensively added to by N.H. Massie a family of Schenks or Schenchs, who built the house & were large land owners. Schenk's branch was named after them. They had a daughter "passing fair" who in some way became acquainted with young Bell. One fine morning the Schenks woke up to find their daughter had eloped with this young fellow. The Schenchs were "high flyers" as Cousin Jesse Maury, who told me this story, said and so mortified were they that they
(See Volume 4)

Volume IV

[IV 1]
From Vol III
The Cold Spring Barbecue Club (contd)
at once sold out their possessions and moved West. They left so hurriedly that they could not sell all their outlying land & some of it was sold for delinquent taxes. I believe this family were the ancestors of Genl Schenk of "poker playing" fame, who was Minister to England.
James Scott died before Robert, leaving one daughter by a woman to whom he was never married but whom our Supreme Court of Appeals decided was his wife under the Act making the children of coloured people who lived together as man & wife prior to, during & at the close of the civil war legitimate, & this in spite of the fact that James Scott was not a coloured man

(negro) as was clearly proven in the case. See Scott v Raub
[IV 2]
We were Robert's counsel in the case & lost it, as was probably we ought to have done.
Robert lived to be over ninety seven years of age & dropped dead on Ridge Street as he was walking to our office. He was highly respected and a good man. I laughed at him once & said, "Uncle Bob, you are so young & vigorous in your nineties, I hope you will live to be a hundred". "I hope to do better than that," he replied very gravely, "I hope to live forever". And I believe his hope has been realized and will be. I was left Robert's Exor and was also the Executor of his daughter Mary & his daughter Charlotte, and today we are the Counsel of his granddaughter. They were & are all respectable & respected people.
I cannot leave the Barbecue Club without an allusion to the coloured
[IV 3]
people in the picture. The two coloured men on the left were Willis & Bob Fortune. Bob is the one with the glass of whiskey in his hand & Willis stands just behind him. Both "white folks niggers" as they called themselves—that is they were respectable , willing, respected & obliging. The two women on the right were old slaves of the Garth family; the one facing us "Mandy" one of the best servants I ever knew—neat, respectable quiet—well behaved: Her husband Juba—whose face is blurred stands in front & to the side of her. With the death of these negroes the art of "barbe'cuing" has welnigh passed away, only Caesar Young—my servant—surviving to remember the art— He is one year younger than I am & when Caesar goes, as far as Albemarle is concerned the "barbecue" will practically go
[IV 4]
out of existence—that is the barbecue in its best form: But prohibition has killed it anyway as it has destroyed the old fashioned delightful convivialty of men & women & the dinner party is now a thing of "gobble, gabble, git" & in some respects a funeral is more cheerful.
Those were splendid men who constituted the old Cold Spring Barbecue Club—gentlemen of high standing—intelligent—kindly: Some of them were not all that they ought to have been & might have been, but where would you or could you find twenty three men assembled without one or two being not equal to the rest. Their like will never be seen again: There may be as good men: aye! better, but none of the type of that generation—for be its faults as great as they were—and they were many—slavery helped to produce a type of the noblest
[IV 5]
bravest, high minded, chivalrous gentleman & the purest and sweetest women in the world.
Of the old Club, but three survive today (July 3rd 1924) & by a strange coincidence they are all standing together: Willie Garth—my brother & myself. My brother celebrated his 76th birthday yesterday. Willie Garth is in the 80ties & I will be seventy one on the 27th day of next month.
I look back to my association with these men & the joyful days we spent at the old Spring with a smile & tear. How old they all looked to me then—how old must I look now to the young man in his twenties But I thank God I lived in their time. I thank God I associated with them & loved them as they loved me: All gone but the three:

"Lochaber no more!" [reference to work of Allan Ramsey 1686-1758]
[IV 6]
Associates
I will write down some memories of the friends—the younger friends—of the seventies & eighties—most of whom have now "passed over the river & I hope rest under the shadow of the trees". They were fine fellows & made life very happy—Not all of them were in the highest sense of the word "friends", but were friendly & much associated with in daily intercourse. Living in the Country, as I did, until I commenced spending my winters in town in the year, I did not see as much of them until I did so move into town for the winter months. But we were much together & as most of the entertainments then were in the old Country places we were much together & as Charlottesville was then quite a small place with no mail delivery, we used to meet at the Post Office—at the dep"t &c &c
[IV 7]
and visited the same girls.
I will not attempt to separate them by year, but speak of them in the years from 1874—up to my marriage in 1884.
For several years after I left the University I kept up my association with the boys there—especially the members of my old fraternity. I had & made many friends amongst those who were at the University long after I left, some of whom are warm friends yet. So much did I associate with the boys there, that I very often meet men who were at the University several years after I left, who say "Why that occurred when you & I were at the University together."
One of my intimate friends whose friendship remained unchanged & sincere up to the time of his death was George Scott Shackelford—"Scott," as we generally called him in later years.
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George's family came to Charlottesville in 1861 when the near approach of the Yankees to Warrenton caused the family to move to Charlottesville where they bought the Holcombe house on High Street—the house next to ours. Mr Howard Shackelford was an able & distinguished lawyer: He married Miss Rebecca Green a very bright—gay—lady—great society woman and fond of music & dancing & gaity generally. I never knew any one who played the piano better & she would play all night for the young folks to dance .
They had six children—Green—about my age—who became an Episcopal minister—Howard—George Scott—Lucy—Annie & Murcoe. All gone now but Annie & Murcoe. Being next to us Green & Howard were playmates & Howard & I had a fight when we went
[IV 9]
to school together at Uncle William Duke's, in which I came off victor & strutted around in great fashion. After the war they moved back to Warrenton but Mr Shackelford dying soon afterwards they came back to Charlottesville & re-occupied their former residence. I was living in the Country then & saw very little of them. I forgot to say that early in the Civil War, before we had moved to Sunny Side, I saw Genls J.E.B. Stuart & Fitzhugh Lee on the front porch of their house. I remember Stuart's big red beard & Fitz' long goatee.

I did not become intimate with George until after I had commenced practicing law, tho' I went to several dances at his mother's house. They were in very
[IV 10]
straightened circumstances & George became a "runner" in the old Charlottesville National Bank. Despite the fact of their straightened circumstances their home was a gay one and their dances delightful.
Whilst I was at the University, one of my friends, Charlie Barnes, used to visit Mrs Shackelford's a great deal & tho' much younger fell violently in love with her—at which I do not wonder, as she was then both handsome and fascinating. She was then quite a flirt & let Charlie dangle at her apron string to the detriment of his studies. Of course it came to nothing. It was through Charlie I heard a great deal of the family & began to hear a good deal of Lucy, who was then a mere child, but her mother made her receive visits
[IV 11]
from the students & dance at her entertainments. I heard Lucy laugh once & say "Mother used to call me in from making mud pies, wash my hands & face, put on a clean dress & go into the parlour & entertain beaux". But it did not spoil Lucy. She was a splendid woman—loyal & true—very beautiful, with a complexion like lilies & roses & fine figure. In later years we became great friends—almost lovers—& that friendship remained unbroken & unchanged until she died: Dear Lucy
"May we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning?"
in the land of eternal beauty. She married Charlie Walker my second cousin, who also has passed into the "great beyond". After I commenced practicing law I began to see a good
[IV 12]
deal of George & began to visit Lucy. They had a great deal of young company & it was a very enjoyable place to visit. Lucy & my sister Mary became great friends & she visited SunnySide a great deal. In those years the neighborhood around SunnySide was a splendid one. The Goodyears—the Browns, who lived where Rosser now lives—Maj Jones at Ivy Cottage, with his brilliant wife who was Sue Duke, a distant cousin, Inloes just across from Maj. Jones: the Garths—Stocktons and Morans Clay Michie's & Mason Gordons. Willie & Capt Clay Michie are the only ones of these families now living in the old homes. There were many dances & dinners in those good old days & George & Lucy & other friends went to most
[IV 13]
of them: So George & I became intimates & friends. He was a rather "gay bird," drank much more than was good for him & was an inveterate poker player. The only game of poker I ever played—that is poker for money, was with George—& Blackstone—who was afterwards Judge in the Accomac Circuit—a brilliant man, but who became so dissipated he had to resign his Judgeship—for fear of impeachment— It was a great pity for he was one of the best judges in the State. I do not remember the other men in the game, but I do remember I lost a twenty dollar gold piece—a fee I had collected that day. This was my first & only game. I never cared for

cards & I consider gambling one of the worst & most incurable of
[IV 14]
all the vices. I remember hearing my father say he had never known a reformed gambler. He had known reformed drunkards & reformed rakes, but never a reformed gambler. I have found that true & I have found another thing; i.e. that I have never known a gambler—no matter how much money he had made—to die rich.
George was a fine man & in one or two ways very remarkable. When the Charlottesville National Bank failed, he got other work: went to the University and studied law, being a member of my old fraternity—and en passant I may say the Chapter that year was the best I think we ever had. He commenced practice in Charlottesville, but later on moved to Orange where he went into partnership with Tom Wallace
[IV 15]
a partnership which did not last long: But George made a decided success of himself & in a year or so married his old sweetheart Virginia Randolph—of whom I shall write later on. He did well: Had four children: Two boys & two girls: Unfortunately he was elected to the Virginia State Senate & began to drink so hard, it was thought necessary to send him to a sanitorium. His wife—one of the finest women I ever knew—was appointed Post Mistress at Orange & saved their home & laid by a little money: But the remarkable thing about George was this: Altho' it was supposed that his mind was hopelessly gone, he recovered both mentally & physically—returned to Orange & in a year
[IV 16]
or so recovered his old practice & added to it & began to make & lay by money. He was elected Circuit Judge—a place his Uncle Henry Shackelford occupied when I came to the Bar—tho' George had only a part of his Circuit— He did not like the work, however, and resigned after a year or so—& soon resumed a splendid practice. He died a few years since of angina pectoris. A true & loyal friend—a man of the most charming manners,—we loved each other very much. His son Virginus—is a very successful lawyer in Orange & has been also a member of the Virginia Senate. His other son George is a lawyer in Roanoke & his daughters are well married. I have the sweetest memories of dear old George, who despite his faults was a splendid fellow.
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James Blakey and his brother Zack: Frank N. Barksdale: Frank Gilmer: & later on Richard W. Duke—son of my Uncle William J Duke—were amongst my intimates as well as Shelton F. Leake, Jr & tho' a little older John B. Moon and later to be his brother-in-law Walter D. Dabney. James & Zack were sons of Mr Angus R. Blakey—who moved to Charlottesville just after the Civil War & in partnership with Oscar Reierson enjoyed a fine practice. James was very rotund & fat—lazy, good natured & with a fine intellect. He never did much with the law, but soon edited the Charlottesville "Jeffersonian" a newspaper which his father owned. He was a fine fellow, but unfortunately was too fond of his toddy. He married Bessie Bowcock, daughter of Wm H. Bowcock for many years Commissioner of
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the Revenue for one of the Districts in the County. She was a beautiful & fine girl & made Jim a good wife. By her he had one daughter, Letitia & several sons—all of whom are doing well. Bessie died after the birth of her last child & poor Jim seemed to give up & did not survive her many years.

Zack was a little red-headed fellow—very shrewd & with the idea that he was much shrewder than he was. He was a great politician & when the town was made a City he was a Candidate for Commissioner of the Revenue. He made an active canvass & carried around a little memorandum book in which he wrote down the name of every man who promised to vote for him. On the evening of the election, some one asked him, "Well! Zack, how are things going?" "Well"! said Zack, "I am [IV 19]

elected by a large majority or there are twelve hundred of the d—nest liars in Charlottesville." He did not get fifty votes, which shows that in politics as in many other things promises & performances are widely different things. He too has been dead some years.

Frank N. Barksdale, was a very distant relative, being a descendant of Dr Thos Walker of Castle Hill. He had good blood in his veins, being on his mother's side (who was Cousin Frank's daughter) a direct descendant of Col Joshua Fry; He was also a descendant of Parson Maury on the same side and on the Walker side a descendant of John Washington—George's great grandfather. He was a large, quiet man who as long as he lived in Charlottes[ville]

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did not amount to much. He was business manager & associate Editor of the Jeffersonian. Thro' Edward Hanckel, he obtained a position in the Advertising Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad & moved to Philadelphia. He rose rapidly & at his death was head of his Department & a most highly respected & reliable official. He married in Philadelphia, his wife dying with the birth of his only child—Lena—who was brought to Charlottesville—raised by her Aunts & is a fine woman. She and my daughter Mary are great friends.

I never shall forget the night he left Charlottesville. He was escorted to the train by Louis T. Hanckel Sr. John D. Watson: Horace Burnley—the County Clerk—the Blakey Boys—Dick (R.W.) Duke Frank Gilmer; & John Moon &

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probably one or two others. In those "bad, sad, mad" days there were several bar-rooms between the Court House Square—where we assembled—& the Union Station. We took a glass of beer in each one & on returning I am sorry to say took several drinks of whiskey to drown our grief at parting with Frank. We stopped at John Watson's store & got a quart of good whiskey & the crowd adjourned to my room over my office, where we proceeded to empty the quart.

I am afraid all of us drank a good deal more than was good for us & we proceeded to take the town with laughter & song, fortunately the police were asleep or careless & we were not disturbed. Generally if I drank anything like ardent spirits—I do not mean wine—

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at night I awake with a fearful headache. But to my surprise I awoke the next morning feeling like a "three year old" & I made up my mind then & there never to get under the influence again

& I never have done so since
My first Cousin Richard William Duke—called "Dick" by the boys to his mothers & sisters great disgust—to distinguish him from my brother William Richard was one of the most loveable of men. He was the only son of Father's eldest brother William Johnson Duke— Uncle William was appointed some time in the forties to carry Aunt "Betsey" (Walker) Michie's manumitted negroes to one of the free States. He passed thro' Owensville Kentucky & there met a Miss Emily Anderson & was so fascinated by her charms, that he returned
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to that little town, wooed & wedded Miss Anderson & settled there. At the outbreak of the Civil War he came to Charlottesville with his entire family & remained at Morea until after the war. Uncle William was a gentle—yet high strung gentleman. He had the smallest hand & foot I ever saw on a man & had to wear ladies shoes. He was quite proud of this fact. Highly educated he was of a rather indolent disposition & much "bossed" I think by his wife & daughters—of whom he had two—Florence & Laura—very pretty girls who died unmarried not many years ago. Dick was the only son. Dick enlisted in Carrington's Battery in 1863 & served thro'-out the war with great gallantry—being in many engagements—& was serving his <gun> at the Bloody Angle at Spotts-
[IV 24]
sylvania Court House, when it was captured. He said on that occasion he does not believe the fastest Kentucky thoroughbred ever out ran him, as he got away.
Uncle William after the war lived with us, until he was employed to take charge of a Slate Quarry in Buckeyland. After that he was offerred the position of Superindent of Schools in Charlottesville—a position he filled with eminent success until his death in 1878. At his death Dick returned to Charlottesville & was given his father's place as teacher, James Lane being given the place as Superintendant. Dick taught with success until Colonel Taylor—Clerk of the Circuit Court appointed him as his deputy & subsequently resigning—Dick was appointed Clerk, then elected & re-elected holding the office until his
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death. When the "City" of Charlottesville was Chartered he was elected Clerk of the Corporation Court & held that & the Circuit Court Clerk's place until his death. A rather curious thing took place in that Court. I was Judge, Dick was Clerk & Frank Gilmer Attorney for the Commonwealth. A prisoner was being tried & my father and brother were defending him. One of our friends came in the Court room & remarked "Now, if the prisoner was only a Duke what a family affair it would be." Frank Gilmer was father's nephew.
Dick was one of the boys & a finer fellow never lived. He loved a glass & a lass—being a great ladies' man and quite a beau. He married Miss Kate H. Hedges, who survives, with four children.
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Emily a brilliant designer, who works for Colgate & Co—Mattie—Walker, Elizabeth and Charlie. The family, with the exception of Charlie—live in New York & the girls are all fine,

sweet girls & their mother a lovely woman. One daughter Katherine married a Mr. Campbell & died when her first child was born, the child not surviving.
Walter D. Dabney & I were school mates—college mates & warm friends. He was a man of brilliant intellect. Taught school awhile with Maj Horace W. Jones—then entered the University and graduated in law & commenced practice. John B. Moon married his sister & shortly afterwards he and Walter went into partnership. Walter became a member of the Legislature & soon became prominent in that body to which he was elected several terms. He was chairman of the Committee on Corpora-
[IV 27]
tions & wrote one the first and I think the ablest work on "Governmental Regulations of Railroads". This work attracted the attention of Judge Gresham & when Walter went out west to argue a case before him he was very much pleased with his argument & on finding he was the author of the work on Railroads, invited him to his home. When Gresham was appointed Secretary of State by Cleveland, he sent for Walter & offered him the position of third assistant Secretary of State which Walter accepted & moved with his family to Washington where he made an excellent reputation. He was elected Professor of International Law &c &c in the University of Virginia & retired from public life: All this time that insidious disease tuberculosis was sapping his strength & he died after a year or so
[IV 28]
in the Professional Chair. He married the beautiful Mary Douglas & had several children—one of whom Archibald Douglas Dabney is now Judge of the Corporation Court of the City of Charlottesville. He is a man of unusually fine intellect & had he his father's industry would make his mark in the world.
Robert R. Prentis was another intimate friend, whose friendship I yet retain altho' long separated. "Bob" as we always called him is now one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals & has worked his way by his own unaided efforts to that position.
His father Col Robt R. Prentis came from Suffolk Virginia to the University to accept the position of Proctor in that Institution. After the Civil War he resigned & began practicing law in Charlottesville. He had hardly gotten into practice when he died, leaving his family almost destitute. Bob had received a business
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education at Poughkeepsie & wrote a beautiful hand. He went into the Clerk's office & for years was deputy Clerk & the main support of his family. They were desparately poor, but no man ever heard a complaint. There were two other sons & one or two daughters— The eldest son—Henning—went west & made a success of himself in the teaching line: When he died he was Superintendent of Schools in St Louis. Bolling—the youngest—became a brick layer & worked well at his trade. He is living in Washington & doing well. The girls married well.
Bob: was a splendid fellow, with a strain of melancholy in his disposition. I often laugh at him now & ask if he craves "respite and Nepenthe." as he used to do in the "sad, mad, glad, bad," days e'er prohibition & its attendant hypocricy had taken the joy out of life. For we used to

indulge occasionally in "the rozy" and
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walk along the streets singing & having a good time, when Bob would pause & address a lamp post with "Give me respite & Nepenthe."
Bob moved to Norfolk & went into partnership with Hon John Goode & subsequently moved to Suffolk & obtained a fine practice. He was elected Circuit Judge & subsequently appointed a member of the State Corporation Commission & afterwards elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, a position he still fills with honour to himself & the State. No better fellow ever lived.
Frank Gilmer—my first cousin, he was the son of father's eldest sister Aunt Mildred Wirt Gilmer—was a very fine, tho' somewhat eccentric fellow: very tall, very handsome & with a good deal of wit and humour. His father—Geo. Christopher Gilmer—generally called Kit, was a man of large means—before the Civil war. He was a descendant
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of the Pen Park Gilmers & a man of unusual intellect, tho' decidedly eccentric & very apt to "fly of[f] the helve" occasionally. He was a splendid farmer & wrote a great deal on agricultural subjects & occasionally on political subjects.
He was a brother of Thos Walker Gilmer, who was a member of Congress—Governor of Virginia & was killed by the explosion of a gun, when Secretary of the Navy under President Tyler.
Aunt Milly was his second wife—his first wife being a Miss Lewis & by her he had three children—Lee—Walker & Bettie, who married a man named May—much beneath her. Both Lee & Walker were gallant Confederate Soldiers & both badly wounded . By Aunt Milly Uncle Gilmer (as we always called him) had two children—Maria—a beautiful & lovely girl, who my dear sister
[IV 32]
loved as if she were her own sister. Maria married a Surgeon in the Army—Dr [ ] Cunningham & had one daughter—Mildred. She died when Cunningham was stationed in one of the Dacotas—& he bought her body, as well as little Mildred, all the way back to Charlottesville a great deal of the way being in sleds. Maria sleeps in our section near Mary and I know they have long since met & are happy together in Heaven.
At the close of the war Uncle Gilmer—despite the loss of his slaves—was a rich man. In addition to two fine farms he had twenty thousand dollars in gold: Unfortunately he was taken with the fever of speculation & of all things in the world began to speculate in gold & lost a great deal of money.
Then a brother of his first wife Mr Daniel Lewis died & left all of his property to Uncle Gilmer. The
[IV 33]
other heirs tried to break the will & a long & expensive litigation ensued. At the end Uncle Gilmer prevailed, but his victory was an empty one. The entire estate was consumed in costs &

lawyers fees & Uncle Gilmer came out of the contest poorer than when he went in: Then he undertook very expensive and extensive improvements on his farms & sunk so much money, that he became absolutely penniless & in his old age lived with his sons, whilst Aunt Milly came to SunnySide & lived with us until Frank married.
Old Mr Dan Lewis was an eccentric old bachelor & tho' a rich man lived in a manner few poor people would have lived. He knew so little about the luxuries of life that when Aunt Milly sent him some strawberries with white granulated sugar on them, he threatened to whip the negro boy who bought them for having let them fall in
[IV 34]
sand & then putting them back in the dish. He had never used anything but brown sugar of the cheapest kind. Aunt Milly once sent him some very nice jelly, but he threw it away saying it shook so he was afraid to eat it.
But to return to Frank: He & I & Bob Carter went to school together to Uncle William Duke for about a month. Uncle William had charge of the large slate quarries near Buckeyland & taught school in the little log cabin on Uncle Gilmer's place— This was just after the civil war. I spent a month at "Buckeyland" Uncle Gilmer's Place & went to school to him during that time. Poor Frank had an awful time during that summer: He went in swimming & did not notice that he was near a large quantity of poison oak. The consequence was that he broke out with the poison all over his body & legs
[IV 35]
& for several weeks he had to go around clothed in an old dressing gown of his fathers, as he could not wear any clothes. Of course he didn't go to school & lost much time. Frank never was a student, more's the pity, for he had an unusually brilliant mind, which , however, was untrained & prevented him using his talents to the best advantage. When Uncle Gilmer lost his money Frank came to the University got a position as assistant Post Master under A.P. Bibb at the University—& whilst doing this work attended law lectures at the University of Virginia, living in the mean time on food his mother sent him from the farm, or which he walked out to get. He thought no more of a ten mile walk than most people do of walking a block. He commenced
[IV 36]
practicing law in Charlottesville & in a short while got an excellent practice; was elected Commonwealth's Attorney for the City of Charlottesville for several terms. He married Decca Haskell, a great-grand-daughter of Dr Carter of Charlottesville & of the prominent family of Singletons & Haskells of South Carolina, whose mother dying when she was quite a baby was raised by her Grandmother Mrs Singleton—a daughter of Dr Carter—who moved to Charlottesville just after the Civil War. Decca was & is a splendid woman & the two sons George & Frank have made their mark. George is a prominent lawyer in Charlottesville & was for one or more terms Commonwealth Attorney for the City. Frank was a Judge in South Bend Indianna & a successful lawyer there.
Frank—Sr was one of the most popular men I ever knew
[IV 37]

