THOMAS N. CARTER
Attorney at Law
Room S05 Travelers Building
Richmond, Virginia

Phone:
Monroe 3916
Richmond, Va.

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Miss Isabelle Burwell Carter

205 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, VA.

My dear daughter:

I think it the duty of every man, before his memory begins to fail, to set down in writing, for the benefit of his children, what he knows about his family. Therefore I am writing you this letter.

Your Carter genealogy you will find fully set out on the Carter tree, made by Cousin Robert Carter of “Shirley”, and since his death brought down by one, or both, of his daughters. In this connection I have put with this letter a copy of the will of Charles Carter of “Shirley” and also one of the will of Robert Carter of “Pampatike.”

Your Mayo genealogy you will find in a pamphlet prepared by your grandfather, P.R. Mayo.

Your Burwell genealogy is contained in your mother’s Colonial Dame papers and in pamphlet form. There is much about these families also in many books, Bishop Meade’s “Old Churches and Families of Virginia”, Mr. Channing Page’s “History of the Page Family”, etc.

Your grandmother Carter was Susan Elizabeth Roy. I have prepared and put with this the Roy genealogy. She was the daughter of William H. Roy and Anne Seddon and was born and lived for some time at “Green Plains”, a beautiful place on North River in Matthews County Va.

Your great-grandfather Carter’s mother was Juliet Muse Gaines. I have prepared and put with this letter the Gaines’ genealogy. She was the daughter of Henry Gaines and Myra Muse, of King and Queen County, Va.

Your great grandfather was christened Thomas Nelson Carter, but never used the Nelson, always signing himself Thomas Carter. He was born at “Shirley” on the

James River October 8, 1800, went to school at ‘Kinloch”, the Turner homestead in Fauquier County, Va., and also at Meffett’s (sp Moffatt’s) near Richmond. During this time he lived at the old St. Charles hotel on the north side of Main St., between 12th and 13th Streets, in this city — lived there with a body servant. His mother and father being dead, he was in charge of a guardian, Mr. Williams (sp William) Carter, of “Broad Neck”, Va. He also, as I have heard, went to Princeton College but only stayed one day and one night. He was in the navy also for a short time, but not liking it, resigned.

As a young man, being uneasy about his lungs, he drove through the south and went as far as Alabama. He always said that the horse had saved his life and preserved his health. He married Miss Juliet Muse Gaines (who was then living in King William County, either at Aylett’s, or between “Pampatike” and Aylett’s, I can’t ascertain which) when she was eighteen years old and he about twenty four. He, about this time, went to live at ‘Pampatike which he took under the will of his father, Robert Carter. He took, also, under the said will, about twelve hundred acres of land of “Hickory Hill”, Hanover County, which he sold to Mr. William F. Wickham, his brother-in-law, and bought that part of the present “Pampatike Farm” known as Goodwin’s Island, and added it to Pampatike which is now 2250 acres of land in King William County, Va. on the Pamunky River, between New Castle Ferry and Piping Tree Ferry, about seven and a half miles from the court house and about twenty five miles from Richmond. The farm adjoins the Piping Tree Farm, but has Bassett’s old farm (afterwards owned by Skidmore and Congdon, and others) and a part of Robert Tomlin’s place “Eocene”, between it and New Castle. By road, the house is about eight miles from New Castle and four miles from Piping Tree.

On this farm, which was in a splendid neighborhood, with the Braxtons at “Cherrycoke”, the Wormleys at Manskin Lodge”, seven or eight miles up the river in King William County, the Aylett’s at ‘Montville”, near Aylett’s, the Fontaines at “Fontaine Bleau”, adjoining “Pampatike”, the Roanes and Gaines families between ‘Pampatike” and Aylett’s, and across the river in Hanover, near enough to visit, the Braxtons at “Ingleside’, the Bassetts at ‘Clover Lea”, the Ruffins at ‘Marlbourne’, and many others, my grandfather farmed in grand style. Among other things, he put a dyke along the river front and along Moncuin Creek, which bounds “Pampatike” (Goodwins Island part of it) on the West and reclaimed a large portion of the marsh land next to Piping Tree, which, unfortunately, however, was not kept up. He was an excellent farmer, and made enough from the huge crops he cultivated on this reclaimed land to pay the expense of reclamation.