He was the greatest ‘hand-shaker’ any one ever knew. They used to say of him, that if he met you in front of the Court House he would shake hands with you—then if he met you in the Court House he would shake hands again & then if he met you outside he would "shake" again. It got to be a standing joke with his friends to refuse to shake hands with him at all. One of his nicknames was "Demagogue", and it grew out of an incident which happened in my room. I used a room over my office as a bed room. One horrible rainy winter night about ten o’clock Frank came into my room. He had been looking upon the wine when it was red & likewise upon the whiskey when it was yellow and was wringing wet. He had fallen
[IV 38]
down & had a good deal of red mud over his clothes. He started for my bed & declared that he would lie down for a few minutes. My bed had just had a nice clean white spread put upon it & so I remonstrated. "Dry yourself, first," I said," & then undress & go to bed. I will lend you a night gown". He glared at me a moment & then went to the fire place, sat down & was silent for awhile. Then he broke out into a sort of reverie talking to himself "People don’t like Tom Duke: He’s too d-mn stuck up: Puts on airs & thinks a whole lot of himself. He’s a d-mned aristocrat:" Then he paused & was silent, I suppose two or three minutes: "As for me", he continued, "I’m a d-mned Demagogue". After that I undressed him & put him to bed.
He was a fine fellow & in the celebrated McCue case his closing
[IV 39]
speech for the prosecution was said to have been the finest one made tho’ Micajah Wood assisted him in the prosecution & Jack Lee, Tinsley Coleman &c represented the defence. He died some years since of pernicious anaemia.
Another friend was Shelton F. Leake, Jr. a son of the distinguished lawyer Hon Shelton F. Leake, who had been Lieutenant Governor of the State, Member of Congress and was one of the finest criminal lawyers at our Bar.
Shelton was never known by any other name than "Bunny"—a nickname which stuck to him as long as he remained in Virginia. He had none of his father’s talent for speaking; was modest & unassuming. He went into partnership with his father, but after a few years moved to Texas where he died. I never saw him but once after
[IV 40]
he moved to Texas & that was at his father’s funeral in 1884. The train on which he was coming to Charlottesville was delayed & he rode up to the house just as the pall bearers were getting ready to bring out his father’s body. Of course everything waited until Shelton had a chance to see his dead father’s face. His grief was very touching, & we sympathized with him very much. I never think of Shelton, I do not think of an expression he used which became a sort of proverb with us. Several of us had been out to "The Brooke" to visit Lizzie Walker one Sunday. Four of us went in a covered vehicle, whilst Shelton rode on horseback. In those days of straightened circumstances we generally had one suit of nice clothes we reserved for Sunday wear, or for some occasion demanding a better appearance than our "every day" clothes.
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Of course, this being Sunday we had on our best suits. At "the Brook"—as usual John Stockton had "seen us apart", and we had had several drinks. So we drove along, Shelton close to the wheels, & we sang and "made merry". Presently it began to rain & then poured, but it had no effect on our merriment.
Shelton sang with the best of us, & presently broke out. "Oh! boys I'm having the best time I ever had in my life, if I just didn't have on my Sunday Clothes". So it got to be a saying with us when there came some draw-back in our fun, "If we just didn't have on our Sunday clothes.
Dear old "Bunny". He moved to Texas, married his old Sweetheart—a beautiful girl from Culpeper. She died of consumption a few years afterwards & Shelton did
[IV 42]
not long survive her.
John B. Moon lived & had his office in Scottsville, so we did not have him except as an occasional associate. He was one of the ablest men I ever knew, but one of the strangest in many ways. Decidedly reticent and when he did talk he was very involved in his methods. I once told him he carried out to its full extent Tallyrand's idea that language was given man to conceal his thoughts. But he was one of the ablest draughtsmen I ever knew & his written papers were models of clarity, conciseness and strength. He married May Dabney—Walter Dabney's only sister & I was his best man. He then moved to "Dunlora" & lived & died there. He represented the County in the House of Delegates several terms & became a most influential man. He was prominent in the West Virginia Debt
[IV 43]
settlement & made quite a handsome sum out of it.
One of the friends of a later date was [ ] Brown—a Singer Sewing Machine Agent who came to Charlottesville from Delaware in the early eighties. He was generally known as "Reddy" Brown from the colour of his hair. When he first came to Charlottesville, he of course had no social standing: Lines were drawn a good deal closer in those days: He felt it very keenly—for Brown was a gentle man—& was not at all ready to make friends; very soon, however we found out that Brown was a good fellow & just as good as we were & we took him up & bye & bye we made the girls receive him & he not only became very popular, but showed himself in every way worthy. He appreciated what we had done for him & was
[IV 44]
one of the most grateful men I ever knew.
Charles C. Walker was another later friend. He was the son of Uncle Lindsay Walker by his second wife—his first wife being my mother's sister. Uncle Lindsay was my father's first cousin, so Charlie & I were second cousins. He came to Charlottesville as train Dispatcher on the C & O Rwy. When he died he was Assistant Superintendent of that Road. As I have stated he married Lucy Shackelford.
I never think of Charlie I do not think of an outrageous trick we played him once. Whilst he was courting Lucy, she gave a very small dance to which none of our "gang", but Charlie was invited. Lucy told Charlie that the only refreshments were going to be ham sandwiches & Charles asked

if he could bring over a dozen bottles of porter—a drink
[IV 45]
he knew Lucy liked very much. She of course consented & Charles brought the porter to the room he & Brown occupied on the corner of Fourth & High—a little brick "office"—now gone—on the corner of the lot, where Ben Dickerson handsome house now stands—Unfortunately "the boys" found it out & headed by George Shackelford, we went to the room & whilst the "sounds of revelry" were going on across the street the crowd—George, Dick Duke: Frank Gilmer: Brown & myself—drank up the entire lot. That would have been bad enough, but we carefully took off the tin foil & the wires & drew the corks, so that after filling the bottles with water, we recorked & rewired & re-wrapped the bottles, it would have taken very close observation to have seen that they had been tampered with. George's description of the result was very
[IV 46]
amusing: of course we had all "vamoosed" before Charlie came for his "party". He brought over the bottles about midnight & was greeted with loud applause. He carefully drew the corks of several bottles, filled the glasses & handed one to Lucy. Enough porter had been left in the bottles to give "colour in the cup". Lucy tasted it & with a most scornful look put the glass down. "Its dirty water" said she & so—of course—all the contents of the bottles proved the same—They say that Achilles wrath was mild by that of Charlie's, who swore he would kill the man who played this trick on him & I verily believe in the first ebullition of his anger he would have done so: But—tho' he strongly suspected the guilty parties—he never had any proof & our lives were saved. I do not believe he ever knew who played the trick on him.
[IV 47]
Girls
Any account of my life would be incomplete without some account of the many sweet girls & women who were & thank God many are yet, my friends. I was always very fond of female Society. I really had as many pleasant acquaintances amongst women as I had amongst men & I was more fortunate than that witty frenchman who said he could never keep a female friend: That one half of those he knew fell out with him because he made love to them, and the other half because he did not.
My sister had many friends amongst the young women of Charlottesville & SunnySide was a favorite visiting place. In those days there was a very pretty little lake at the foot of the lawn & a boat on it, so we used to have "boating"
[IV 48]
parties, tho' the limit of the rowing was quite small. There yet remained on the Lawn one or two belle fleur Apple trees & their truly beautiful blossoms in the Spring made Sunny Side one of the loveliest places I ever knew.
Mary's chief friends were Lucy Shackelford: Virginia Randolph: Margaret Randolph: Sally Knight & our two cousins Maggie Stuart & Maria Gilmer. Sally Knight & Mary first met when Col Knight lived at Wilton on James River about nine miles below Richmond & father's

regiment being stationed near there & father visiting the place Mother and Mary were invited down there & a friendship between Sallie & Mary commenced which ended only with death. Sally was an exceedingly pretty girl & of course I fell in love with her when she came to visit Mary in 1870. We have been & still are
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warm friends. Of Lucy Shackelford I have written. Virginia Randolph was a tall girl with beautiful light hair & one of the finest figures I ever saw. She was a daughter of Dr W.C.N. Randolph & a great-great grand-daughter of Jefferson. A fine girl & splendid woman. She married George Shackelford & is still living in Orange— Margaret Randolph was Virginias first cousin—a splendid girl who died quite young: Very bright & smart, but not at all pretty. Maggie Stuart—dear Maggie—one of the smartest—wittiest—brightest women I ever knew was our second cousin & at her father's house in Staunton I have spent many happy hours. She was the daughter of Hon. A.H.H. Stuart who was Secretary of the Interior under Fillmore—a very tall, handsome stern man—of whom I stood in
[IV 50]
great awe. Maggie's mother—cousin Fanny—was a daughter of Hon Briscoe [ ] Baldwin, judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals & of Martha Brown—daughter of Chancellor Brown—the last Chancellor of the State—who was mother's Aunt— Maggie was a regular Tomboy—devoted to horses & a suberb rider. My sister was one of the finest riders I ever knew & so she & Maggie, when they visited one another were constantly on horseback. Maggie had a superb horse & Mary a beautiful little bay mare "Ruby', who survived her nearly ten years. Once or twice she rode to Staunton with some companions. I think she loved this little mare as if she had been a human being. Maggie married A.F. Robertson of lawyer of Staunton who had been a class-mate of mine at the University—a fine fellow, but Maggie's opposite in
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every way—quiet—a little bit "slow" but of a fine sense. She has six children & still lives, tho' now in very poor health. Her daughters & mine continue the friendship of their parents. Maria Gilmer our first cousin was another of the dear friends. I think Mary loved her as if she were a sister rather than a cousin. She spent much time at SunnySide. Was a beautiful quiet girl, of lovely manners. She married Dr [ ] Cunningham of the Army & had one child. She died out in Dacotah & her body was brought back to Charlottesville & buried in our section, not far from where my sister lies.
All of these girls were very much at SunnySide in the summer of 1870. During that summer yellow fever broke out in Savannah & Minnie Anderson of that City was afraid to return home: So Mary invited her to
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spend the summer at SunnySide— She came out & spent a month or probably six weeks with us. She was not exactly beautiful, but with a lovely complexion, a nose "tip tilted like the petal of a flower" & splendid figure, she had a wonderful degree of charm and fascination. Of course I was much in love & I think she was quite fond of me in a flirtatious sort of way. Anyway we used to

ride together, dance together & stroll in the woods. I introduced her to Willie Allen at a dance that summer & she subsequently married him. He was quite a rich man for those days, but drank entirely too much for his own good. I remember very well a ride we took together to Edge Hill & returned in a glorious moonlit night. Just as we stopped on "The Summit" (Pantops) we paused awhile to
[IV 53]
look on the beautiful view beneath us—the valley & the river below us—the twinkling tapers of the town & beyond the shadowy outlines of the Mountain: It was a lovely romantic night & I think we drew our horses rather close together & all of a sudden she said: "Tom I am going to marry Will: Allen." "I know it", I replied and we rode on home in silence. And marry him she did. They lived in Richmond and I paid them one or two visits in the beautiful little home they had on Franklin Street. Allen lost all of his money: moved to New York; got a fairly good position in the Bankrupt Court there. Minnie developed into a newspaper writer & on one occasion I dined at her house & went to the Theatre afterwards to see old George Fawcett in Blue Jeans. The dinner was one of the best &
[IV 54]
best appointed ones to which I ever sat down. I took into dinner a Mrs. Anne <Polhemus>—a Miss <Brell>—sister of James G. Blaines's Jr wife & a very beautiful woman. I paid my visit de la digestion later on but Minnie was out. I never saw her again. Allen died & she married a German musician—who became very poor owing to the fall of the mark. She died last year—poor woman. I owe some very pleasant hours to her.
In August 1878 my dear friend S. Wertray Battle came to pay me a visit and spent several days. Wer: was now an assistant Surgeon in the U.S. Navy & wore a most gorgeous uniform. He proposed—after a few days that we should go to the White Sulphur Springs for a few days & I gladly consented. The trip over the C & O was a rather slow one & we got to the White at night. At that time the Hotel was much smaller
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than it was two years later—a large addition being made in the next few years. The "Greenbrier" was not then in existence & neither of the other Hotels are now standing, having been pulled down a few years since. The office & reception room was then in the basement & when we reached it—dusty & smoke begrimed it was filled with a crowd of handsomely dressed men & women—some of whom we knew. We were assigned quarters in "Broadway" a two story frame building some distance from the main Hotel & not very far from the C & O Dep"t. Accomodations were very primitive in those days: A room & a bed—a washstand bowl & pitcher—a high shelf behind & below which were a lot of clothes-hooks & from which hung a calico curtain. You were expected to bathe in
[IV 56]
the pool—if you bathed at all. The rooms in the big hotel were no better furnished, but there were bath rooms on each floor— There were two beds in my room, which a day or so later led to an amusing occurrence. Amongst the young men in Broadway were two from Charleston S.C,

one of very stout man whose name I forget. The other was a handsome—aristocratic young man named Grimball. One morning just as I was dressing Grimball came in my room. "Duke", said he—"May I come in here & occupy one of these beds: My room-mate snores so I cannot sleep." "Why: certainly" I replied, so Grimball moved in bag & baggage. The next morning, very early, I was awakened by some one shaking me violently. I woke up & there was Grimball leaning over me with a most distressed expression: "Good Lord", he said "Are you alive?" I have
[IV 57]
been watching you for the last hour: You haven't stirred: I couldn't see you breathe: I thought you were dead". "Look here, my boy," I replied," I think you had better get a room to yourself. First you couldn't sleep because your room-mate snored: Now you can't because I don't. " But he did not change & I found him a very pleasant companion. The old White was then and is now a most beautiful spot & the company a delightful one: As the old negro barber said, "Yaas Sah!" You'll find every body what am anybody at the White this summer." The "Western invasion" had not yet come in & there were few Northerners. The young people were a very pleasant lot. Some I knew & a great many I knew afterwards. Many have gone over to the silent
[IV 58]
majority & all are old now.
Two of the girls were noted Virginia beauties: Mattie Ould—daughter of Judge Ould of Richmond was not exactly a beauty, but very handsome. She was one of the greatest wits in the State & I wish I could remember many of her bon mots. Two I do recall. She was engaged to General Young & her father entering the parlour rather unexpectedly, found Mattie with her head on Genl Young's shoulders. "Run along papa", she said this isn't the first time you've seen an old head on young shoulders."
The other witty speech in my judgment is much better than the celebrated "Quid <vides>". [ ] Pace was a tobacconist in Danville: He made a great deal of money and moved to Richmond, built a very handsome home on the corner of Franklin and Adams Streets
[IV 59]
and began an effort to get his family into Society, which then in Richmond was very much more particular than it was later. Somebody said to Mattie one day, "Do you know the Paces are going to have a carriage with a coat of arms on it?" "Well!," said Mattie, "I think I can furnish a motto for the coat of arms". "What?" said her informant. "Yes", replied Mattie, "it is ready made for him, 'Ill weeds grow apace'." The Paces were good kindly people and later on were on as good terms with "Society" as any one could wish. The girls married well: One to Allen Dounan & one to Jackson after Bishop of Alabama.
The other beauty was Mary Triplett Haxall (n_e Triplett) probably one of the most beautiful women the State ever Produced. A decided blonde
[IV 60]
genuine golden hair—which owed nothing except to nature, an exquisite complexion & beautiful figure—tall, stately, dignified & serene. A little too serene because she lacked animation & behind her beautiful face very little but beauty was apparent. But she was beautiful & I do not

think I ever saw a lovelier creature than she was, the night she took me to a ladies ball. For some reason—I do not now remember why the ladies gave a "German", but they did & came each one for the man of her choice in a carriage & brought him to the dance. Why Mary Triplett selected me as her choice was & is a mystery to me: But she did so & a more wondrously beautiful woman I never saw. She was dressed in a black velvet gown—d_collet,e, of course, which just had a faint line of lace about the neck
[IV 61]
and shoulders. It was cut severely plain: She wore no jewels whatever, but needed none: With her exquisite skin, beautiful blue eyes, golden hair & exquisite figure she was a very queen of beauty. She has long since "gone over with the majority".
Mattie Ould married a man entirely unworthy of her and died when her first child was born. Another very beautiful woman was Nannie Leary—a lovely blonde—whose only fault was that she was a little too stout for her height— She had one of the loveliest, sweetest dispositions I have ever known. She married my friend Jas D. Patton, who died just a few days ago (Feb:y 1925). When she came to the White she was just over an attack of typhoid fever & had lost most of her hair. So she wore a
[IV 62]
pretty blond wig. She made no secret of it & indeed there was no necessity for so doing as her hair grew out again in all of its pristine gold. Some young fellow from the far South fell desparately in love with her (He was not alone in that) and when he was called away rather suddenly he begged for a lock of her hair. So Nannie gave him a little bit of it and when he said: "Oh! Miss Leary can't you give me a little larger piece". "I would love to do it," replied Nanny, "but I cannot afford it. You see this wig from which I cut it, cost fifty dollars" As old Gaujot used to say "Tableau!" Another one of "our crowd" was "Lou Barksdale" of Richmond who was not pretty, but bright and handsome—full of spirit & fun & added much to our
[IV 63]
pleasure. There was another very pretty & sweet girl—Fanny Wickham of St Louis— one of our Virginia Wickhams who occasionally went with us: But Mattie Ould, Mary Triplett Haxall, Nannie Leary & Lou Barksdale were our particulars & went with "our crowd" most of the time. The "boys" were my dear old friend S. Westray Battle of Tarboro N.C. now of Ashville, who was then in his glory as Assistant Surgeon in the Navy—one of the best, wittiest and most charming men I ever knew— He still lives at Ashville where he had a fine practice as a specialist in tuberculor diseases. J. Ritchie (Dick) Stone was another. A son of Lincoln's physician in Washington—a grandson of Mr Thomas Ritchie the great Democratic Editor & a descendant of the Harrisons of Brandon, Dick was one of the most delightful of
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men: With plenty of sense—full of fun & wit & he was a good fellow in more ways than one—too good for his own good—but finally settled down into a physician of good standing in Washington. He married a young lady, whom he met as a child that summer at The White & has now long since gone into the unknown— I never think of him without thinking of my

introducing him to old Mr Tom Wood who was a most bitter Whig and to whom Ritchie was anathema— Dick was studying medicine at the University & came to my office one morning & he & I met Mr Wood just in front of it. He was a large, stout, solemn old gentleman, very humourous & with a dry wit I have seldom known excelled. He was quite solemnly "tight" when I stopped him & said "Mr Wood, I want to introduce you to my friend Mr Ritchie
[IV 65]
Stone: I thought you would like to meet him, as he is a grandson of Mr Thos Ritchie." "I am delighted to meet you, my young friend ", said old Mr Wood, as solemn as an owl, "And you must not think, for one instant that I think any less of you for being the grandson of that d-mned old rascal Tom Ritchie." Fortunenately, Dick understood the situation & laughed along with Mr Wood in a very pleasant way.
Charlie Lathrop was with us a while. He afterwards married Lou Barksdale. Charlie Palmer a son of Mr Palmer of the "Salt Works" was making his first outing in the world of society . He was a fine fellow, but had seen little of the world. So he had a great time & I'm afraid visited the Bar much oftener than was good for him. One day after dinner we introduced
[IV 66]
Charlie to a Pousse Caf, that delightful mixture of liquers, now a thing of the past in America. The next morning as we went into breakfast we stopped for a morning julep and in the Bar we found Charlie in a glorious state of inebriation. "Hello! Hello!" he greeted us. "I've drank five of those d-mned "pussies" and they've made me drunk". The great beau at the Springs then, was my dear old friend Col Jo: Lane Stern, who yet flourishes in his pristine glory tho' well on to the eighties. He is today one of the youngest looking men I know. He has never married, but his great success was in Society and in Military Circles in which he took the greatest interest, being at one time the very efficient Adjutant General of the State. Jo led all of the Germans &
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was a Universal Beau. In Richmond he became a "Junior Ward McAllister" as some one calls him & tho' his day has well passed, is yet a "gay young bird" in Society circles. There was a rather odd old chap from the South, Col Spate, who tho' well on in the seventies was quite a beau & danced & flirted, tho' the girls laughed at him a good deal. He was very sensitive about his age & when Miss Matoaca Gay—the correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch—in one of her letters wrote that when the Spring was discovered Col Spate was sitting beside it, he got very angry & declined to speak to her. So in her next letter she wrote that in mentioning Col Spate sitting at the Spring she neglected to say that a Miss Matoaca Gay—a lady of no uncertain summers—was
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sitting beside him.
Life at the Springs was very gay as far as dancing & flirting was concerned. There was always a "Morning German" about eleven o'clock, which lasted until about one & then dinner at two. Generally a crowd met at the Spring before breakfast & dinner & drank the waters—some more—some less. We, who frequented the bar, used to go to the Spring, but did not indulge in

Sulphur water, as there was a well founded idea, that Sulphur water and ardent spirits did not mingle very well. After dinner there was usually a siesta & about four p.m. the young folks walked thro' the beautiful woods & to Lover's Leap, or rode or drove— Dinner was at seven—& there was a great complaint about the quality of the food.
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I must confess that in my judgement the complaint was not well founded. I never ate finer mutton in my life & whilst the cooking of the vegetables might have been improved upon, taking it as a whole the food was above the average Watering Place. The service was slow, but as the dining room was the largest in the United States & the crowd of guests generally filled it & the waiters were negroes, I think on the whole there was very little reason to complain. Col Peyton used to say that he charged nothing for food & lodgings, so they should not complain. His only charge was for the water & the scenery and the good company. I must confess I think that his charges were very reasonable when you take these into consideration. The Col: was a fat chubby gen[tle]-
[IV 70]
-man. He was a client of ours & I found that he was exceedingly nice to me & overlooked one of our wild, noisy escapades one night when he found I was in the crowd. A week or ten days—I do not remember which—passed most delightfully & I came back home to work with many pleasant memories which I still retain.
I find that in writing of my White Sulphur visit in 1878 I have entirely overlooked my experiences in the year 1876—the year of the great steal of the Presidency by the Republican Party under Grant, who probably was ruled by the most corrupt gang of unscrupulous politicians which ever disgraced any nation.
The Republicans nominated an obscure politician named Hayes from Ohio & a man named Wheeler from [ ]. The Demo-
[IV 71]
crats nominated Tilden of New York & Hendricks, the latter of whom I knew slightly. I was requested to "take the stump" in our County & accordingly I prepared a very elaborate oration on the text "Tilden, Hendricks and Reform", which I delivered at a dozen precincts in the County. I never shall forget my first political speech in that Campaign, which I delivered in the dep"t at Keswick to a "large" and enthusiastic audience of at least twenty people. I was very nervous: My father who was to speak & did speak on the same occasion came up to me & said, "Tom are you nervous"? "Very much so", I replied. "Oh! well" my father said, "whenever you get up to make a speech just remember that two thirds of the people to whom you
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are speaking are just as big fools as you are?" "But what about the other third?" I replied. "Oh! well" said he, "if they have any sense they won't listen to you ". This advice has always been of great assistance to me.
Wingfield & I spoke all over the County—that is to say at nearly every precinct & the speaking did me a great deal of good. It gave me confidence in myself: It made me acquainted with the

people & the County. I have done a great deal of speaking—political & otherwise—over the whole State & thus made many acquaintances. I told one anecdote in this speech which I think I have used in every public speech since. "It is said of a french cusinier that he remarked once that he succeeded in making a palateable dish out
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of everything he cooked but the buzzard, "I have tried him, he said stew & fry & bouille [abbreviation for boeuf boulli meaning boiled beef] & fricasee, but he was the same damned old buzzard all the time". So with the Republican party. No matter in what guise you take it, it is the same corrupt & infamous party & this can be said now in 1925—as I am writing, as well as in 1876. Born in sin—conceived in iniquity. It first object was to destroy the Constitutional rights of the people. It was responsible for the war: for reconstruction:—the worst crime in the history of civilization—for the gradual destruction of States' rights—the very corner stone of our republican form of government: For the whiskey fraud—the credit mobilier—the iniquitous tariff & even in the last year
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the oil fraud—the Teapot Dome scandal is but the "trail of the serpent" still dragging its slime & corruption into a new era.
It stole—under a specious guise of law—the Presidency in 1876. It has stolen ever since every thing it could steal & yet the people keep it in office. Why? I cannot say, except the power of its money & the unquestioned ability of its leaders—whose intellect is only equalled by their dishonesty.
I have hated the party with an inexpressible hatred ever since it attempted to perpetually disenfranchise my father & men like him & want my children & their children never to forget this monstrous attempted iniquity. After "District No 1" as Virginia was called after the Surrender—with General Canby as its military Satrap, the State was graciously allowed to hold
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a Constitutional Convention, which owing to the limitation put upon the suffrage by "our masters" was composed of what an old negro politician named "Brack" used to call "Niggers, mulatters and wuss"—that is to say Carpet baggers & scalawags. There were a few educated native gentlemen in it: For instance this County was represented by Jas C. Southall—a brother of S.V. Southall—one of the most intellectual & high men in the State [ ] and J.S.T. Taylor a mulatto—son of a most respectable old coloured man Fairfax Taylor who was a servant of the Meades & for many years Sexton of the Episcopal Church in Charlottesville. Jim—as he was usually called—was a shrewd yellow "nigger"—& a politician amongst his race all his life. He was about as
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useful in the Convention as the fifth wheel upon a wagon.
Of course the Carpetbagger, scalawag & negro constituted a large majority of the Convention & the Constitution was a mixture of that of a Northern State with no reference to our own system. In it was a clause perpetually disenfranchising every man who prior to the civil war held an

office & who served in the Confederate Army. Under this clause my father & a large number of the best and most intelligent men in the State were disenfranchised. So outrageous was this, that even the corrupt & vindictive Government in Washington thought it best not to risk it & the Sovereign State of Virginia—then District 1—was graciously permitted to vote on this clause seperately. Every carpet-bagger—scalawag & negro in the State voted for
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it, but it was defeated by a slim majority. My father's negroes—poor ignorant creatures—voted for it. He could not vote and when I asked him "why?" he told me that he was disfranchised & if the Republicans won in this election, he could never vote or hold office again. My brother who was twenty one in July & the election taking place in November the election officers—negroes & carpet baggers & scalawags— refused to allow him to vote & he had to telegraph to General Canby—our military satrap—who wired back, "This man is entitled to vote" & so he did vote. The clause was defeated, but it was no fault of the Republicans that it did. In all the history of the crimes against Nations there is none more damnable than Reconstruction & it
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was attempted by that poor mean spirited creature Senator Lodge of Massachusetts to put the South again under the heel of the negro by his "Force Bill," tried over & over again—there being fortunately even decent Republicans to defeat it.
The Nation was never nearer Civil War since 1861, than in 1876—but a compromise was agreed upon by which the Electrocal Commission was appointed & the steal carried out in law by the partizan vote of "Aliunde" [outsider] Joe Bradley who was put on the Commission knowing how he would vote. It seems, however, that there was some sort of an understanding that the Federal troops—who were put in Louisiana South Carolina & Florida to sustain by their bayonets—the hideously corrupt carpet-bag & negroe governments in those States—should
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be withdrawn & the people given a chance to redeem themselves. When Hayes was elected this was done & these miserable so called Governments fell like houses of cards. Probably it was worth allowing the steal. Hayes—with the exception of Harding—was the weakest President we have ever had in the whole existence of the Government.
Had I known as much at that time about Tilden as I did at a later day, I'm afraid I would not have been as enthusiastic for him. Col Thos J. Randolph Mr Jefferson's Grandson & Executor had in his possession Mr Jefferson's Law Docket: a book in which Mr Jefferson kept in the most careful way a list of all of his law cases. Carefully ruled, by his own hand, with nature of the case, interesses, cases to be referred to, fees &
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The Colonel brought it into Charlottesville to show the lawyers: unfortunately forgot it & it was stolen. Some year or so afterwards he saw in the papers that it was in the possession of Mr Tilden. He wrote to him, telling him all the circumstances; that the book had been stolen from him; that he was Mr Jefferson's Executor & Grandson & that the book ought to be returned to him. Tilden replied, that he had bought the book & proposed to keep it. We advised Colonel

Randolph to employ a Lawyer in New York & bring suit for it, but he replied he had no money to spend for the suit—which was a fact. We believe Tilden left the book to the New York Library. Of course he "stole it as much as the Presidency was stolen from him & I have had a very poor opinion of him after this conduct.

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1879 & After

In 1879 I commenced keeping a Diary, which at first was a very small affair. I have kept it up ever since & of course these rambling memories will have a little more consectutive & thorough relation of men & things. I may say here that I little imagined the great value these Diaries would be to me & my clients, not to speak of the pleasure they have given me. I will, at the risk of being a little out of order give two instances of it. When I was engaged by Mr Kountze to look after the purchases of land & mineral in West Virginia & Kentucky in the year 1888 & following, we purchased from a Wallace Williamson a large tract of land on Peter Creek & its tributaries in Pike County Kentucky. Of course William-

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-son's title was based on a Kentucky Land Grant over which lay old Virginia Patents & probably half a dozen Kentucky Grants. Without actual possession his title was worth very little if anything, but under the Kentucky law if he had possession under colour of title for more than twenty years, that possession gave him title not only to the part he had in actual possession, but to his whole boundary. When he came to New York to close up the matter, with his lawyer, John F. Hager I was sent for & we had several long & tiresome "pow-wows" at Mr Kountze's office in the old Equitable Building, 120 Broadway.

Williamson assured us that over twenty years before he had made a written lease of a part of this tract to a man—naming him—which lease had been put on record & the man had lived in a

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house on the leased land continuously ever since the lease was made & had looked over & after the whole property. Under that assurance we entered into a contract to purchase the property. When I got back to my Club where I was staying I entered in my Diary that we had closed the contract with Williamson for the "Peter Creek land" & that he assured us that he had had possession of the land by a tenant under a written & recorded lease for more than twenty years. When we sent our surveyors to run the lines, the squatters ran them out of Country with dire threats backed up by Winchester rifles & it was several years before we could get these squatters calmed down by the assurance that wanted nothing but the "mineral" coal &c—

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When we came to examine Williamson's lease—why we did not do it at once I do not now remember—we found it was a deed of sale & not a lease & therefore was of no value to the boundary Williamson claimed. He & Hager came on to New York & insisted on our closing up the deal. We refused to do so, giving as our reason Williamson's misleading statement. To our surprise he positivly denied ever having made any such statement. It had been several years since the transaction & both Kountze & I were fairly positive that he had made the statement but

somewhat hazy as to its exact terms. Hager kept silent. All of a sudden it flashed over my mind that I had made a memorandum of it, so I got the date of the contract & asked that we should postpone further pour
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parlers [negotiations] for a day or so. I then wire Edith to send me my Diary of that year. It came by registered mail & I waited to open it until we got together. I then in the presence of all of us opened it & turning to the date on which the contract was drawn I found my entry, read it & told Williamson I was ready to swear he made the statement on the morning of the day I made the entry. We compromised the matter by Williamson reducing his price by a large amount & we took the risk as to the title & made a good thing of it. Hager afterwards told me that he remembered the statement Williamson made just as I had it, but as Williamson's counsel he did not feel at liberty to say anything. In which I think he was wrong.
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The other transaction related to the very inception of our land transactions in West Virginia. As I hope to relate hereafter, in April 1888 Mr Luther Kountze of New York employed me to look after titles of land in West Virginia, he, with Mr Slaughter & others proposing to by coal lands in that State: So with him I went out to Catlettsburg Ken: & up a horrible so called Railroad to a place in Martin County Kentucky where we met Mr Rothwell of the Mining Journal, who had been employed to make a preliminary survey of the Country & had done so. With him was a man named Lowry in whose name a large number of "options" on the coal & other minerals in Logan County West Virginia had been taken. There was with them also a very pleasant man named Robinette. But of this trip hereafter. I entered in my
[IV 87]
Diary an account of this trip. Some good angel made me write "Lowry a S.W (South West) Va type. Doesn't look a millionaire: says he has no interest in the matter." We bought a great deal of the mineral &c, which of course became very valuable & many years after & after Lowry's death, his heirs set up a claim of ten percent, which they said Lowry had been promised as a Commission on all purchases. It would have amounted probably to over one hundred thousand dollars. We were in the midst of a negotiation of a sale of one half of our properties for $6.000.000—which eventually went through—& any litigation meant a probable loss of this sale. So we were in a hole. I distinctly remembered what
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Lowry had said & looking into my Diary I found my recollection was correct & I showed it to Lowry's counsel. We finally settled the matter by paying $3000—rather than endanger our sale. So you can see my Diaries were of no small value.
The year 1879 was like my most of my years full of hard work. I had a severe spell of illness in February of that year & was in bed & "housed" until March 10th, when I went into my office for the first time since the former date. I have been sick oftener in February, I believe than in any other month of the year. I often laugh & say that it is—as I really think it is—the most disagreeable month in the year & if it had over twenty nine days in it, nobody could live through

it. I once made this remark at a dinner in
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London in Feb:y 1919—to a stolid Englishman my neighbour at the table, who glared at me & replied "Oh! the calendar makers arranged all that, you know". I had to explain my joke and I think he grasped the point before the dinner was over. I made very few entries in the Diary I have of that year prior to April 14th, as I lost the first little book I had & all subsequent entries are very meagre. Enough is entered, however, to show that I had a good time & did a lot of very hard work. Dear Lucy Armistead came on & spent the summer & I saw much of her, both at Morea & Sunny Side & she added much to the pleasure of the summer.
One of two entries remind me of the Society now passed away & which brought into Albemarle a bit of English habits &
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sport. Early in the seventies quite a large emigration of English people came into Virginia & especially into Albemarle. Some of them were "remittance" men: Some who came with their families & spent all they had & left: Some who would listen to nobody, but bought farms, paid half down & expected & tried to make enough from the farms to pay for them. They did not know anything about farming: they lived extravagantly: they drank in our dry climate as they did in England & the result was disastrous. Some came with a shadow over them; some with a miselliance shadowing their lives: Some from motives of economy. Amongst them were some very good people & a few families remain with us yet. We had quite a good clientage amongst them & paying clients at that.
One of the best families who
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remained was that of Capt Jas Archer Harris. The Captain bought the old Frank Fry place "Azalea Hall" & his widow & children still reside there, Mrs Harris being a very old widow up in the eighties. The Captain & his wife had a good deal of money invested in England & Jersey—the latter being Mrs Harris'. It was in the hands of a trustee—a lawyer—& was only bringing in about 3 per cent. I suggested that it ought to be brought to this Country & invested here on the same trusts & so get 6 per cent. After some time the Captain told me to write to the Trustee & take steps to have the property transferred. I did so, and some time afterwards we heard that the Trustee on receipt of our letter had killed himself. He had stolen the trust fund twenty years before
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and was paying the interest at the low rate mentioned. This left the Captains own trust fund in England, which brought in a fair income; but his trustee there—an old—very old—Uncle invested it in an iron pier at Brighton, which a storm washed away & the fund was lost. He had a little invested fund in our hands, but against our earnest protest cashed it in & invested it in Price Maury's Hotel & Railroad Scheme at Fry's Spring & this "went to pot" & the poor old man was left with very little but his farm. Fortunately some old relative died in England & left him a small fund which pulled him thro'. He was a fine gentleman; one of the most cheerful men I ever

knew, but a hard drinker and would bet on anything. Horse races—cards—trap shooting—anything which would command a wager.
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Amongst the other English was a very tall man named John Uppleby who bought a farm near North Garden: He was an immense man & when sober a fine fellow: Drunk, he was one of the vilest creatures I ever knew. He too was a great sport & used to win a great deal of money out of Captain Harris at cards & trap shooting. He married a beautiful girl the daughter of a Mr Betts an Englishman who came over & bought a farm near Uppleby. After her death he married a daughter of Captain Harris—Jessie—& dying left her all of his estate; She died shortly after her husband leaving her estate to her sisters, so a good deal of the money Uppleby won from Capt Harris came back into the family. I will, if I have the opportunity, have a good deal
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to say of Uppleby—whose Executor I was & whom I visited in North Carolina & in Scotland—The Mr Betts I mentioned had four or five of the most beautiful daughters I ever saw. Some of his grand-daughters—the Darrotts—yet live in the City.
Another Englishman—W.H. Barlow by name—who was a client & a very fine gentleman—was amongst the best who came over. He had been a barrister—engineer &c &c; was very excentric & at one time drank very hard. His father was a very distinguished Engineer & his family an excellent one. He married a Bar-maid—quite a handsome woman—& so left England. He bought a part of old Azalea Hall & built on it. They tell the story that he & his wife had a quarrel & he walked off to town. One of the servants ran after him & said
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"Mr Barlow! Mr Barlow! Mrs Barlow done gone up in the Attic & say she gwine jump out'n the window".
"Domn her," replied Barlow, let her jump". Needless to say, she did not— Mrs Barlow died & he married a fine woman—a Miss Worthington of an English family who had moved over here & had two fine boys. By his first wife he had three children—a boy & two girls—the latter of whom were & are fine girls—one marrying Dick Worthington—a brother of Barlows second wife & the other John Hopkinson—another Englishman.
Barlow was a highly educated man & an entertaining talker & one of the most upright men I ever knew. He had travelled a great deal: He superintended the building of the telegraph line from St Petersburg to Teheran
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Persia & made most of the way on horseback & camel back.
On one occasion his father sent him to St Petersburg (Leningrad) to look into the building of a Railroad & to close contracts. He took with him maps, profiles & estimates. On reaching St Petersburg he went to the best Hotel & got in touch with engineers, contractors &c. One day two Russian Grand Dukes called on him & told him they were deputed on the part of the Government to look after the building of the road & after a good deal of discussion finally enquired if Barlow had made an estimate of the cost. He replied that he had made it & gave the amount—I will say

ten million rubles. "Well," said one of the Grand Duke's "make it twelve million". "But", replied Barlow," We have made ample allowance for all contingencies in our
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estimate & ten million is ample & more than we think necessary". "Oh! that's all right", replied the Grand Duke, "the two extra million are to be divided between you & ourselves". Barlow's reply was to take the next train for London, "And my Dear Old Father", he said, "told me I had done exactly right:"
I always held Barlow responsible for the going into the ministry of my dear friend Bob Carter. Bob—as I have previously said was a very wild young man & a hard drinker. He & Barlow got on a drinking bout at Mark Eisenmann's bar in Charlottesville & Barlow drank a toast to, "The President of the United States". Bob not to be outdone drank to the health of "Queen Victoria". Barlow, who was in one of his radical moods applied a vile epithet
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to the Queen, whereupon Bob smote him violently with his fist saying he would not let any man speak that way of a lady in his presence. They thereupon engaged in a fight. Barlow began to get the best of it & Bob drew a knife: Whereupon Barlow threw up his hands & said "If there is going to be any knife business I'm out of it"
Some one parted them & Bob went off to bed. He told me that he awoke the next morning & lay in absolute agony. That the last thing he remembered he was rushing at Barlow with an open knife & then being led away and he got it into his head that he had killed Barlow: So he said that as he lay there he made up his mind to turn over a new leaf & God helping him he would devote the balance of his life to the service of God. And he did so. The prayers of a good mother
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had long been directed to the same end & Bob became a consecrated, useful and lovely Minister of God. Always—at his worst—a high toned honourable gentleman he did not have far to go to become what he was to the end of his days.
Barlow was quite a radical & at one time a free thinker. He went to Church, however, with great regularity & Snowden Wood meeting him at Ivy Church once, said to him: "Why Barlow I didn't think you believed in Churches". "Oh! yes, Wood," he replied, "the Church is a d—md good thing: Keeps the common people in their proper places, you know: And then Wood," he said quite confidentially, "There's a d—med substratum of truth about the thing, you know." And that "substratum" became the basis
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of an abiding & comforting faith. I went to see Barlow on what was practically his death bed. He died of cancer of the stomach. After a pleasant talk with him just as I was leaving he said to me, "Duke: as I lie here I have found out there is only one thing in the world for a man in my condition, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ". And so he died in the full assurance of a "reasonable religious and holy hope." Peace to his Ashes. I liked him very much & no more honourable upright gentleman ever lived.
Amongst the other English was C. Agnew McNeale—a gentleman by birth—nephew I believe of

Lord Cairnes—at one time Lord Chancellor of England. McNeale was a gentleman in every sense of the word, but with that strange idea so many of the English had, he
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believed that in this free country it made no difference what occupation he followed: So be bought out a livery stable on the site of Market & 5th Str, where the Ford Garage & Salesroom now stands & kept it for several years, giving it up in an evil hour when he went into the whiskey distillery business with his future father-in-law Chas A. Goodyear & failed most disastrously. He subsequently married Mr Goodyear's only daughter—Mary my dear friend of today as of old, & moved to Minneapolis where he died. Mary with two sons, moved back to Albemarle & built a little cottage near Rio Station, where she lived very narrowly, but very bravely & subsequently married Lewis Smoot of Washington & Alexandria, who made a large fortune & Mary now
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lives in luxury (well deserved) Her eldest son, Agnew was burned to death in the fire which destroyed Brown's school near Charlottesville in [ ]
Another English friend of mine (only he was Irish) was Charlie Moore who after keeping a livery stable in Orange moved to Charlottesville & built the house now owned by Mr Gochenauer on the Lynchburg road.
His wife was an exceedingly attractive woman: With a beautiful figure splendid suit of hair & one of the ugliest faces I ever saw. But the strange thing about it was that after you talked to her awhile, such was her mobility of expression & brightness, that you wondered how you ever thought her ugly. Charlie was a gentleman of a fine old Irish family of means & standing. He moved back to England & settled in Southsea
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where I visited him the winter of 1919. He died last year leaving his widow, who still lives, an invalid—at Southsea & one daughter Maybelle—who lives in Richmond, having been married twice—her last husband a very fine fellow named Loving.
These are a few of the English I knew well. Several families & single men came over later one of whom I might mention. A fine looking stalwart man—George Pelham Clinton—who was a grandson of the Duke of Newcastle & who was called "Lord" Pelham Clinton—tho ' of course he was not a Lord his father being a younger son & only entitled to the "courtesy" title. But as it was he was much sought after by the English. He had some money; bought the "Dunkum" farm on the Scottsville Road & began
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farming on a most expensive scale— His plough harness was of yellow leather & everything of the most showy kind. He left the farming to the negroes & manager & the result was in a year or so he had to sell out root and branch. With what he had left he bought out the "Eureka" Bar—a very ornate bar room on what is now 4th St and just below Drs Smith & Beauchamps Dentistry. The building—a wooden one was burned a good many years ago & a brick building now stands on its site. Clinton moved into rooms over the Bar & became one of his best—or worst—customers & soon ran through all he had. He gave a deed of trust to Micajah Woods who sold

out the Bar & Lease & a lot of possessions which Clinton left—his boots—clothing &c &c.
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He actually left his family Album which of course Woods did not sell, but sent to him.
I bought one or two sporting prints & the light frames now on my library shelves—substituting other pictures for the rather poor ones in them.
Clinton went to New York & made a living writing for the Sporting papers. He got into Society & married a wealthy girl & went back to England.
One of the best men who remained was a Mr [ ] Brown who bought a farm near Ivy & was a most successful farmer. He was an estimable man & did well. One of his sons graduated at the University & is now a Professor in a Western College. About ten years after Mr Brown had well established himself here there came to Ivy a decidedly excentric Englishman, who called him Mee-
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jer Bee-rown"—as he pronounced his name. He was a tall, odd looking man & I never saw him without a pair of ill fitting white cotton gloves on his hand. He always said when introduced, "I live at Ivy, Sir." but I am not "Ivy Beerown". He is a plain farmer. I am "Meejor Bee-rown". He soon drifted away. The English, who were rather plentiful around Ivy called an English clergyman to the pretty little Church at Ivy. A Mr Greaves, a highly educated gentleman who served the Church there many years. When he returned to England as he did finally he was succeeded by Revd F.W. Neve, who started the Mountain work in this County & has rendered invaluable service to the cause of Christ & to the neglected Mountain population. A good man
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who has here lately been compelled to give up his rectorship on account of failing health, tho' he continues his work in the Mountains. During Mr Greaves' ministry he always prayed for "her Majesty Queen Victoria & the royal family" along with the "President of the United States."
These were a few of the English settlers & I mention them as typical. There were a great many more, but the majority drifted away or drank themselves to death—the latter of course being only a few. They did this for the County: Being fond of horses & dogs & sport, they soon got up races, encouraged fox hunting & the breeding of fine dogs. Such a thing as the sale of a dog had never been heard of in Albemarle until the coming of the English.
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I shall never forget the disgust of an old gentleman who saw a very fine setter bitch belonging to an Englishman & remarked he would like to get one of her puppies at her next whelping.
"With pleasure" the Englishman, I think it was Easton, "I will let you have one cheap. I will give it to you for $30: The price I generally ask is $50."
"By G—", the gentleman said when he met some of his friends afterward, "Don't you think that d—ned Englishman, actually wanted me to pay him for a puppy".
Nous avons chang, tout cela ["We have changed all that" quoting from Moli_re,Le Malade Imaginaire] now-a-days.
But we owe our English friends a great deal for the encouragement of sport. I remember a great

many of the races—both cross country—steeple chasing & flat races. One at Birdwood
[IV 109]
in May was really a very brilliant affair. I got a drag I remember with Father—Lucy Armistead my sister Jennie Randolph & Margaret Randolph, and we took along a fine lunch with plenty of potables as well as "eatables" and enjoyed the day very much. I suppose there must have been nearly a thousand people present & the crowd was a good natured delightful lot of people. Captain Harris had several entrances & lost—as usual a good deal of money on his horse "High-flyer"—"Old Hi" as he always called him. The races were held where the present stone barn stands. This was but one of the many "events" our English friends got up & there is no question that they added much to the gaiety & sociability of the County. We had another big race at
[IV 110]
Birdwood a few months later, tho' not quite so largely attended.
It was a pleasant year— We had dances at Edgehill & at the University & at various places in the town & a lovely lot of girls & fine fellows: Dear Lucy Armistead kept me busy, taking her for drives & walks & spent some time at Sunny Side.
The "Finals", as the University & Charlottesville people called what other colleges called Commencement were unusually gay & the Alumni Banquet quite an event, at which I am sorry to say I distinguishment myself in a way my old friends yet tell on me.
The Alumni Lunch in those days was ante and anti Volstead & there was a good deal of hard drinking. The President of the Alumni that year was the Hon Thos S. Bocock who had been speaker of the Confederate Con-
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gress and a distinguished lawyer. It was a large & distinguished group of men at the lunch & I was honoured by being called on to respond to a toast. I had drunk my fair share of wine but was in no ways unduly "elated". During my speech I picked up what I thought was a glass of sherry & tossed it off. It proved to be pure grape brandy. I took my seat amidst loud applause, but in the course of a few moments began to feel decidedly tight. In some way it "came wildering thro' my aged brain", that Mr Bocock had not been called on to speak & that it was a great lack of courtesy on the part of the Alumni that he had not been. So when the regular toasts were finished I arose to my feet & stated that I thought the meeting ought to hear
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from our distinguished President & I therefore called upon the Honourable "Bogus S. Tomcock" to reply to a toast to his health. Of course there was a wild yell I took my seat with the consciousness I had made a hit—as I had. I do not know whether the "Hon Bogus" spoke or not. My next recollection was lying on the grass outside of the old "Annex" & feeling very badly, and I went to Morea & Lucy Armistead soothed my "fevered brow" & perturbed stomach with cracked ice & my brother & Dick Duke "paired my raiment" between them & took Virginia Henderson—to whom I had been engaged for the Final Ball—to the Ball.
I still hear echoes of this speech up the present day, but one of the most amusing things about it happened the next summer.

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I got on the train going to Lynchburg and a very pretty girl was in one of the seats with a vacant seat beside her. She smiled & spoke to me so I took the seat by her & we had a very pleasant chat en route. The trouble with me was, that whilst I knew her face I couldn't for the life of me remember her name & the pretty scamp soon found out that fact & dodged every effort I made to find it out. Just before we got to Lynchburg she smiled & said, "Well! I've had a pleasant journey with you & wish you were going further." Then holding out her hand she smiled most bewitchingly & said, "My name isn't "Tom-Cock", either". She was old man Bowcock's daughter.
The Virginia Henderson I mentioned was a very beautiful girl with a "flower like" face & exceedingly
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sweet. She had been at Edgehill School & was on a visit to Jennie Randolph. I had several pleasant drives with her— I often wondered what became of her but only yesterday (March 27th l925) I asked George Young if he knew anything about her & he said he had met her in Florida some years ago & that she was happily married & living in Floriday.
The summer of 1879 was a very pleasant one, as I have said, only I did then what I had been doing for several years i.e. working exceedingly hard & playing equally as hard. There were no stenographers in our part of the world & the type writing machine had not come into use. Consequently I did everything in long hand & as we had a large practice I had to work exceedingly hard. I carried a great deal of work home with me
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& worked in the dear old octagonal "office", filled with books, in the yard at SunnySide—now a rotting shell. Sometimes I would notice my light growing dim & looking up from my books & papers I would find it was daylight which had dimmed my lamp. I would go to my room, snatch a couple of hours of sleep & be at the office in town by nine A.M. The next night I would probably lead a "German" and dance all night— I paid for this later on as we shall see—
In September of that year there was a great musical festival in Cincinnati & very attractive rates given on the Railroads: So a party of us, my brother—Frank Durrett: Lit Macon & one or two others determined to go. As the railroad only ran to Huntington W. Va
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in those days & we had to take a steamboat from that place, we determined to spend the night at the White Sulphur, which would allow us to make the boat & save either a night on the train or at Huntington. So off we went & after a night at the White, where I met one or two old acquaintances, we reached the Steamer in the afternoon. We found it crowded & the only accomodation we could get were cots on the deck. But we were young & did not mind & off we went a jolly crowd. We were scheduled to reach Cincinnati early in the morning & so after a good deal of "sky larking" turned in ". Daylight awoke us & the boat was at dock, so up we jumped & enquired of a passing deck hand. "No Sah," he replied, "We ain't got no furder than Portsmouth, only

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a few miles from Huntington." We had run into a fog soon after leaving Huntington & tied up for the night. I was not sorry of it for it gave us a chance to see the Ohio River & we enjoyed our steamboat experience. There was one singular thing, which I would not have believed had I not seen it, in our way of getting over sandbars, which were rather numerous in the river: At the bow of the boat was a very stout mast or spar to which two equally stout spars were attached by heavy iron rings. At the end of each was an iron spike, about 6 inches long & quite heavy. I wondered what this apparatus was for until I felt the boat bump on something & then stop. Some of the deck-hands then went to the bow unloosed the big
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spars & pushed them over the bow into the sand bank on which we had bumped: the boat then started & the prow was lifted up until the spars had well passed it on each side. The process was then repeated & the boat literally "walked over" the bar.
We got to Cincinnati about dusk & went to the Burnett House— That night we met Henry Shawhan & Marion Lytel two University men & members of our Fraternity. Both were splendid fellows & Henry Shawhan one of the loveliest—I use the word deliberately—men I ever knew. He was a frequent visitor to SunnySide & very much in love with my sister. When she died I sent him a newspaper with an account of her death & it crossed in the mail one giving an account of his death of that dread scourge consumption. He was a very handsome
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Kentuckian & full of life & fun. His room-mate at the University and co-fraternity mate was Duncan Campbell of Frankfort, Kentucky who was also a splendid fellow, who predeceased Shawhan. Lytel was a nephew of Gen Lytel who wrote "I am dying, Egypt, dying." He too was a very handsome fine fellow & whilst rather wild was a brilliant & charming man. He got into a shooting scrape whilst at the University & came—with Charlie Barrows who was also a Zete & in the same trouble—to SunnySide & we pulled them out of their scrape. The negro got well & the Grand jury did not indict. Barrows & Lytel were "rusticated" for a month, but returned & remained to the end of the session. Barrows graduated in medicine, went to New York & became a
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prominent physician. He died some years since. Lytel bought a ranch out West, but I have lost sight of him.
But to return to our muttons. These two boys joined our crowd & we went to the Exposition, of which I remember nothing: That night we went to the Opera House & saw a Vaudeville & drank much beer. Lytel had to leave & Shawhan—who couldn’t get a room—went to our Hotel & they put a cot in our room for him. When we got in rather late, we found another cot occupied by an old gentleman—sound asleep— We awoke the next morning feeling the need of some refreshment & Shawhan called a bell boy & asked us what we would have. My brother said "I’ll take a milk punch:" "So will I", I said: "So will I" said Shawhan. Thereupon the old gentle-
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in the cot sat up: "Make mine a whiskey toddy Henry", he said. It was Shawhan's uncle who by some lucky chance had been put in our room. So we all had a great laugh & made the old gentleman pay for the drinks. The next day we went to the very fine zoological gardens & later walked across the suspension bridge & had a fine view of the Ohio River. That night I mark with a white stone for We saw Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. I do not think I ever enjoyed anything in the play line more & I had a good laugh at myself: For all during the first act I felt a keen sense of disappointment: "Why the man isn't acting at all", I said to myself & then it dawned on me that I was seeing the perfection of acting—the man was
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Rip Van Winkle himself & so he was in every way a man can personate another. I saw Jefferson very often afterwards: In Rip Van Winkle, several times: In Caleb Plummer in "The Cricket on The Hearth", in my judgment the finest thing he ever played: In "Lend me Five Shillings" & with Billy Florence in "The Rivals". I also saw him with Billy Florence in Hamlet when the twain played the Grave diggers in the wonderful testimonial to Wallack at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1888, Booth playing Hamlet, Modjeska Ophelia. But of that later on. I met Jefferson some years afterwards on the train coming from Lynchburg & had a pleasant chat with him. He promised sometime to stop over & visit Monticello, but never did:
The next day was Sunday & our entire party went to the Roman
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Catholic Church & heard some very good music. In the afternoon we went to the Highland House & then went into the Theatre there & heard a very good little comic opera called <"Fertinitza">. I never shall forget how curiously I felt in thus spending a part of the "Sabbath," in such a way. I had been raised in the strickest Presbyterian School: Sunday—always called the "Sabbath"—was a day of the gloomiest character. Sunday School, Church—goody books of the goodiest, dreariest kind. Even up to today I have hardly gotten away from the absurd & superstitious way in which the first day of the week was spent in my childhood. The one day in the week which of all others ought to be filled with joy & gladness & made the happiest day of the week: For its the birthday
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of the Christian Religion, for our Religion commences with the Resurrection not at the Cross. "If Christ be not risen then, is our preaching vain and our faith vain".
So we ought to keep Sunday as a festival—not as a fast, & I have tried to make it so in my own home.
Sunday night, we dined at The Crescent City Club with Genl Sam: Hunt, who had made an address at The University at the Commencement & I suppose thought he ought to entertain us, which he did very handsomely.
We left the next day at an early hour & were all that day on the steamer on the Ohio. We spent an hour "walking over" a sandbar. During the trip I got to talking to a very handsome lady with a beautiful daughter about fourteen or fifteen years of age. The
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lady was the wife & the girl the daughter of Robinson—owner of the John Robinson circus. They were exceedingly nice & refined people & made the trip very pleasant.
It was during that Fall I made a visit to "Enniscorthy", the beautiful home of Tucker Coles—whose daughter Lelia—now a widow—Mrs Bennett—& I became great friends. I had made one visit to "Estouteville", Peyton Coles' magnificent place in my student days & thus became acquainted with the Coles family. Peyton Coles' wife Mrs Isaetta—who was also his cousin—was a very tall, handsome, brilliant woman. They had a raft of children eleven I think. Peyton, Jr, & I became good friends. Poor fellow—today (April 8th l925) he is in the Martha Jefferson Hospital dying with cancer of the
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intestines. There were only two girls—Selina, who killed herself some years later & Julia who married an Englishman named McKensie & is now a grandmother. Capt Coles—as Peyton Sr was called—was a dull, heavy man. Judge Robertson, who taught him, said he was the dullest boy he ever knew. He could never beat into his head the fact that a half [fourth crossed out] was greater than a fourth [half crossed out and fourth inserted later], so one day he took an apple, cut it in half & said, "Peyton you see these two pieces, they are each one half aren't they", "Yes", Peyton replied, "Now I cut each half into two pieces", said the Judge—"Now don't you see each is a quarter & smaller than a half." "Yes:" replied Peyton, "but Mr Robertson four is certainly more'n two".
He was a wealthy man with a large number of slaves &
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so exempt from military service under the law of the Confederate States, which exempted large plantation owners with a certain number of slaves in order that crops might be raised to feed the Army. The captain, however, after the war was declared raised a cavalry Company, most of whom like himself were men of means. He called it "The Green Mountain Rangers". It was an independent Company—attached to no command. The Captain took it to Centerville—every member having his servant with him to take care of his horse & himself. When the battle of Manasses came on Capt Coles mustered his Company into line and took a vote as to whether they should go into line. Only one man—Peachy R. Harrison—who tells the story-
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voted in the affirmative. He went to Captain Coles & remonstrated: "What in the thunder did we come here for?" Capt Coles replied: "Why Peachy, my men are all—except you—men with families. What'll become of their families if they are killed?" So the "Green Mountain Rangers" remained in the rear, whilst Peachy rushed off & joined another command & fought in the entire battle. The "Green Mountain Rangers" remained with rear guard, but after the fight gathered up much spoil left by the retreating foe & returned home to melt into oblivion.
Capt Coles after he was well advanced in life became very much interested in Free Masonry: Having a wonderful memory, he mastered the "work" & soon became quite prominent—finally rising to the dignity of Grand Master.
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Having ample means he visited a great many of the Lodges & after serving two terms he was appointed Grand Lecturer & traveled extensively. He died whilst filling this position.
One of the few times I ever remember the Grand Lodge of Virginia to forget its dignity & roar & yell with laughter, was when Capt Coles was re-elected Grand Master. In returning thanks for the honour he said he had spent a year travelling around & enlightening the City Lodges. He proposed to spend this year travelling around & enlightening the Country Lodges. Old Mayo B. Carrington who was Grand Junior Warden—a tall, lank, cadaverous old man, so ugly that when he was elected to represent "the pillar of beauty", made one of the wittiest speeches I ever heard on "ugli-
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ness" arose & solemnly said, "Most Worshipful Grand Master, if you in one year elighten the Country Lodges you will have accomplished the greatest task known in history since Sampson slew ten thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass." The yell that went up had to be heard, not described. I do not think Grand Master Coles exactly took in the joke. His place "Estouteville" is I think the handsomest place in the County. A large brick mansion beautifully set on top of one of the Green Mountains in a grand oak grove & commanding a superb view; The house with its Colonial porch, great hall & high pitched ceilings was the seat of a warm hospitality. In the rear was a large grapery—a stone and glass house with a huge black Hamburg vine in it. When I first knew the place
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old Mrs Coles'—the Captain's mother was still living & took great pride in the place which was kept in beautiful order.
"Enniscorthy", Tucker Coles place was also a very handsome place, but not as large nor as superb in all of its appointments. I have spent very many pleasant days in both places. Only yesterday—April 14th—my friend—Peyton S. Jr. passed into the beyond. He was exactly one month younger than I.
He & "Bob" Carter & Allen Southall & I were very much together when I visited the Green Mountains. All gone now, but Allen & where he is I do not know. He went to the dogs & did not have far to go. Bob Carter's home—"Redlands"—was another of the splendid Green Mountain residences. It is still kept up in beautiful shape by Bob's sisters—splendid women—who made quite a fortune
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at the school at Catonsville. Sally the youngest sister & I are & always have been great friends. She & a lot of Edge Hill School girls once played a trick on me, which I did not appreciate then as I do now. Sallie had gone away either to go to school, or to teach school, I do not remember now which & came back to teach at Edge Hill. She was then a regular "dowdy"—didn't care how she dressed or how her hair looked. After she went to Catonsville she changed entirely & became one of the best dressed & most stylish women I ever knew. But it was in her "dowdy" days when one day I was at the Chesapeake & Ohio dep"t and several of the Edge Hill girls came up to me & said; "Oh! Mr Duke, our new German teacher is here waiting with us for the

train. She can’t speak or understand a word of English
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Won’t you come & meet her and look after her baggage?
Now these scamps knew I was very proud of my German, which I read & spoke fairly well. So I went along & was duly introduced to a young woman who did look very German—blonde, badly dressed—hair badly combed. So we exchanged a few compliments & I saw or rather heard that her German couldn’t have been improved upon. The girls crowded around us & some spirit of folly moved me to address
them in English. "Heavens! young ladies" I said, "When you get this to Edge Hill comb her hair & put her clothes on straight", & I continued in this strain—"Where did you find her? From what Mountain hollow in Bavaria did you bring her?" My facetious remarks were greeted with
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wild yells of laughter, which I put down to school exuberance.
The "German teacher" in the mean time kept a perfectly straight face & continued to speak in German—to which I replied in the same language, until finally she said in good plain English: "Here, Tom Duke, quit your foolishness & take my checks & attend to my baggage". It was Sally Carter. Of course I pretended I knew it all the time; but "no go". I must say she never seemed to mind it, but often teased me about the "German School" marm.
When Sally took charge of the Catonsville School it was about on its "last legs", but under the charge of herself & sisters it became one on the most fashionable schools in the Country & so high did it stand & so crowded was it that parents entered their girls for admission when they were
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babies. After making quite a fortune they retired & came to "Redlands", which they have restored to pristine beauty & spend their summers there—spending the winters in Baltimore.
During the Fall of this year quite an important campaign between the "Funders"—those in favour of paying the State debt and the "Readjusters" came on. Father was prevailed upon to become a candidate for the House of Delegates along with a Mr Lipscomb—a most estimable and intelligent farmer. The "Readjusters nominated Thos L. Michie & a creature named Bunch, who had been a Barkeeper & was about as low down a man as could have well been selected. For the State Senate they nominated John E. Massey who was a Baptist preacher & I think one of the most
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unprincipled old rascals I ever knew. Exceedingly smart—an unexcelled stump speaker—never hesitating to lie or make any statement he saw fit to carry his point, he rose by such means to a "bad eminence"—becoming auditor & later when be broke with Mahone—the arch devil of the whole shameless business, he became Lieutenant Governor being elected on the ticket with Fitz Lee. He was a demagogue in every sense of the word & only broke with Mahone because he could not control him.
Mahone was probably one of the worst men the State ever produced. Without morals or honesty,

his ambition was a boundless as Satans & as bad. He had been a gallant Confederate Officer. A little bit of a man—one of the thinnest creatures I ever saw & one of the ugliest. He had a long
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beard—a wizened—much wrinkled face & an expression in which bad temper seemed to struggle with ugliness. He had been at the Virginia Military Institute when father was Cadet Professor of Mathematics & father taught him. After the war he went extensively into the manipulation of politics & railroads. He bought the old Richmond Whig & made it his individual organ & then went to work to consolidate the South Side & one other railroad. He carried his measure for this thro' the Legislature and organized these railroads into the O.M &T. Railroad & ran it almost as his private property. Mrs Mahone's name was Otelia & it was a favorite saying of the employees of the road that its true name was "Oll" mine and Otelia's". He wrecked this road in the course
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of a few years & then became a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Being defeated for this by Col Holliday, he "ratted"', organized the Readjuster Party & succeeded in carrying the State by aid of the Republicans. I knew Mrs Mahone, who was a large and handsome woman—quite a contrast to the General. It is said when during the civil war Mahone was wounded they brought the news to Mrs Mahone, but told her not to be alarmed, it was only a "flesh wound". "Then," said Mrs Mahone, "it is bound to be dangerous, for their isn't enough flesh away from his bones to support a wound". The couple had one daughter—a very pretty girl & two sons Wm Jr. & Butler. The boys went to the University & I knew them both: The eldest was a very nice fellow & I liked him very
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much. The youngest Butler was quite wild, but I did not fancy him. When General Mahone was a Candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, I was disposed to support him on account of my fondness for his son Billy. My Father happened to hear me say so & remarked to me: "My Son", of course if you have made up your mind to support Mahone I do not want to influence you: But I know Mahone well: I taught him at the V.M.I. I have watched his career since. He is a man without principle. His motto is rule or ruin & that & his dishonesty helped to wreck the railroads of which he was President. He is a bad man & will develop into something worse if he has any power". That settled it with me & I supported Holliday, who was
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nominated & Mahone at once started his campaign for the "readjustment" of the State debt. My father was right. Mahone developed—or rather now showed—a degree of demagoguery & vileness & contaminated the body politic with dishonesty & chicanery, from which I do not believe it has ever recovered. The best element—the most honest & upright people in the State took up arms at once in favour of the States's payment of its debts. Had the fight been confined to the Democratic Party Mahone would have been overwhelmingly defeated but the Republicans jumped at the opportunity to disrupt the Democrats & coaslesced with the Readjusters. The fight became the bitterest I have ever known in the State. Abuse, lying, vituperation, misrepresentation

became the order of the day & a great many otherwise honest people
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were led into the belief that Repudiation of the State's honest indebtedness was not only proper but meritorious. Mahone's organ the Richmond Whig, was sent gratuitously to nearly every voter in the State & its influence was immense. It was edited by a man named Elam—a brilliant, unprincipled man, of dissipated habits, but unquestioned genius—who never hesitated not only to "warp the truth", but to deliberately lie when it served his purpose. The paper was simply reeking with vituperation & falsehood. Elam was challenged by some one he abused—I have forgotten who—& in the duel which followed was shot in the hip and lamed for life. He had undoubted courage & wonderful ability & his paper carried an influence— especially with those who saw no other journal—far reaching & disastrous in its
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results. The fight became fierce & every man who could make a speech was called on to do so & the hustings was crowded with speakers & an intense interest was aroused throughout the entire State. Mahone, himself, took the stump & I remember an incident in the Court House in which my Father "sat down" upon the little General, or rather made him "sit down".
A joint debate had been arranged between Mahone & Mr Robt Coghill a very prominent lawyer of Amherst, who had also been a member of the State Senate. Coghill was a very frail man, who seemed never to be warm. In the hottest August weather he wore an overcoat or a shawl. He was very thin & weak & physically timid. An immense crowd filled the Court House. My father was elected Chairman of the meeting & it was arranged that
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Mahone should speak first Coghill next & then Mahone in a short speech to reply & Coghill to close. Mahone had a squeaky feminine voice & was a very poor speaker both as to matter & manner. Coghill was a very able speaker, tho' his manner was poor. Mahone's speech was mainly egotistical, boastful & full of platitudes as to the outrage of compelling Virginia to pay her bonds, when her slave property had been stolen from her—which was true—and one third of her territory taken from her by a "political rape". He gave Coghill an opening in some allusion to Railroads & when he came to reply Coghill taxed him with the wrecking of the South Side & another railroad of which he had become President on the consolidation—& the losses to the Bondholders & Stock-
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holders, of which the State was one of the largest & that the State would have been much more in condition to pay its debts, but for this loss for which Mahone was responsible. This raised a great shout, when Mahone jumping to his feet, his little frame quivering with anger, shouted, "You shall not say that. I defy you" & approached Coghill in a most threatening manner. Then chaos broke loose— There were yells, "Go on! Go on" & shouts of all sorts. My Father got up & said to Mahone, "Sit down Sir & take your medicine like a man". Mahone turned on him: "What the hell have you to do with it?" Now I very seldom heard my father utter an oath, but when he did it was spoken in a way that really meant something. "Damn you, Mahone", he said "Sit down this

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stant" and Mahone sat down immediately & the crowd was quiet. My father's eyes were glaring & Mahone knew him. I asked my father what he would have done if Mahone had not sat down. "He was too small to hit", Father replied, "So I would have just taken him by the seat of his breeches & scruff of his neck & thrown him out of this window". The window was just back of the platform & about six feet from the ground. I believe father would have done it, for tho' a quiet man, when he was angry his anger was something fearful to see. But there was no more trouble & Mahone kept quiet.
I "took the stump", in October & with Geo: Perkins, Frank Gilmer & one or two other young lawyers went over the County speaking. I was well received: enjoyed the trips & made many acquaintances. I
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spent the nights with friends old & young in different parts of the County & was received with the old fashioned hospitality of those days—now alas! a thing of the past. One night I spent at the home of Thos S. Martin who was then a bachelor—living with his mother, & commenced a friendship which was terminated only by his death. He was then a young lawyer, modest & retiring, but was winning his way at the Bar & laying the foundation of the eminence to which he subsequently rose. He was the most enthusiastic admirers of my father & my father was exceedingly fond of him.
I think he had one of the ablest minds with which I ever came in contact. It was a direct mind. He never allowed it to wander from the main & salient points in a case, but went
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immediately to that which was the most important point in the case & knew how to seize the chief facts bearing upon the case, & spread them, so to speak on the table, so that they could be best seen & appreciated. He was a profound lawyer & his acquaintance with the Statute Law of Virginia, was little short of marvellous. We teased him a good deal as a mere "Code Lawyer & I once wrote a squib which really vexed him for awhile:
"Legal Tom was a very shrewd boy
A great big Code was his favorite toy
He used it so much in all his suits
He beat other lawyers out of their boots"
which was a parody on the verses in Patience. After a few years of steady toil & rapidly increasing practice he began to take great interest in politics & became the right hand man of John S. Barbour the Chairman of the Demo-
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cratic party. He soon became Counsel for one of the Railroads & became so well known, that when he became a Candidate for the United States Senate, before the Legislature his election became almost a certainty—altho there was the bitterest sort of a fight, Fitz Lee being his opponent. Both Father & I went to Richmond & worked for him. Of course his defeating a man

of Fitz Lee's prominence & reputation made him a great many bitter enemies & he was abused & villified in the most outrageous way. In the end his selection proved the most fortunate thing for his State and Commonwealth & he and John W. Daniel made a pair hard to be excelled. Daniel a superb orator, & of very little practical sense. Martin a plain blunt able direct speaker—with no eloquence, but unexcelled in
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practical business sense and a Statesman in every sense of the word. I will have much to say of both when I come to my reminiscenses of later years—
I enjoyed this "stumping" through the country very much, as I have stated & it did me much good in that it gave me self confidence and taught me how to speak in the open air. We had one joint debate, between Tom Michie & myself, but I got the laugh on Tom & he declined further debate.
When the election took place in November, the Readjusters swept the State— My Father's personal popularity elected him in Albemarle & Everett Early beat old Massie. Tom Michie was elected, so honours were a little more than easy in Albemarle.
It was during the summer of this year that Aunt Fanny Towles of Louisiana paid us a visit.
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She was mother's oldest sister & had been an exceedingly beautiful woman. Indeed all of the Eskridge women had been noted for their beauty.
A young man Mr John T. Towles of Bayou Sara Louisiana—a descendant of the Towles family of Virginia—was a student at the University during the session of [ ] For some mischeivous prank he was "rusticated", that is ordered to go to Staunton & remain a certain number of months—a method of discipline long since done away with. He went and whilst there met Miss Frances Peyton Eskridge & his fate was sealed. Being under age he had a Guardian appointed—Chancellor Brown—the young lady's Grandfather & the Chancellor of the Western District of Virginia—& the young lady & himself were married
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& went to the beautiful home "Weyanoke" near Bayou Sara Louisiana, where they lived a long & happy life.
The fruit of that marriage was four daughters & four sons. The daughters were Belle & Margaret—Susie & Fanny & the boys Wm Eskridge, John Turnbull—Robert Semple & Daniel Turnbull.
Cousin Belle & Margaret went to School at Patapsco Institute in Maryland & paid us a visit just before the war. I recall them as very beautiful girls. William & John came to Charlottesville as boys, boarded with us & went to school; subsequently going to Coleman's School in Hanover & then to the University. Cousin William was a very brilliant man. He took A. M. at the University & subsequently B. L. He was very much like
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his great Grandfather Chancellor Brown—Aunt Mat used to say & was the only one of the Chancellor's descendants who had red hair, as the Chancellor had. John was a superbly

handsome young man—bright, happy & a joy to see & know.
At the outbreak of the Civil War they both entered the Confederate Service— William in the Washington Artillery & John in a Louisiania Regiment. When the army reached Centerville John was taken with Camp fever & brought to our house on High Street & died there. Just a short while after his death a young man came to the house & asked to see him. When informed of his death he went in to see his body & wept very bitterly as he stood by the bed. It was Barton Lyons—who afterwards moved
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to Charlottesville & bought the old Flannagan place on Park Street. He & I became great friends & he reminded me of the incident & told me how he loved John Towles: They had been school mates at Coleman's. He afterwards moved to Birmingham Alabama, became a Judge there & on moving to Charlottesville he & I became good friends. He died some years ago.
Cousin William Towles was a brilliant man taking his A.M. & B.L. at the University as I have stated. He came to Virginia with the Washington Artillery of Louisiana & subsequently was taken on the staff of Gen J.E.B. Stuart who was his—and our—cousin. He was complimented for bravery several times. One act of his showed a coolness which saved him from capture. He became seperated
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from his command and rode upon a Yankee Sentinel, who leveled his gun & ordered him to halt. Fortunately Cousin William had on a dark overcoat: So when the man halted him he asked in a stern voice, "Don't you know your own officer Sir? And how dare you carry such a dirty gun? Hand it to me". The man, perfectly astounded handed him the gun & Cousin William put spurs to his horse & rode to safety.
He became engaged to his and our Cousin Fannie Stuart daughter of Alexander H.H. Stuart of Staunton & in the early part of l863 got a furlough and started to his home to make arrangements for his marriage. The train upon which he was going ran over a broken trestle across "Chunky" River in Mississippi & Cousin William &
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a large number of passengers were drowned. His faithful body servant Bill, dived repeatedly until he recovered his young Master's body & took it home to Weyanoke for burial. A strange thing was that Cousin William never learned to swim & it seemed impossible to him to learn. Father repeatedly tried to teach him, but it seemed in vain. Dear old Mat used to shake her head & say. "Don't tell me about coincidences: William's initials spelt "Wet"—William Eskridge Towles—Wasn't that prophetic?". And speaking of coincidences I think the most remarkable thing I ever knew was the dream Aunt Towles had the night cousin William was drowned. She told me this incident herself, so there can be no question of it. Cousin William had not sent
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word to his family that he was coming home: He wanted to take them by surprise: So he neither wrote nor telegraphed. The night he was drowned, and as far as can be made out, about the same time, Aunt Towles waked up screaming & Uncle Towles asked her what was the matter: She

replied, "Oh! Maj Towles, William is dead." He laughingly told her she had nightmare & to go to sleep, which she did: She again had the same dream, only this time she saw his body in water. She awoke again & was so nervous & disturbed he made her go into her daughter Belle's room & get into her bed. She did so, & went to sleep, but the same dream came to her again & she awoke in tears and slept no more that night.
The next day when she saw
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a man riding up the long avenue of live oaks which led from the gate to the house, she said, "Well! you may laugh if you choose, but that man has a telegram telling us of William's death". And she was right. It was a messenger with the sad news.
Now I have a theory as to this dream: How many dreams do we not have in a life-time? Thousands I suppose. Wouldn't it be very strange if a dream & an incident did not sometimes come together? That is my theory as to such dreams and as good as any other.
Of Uncle Towles' large family, four boys & four girls, only Bob survives & he has no children, tho' Dan had several—keeping up the name & there are many grandchildren I sup-
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pose. We enjoyed Aunt Towles' visit very much. She was bright & witty & showed traces of great beauty.
In the November election the "Readjusters" carried the State by a good majority: But in Albemarle my father's personal popularity carried him through. He & Tom Michie (the Readjuster Candidate) were elected, but Everett Early beat old Massie. Father & Mother went to Richmond when the General Assembly met & spent the winter at the Saint Clair Hotel (then on the site of the Hotel Richmond of today) In this same hotel my father stayed when he taught school with Col Crozet in 1844-5. When the Legislature met a regular orgy of displacement took place. All the Judges in the State, whose elections came up were displaced & creatures of poor stuff put in their places
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Judge John L. Cochran, County Judge of Albemarle was defeated & Hezekiah Taylor who had been an iron founder & never opened a law book in his life was elected in his place. He was an honest man, however, & made a very respectable judge. He soon found that by listening to the lawyers he could get at the point & decide it by the aid of common sense. A very comical thing happened soon after he got on the Bench. Walter Dabney & John B. Moon—not then brothers-in-law nor partners were arguing a case before him & both drew elaborate instructions, exactly antagonistic. They argued them at great length & when they got through the old man waved his hands and very gravely remarked, "Gentlemen, you will have to settle this
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law between you. I know nothing about it." The case was compromised.
Taylor was not the first choice of the Legislature. Mahone—who ruled the majority of that body & selected every candidate—chose one Oswald W. Purvis as candidate for the place. Now "Os" was, without exception one of the most infernal scoundrels in the State. Absolutely without

principle, very smart, unscrupulous & cunning, the records of the Chancery Court of Albemarle County in Siegfried v Purvis showed him to have been a thief. My father of course fought his nomination with all his might and did not hesitate to expose the villiany of the man. So strong a case did he make that a committee of the Legislature
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was sent to Albemarle to examine into Os' character & found it so bad his name was withdrawn & Taylor elected. A very amusing thing happened during the fight. "Os" sent word to my father by one of his friends that if father continued his attacks on him he would challenge him to a duel. Father then sent him the following note by Uncle (Genl) Lindsay Walker—
"Sir:
Atho' you are a common theif & unworthy of the notice of a gentleman—& much less of a character or standing to entitle you to meet a gentleman on the field of honour, I will waive all this & fight you at any time or place or with any weapons you may choose"
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No reply was ever received to this letter & the funny part of it was that "Os" never seemed to feel at all aggrieved, but continued to speak to both father & me in the most polite manner & actually tried some years after to employ us in a case—which employment we politely refused.
When Taylor got on the Bench his manner to my father was at first very "offish" & whilst he listened with courtesy one could see that it was very unpleasant to him. Father paid no attention to him but went on with cases in his Court as if the old man had been Chief Justice Marshall. In the course of six months everything changed & it finally got so that the members of the Bar used to laugh & say that my father led Judge Taylor "by the nose". He frequently came in and asked Father's advice
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about cases before him, in which, of course we had no interest.
When the Democrats regained power in the State & Judge White was elected in Taylor's place the old man came in the office & said, "Col Duke I want to tell you something". I know that the members of this Bar said you had too much influence over me. That was wrong! You did not have any improper or undue influence over me. But you did have great influence over me & rightly so. For you, unlike some members of this Bar, never tried to take advantage of my ignorance of the law. You dealt with me in every case you had before me in the fairest, most considerate way: Helping me to try to do right & justice and presenting every feature in the case so I could see my way clear to do
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the right thing. You have not only won my admiration but affection. I did feel rather sore when you told the Legislature of my ignorance of law; but you said I was an honest man. You were right. I was ignorant: But I have tried to be honest & just" The old man's eyes filled with tears, as did my fathers as he arose & took the old man's hand. "Yes! Judge", he said, "You have been just, upright & honest & have made an excellent Judge. You have listened carefully, considered fully & tried to do right. What can any Judge do more". I told my father, that in all his life he

never had a higher compliment paid him.
The Readjusters expected fat "pickings" out of the Miller School over which the County Judge, had & has almost ab-
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solute control. They had already picked an old German to succeed Captain Vawter & were going to displace every teacher & employee and fill their places with creatures of their own. But old Taylor set his face like adamant against any change. He appointed John T. Randolph a good old Baptist Preacher on the Board of Visitors in the place of Col C.S. Venable & that was all. The politicians howled: Mahone raved: But the old man heeded them not and that great charity did not & never has felt the polluting touch of politics.
For Circuit Judge Mahone selected Geo: P. Hughes of Goochland: He was a dull stupid man—a poor lawyer: had never had any practice that amounted to anything & was, I think, the worst possible selection that could have been
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made. He was an honest man & tried to do right, & as the Bar was patient & courteous he did fairly well.
For the Court of Appeals Mahone selected Judge L.L. Lewis a Republican: Judge Lacey: Judge Hinton Judge Richardson & Judge T.T. Fauntleroy—or Faunt Le Roy as he wrote it.
Lewis was a gentleman & good lawyer: Hinton was a vain & conceited man with a fair knowledge of law and more than ordinary intellect: Lacey was a man of ability—a good lawyer—but such a bitter partizan he could neither see not do the right when his politics or prejudices came into a case before him. Richardson was a dull fool & much of the time under the influence of liquor. Fauntleroy was a gentleman by birth and breeding: Very exciteable and
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a bitter partizan. He had never had any law practice to amount to anything & knew no law and boasted of it. He met a lawyer soon after his election & remarked to him. "Burn your law-books, sir, The Court of which I am soon to be a member is going to pay no attention to law books. We are going to do right & justice whether it is law or not". The old gentleman & I had quite a clash when my first case came before the new Court. I interrupted Mr Southall, who was closing a case & made an absolute misstatement of the record—unintentionally of course. Old Faunt leant over the bench & said, "None of that Sir. You cannot do that in this Court no matter what you do in the Circuit Court". I, of course being young & foolish got
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wildly mad. Southall thanked me for the correction—acknowledged his error & took his seat.
I at once got up & tho' Lewis tried to stop me I broke forth. "If your Honour's please I have been rebuked by a member of this Court in an offensive & improper way. I want to say I am much better acquainted with the rules & manners of this Court & have had more practice in it in a year, than the Honourable member who rebuked me has ever had in his life." I sat down: Lewis said "We understand, Mr Duke" & said no more. Faunt said nothing, but after adjournment as I was standing on the Court green I saw old Faunt hurrying towards me: "Its a fight or a footrace," I

said to myself—for the old man was very irascible
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and pugnacious: He came up however and held out his hand: "You shouldn't get angry with an old man, Sir," he said, and we shook hands & were ever afterwards good friends. Both of his sons & I have been warm friends & his grandsons, the Balls, are great friends of Eskridge, who waited on one of them in Biltmore when he was married.
The opinion of this Court do not carry very great weight with the Courts which have succeeded them. Amongst the "basement" officers turned out was poor old R.M.T. Hunter one of the most distinguished men in the State. He had been a wealthy man—United States Senator &c &c, but was ruined by the war. He actually made a meagre living running a little grist mill on one of his farms. He was
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elected State Treasurer—an office giving him a living, but the "Mahonites" removed him. I happened to be in the House when my Father renominated him for Treasurer. He made a beautiful speech in which he compared the old man to blind Belisarius turned out to starve in his old age by a Country he had so well served. He actually bought tears to the eyes of many who voted against him.
In the House was a creature named Farr—who was elected Superintendant of Education: I do not believe he knew how to spell & was quite ignorant. But that made no difference to the Mahonites. He also "handled the truth very keerless" and when taxed with it made a very absurd speech in which he constantly alluded to his "honour", slapping a very
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rotund stomach as he did so. Catlett Gibson member of the House from Culpeper replied to him & every now & then would slap a very prominent and round stomach & allude to the seat of Mr Farr's honour. Even the Mahonites roared, as they did when my father in another reply to Farr, said that now in Virginia men would understand the difference between "Farr" play and "Fair" play.
Massie was elected Auditor & Mahone & Riddleberger United States Senators. The latter was a second rate lawyer from the Valley who eventually drank himself to death. He disgraced the State by appearing drunk on the floor of the Senate & once in such an uproarious condition as to have be removed by force by the Sergeant at [Arms]
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struggling & yelling & fighting like a madman. The poor creature drank himself to death.
During that winter whilst Father & Mother were in Richmond I spent a very pleasant week there, visiting Willie & Minnie Allen & being very delightfully entertained by them. Mrs Oates was in the City at the time & there were several box parties. I heard then for the first time some of Offenbach's comic operas & also "Girofl,, Girofla". Several of the refrains of these operas linger with me yet & in connection with the last a rather curious incident happened when I was in Paris in 1924. Mrs Duke went to a dressmaker, Mme Steenlet, in the Rue des Mathurins, just opposite La Chapelle Expiatoire, Mrs Steenlet's father, whose name unfortunately I never learned, was a

most charming old
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gentleman—very neat, handsome quiet & elegant. During the hours of fitting he & I became very "chummy" & as he talked very slowly & aided my bad french by the nicest suggestions—He spoke no english— We got along very pleasantly. I happened to speak of my fondness for music & how certain foolish little airs would linger in my memory and I instanced by humming a little refrain Mrs Oates used to sing most charmingly: "Je suis en peu grise" ["I'm a little tipsy"] &c &c "Ah! Girofl, Girofla", the old gentleman exclaimed "Je le connais tr_s bien. Le composeur et moi _taient amis: J' _tais … la premi_re de cet Opera avec mon ami. Il _tais tr_s nerveux: mais c'_tait un secc_s tr_s grand." [I know it very well. The composer and I were friends; I was at the premier of that opera with my friend. He was very nervous: but it was a very great success."]
I heard several of Offenbach's operas afterwards in New York
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Lilian Russell in the leading role & her Grande Duchesse and Belle Hel_ne were very fine. She was an exceedingly beautiful woman & sang and acted well.
In the desultory way in which I have written these memoirs I of course overlook things which tho' probably uninteresting to you, my children, I love to set down by way of remembrance:
I had a great deal of enjoyment out of dances & visits during this year. I remember with peculiar pleasure visits to "Sunny Side" as Hancock's old Tavern just beyond Keswick was called by Mr J.B. Pace the wealthy tobacconist of Richmond. It is a beautiful place now (1925) occupied by Mr Barr. The Paces had delightful house parties at one of which I remember the Rev Mr Jackson—afterwards Bishop of Alabama—Coadjustor for awhile
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of my dear old friend Bishop Wilmer and I am afraid was somewhat of a trial to him. For Jackson was not a man of much dignity & I have heard became very unpopular & did not become his high office as he should have done. But at this time he was the very popular preacher of one of the fashionable churches in Richmond. He was a fine, if rather florid, preacher—a man of charming manners, who did not let his ministry set very heavily upon him. He was at this time courting Violet Pace—whom he afterwards married: Both are dead now. We had glorious times at these parties—juleps & delightful food—music & dancing and Mrs Pace a most pleasant kindly lady—did everything she could to make her guests
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have a good time, and they had it. I find a memorandum in my diary of that year of a party of thirteen at dinner & I remember Nannie Pace jumping up & declaring she would not remain at the table with that unlucky number. We laughed her out of it. Nobody died within a year, but Nannie was the first one of that dinner party who did die, several years after. The party consisted of—Violet Pace: Willie Grant (who had a beautiful voice) Otey Cullen Miss Jackson; Mrs Marshall: Tom Pace: Mr Marshall: Lizzie Cullen: Mary Duke (my sister) Jo Lane Stern: Nannie Pace: Lou Barksdale and myself: Violet Pace married her Mr Jackson of whom I have spoken:

Lizzie Cullen married John Anderson: Nannie Pace married Alex Donnan: Lou Barksdale married [ ] Lathrop. My sister married
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Dr Charles Slaughter. I do not know what has become of Miss Jackson & Mr & Mrs Marshall, but Jo Lane Stern & I are the only survivors of that party I now know of. Nannie Pace died at the White Sulphur, of consumption. A grewsome thing was connected with her death. There was no undertaker at the White & no caskets: So—as her death was expected almost any hour a coffin was ordered from Richmond & the box with it in it, stood on the dep‘t platform for several days before her death & was daily inspected by parties of gay young folks. Her death made no change at the White the day she died—Morning "Germans" & evening dances went on all the same—"Et on danc, jus’qu’ a jour
Chez—le White". ["And one danced until day at home—the White"]
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Trout Fishing
In writing as I have done at odd times and in a desultory way I have neglected one of the greatest pleasures of my life & one which brought me, into the delightful companionship with my dear Father. And that is my trout fishing in Moorman’s River.
This River rises in what is known as "Sugar Hollow" in the North Western part of the County. It is a beautiful clear stream & in the "Hollow" runs over a very rocky channel—sometimes amidst great boulders, between which it plunges in a little cataract into deep bluish pools. I had spent many happy hours on its lower reaches at Walnut Grove—Uncle Bob Rhodes place. It was & is a beautiful stream, tho’ now much reduced in size and
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its loveliness impaired by the denudation of the forests.
It was not originally a "trout" stream, but in the late forties Mr Giles Rogers went over the Blue Ridge & netted a dozen trout & bought then over in buckets & put them in the stream. It suited them so well that in a few years they multiplied exceedingly & when my father commenced fishing with Mr. Rogers & a good friend Mr Rippetoe who lived on the stream some miles from its head, they were quite abundant & as fine fish as I ever saw. Father never missed fishing the stream in May except when he was in Johnson’s Island Prison in 1865—always getting a furlough during the war in that month & putting in a day’s fishing. Mr Rippetoe—who
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was a fine angler generally went with him, until his death just after the civil war. He lived with his daughters about a mile & a half below where we used to commence fishing & after his death his three daughters—one a widow & two spinsters—lived there until one by one they passed away. With them in a little cabin in rear of their home lived a faithful negro named George who practically took care of them & did all their work. He was a faithful old time negro—respectful & respectable—honest— industrious & of a kind the world will never see again. Mr Rippetoe was a deputy sheriff before the war & a splendid type of man. He died before I ever knew him. His daughters were fine women & devoted to my father. I think they

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looked upon his annual visit as the event of the year & he always stopped going and coming & had a good long chat sometimes stopping for dinner which was always a clean good meal—
We stayed during our fishing trips at Mrs Tommie Harris' whose had two daughters one of whom married Rice Wood & the other Bettie—a handsome woman was single when I first knew her & did not marry until her mother's & sister's & brother-in-law's death. Mr Harris kept a boarding house near the University prior to the Civil War in a large brick house—since burned—which stood on the left of the Fry's Spring Road just this side of the bridge over the C&O Railroad. Three houses have since been erected on its
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site. I—in after years—recalled the first time I ever saw Miss Bettie. It was just after the state had seceded & Mr Harris had erected a tall flag pole in front of his house. On it a Confederate flag was to have been raised & was raised. A large crowd—students and town folks had assembled & Miss Bettie came out dressed as the flag: That is a bodice of blue with stars on it & a skirt of two white & one red flag. Old Mr Jimmie Alexander made the address. He was a Boston man a printer by trade & came to Charlottesville to help print Colonel Randolph's edition of Jefferson's papers. He was a most enthusiastic Democrat & owned & edited the "Jeffersonian Republican" His son Wm Alexander was the Adjutant of my Father's Company "B" & was killed at
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the Battle of Hatcher's Run. Mr Alexander was the Grandfather of our townsman Harry George. Of course I do not remember his speech , but I do distinctly remember his conclusion. "If Thomas Jefferson was here today", he shouted, "his soul would leap for joy", and as he said this he jumped up at least two feet from the ground. I do not think he had ever read Quintillian, but in this instance he certainly suited "the gesture to the word."
Mr Harris was one of the securities on the bond of Mr Keblinger who was post master in 1860-61. After the war, a large judgment was recovered—most iniquitously—against Mr Harris and Keblinger's other securities for the money & stamps taken by the Confederate Government after the State
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seceded. Mr Harris then moved to the little farm on Moorman's River where his widow & daughters resided when Father & I went fishing—
Mrs Harris was a plump, kind hearted, delightful old lady, who seemed to enjoy our visits. Bettie was still a handsome woman—well educated & pleasant— The other daughter who married Rice Wood was tall & angular & one of the best woman I ever knew. Rice was a gentleman in every sense of the word—one of nature's nobleman whose bearing & conduct would have done credit to a palace—and whose instincts of courtesy & kindliness I have never known equalled by anyone. He worked with his own hands. Was a devoted husband & to his mother-in-law & her daughter Bettie all that a son and bro-
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ther could have been. He was a fine soldier— Brave without recklessness—cool under fire & was never known to fire his musket without taking aim Captain H. Clay Michie in whose company he was always said that it was a bullet from Rice's gun which wounded General Hancock at Gettysburg. They were in Pickett's charge & when in gun shot of the stonewall, Captain Michie noticed an officer on a fine horse who rode fearlessly in the rear of his men. "Can't you hit that fellow Rice?" said the Captain. "I'll try to put a bullet thro his sash" Rice replied & taking deliberate aim he fired & the man on the horse fell. After Captain Michie was captured he asked who this officer was &
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was told "General Hancock."
It was Captain Michie's company that fired upon and killed Genl Kearney— whose son came to this County—built & now lives upon Lewis' Mountain.
But to return to our fishing. Father's preparations for his annual outing, commenced every year for the next, Mother used to say. He had a large wooden box made in which he kept some cooking utensils—his creel—fishing coat &c and numerous plates & glasses &c &c. His fishing rods—& he had some very fine ones—his flies &c all the angler's paraphernalia—he put away very carefully in an upstairs room, occasionally taking them out to oil them & see that they were in good order— About two weeks before we started he had the gardener dig quite a
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number of fishing worms. He got a basket & filled it with wet moss in which he put these worms: Then every day he poured into the moss a little milk & water. At the end of the two weeks the worms were almost transparent and quite tough— He used worms as baits almost altogether as the Moorman's River trout were "ground feeders" and very seldom rose to flies— no matter how tempting the ones we used—and I think my father & I used every fly we had in our books with poor success. The strange thing was that when we crossed the Mountain & got into the streams there, the trout rose greedily to the fly, but scorned the worms.
Father about a week before we started went over all of his tackle & saw that it
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was in good order & everything in "ship shape". We always drove up in a "spring wagon" & the trip—which is now made easily in an hour or less—took five hours—sometimes six. We always stopped at White Hall to chat for a few minutes father's old schoolmate & friend Mr. Geo: Brown—whose very pretty daughter Mollie I knew well & saw her very often at our tableaux & dances. We stopped again at the Rippetoes to "pass the time o' day", & went on to the Harris' where a warm welcome awaited us. We rarely ever started to fish the afternoon we got to Harris', tho' Father would now & then go up or down the run & some back with half a dozen trout & chub which we had for supper. The drive generally tired me & we went to bed
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early. Our room opened on the porch & the river was not twenty steps from the house & as it tumbled over the stones with a most musical ripple I realized to the full what Byron meant when he said:

"Lulled by falling waters".
We were up early & after a delicious breakfast saddled our horse & I rode on up the run about two miles & tied the horse & then fished down the stream—father fishing up. When we met we compared "catches" & oh! mention it not in these days of cant & hypocrisy—took a drink & father fished on up to where the horse was tied & I fished down to the house, where he rode in later. I remember on one occasion when we met & had our dram, we compared our respective catches. Each had
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caught twelve fine trout and as we laid them out side by side they would have weighed almost the same. Then father with a twinkle in his eye reached down in his creel & pulled out one the finest fish I ever saw caught in Moorman's River—with one exception—& that exception was in my creel. I too had kept back the best for the last & I do not believe any one could have told any difference between the two fish. So we had a good laugh: took another dram & parted. I may say that I very seldom took any fish in the water father had fished over, but he usually took several in that in which I had fished: But then he was one of the best anglers I ever knew.
Sometimes instead of staying at Mrs Harris' we went on to Bazaleel Brown's about two
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miles further up the stream.
Mr Brown was a most estimable gentleman— Son of Dr Charles Brown who died at the advanced age of 96—or 97 & of whom I may write later on. Mr Brown "Bazeel" as he was called—had married a daughter of "Bazeel" Garth—one of the greatest oddities I ever knew—and of whom "more anon". She was a splendid woman— They had one daughter who married Oscar Early—a great, big, lumbering good hearted, good natured fellow & the biggest liar I ever knew. Perhaps I ought to say "romancer", for Oscar never told a malicious or unkind lie in his life. He & his wife lived with the old couple & we enjoyed Oscar's yarns as we did the kindly hospitality of Mr and Mrs Brown. I find in an old common
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place book the following—which from its place in the book must have been written in 1873 or 1874:
"Went on a trout fish with Pa June 19th. Stopped at Tate's old saw mill & had dinner. Caught seven trout that evening. Spent the night at "Bazeel" Browns. Saturday we fished down the stream from a mile above the "Cool Spring" branch. Caught two dozen, the largest twelve inches. Came home at 11 1/2 at night. While fishing went up to the falls in Cool Spring Branch: They are most beautiful—about 30 feet high. At the top the rocks were piled together in picturesque masses: from between two boulders a stream creeps forth and falling two or three feet ripples down in lovely masses like waves over rocks nearly perpendicular, then shoots abruptly to the right
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and descends a rock slanting at about 80o and then spreads out like a a vail & shimmers over a slanting rock ten feet or more wide, then collects again in a narrow stream and falling a foot or so

spreads out into a lovely pool clear as crystal about twenty feet long & fifteen wide, the whole embowered in a glen as lovely as a painters dream."
Father always wound up his excursion with a big fish fry & Brunswick Stew, to which he invited "the Hollow". He generally took along about five gallons of Monticello Claret, & brewed in a wash tub a claret punch which the Mountaineers called "Dog's blood." This was the only "spirituos refreshment" allowed & so these parties never became hilarious. Each Mountaineer brought a
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a squirrel or so & failing a squirrel—a chicken & father prepared a big iron pot of his celebrated stew. Lest it be lost to a posterity hardly worthy of it, I give the receipt.
In a large iron pot in which water was simmering over the fire were placed, corn & ochra & butter beans & tomatoes and a few potatoes—a generous piece of bacon—and the squirrels & chickens cut in small pieces, and a big lump of butter. To that was added a bottle [of Worchester Sauce inserted later]—large or small according to the size of the stew & the pot was allowed to boil slowly until the squirrels & chicken were "all to pieces". Just before the stew was ready to serve the trout were put in the frying pan & by the time the stew was eaten the fish was ready. Generally the Mountaineers brought chubs—which
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they had caught & there was an abundance to eat & drink, "topped off" with cups of black coffee.
I never think of these fishing trips without recalling Col Fred: Skinner—who went with us on one of them & who spent his last days at Capt Fry's on Park Street in Charlottesville. He used to visit at SunnySide a good deal & frequently spent at evening at my house, where I produced a bottle of claret & listened to the Colonel's delightful reminiscences.
He was a tall man—over six feet—& must have been a very handsome man in his youth. He was my beau ideal of a beau sabreur [ideal of a fine officer]: Long white moustache—white hair—ruddy complexion and carried himself—despite his seventy odd years as erect as an Indian— His career had been a remarkable one. His father
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at one time postmaster at Baltimore had served with Lafayette in the Revolutionary War. When Lafayette was in this country he visited Mr Skinner & was very much taken with Colonel Skinner—then a mere youth. He insisted upon taking him back to France with him & did so and he spent his youth at La Grange and in Paris with Lafayette.
Of course he spoke French like a native. He told me of a funny incident which happened at La Grange, when he was about sixteen years old. A Marquis & his wife visited La Grange whilst he was there. Mme La Marquise was—Colonel Skinner said—one of the ugliest women he ever saw, but was much taken with this handsome young American. She accordingly made much of him & on one occasion when they were alone in the Salon, she
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insisted upon kissing him, which she was doing with much emphasis, when in walked M Le

Marquis—who promptly made a most profound bow—apologized for his intrusion & left. Col Skinner said he left also with much rapidity by another door. During the balance of that day, he said he was the most unhappy man or rather youth—in France. Visions of duels or sudden murder were constantly before his eyes & he betook himself to the most secluded parts of the Castle. To his horror in one of the most obscure passages he ran plump into the Marquis—who took him by the shoulders, led him to a window & looked at him very steadily a moment. Colonel said he thought his last hour had come, when the Marquis with a pleasant laugh said: "Ah! ah! quel beau gar‡on: mais
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quel mauvais gout" ["Ah! ah! what a handsome youth: but what bad taste"] & walked off. The Colonel said he felt that death would have been a boon at that time.
He returned to America & bought with him a large cuirassier's sabre—which is now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. It did good service whilst the Colonel commanded the 1st Virginia Regiment C.S.A. & I learnt of its service in a rather curious way. On this trip we stopped at Whitehall & there came up to us Alex: Wood—a brother of Rice Wood & a very good fellow who lived in the hollow next to Sugar Hollow. When my father saw him he called to him: "Come here Alex: I want you to meet an old Confederate Soldier". Alex had been a very gallant soldier himself. "This is Colonel Skinner", Alex: stretch out his hand: "What!" said he, "Colonel Skinner
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of the "Fust" Virginia?" "Yes!" replied the Colonel: "Shake hands, Colonel" said Alex: "I never expected to see you again, after I saw you cut that Yankee in two at second Manassess." It was at Second Manassess that Alex was in a charge upon a Yankee battery & in line with the first Virginia Infantry which Colonel Skinner commanded. After firing a volley of grape shot all the men in the battery fled except two gallant fellows who stuck to their gun & had re-loaded it & one was about to pull the lanyard when Colonel Skinner—who was riding a splendid horse he called "Fox", in rear of his regiment, parted the line, dashed through it & raising in his stirrups actually cut off the shoulder & arm of the unfortunate man about to pull the lanyard: The other man fired at the Colonel, his pistol
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ball just grazing the Colonel's ear— He then turned to run & the Colonel ran him through with his sabre. "I was so mad", he said "from the pain of that grazing shot, that I felt an unequalled joy, when I felt the point of my sabre enter the cloth of the poor devil's jacket: I pierced him entirely through & as he fell the weight of his body drew my sword out & I fell off my horse almost upon him."
The marvellous thing about the matter was that at the time Colonel Skinner killed these two men a grape shot had pierced his body & he lay in the Hospital for months before he recovered & then was compelled to leave the Service permanently disabled; Father told me that whilst the Colonel was lying on the ground, some of his men staunching the wound, Genl Lee rode up and
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dismounting came up to the Colonel & leant over him, telling him of his admiration of his gallantry & expressing his deep regret at the Colonel's condition. "Ah! General", the old Colonel, replied: "but didn't Fox"—his horse—"make a magnificent charge?"
Whilst we were laying under the shadow of the trees on this trip, the Colonel's shirt was open & I noticed the large hole in his chest, showing where the grape shot had pierced him. I commented on the wonderful strength he must have had to have been able even to sit on his horse after this wound. "I never felt it", he replied, "until I fell off my horse I was so excited & anxious about my men, I believe I would have ridden on if my head had been shot off". But the bullet which grazed my ear gave me
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far more pain than this wound".
The Colonel was an expert fly fisher, but could do nothing with any fly he tried, so—as he laughed & said, "These d— trout don't know a good thing when they see it", & he was "humiliated" to use worms. It was he who told us the difference between "ground feeders" & "fly feeders" & said it was no uncommon thing. Father, however, eventually found a small white fly which they took greedily & I have an idea that the trout were "ground feeders" at one time of the year & took the fly at other times.
After the civil war Colonel Skinner went to Egypt representing an American Arms Company, & remained in that Country several years: He did not succeed very well as the English seemed to have a monopoly of selling to the Khedive. On his return he lived awhile.
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in Baltimore & then came to Charlottesville & boarded at Capt Fry's (now Prof Wilson's) on Park Street, where he died. I used to buy a good many french novels & the Colonel would borrow them & very often come down & take supper & discuss these books & also a bottle of Monticello claret which I always opened whenever he came down. He was a most delightful talker & both Edith & I used to enjoy his visits very much. In his last illness I used to visit him & take him books. I never shall forget my last visit to him. The old soldier was in bed & on a little table by him were two or three of the books I had lent him— One I remember was called "Crime d'Amour." "There are your books", my son,
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"I have read them, but I can't say I have enjoyed them. I love the french. I love french literature; but I must say that of late years the french authors seem to think that there is only one kind of love in the world & that is love in its worst aspect, if true love can ever have any bad aspect". I never saw him again. I loved & admired the old man very much & it was a privelege to know him.
Father was devoted to him & accompanied his body to Baltimore when it was taken there for burial.
I look back on these trout fishing expeditions with a pleasure hard to put in words: The close companionship with my dear father & the joy I took in his joy are amongst the memories the sweetest of my

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boyhood & young manhood.
Only week before last I motored to Monterey (August 13-16—1925) & went over part of the ground over which father & I drove in the same month in 1872. His dear memory went along with me all the way. But then his memory is ever with me each day of my life. He was very fond of outdoor life. Fond of hunting and fishing & of garden & fruit trees. He used to graft a great deal & I have eaten many a fine pear and cherry from trees of his grafting. I loved his companionship more than that of any other man I ever knew. We walked a great deal in the "Barbecue" woods—often for an hour or so with hardly a word spoken. But we needed no words: Our companionship was enough & we understood one another & were happy with each other.
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1880 and Afterwards
The year 1880 was a memorable one in more ways than one. In it I heard my first series of Grand Opera and above all other things never to be forgotten I first met the woman who was to be my future wife—your dear mother. As I have written heretofore Father & Mother went to Richmond—Father to attend the session of the Legislature. I went down in April—of course after he & mother came back, the General Assembly having adjourned—& spent a most delightful three or four days—spending one night a Willie Allen— I called on many of my White Sulphur friends & made the acquaintance of Gay Thomas—a beautiful girl who afterwards married Pierson—Minister to Persia—she too has gone over to the majority. I lunched & dined at her Father's house & we became good friends . During the week I saw Emma
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Abbots Opera troupe in Faust & took my sister, who was visiting Sally Knight to see Zelda Sequin in "Chimes of Normandy". I also saw Abbrett in "Romeo & Juliet" I have seen Faust & Romeo & Juliet several times since, sung by great artists, but do not think I ever enjoyed them as much as then. I last saw Faust at Nice in the Spring of 1923, most beautiful staged & sung. To this day Faust is my favorite Opera & the Italian School of Music is to me the perfection of music. Wagner is great, but there is too much "musical mathematics" in his work. When he has "harmony it is exquisite harmony but one has to wait too long for it.
But I anticipate & must mention the year from its beginning. It was a strange sort of January—Very mild weather for awhile
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and then quite cold with one or two snows: During the winter we had a great many dances & as I had moved into town & occupied a room I had built over my office I went to most of them. I also made a new & very dear friend—Harold Parker of Boston. His father took the contract to build the railroad from Orange to Charlottesville to connect up the Southern—then called the Washington City &c & Great Southern Railway. Up to the time of the construction of this road the Southern came to Gordonsville & from thence ran on the track of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway to Gordonsville leaving it at what was then known as the "Junction"—now the Union

Station. It was a very inconvenient arrangement to both roads & the Southern was anxious to get a direct route of its own from Orange to Charlottesville. As its finances were in bad shape a corporation was
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formed known as the Charlottesville & Rapidan Railroad & a gentleman from Boston Mass—Mr Parker—agreed to build it & take bonds of the railroad in payment— His son Harold, came on to superintend the work & made his home in Charlottesville. He was a stout—red headed—florid faced young man & one of the finest fellows I ever knew. He very soon became "one of us" & was deservedly popular. He fell very much in love with Lizzie Walker—now Mrs Albin—who lived with her mother Mrs John N.C. Stockton at "The Brook". Mrs Stockton was a daughter of Mr Wm Garth of "Birdwood" whose first husband Genl Walker was killed in a duel during the civil war leaving her with two children—Marcellus & Lizzie. John Stockton had been her early lover & renewed his suit when she came back to her old home. By him she
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had one son—Woods—who died only a month or so ago—June 1925. "The Brook," originally called "Carr's Brook" was a beautiful old place on the North Fork of the Rivanna about five miles from Charlottesville & was noted for its hospitality. John Stockton never "grew up:" He was always a great big overgrown boy—splendid company & one of the handsomest men I ever saw— He died in the Lunatic Asylum many years since.
Harold Parker got into the habit of going to the Brook with us & soon fell a victim to Lizzie's charms. They were engaged to be married, but Lizzie was quite fond of flirtations & the affair was broken off to the great regret of Lizzie's family. We were all fond of Parker & did our best to make him have a good time & he and his father appreciated very much our taking him up as we did. When the
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Hanlan-Courtney boat race took place in Washington Harold invited some four or five of us to go to the race as his guests & we did so and had a most delightful time of it, tho' the race was a decided failure. His brother Herbert paid him quite a visit whilst he was here: A fine fellow who afterwards became Attorney General of Massachusetts. He is living still, but Harold died some year s ago. In 1909, my brother, Jack Eskridge & I took a trip to Boston & Harold made us have a good time. He was then Highway Commissioner of the State of Massachusetts & took us on Auto rides on one which we went to the "Wayside Inn" & met the owner a Mr Lemon, who for some inexplainable reason took a great fancy to me & when your mother & I went to the Inn some years later was exceedingly
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courteous—would not let us pay any fees—wanted us to pay him a visit &c. His sister & a friend came to Charlottesville & spent some days: So I took them to Monticello & on several drives.
In 1909 when with Mary, Helen Kathleen & Eskridge we took our automobile trip thro' New England we went to the Wayside Inn. Mr. Lemon had died the year before, but his sister & widow were still at the Inn & were delighted to see us—refused any fees, gave us postals &c &c

& it was very pleasant to know how they felt towards us. Henry Ford had since bought the Inn. Harry also gave us a lovely dinner at his place at Winchester—near Boston. Harry died some years ago. In him I lost a good friend & his Commonwealth a splendid citizen.
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We had a great deal of snow during the winter months of 1880, some very deep ones, but it did not interfere with our pleasures & there was quite a round of gaiety amongst the young folks in which I had my share. I took much interest in Free Masonry & being Master of Widow's Son Lodge No 60 I was very regular in my attendance. I was very devoted to Lucy Shackelford & saw a great deal of her—possibly too much & my dear Father—whose sense of the proprieties was as high as his sense of honour & justice told me one day I was paying her too much attention unless I intended to marry her. "You are probably keeping other suitors off & undoubtedly making her think you are a suitor for her hand: Now if you wish to marry I have no objection to offer, but if you do not, think over what I have
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said." And I did & had a long sweet talk with her which cleared up matters & I was not quite so attentive. She understood & we remained very dear friends up to the day of her death. A lovely sweet woman & very beautiful.
It was in the Spring of this year I met for the first time my dear wife Edith R. Slaughter. I had gone to Edgehill to lead a "German" given in the closing hours of the School & saw in the parlour a very beautiful rather small young lady. She had immense sparkling black eyes & a complexion so brilliant I thought she was very injudiciously rouged. So I said to Eliza Ruffin, "Who is that beautiful little girl & why doesn't somebody teach her how to rouge herself." "Rouge?" said "Liza"—"Come over here & I'll introduce you to her & you'll soon see what sort of rouge
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she uses" & I was introduced to "Miss Slaughter" & saw her colour come & go & recognized that the scarlet on her cheeks came from old Dame Nature's paint box. I asked her to dance, but she declined saying she did not dance "the round dances". I made some fool speech & went back to the dance. The next time I saw her was at the C & O Dep"t with another young lady to whom, fortunately for me, she introduced me to as "Miss Slaughter". I had forgotten her name, but when she introduced me to this cousin—who was Roberta Slaughter—afterwards "Bert Harker"—it recalled her name. She often used to laugh afterwards & say she always regretted calling "Bert's" name, as she saw I did not know her. I did know her, but had forgotten her name. I knew her father—Mr J.F. Slaughter—
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very well, as he was on the Miller Board of which I was Secretary. I do not think I ever saw her again until she came to visit Mary at SunnySide & as I have related otherwise, Mary went to visit her & Charlie fell in love with Mary & married her—I fell in love with Edith & we became engaged in 1882, just about two years before our marriage. She did not wish to be married until she was twenty one & our wedding day for that day, was fixed about the time of our engagement.

No marriage was ever any happier & later on I want to tell you what a superb character your mother was—the dearest, truest noblest, most loving of wives. But this summer I went my way having a good time & little thinking I had met my fate & life's great happiness.
Father & I took our usual trout
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fish & I had fine luck, but catching more chub than trout. On the 15 of May we had a fine fish fry & I find from a memorandum in my diary that Mother drove up & enjoyed the occasion very much. My brother Willie & Andrew Craven, Jarman: Alex & Rice Wood, Layman & Ballard: John Garth & Jim Dabney Garth were present. Willie & I alone survive Later in the month as Harold Parker's guests, about half a dozen of us went to Washington to the Hanlan-Courtney boat race—as I have heretofore related.
I began this year to visit in the "Green Mountain" neighbourhood at Estouteville & Enniscorthy & in those fine old places I had much pleasure & made friends of the Coles'—boys and girls— I also paid a visit in July to the "Green Springs" neighbourhood in Louisa—that very beautiful & fertile section of that County—
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a section of splendid homes & charming people. George & Lucy Shackelford & Jennie Randolph & I made up a party. We stayed at Sylvania one of the Morris places & at "Hawkwood"—Mr Richard Morris splendid home—a brick mansion set in a lovely grove; The rooms octagonal shaped. Mr Morris had several sons & was a great friend of my fathers. It was a most delightful visit & the friendship I made with the Morris boys was a lasting one. Only two—I believe survive & Hawkwood has changed hands repeatedly.
In August of 1880 I went again to the White Sulphur & there found the same friends with whom I had had such a delightful time on my last visit. As we all met in the lobby there were exclamation of delight & we all predicted another glorious time. But alas! "the foam was off the glass". We
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went together a great deal & did have a good time, but the old merry jest & laughter & spirit of fun was not the same.
We had several other delightful people who joined "our crowd". A Miss Fanny Wickham of St Louis & a Miss Lizzie Webb of Baltimore. I never saw Miss Wickham after that summer, but I called on Lizzie Webb at her home in Baltimore several years later & some years ago I was at the home of Earnes[t] Ballard near Philadelphia spending the day & he told me he had a surprise for me at dinner. So just before dinner was announced three other guests came: One was a very stout lady of a "certain age", who came up to me rather enthusiastically & said: "Why I would have known you, anywhere! Now who am I?" I looked at the very
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gray haired & decidedly "plump" lady, searching in vain for something to remind me of some one but in vain: "Why I am Lizzie Webb," she said & of course I enthused. But that summer at the White, she was a very pretty girl with a very pretty figure. Ah! me how the years tell on us.

We had the usual round of gaiety at the White & a leap year "German", to which Nannie Leary took me. She looked & was very beautiful. We had one or two private parties which were very pleasant—one given by a South Carolinian Grimball Robinson, which was quite hilarious. At the end of the week I left for Chicago to attend the Convocation of the Grand Encampment of Knight's Templar of the United States & again went down the Ohio on a little steamboat—spent the night in Cincinnati & was all
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night & part of a day on the train. I couldn't get a berth on the Pullman & sat all night behind the Grand Commander of Knight's Templar—Col Withers United States Senator from Virgi

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Wycliffe, who attended the University of Virginia & took the Magazine Medal, and there were three daughters, Maggie—who married Charlie Reed—son of the Presbyterian Minister of Richmond—Nannie & Florida. The latter was one of the prettiest women I ever saw. Tall graceful, a brunette with glorious black eyes & superb hair—A figure of Juno—only marred by a slight stoop— Of course I fell in love at first sight & during my whole visit, I'm afraid I monopolized her. We walked together, danced together & rode together & for awhile kept up quite a correspondence when she returned home. We found a four-leafed clover when walking together & I wrote some verses on the subject which I do not think were very bad.
Whilst at Enniscorthy we had some private theatricals in which I played "Larkin" in
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"Woodcock's Little Game" & Sergeant K. in "Creatures of Impulse". The plays were great successes. Florida's sister—Nannie—was a rather small blonde, not at all pretty, but a very sweet girl & intensely religious. She repeatedly told me that if I wanted to marry Florida I had to be a good religious man & not so "flippant," So I wrote her a sonnet on my "flippancy", which I still think was a very good one, tho' I did compare myself to the sea.
My visit to these charming homes was a delightful one & I left with regret to go to Lynchburg on business. Florida was twenty one on the 8th of October & I got Thos Nelson Page, who was then in Richmond—a struggling young lawyer to get & send her to Enniscorthy a very handsome floral design. We did not have a florist in Charlottesville in
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those days. Later on Nannie & Florida came to the University to visit Dr John Staige Davis & I continued to "rush" Florida. I took her horseback riding & tried to make her visit as pleasant as I could. When she left we kept up quite a correspondence, but gradually it died out & my romance came to an end, really before it began. I have never seen her since, but recall with much pleasure

her beauty and sweetness.
I went to the Grand Lodge of Masons in Richmond in December & had a most delightful time visiting my old friends. Nannie Leary & Minnie Allen & Gay Thomas & Mrs Rutherford—Gay's sister. I frequented the Westmoreland Club—of which I later on became a member & in which I had many friends & I enjoyed the Grand Lodge meeting also very much. The winter of 1880 was an unusually severe one— Snow
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twelve inches deep fell on the 21st of December & on the night of that day Mr Littleton Waddell's house on Green (now 2nd) [1st] Street was burned—the family barely escaping with their lives. The thermometer fell with amazing rapidity, & on the 29th there was an all day snow, the thermometer falling to 9 degrees below zero. It was 7 below zero on the 30th and 18o below on the 31st—the coldest weather ever known in this section as far as records and human memory went. I do not think however, we suffered as much as when it was higher, as the cold was very dry & one did not realize how severe the weather was. I know that I rather enjoyed the experience.
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1875-1880
In writing these reminiscences I have been very much hampered by the way I was compelled to write them—"here a little, there a little"—in the half hour before breakfast—in an odd hour of the day— As I commenced them in 1899—twenty six years ago—it can be well seen that they are really disjecta membra [disjointed parts] of my life. It is, however, really remarkable that I should have omitted the important events which took place in 1875 & for several years after. When I commenced the practice of law there were two Banks in Charlottesville. The Charlottesville National Bank, which had its location in the second story of the Albemarle Insurance Building, that large structure on the Corner of Fourth & Main Street— It occupied one half of the second story & the Albemarle Insurance Co the
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other— Above was a large Hall where various bodies met. The sons of Temperance occupied it when I joined that body.
The other Bank was the Farmer's and Merchants which occupied the room where the Fuller Drug Store now is. The President of the Charlottesville National Bank was N.H. Massie—a lawyer—who did no practice & the Cashier B.C. Flannagan & afterwards his son W.W. Flannagan. It did a large business. Judge John L. Cochran was the President of the Farmer's & Merchants & John M. Godwin, Cashier. The latter was a solemn & rather dull old man—a great methodist, who had attained "sanctification" according to his own statement. I think he was a good man, but very stupid. He had however a very solemn & owl-like manner & that made people think he was a very wise man &
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great financier— The result showed he was neither.
There had been another Bank—The Citizen National Bank of which W.W. Flannagan was

Cashier. Mr Alex: Pope Abell a very good man was also connected with the Charlottesville National— But in 1872 or 3 he moved to one of the Southern Cities & the firm of Flannagan Abell & Company dealers in Fertilizers was formed & the Citizen's National & Charlottesville National were combined— The Treasurer of the Albemarle Insurance Co was Mr John Wood Jr (as he—like myself—styled himself—tho' he was quite an old man) He was a small dried up gentleman—& had the cruel nickname of "self-sharpener" owing to the high interest rates he was accused of taking. The fact is that the development of Charlottesville was very much hampered by the usurious rates charged
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for the loan of money. Twelve per cent was the lowest rate & then some more. "Shaving paper" as it was called was the curse of the town.
It turned out in the end that the firm of Flannagan, Abell & Co had discounted a large number of "fertilizer notes" from customers in the South, which turned out very badly & the Bank Examiner told us later that the Citizen's National Bank was practically insolvent when it combined with the National Bank. This same sort of discounting went on after the combination & the end came in the Fall—I think it was—of 1875.
It came like a clap of thunder out of clear sky. I never shall forget the scare it gave me. We had a suit brought in the Landed Estates Court of Ireland to sell property there belonging to Mrs Wm L. Randolph who was a Miss Agnes Dillon
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of Ireland—a most charming and brilliant woman—the mother of Dr Wm L. Randolph—now of Arizona—Hollins Randolph of Atlanta Thos J. Randolph of our Bar & Agnes now a prominent lady in State Health Work. The draft for the proceeds of this sale, quite a large amount had come the morning of the Bank Failure— Father gave it to me & told me to deposit it. I put it in my pocket but went into a case in Court & forgot all about it. Sometime during the day Father came into Court & in a rather agitated way asked me, "Have you deposited that check"? "Goodness", I replied, "I forgot all about it." "Thank God." father replied, "the Bank has busted." So the check was safe & its proceeds used in the purchase of "West Cairns"—the old Lewis place about a mile
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above the University—now cut up into several places.
Of course the failure of this Bank brought a great deal of distress into the community. It was found loaded down with Flannagan & Abell's discounted paper—most of which was contested & the Stockholders of the Bank were called on to pay up their stock—a double liability of course on them. People in many instances were nearly ruined. The failure, however, turned out to be a rather good thing for us. Mr James D. Jones, father's old partner, was elected Receiver & selected our firm & Mr S.V. Southall as his Counsel. There was of course a great deal of litigation & we received a great many good fees. Mr N.H. Massie & both of the Flannagans were indicted in the Federal Court, but the indictments dragged along & finally were
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"nolle prosequied"[chosen not to prosecute]. Why? has always been a mystery to me, but after a

year or so Orson Adams of New York was appointed Receiver in Mr Jones place & during his Receivership the indictments were dismissed. Adams afterwards, when W.W. Flannagan moved to New York & started the Southern National Bank was a large stockholder & I believe an officer in that Bank. That Bank also failed disastrously in one of the panics.
One of the most remarkable things I know of was that within a few months after the most disastrous failure of the Charlottesville National Bank. B.C. & W.W. Flannagan organized the Peoples' National Bank—now one of our most prosperous Institutions—& stock was eagerly taken & deposits made by many of
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those who had suffered in the failure of the other Bank.
Much of this, I think, was due to the fact that the Flannagan's selected Chas H. Harman a prominent business man as the Cashier of the New Bank. This Bank opened in what was then known as the "Paoli Building" on the North East Corner of Market & Fourth Street—moving later to a new building on the S.W. corner of Main & Fourth, Streets on the site of old man Jimmie Alexander's building where once "Cliff" Thompson kept a tobacco shop.
Harman, I say, was a very fine business man— He was the son of a butcher Peter Harman by his first wife & for a while was himself a butcher. He made a good deal of money & soon became prominent in business affairs. He had the pleasantest manners & some one said of him that he could refuse you in a
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such a way that you thought he was doing you a favour.
He moved to New York soon after W.W. Flannagan went there & lost a great deal of money in various schemes he went into with Flannagan who lost also practically all he had. There is no question of Flannagan's ability. The Reserve Bank system—the credit of which Carter Glass now claims—was suggested by him & he published a pamphlet outlining what was almost the identical scheme afterwards carried out. I'm afraid he looked upon any Bank with which he was connected as his private property & wrecked the Southern National Bank in New York.
John F. Slaughter Jr & I purchased the controlling interest in the People's National Bank many years after. B.C. Flannagan was then cashier & we found $150.000—of
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paper—$50.000—of W.W. Flannagan's endorsed by his wife—$50.000—of B.C. Flannagan's endorsed by W.W. & $50.000—of O. Rierson's (B.C. Flannagan's son-in-law) endorsed by B.C. Flannagan. It simply scared us to death & when we got $50.000—secured by all sorts of threats & found a chance to sell out our holding at a profit we "got from under", thanking our lucky stars. Judge John M. White had been elected President while we had control & he & a Cousin bought our stock. Under White's splendid management the Bank grew & prospered & is today one of the finest institutions in the State.
Poor old Charlottesville had very bad luck with Banks. After the failure of the Charlottesville National Bank, the Albemarle Insurance Company went into the Banking business. But only lasted a short while & failed

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not quite as disastrously as The Bank, but sufficiently to cause a great of discomfort & loss. It had been the Court Depository & its Certificates of Deposit for Court Funds represented large sums in many instances. No one can imagine in what a condition these two failures left the City & County. Nor was this all: A gentleman named Brennan—from New York, the owner of the beautiful Carlton Estate just under Monticello with its handsome house, built by Alexander Rives—& supposed to be very wealthy opened a private Bank in the rooms of the old National Bank & soon had a fine line of deposits. But it turned out Brennan was not as wealthy as it was supposed & a good deal of the deposits went to pay off a mortgage on Carlton & the end came in his failure with renewed
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losses and discomfort. His beautiful estate was sold & he reduced to very uncomfortable circumstances. In the mean time the other two Banks went on to all appearances in fine shape. At first the deposits in the People's National were not large, but gradually grew. Such was the confidence of everybody in the Farmers & Merchants Bank—every one believing it to be safe sound & conservative that it carried a fine line of deposits. The consternation & surprise of every one when in [ ] 18[ ] it closed it doors can be imagined. I was in Washington City when I heard of it & as it turned out I would have broken the Bank the day I left if I had drawn out one hundred instead of fifty dollars, for the cash would have been entirely gone had I asked for the former. I recalled after I heard of the failure how solemn old man Godwin looked as he slowly counted
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me out the currency.
As I said I was in Washington when Dick Stone met me on the Street having just come from Charlottesville. "Well!", he said, "another Bank has 'busted' in the town". "The Peoples?" I said. "I don't know," replied Dick, "but it is the one opposite the Gem Saloon". Dick, I may say here, was better acquainted with the Saloons in Charlottesville than he was with the Banks. "Oh! that's the Farmers & Merchants," I replied. "It can't be anything but a temporary suspension": But alas! & alas! it was an outrageous shameful failure. It paid two cents on the dollar & it was found that Judge Cochran the President, had all the best paper in the Bank, having rediscounted it to keep the Bank in Funds. Why the President, & Directors were not sued or indicted has always been &
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always will be a mystery. We were a kindly, forgiving people in Charlottesville. Old Godwin was in a month or so elected Clerk of the town Council—carrying a small salary & Judge Cochran continued on the Bench.
One can well imagine the trouble & distress all these failures coming so closely together caused. But our people were a wonderful people & took courage. There was a good deal of forbearance shown by creditors & brave efforts by debtors & there was really one good thing about it: People began to invest their money in other directions than in "shaving paper" and I do believe the

ultimate result was for good.
The failure of The Charlottesville National Bank and our employment as Counsel, of course brought us a great deal of business, which in the course of the next two years—I might say three or four—took
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us to Lynchburg and Baltimore and Washington. It brought me into the Federal Courts & I learned Federal Practice—something I had theretofore known nothing of. In addition it entailed a great deal of hard work & with the foolishness of youth I undertook to work in the hardest kind of way, but continue to go to dances & drives &c with the result I will speak of later on.
As it bought us some good fees I felt able in the summer of 1876 to attend the Philadelphia Exposition which was a wonderful experience to me, as it was indeed to America. My brother & I went together occupying a room at 1000 Arch Street & taking our breakfast & supper at restaurants & midday meal at the Exposition. The various exhibits—the Art Gallery &c gave us almost a liberal education & I do not think I ever enjoyed anything
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more than I did the time spent in the study & examination of the wonderful things we saw.
During our visit my College Fraternity held a Convention & I attended it & had a very good time. A curious thing happened in this way. Amongst the delegates was a very large young man—very solemn & quiet in his ways & he & I took quite a fancy to one another. We sat by each other at the banquet & went together on the various excursions. I forgot his name & indeed in the course of a few years forgot all about him.
In 1914 your mother & I went to Europe on the Steamer Caledonia. Sitting near us on the deck was a large solemn individual with his wife & daughters & they proved to be very pleasant people. I found his name was Hoffman. One day he said to me. “Aren’t you a Zeta Psi?” On my answering
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in the affirmative he said, “Weren’t you at the Convention in Philadelphia in 1876?” I replied “Yes”—"Well! said he “You & I were together a good deal on that occasion”. So he turned out to be the man I went with at that affair.
A curious thing happened to him on this trip, which tho’ a little out of place is worth relating now. He was a referee or trustee in Bankruptcy in Philadelphia—a position with good pay attached to it & of course he did not want to do anything to risk losing it. The day we landed in Glascow—August 2nd 1914 war was declared between Great Britain & Germany & the confusion & anxiety amongst those who landed was very great. Hoffman was on his head to get back, as soon as he could & so rushed off to the Anchor Line office & engaged passage for his return on our ship
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the Caledonia, for her return voyage a week later. He then went to visit some friends & relatives, & as he was about to return to Glascow got a wire saying the Caledonia had been commandeered by the Government & all bookings cancelled. He then made frantic efforts for return passage &

finally got one on a vessel sailing for Liverpool. Just as his train pulled into that City an official walked thro' the train & informed the passengers that the ship on which Hoffman was to sail had been commandeered & all passengers would have to remain in Liverpool. So poor Hoffman took his family to a Hotel & was walking up & down the lobby in a state of agitation well to be imagined. His distress must have been evident for the Hotel Porter came up to him & asked his trouble. On being told he said: "There's
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a gentleman at such & such a place, who has three berths on a Cunarder which sails tomorrow. If you can catch him I expect you can get them." Hoffman did not wait, but rushed to a cab & was soon at the place named. To his horror he found it closed & an old woman washing down the steps. Frantically enquiring where he could find the man who had the berths, the old woman said: "Why he is on the corner yonder, waiting for a bus". In a moment Hoffman accosted him & told him his errand. He found the man very drunk & he said to Hoffman: "Yes! I've got three berths on that ship. How much money have you got?" Very foolishly Hoffman told him & the man replied. "All right. Give me what you've got & the berths are yours". Hoffman said a cold
[V 24]
chill ran over him when we realized this would have left him without a penny to pay his hotel bill—cab hire steward fees on steamer or enough money to get from New York to Philadelphia. Involuntarily almost he broke out into the Masonic cry of distress. Immediately the man stared at him. "So you are one of the Craft" said he. "Now you just go over to that old woman on the steps there: Give her a five pound note: Jump in a cab with me & lets hurry to the Cunard Offices. You shall have those berths at just what they cost".
And it was done accordingly. When I returned from England in 1914 & went to Dr Dercum's Sanitarium in Philadelphia—Hoffman & his wife called on me & he related this incident. I have never seen him since, but I should think he ought to be a most zealous Free Mason.
But to return to the Centennial:
[V 25]
Exhibitions or Expositions, shall I say, have been so numerous since the one in 1876 that I need not dwell upon this one. I may say it had a most excellent effect on this Country. I can give one example. My Mother-in-law Mrs Slaughter told me that up to 1876 Lynchburg—tho' a very wealthy City—was one of the "crudest" places she ever knew. That people there furnished their homes in the plainest way: knew nothing about art or anything else much except how to make money: Many of them, however went to the Exposition & it amounted to an education. Within a year people began to refurnish their homes in modern style, buy pictures & took much more interest in the world in general & the pretty & artistic things in particular than they had done since she first came to Lynchburg in 1853.
After spending a most delightful
[V 26]
and instructive week or two at the Exposition my brother returned home & I made a trip to New York, up the Hudson & to Niagara. My brother had made this trip in 1868, with Uncle Bills—

Lucy & a Miss Octavia Polk, Lucy's first Cousin. I—it is needless to say—enjoyed this trip very much & I think it, with the Exposition, gave me a broader view of life.
Travel in my opinion broadens the mind & I earnestly believe a year abroad is worth two in college. I have so often noticed the growth of the mind & the different outlook in people who have travelled abroad. Their provincialism seems to grow less: their little world expands & they seem to realize how little their own world was & look upon things & people with greater charity & consideration. That, I know, has been the effect of travel on me.
[V 27]
The Eighties Again
I take up my reminiscences again only noting that the years from 1876 to 1881 were about as busy as one can well imagine. The business which we had growing out of the failure of the Charlottesville National Bank was quite large & that with our other business kept me hard at work. We had neither stenographers nor type writing machines in those days & as my father hated to write—having some trouble with his right thumb which grew with the years—the mere mechanical work of the office was very large & I did, I may say , practically all of it—and did it very cheerfully.
I kept up my "Society Act," however & practically was burning the candle at both ends. I came into town every winter & occupied a room over my office, so I did a good deal at night.
A very pleasant
[V 28]
family moved into town in 1880—a widow lady, Mrs Porterfield, who had two daughters & a son—the eldest daughter Johnnie & the youngest Nellie. The former was a grave dignified young lady: the latter a very pretty brunette: The son was the object of abject adoration on the part of Mother & sisters & we used to call them the satellites—as they revolved around the "son". They were charming people quite musical & a decided addition to our Community.
I soon became decidedly épris [takenwith] with Nellie & I believe was the constant visitor at their very charming home.
I often think of Nellie's first sleigh ride with me. In those days a great many fathers & mothers would not permit their daughters to go "buggy riding" with young men & Mrs Porterfield was adamant on
[V 29]
the subject. Of course sleigh riding in couples came under the ban. A very deep snow came in the winter, I think of 1880-1 & my brother & I had a very fine sleigh— Nellie was "crazy" to have a sleigh ride, but Mamma said "No", emphatically. One night when I was visiting her I told her to be up in her room ready dressed for a sleigh ride at 12 M the next day. "Why Mother won't permit it," she said. "Never you mind", I replied. "I'll fix it: You just be ready."
So the next day at 12 M sharp I drove up to the only house then on the corner of Park & High Sts—the second house from the N. E. Corner then, got my brother to go with me & hold my horses & ran up the steps & rang the doorbell. Mrs Porterfield herself came to the door & looked quite surprised to see me at that hour of

[V 30]
morning. But I gave her but a moment & said "Mrs Porterfield go up stairs & tell Miss Nellie to hurry up. I'm waiting to take her sleigh-riding". "But___" said the old lady. "I haven't time to talk," I replied, "the snow's melting". The old lady seemed absolutely dazed & called Nellie & in a few moments we dashed off, the bells jangling & the horses fairly racing. We had a most delightful ride, but when we came back the old lady was nursing her wrath: "I think, sir," she told me when we came in the house, "You are the most impudent young man I ever knew". But it all ended in a laugh & thereafter the ban upon buggy riding was removed & Nellie & I had many pleasant rides and drives together. I was very fond of the young lady & I think that if Edith had
[V 31]
not come into my life & taken possession of it I might have addressed her—with what result of course I cannot say; but I think she liked me very well— December 1880 was very cold, the thermometer on the 29th was 9o below zero—7o below on the 30th & 18o below on the 31st— It was a winter of very hard work for me & with the folly of youth I burnt the candle at both ends. Working and playing with equal vigour; The consequence was that in the early months of 1881 I began to feel run down. I paid no attention to it, but kept on my way—moving into my room over the office & remaining in town for the week days until Spring. I went to Richmond in the Spring & had a most enjoyable visit with my numerous friends. During that visit I saw Mary Anderson for the first time. The play was Eradne & Mary
[V 32]
was a very beautiful, tall & stately woman. As an actress she was then rather disappointing. She was a little "gawky" & her stage presence was not good. I saw her also in Parthenia & am not certain which was the first in which I saw her—Parthenia or Aradne. I saw her rather often in future years & noticed with some surprise the wonderful improvement and yet the lack of something hard to explain. I think the trouble was that she was cold & lacked experience. Her Juliet was beautiful but was not the warm blooded impetuous Italian girl of Shakespeare. Some one, I do not remember who—coming out of the Theatre in New York, after seeing her in Juliet remarked to me: "The trouble with Mary is that she had never been in love". He was right. She fell in love with Navarro, who married her & the difference in her acting was remarkable after she became
[V 33]
in love. Her success in Perdita in Winter's Tale in London was marked & when I saw her play it on her return I was simply carried away. She was another Mary. Her whole personality was changed. She seemed Perdita herself—a very creature of beauty and liveliness, suffused with modesty & yet passionate, light airy & I could very well say with Florizel.
"When you do dance I would you were
A wave of the sea that you might
Ever do".
I continued my work & play with equal ardour & extended my visiting list to a family which

bought the Goodyear place—Seymour—afterwards—Senator Martin's & now Louis T. Hanckel's Jr,.
The family was from New Orleans french creoles named Del Bondio. There were two girls & one, "Texie" was a beauty, a little plump, but at her age very becoming to her. She was
[V 34]
quite a musician & very pleasant. Her mother had the french idea about young ladies & kept rather close watch over her daughters. I visited her quite frequently and was persona grata. My last visit to her was rather amusing. I made an engagement to go to see her one Sunday whilst the rest of the family were at Church. I rode up to the house, dismounted, rang the bell & enquired for Miss Texie of the servant girl who came to the door: "Nobody kin see Miss Texie", the girl informed me, "Her Ma done lock her up".
And such was the case. The mother had become quite suspicious of John Keller a Clerk at the University & had forbidden him the house. Fearing surreptitious visits she encarcerated Texie whenever she was away & this visit of mine was during one of her imprisonments. But Love laughs
[V 35]
at locksmiths: A few nights later John & she eloped & were married. It was a regular rope ladder business & John aided by several friends went to the house & Texie descended from the window of her prison & was off & married before her escape was really known.
I never saw her again until after a great many years when she came back—a widow with two children—boarded at "The Brook" one summer. Mary Goodyear Mc Neale—now Smoot—spent the same summer at The Brook—a widow with two children. So these two ladies who had been at different times dwellers at "Seymour", spent the summer together in the same house both widows & each with two children.
Texie had grown very fat & matronly, but Mary was thin & had kept her youthful figure. She is now—1925—very stout, but very handsome.
[V 36]
The beginning of what now-a-days would be called a nervous breakdown commenced with me in the Spring of 1881, tho' it did not culminate until June. I had worked very hard over an interesting case which I might relate. An Englishman named Hathaway came over here & bought a small farm near Crozet. He looked like a gentleman—had pleasant manners, but what I might call an uneasy look about him. A little Scotchman named Robinson came over here in 1880 & contracted to buy Hathaways farm at a rather extravagant price & then backed out. Hathaway sued him & tried to get a "ca' sa"—the old writ to imprison a debtor until he gave security—but as that required security & Hathaway could not give it, he attached a farm Robinson owned in the County. Robinson went back to England before the case came up for trial & wrote us that Hatha-
[V 37]
way had been a Solicitor & had absconded with a lot of his clients' money & had been thrown into Bankruptcy & was undischarged being charged with fraud: That he could buy up large

claims against him for a song. So we advised Robinson to do so & in a short while a very imposing document with innumerable seals came over showing that Robinson was the owner of a large claim by assignment against Hathaway amounting to five or six times the amount Hathaway claimed was due him by Robinson. We filed this claim as on offset and asked for judgment over against Hathaway for a large amount. He defended the suit on the ground that he was a bankrupt & this was property acquired after his bankruptcy & therefore could not be bound for debts due in England before Bankruptcy. We replied that he was an undischarged bankrupt & could

[V 38]

not be discharged because he was thrown into bankruptcy & was declared a fraudulent bankrupt. So the question to be decided was what effect did a fraudulent bankruptcy have upon after acquired property of the bankruptcy, the bankrupt being undischarged. It was a novel & interesting question & I went to work on it with zest. The case came on to be argued in the Spring & I spoke for about two hours or more. By speaking I mean I was on my feet talking & reading authorities. When we came out of the Court House everything around me became black & I would have fallen over, but for the Court House wall which was in touch. I went home & whilst I did not go to bed—as I should have done, I was very little account & indeed went thro' the next month or so a very languid worthless individual. In June I went to bed & stayed there several

[V 39]

weeks. The case of Hathaway vs Robinson has never been decided to this day. After taking about a month to think it over Grimsley handed down a decision that he could go no further until we made the English trustees in Bankruptcy parties. That meant that neither we nor Hathaway would get anything, for his debts would sweep away the property: so we agreed to cry "quits" & simply let the case drop.

Robinson remained in Scotland: Hathaway sold his farm & I understand moved to North Carolina. The only one hurt by the case was myself—for it was the beginning of my breakdown. My physician was Dr Wm G.Rogers—who belonged to the old school: He was a great believer in calomel & other drugs & whilst I think was an excellent Doctor I think he gave more medicine than was necessary. At any

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rate he prescribed some hideously nauseous preparation for me, which I had to take at fixed hours, one of those hours being midnight. I submitted without a murmur, tho' I used to abuse my brother whom I said seemed to take a fiendish delight in waking me up & seeing that I took my dose.

I do not think the medicine did me the slightest good. What the Doctor ought to have done was to order a complete rest for me. But he did not do so. I went my usual way, tho' without my old "pep". I was Master of Widows' Sons Lodge No 60 & attended very regularly & conferred a good many of the degrees. I visited a great deal—rode & drove with the girls—had a good time with the boys. I argued my first case in the Court of Appeals—Sneed v Hughson in April. This

was a case in which Judge Shackelford dismissed a suit
[V 41]
we had brought in Fluvanna— He was absolutely wrong & I think did it, so he could get away from his Court there. We took an appeal & Fluvanna cases going to Richmond we argued the case there. The Court then sat in what had been an old Campbellite Church not far from the Jefferson Davis Mansion—the most delightful Court Room I ever practiced in. It was heated by an enormous wood fire & therefore the atmosphere was fine. This room was used after the Capitol disaster in 1870 and continued to be so used until the new Library building was constructed. It was my first case before this August tribunal which then consisted of Judge Moncure—the President of the Court a great judge & superb gentleman
"Ne'er sat in Israel's Court an Abethdin, [group of Rabbis]
[V 42]
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean".
He was quite old, but tho' feeble in body strong & vigorous in mind. The other judges were, Judge Christian—a large ponderous man & whilst a good judge not a brilliant one. Judge Staples who was an excellent judge: Judge Anderson who was not a man of much force and Judge Burke—a magnificent Judge— Our opposing counsel was Col John H. Guy, who married my second cousin Mary Ranson—a beautiful woman, whom with Susie Stuart—afterwards wife of Bishop Gibson—were the objects of my boyish admiration & affection—an admiration & affection which never ceased. Col Guy was, without exception one of the ablest lawyers I ever knew & could make the clearest logical argument in a way that carried persuasion with it. He argued this case with an ingenuity & ability which made me wonder why we were foolish enough to take an appeal. Father's reply
[V 43]
assured me somewhat. My amazement was very great when as we walked out of the Court Room Col Guy said, "What ever possessed old Shackelford to dismiss that bill?" Of course we won the case & it was of so little importance it was never reported.
I kept steadily at work during the Spring, but as I say was listless & not at all myself. I visited as usual: went on Circuit, but early in June on returning from Court in Greene I broke down & went to bed where I remained for over two weeks and for a week more remained at home. Dear Lucy Armistead came whilst I was in bed & her bright & happy ways laughing at me at one time and sympathising with me at another proved very "good medicine & I went back to my office & to work early in July. But I had learned my lesson. I began to work more rationally and to
[V 44]
play more wisely. During this summer and on the 2nd of July President Garfield was shot by Guiteau, & the wave of indignation which went over the country was almost equal to that which swept men out of their senses when Lincoln was assassinated, tho' of course not quite as insane. I never saw Garfield after he was elected President, but saw him several times whilst he was in Congress with Father. He was a good looking man—reddish beard & hair, about the average size & with a very pleasant face. His assassination "deified" him. Father always said that in his

opinion Garfield was not a high man: that he was, without doubt involved very deeply in the credit mobilier, but like Blaine was too smart to be caught. He was said to be very fond of the ladies & much scandal was afloat at one time about him in this respect. I remember
[V 45]
on one occasion Father was speaking in the House and alluded to the fact that in the earliest history of this Government that whilst the New England States were busy coining money & their Senators Congressmen & public men thinking more of this, than anything else, the public men & people of the Southern States were working for & laying down the foundations of good government, high statesmanship & the good of all the people. Garfield interrupted him with a sneer; "They got the worst of the bargain, didn't they?" "Yes". replied my father "from a materialistic standpoint". I think this indicates the character of the man. He was, however an amiable loveable sort of a man & behaved during his long suffering with calm courage & patience, and died bravely.
His assassin Guitea[u] I haven't the
[V 46]
slightest doubt was a lunatic and had he killed a less prominent man would have been acquitted on that ground. Today there can be very little doubt about it, as he would have had alienists galore to testify to his insanity.
I happened to be in Washington in the Fall of that year during his trial & went in the Court room & saw him. He had every appearance of a lunatic—not only in his physical appearance—which was that of a wild man—but in the way he conducted himself. He repeatedly shouted out some comment on the evidence—interrupted his counsel and carried on in a way no perfectly sane man could or would have done. And yet I think he was rightly hanged. He knew what he was doing when he shot Garfield: He intended to do what he did & if irresponsible at all it was from a depraved nature more than from a disordered mind. If
[V 47]
for no other reason he ought to have been hanged "Pour l'encourager les autres" [To encourage the others].
The only man I ever defended on the ground of insanity was a man named Martin who killed a young man named Carrington just as the train pulled into the town—as it was then—of Charlottesville. He had never met Carrington until that morning & had given him his seat in the train when the latter got on at Lynchburg, both going to Cleveland's first inauguration— Just as the train got to Charlottesville Martin went up to Carrington, touched him on the shoulder & asked for his seat. As Carrington got up Martin shot him two or three times. Killing him instantly. Martin was at once taken to jail & I saw him a few hours after the shooting. He was in a tremendous state of excitement & asked me to get him bail at once. When
[V 48]
I told him I did not think his was a bailable case he grew very indignant & said, "Sir, I shot that man to protect my own life. I had been kind to him: given him my seat & when I asked him for it he took out a revolver, & put it at my heart. If I had not shot him, he would be where I am now &

I would be dead". It was useless to tell him no pistol was found on or near Carrington. I sent for Doctor Nelson, who saw him & stated the man was in a high state of excitement—very nervous—with an abnormal pulse & he believed was just recovering from an attack of delirium tremens—which turned out to be a fact. We defended him on the ground of insanity & he was aquitted on that ground. We proved that a number of his family on both sides of the house were insane & some had been in the lunatic asylum. I was very much
[V 49]
amused & somewhat exasperated when I went to Danville & interviewed one of his uncles; quite an old man, who became very indignant when I was interviewing him on the insanity in his family: "I do not propose Sir!" he said, "to dig up the bones of my ancestors & exhibit them in Court". "Very well Sir," I replied, "You can dig up the Bones of your ancestors or hang one of their descendants, just as you choose". The bones were dug.
I was very much struck with a remark Dr Blackford, Superintendant of the Western State Hospital for the insane in Staunton when I interviewed him with the idea of calling him as an expert witness: "I think," said he, "the man is probably insane, but ought to be hanged all the same—for I believe his kind of insanity is not that which renders him ir-
[V 50]
responsible and I wish I could say to some of my patients here who have the homicidal mania that they hanged a man over in Charlottesville the other day, who killed a man & claimed to be crazy: It would do them a lot of good."
Needless to say, we did not summon Dr Blackford. Martin was acquitted & old Judge Taylor ordered him to be sent to the lunatic asylum. He was sent, but the Asylum refused to receive him, saying if he had been insane, he was so no longer. Martin insisted to his dying day that Carrington had a cocked pistol at his heart when he shot him & I believe he thought so. Otherwise the killing was absolutely unexplainable. He kept sober for a year or so and finally killed himself drinking.
One of the pleasant houses I began to visit during that summer and fall—at first with Lucy Shackel-
[V 51]
-ford & then by myself was W.W. Flannagan's, the stone house on Park Street in front of which is a pretty little lake. It is a very old house, & when I first remember what is now the lake was a marsh. Flannagan spent a great deal of money on the place—built a dam—made the lake—had a beautiful garden &c. His wife was a very handsome & charming woman & I spent a great many pleasant hours with the family. He told me a very funny story, which goes to prove that the strongest evidence may sometimes mislead.When Mr & Mrs Flannagan were married ladies wore enormous wire bustles & when they went on their wedding trip Mrs Flannagan of course was dressed in the latest style. They went to New York on their wedding trip & stopped at one of the
[V 52]
fashionable hotels. Mrs Flannagan like most ladies was horribly afraid of mice. What was her

terror when dressing in the morning to find that a mouse had run up into her bustle & was frantically trying to escape. She began to scream & her husband took his walking stick & began to try to kill the mouse, she in the mean time shreiking in the wildest manner.The Hotel Employees rushed up, broke open the door & arrested Flannagan for beating his wife, for he was busily engaged in thumping Mrs Flannagan on the bustle when they came in & she yelling at the top of her voice.Flannagan had a hard time explaining, but finally the dead mouse—for he had killed it—and Mrs Flannagan's explanations persuaded the employees that he was not a wife beater.But it is a strange thing how even direct evidence can
[V 53]
lead to false conclusions.
This year—1881—was an exciting one politically.The Readjusters carried the State, tho' we did succeed in election of our Senator & Representatives from Albemarle.
It was during this year also we had our first case in the Supreme Court of the United States—Rives v Duke. Judge Robertson & Mr Southall, Father & I with Judge Watson who represented the other side went to Washington & Father & I qualified at the same time before that August Tribunal.
I ran over to Baltimore one day whilst in Washington & saw Gerster in Il Flauto Magico & that night saw Il Trovatore. I do not think any of the modern Operas can equal in pure melody these two.
I attended the Grand Lodge of Masons in December and as usual enjoyed myself very much. It met in old St Albans Hall
[V 54]
on Main Street in those days & was in comparison with today a small body. It was then composed of the very best men in the State & its officers were chosen for their prominence & ability. I cannot say this for later years.
So the year 1881 closed & I think it was a very pleasant one, despite my illness. I was not my old self, however and felt that I was in need of a good long rest— And I determined to take it by going to Europe. I had made some good fees and felt I could afford it. So I began to study up for the trip, engaged my passage on the Egypt of the National Line & began to study & outline my whole trip. I also got one or two books on the Art Galleries of the Countries I proposed to visit & read & studied them with much care. I think if I had known what my father told me one morning as we walked to dinner I
[V 55]
would have postponed my trip: And that was the engagement and near approaching marriage of my dear Sister Mary. It has always struck me as a curious thing the effect this announcement had on both of us. We were walking down High Street & about opposite the room in which I was born, when father said to me: "Your Sister & Charlie Slaughter are engaged and want to be married in April". Neither of us said a word, but all of a sudden simultaneously both burst into tears. I often wonder if there was some premonition of the early death that was to follow in a little more than a year that event, which is usually looked upon as a very happy affair. But we did

not weep very long, but in a moment wiped our eyes & laughed at one another. The winter of 1881-1882 was quite a severe one. There was much snow on the ground & Willie
[V 56]
and I bought a very handsome sleigh which, however, we used only a few times before the thaw set in & once or twice in later snows that winter. The exciting event was the burning of the Woolen Mills & the C & O. Railway Bridge, which took place on January 10th. This caused a great deal of inconvenience in trains & a great deal of suffering amongst the operatives of the Mills who were thrown out of employment. To help them we got up an amateur performance at the Town Hall in which I played a leading part, Lucy Shackelford playing "opposite me" as the Actors term it. We netted a nice little sum for them.
The winter was a very pleasant one. The "Reading Club" which had been organized a year or so before was quite active & meeting once every two weeks at different houses brought the young people together & furnished a social element which Charlottesville lacked
[V 57]
to a certain extent. We also got up a french class and had a Mr Arnaud as our teacher. Arnaud came to take charge of the Monticello Wine Co: He was a cultivated gentleman— Evidently there was something behind his leaving France, which none of us could fathom. He left a wife & family behind him & from a photograph of his wife he once showed me she must have been a very pretty & refined woman. He was a royalist & believed that Henri Cinq ought to be the ruler of France. He was a very devout Roman Catholic, but after leaving Charlottesville, which he did in a year or so, his faith yielded to the little God who seems to dominate all faiths. His wife died & he married a young woman who had been divorced. His priest got after him about it & Arnaud claimed that her first marriage was a nullity, for what reason
[V 58]
I do not know. Anyway it was decided to lay the matter before the Bishop—a Mr Vandevyer of Richmond—a dutchman by birth: So on his first visit to Richmond the matter was discussed. The Bishop was in some doubt so he told Arnaud the matter would be referred to Rome & Arnaud would have to abide by the decision. "I told the Bishop," Arnaud told me "dat it was all right; but if 'Rom' say she was my wife den she was my wife: but if 'Rom' say she was not my wife, she would still be my wife no matter what 'Rom' say".
Thereupon the Bishop got mad & said to Arnaud: "I vill damn your soul", and Arnaud told me he replied," "I will damn your soul, just as well", and so Arnaud kept his wife & gave up his church.
He was a good teacher & our french class of some half a
[V 59]
dozen girls & men was great fun as well as instructive. Two jokes on me are worth telling. I never allowed myself when speaking french to stop for a word, grammatical construction or anything else—I just spoke. So Lucy Shackelford once asked Arnaud if a certain construction was good french? "Not exactly", he replied, "but it is Mr Duke french".
At another time he was explaining the difference between "un homme brave," [a stalwart, brave

man] and “un brave homme” [a good man]. “De one”, he said, “means a man of courage who vill fight. De oder as you would say of my friend Mr Duke, is a “worthy man”. Only he pronounced the word, “wordy”, & as I was a good deal of a talker then, as I am now, his definition was received with applause.

My french has been the occasion of a good many jokes, for I’m afraid I am very much like Lord Brougham

[V 60]

of whom it is said that he not only murdered french, but tortured it. A great many years later when M. Jusserand the french Embassador came to Charlottesville & dined at my house he, with many others, went to Monticello. With us was Professor R.H. Wilson—my very dear friend—and his Wife—who was a french woman. Whilst we were talking on the porch of the house Mrs Wilson used some English in quite an ungrammatical way. “You must excuse, Judge,” said Wilson—“Mrs Wilson’s english: She has not as yet caught on to the language.” “Why, Wilson,” I replied, “Mrs Wilson speaks english a great deal better than I do french”. “Oh! mon Dieu,” she replied almost involuntarily, “Je l’espère.” [Oh, my goodness, I hope so] Then she seemed to realize that her speech was not as courteous as it might have been & began to stammer out and apologise. But I declined to accept any

[V 61]

apology, but joined in the laughter her speech had accepted. And I knew it was true & continues to be true. I speak french sufficiently to get along very well & in my several trips to France have been able to make all my wants known & carry on a conversation. I love the language; its literature & the people. As I told a pretty little shop girl once, “J’aime beaucoup la France, le Français et les Françaises” [I love France, French and French women] & thereupon she said I spoke french “comme un natif.” [like a native]

My sister was married in the old Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville by Revd. Dr Petrie on the night of April 26th 1882. It poured rain nearly all day & at night & dear old Aunt Mat: who had much of the old time superstition was in much distress over the fact. But it was a beautiful wedding & Mary made a beau-

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tiful bride— The fine old house was thronged with “fair women & brave men,” and despite the rain outside we were all so bright and happy.

Eighteen eighty two saw also the marriage of my dear Cousin Maggie Stuart to Alex: F. Robertson, who had been a class mate in law at the University 1873-4. I was one of the groomsmen & stood with Lizzie Hendron—a daughter of Judge Hendron of Staunton—a fair & lovely girl, who subsequently married my friend [ ] Patrick a young lawyer of Staunton & died not many years after. Patrick too has left this world.

The superb old Stuart Mansion was at its best & there was a large gathering of the prettiest & best of Staunton’s worthies. Much surprise was evinced at Maggie’s choice of a husband. “Alex:” was a very quiet man—rather dull in appearance, tho’ not at all in reality & people supposed that

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Maggie would have made a more brilliant match. But she made no mistake. Robertson was and is a splendid gentleman—a man of splendid—sound intellect and has made a fine husband & father. He came into quite a fortune & the old place has been kept up in its pristine style. His children are all doing well & his daughter Sarah & my daughter Mary are devoted friends—carrying into this third generation the love of their forbears. Maggie still lives tho' in very bad health & our fondness for each other has suffered no diminution by the lapse of time.
In this same year, to come from the sublime to the ridiculous, so to speak, our new Circuit Judge—Geo: P. Hughes—elected by the Readjusters—took his seat on the Bench at Charlottesville. He was—without exception the poorest lawyer who could have been selected from the whole bar. He had scarcely
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any practice: He knew no law: was a dull stupid solemn man, but I believe honest & did the best he knew how. He had in Albemarle one of the best Bars in the State & listened to them & they did their best to help him out. The consequence was that he made amazingly few mistakes & was not reversed much oftener than any of his predecessors. "But that," old Mr Tom Wood said, "was because the readjuster Court of Appeals had no more sense nor law than he had."
He was an amiable man—was a great admirer of my father & became very fond of me. I rather liked the old fellow. When I was elected Judge of the Corporation Court of Charlottesville by the General Assembly he was put up by the Republicans—of course simply as a compliment—the assembly being overwhelmingly Democratic & he was quite apologetic to me
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saying it was done without his knowledge or consent. He had in the mean time—after leaving the Bench—moved into Charlottesville & offered for practice. He was a dead failure, however, & moved back into his native County Louisa, where he died. I liked the old fellow & always thought "that his poverty & not his will" made him a Readjuster.