The house at ‘Pampatike” was up on the hill about one and a half miles from the river landing. It was a long frame house of two stories in the middle, and one and a half stories at each end, a small porch in front and a porch at the rear extending the whole length of the house. My father added one room, of one story, on the east, and one also of one story immediately across the back porch, opposite to the hall door. A picture of the house, which was burnt the 17th of December, 1900, can be found in

Mr. John S. Wise's book, "Diomed." My father built on the old site the same year that the house was burnt, a two story four room and hall frame house, which is now standing. The house was never handsome, but the yard was very attractive, There were many splendid locust trees which are now gone. Three splendid catalpas, almost touching the back porch. These are also gone. A hedge of fine cedars separated the house from the kitchen and the outbuildings, but the handsomest thing about the place was, and is, the cedar lane, commencing about fifty yards from the front door and running north about two hundred and fifty yards. The trees are very large for cedars and are some sixty or seventy feet high. I have a fine photograph of it. Along the side of the late are many jonquils, and the yard in spring and summer is covered with buttercups.

"Pampatike" (spelled "Pampetike," "Pampertike,", and "Pampitike" in some of the old records) was evidently at one time an old Indian settlement. In Howe's History of Virginia, Historical Collections, under a chapter on King William's County, is the following:

"On Moncuir Creek (now Moncuin) just above Warranuncock Island, now known as Goodwin's Island, are two Indian mounds or tumuli, somewhat reduced in size by cultivation, yet eight or ten feet high and about sixty feet in diameter. Evident traces exist of an Indian settlement in the vicinity on "Pampitike" estate."

I have seen these two mounds often in riding from "Pampatike" to Blakes, by a path which runs through the marsh and undergrowth of Moncuin Creek, from the northwest corner of a field known as the field next to Blake's, over to Blake's house. This path was always very miry as was the crossing of the creek at that point, and is now grown up and never used. The mounds were about half way between the creek and the high land on Blake's side.

In Virginia Historical Magazine, volume 11, page 308, is the following: "Mr. Mark Warkam was granted on April 20, 1684, a dividend of land called "Pampetike", 918 acres, in New Kent County (in 1682 King and Queen, King William, and New Kent Counties were all under the name of New Kent County, King and Queen was cut off in 1691 and King William in 1701) on the north side of Pamunkey River, Pamunkey Neck, beginning at the mouth of Goddin's Creek or swamp, a little below Goddin's Island (this creek is now called the dam creek and has had a flood gate at its mouth for many years, now out of repair, and runs between the island and the Shop Spring meadow fields on "Pampatike") purchased by one _____ Booth, of the (Indian) Queen of the Pamunkey, after whose death (Booth's) the said land was granted to his son Robert Booth by an order of Assembly dated the 25th of April 1679, and by said Robert Booth assigned to Mark Warkman."

See Patent book 7, page 121 (112?) and 13, for 1679 and 1689 Land Office, Richmond, Va.

This grantee was evidently the son of the testator. Among the old records in the state Library is the complaint against Thomas Claiborne and Mark Warkan about the year 1682, concerning a mill.

In land Book 7, page 457, Land Office, is a deed dated the 20th of April 1685, from Francis Lord Howard, Governor, to Capt. Francis Page, conveying to him as a dividend, for importing persons from England to the colony, a tract of land called 'Pampertike', containing one thousand acres of land, lying in New Kent County, on the north side of the Pamunkey River in Pamunkey Neck, beginning at the mouth of Goodwin's Creek, or swamp, a little below Goodwin's Island, and running by the said creek about one and a half miles northerly still binding on the said creek, to a corner ash, etc. to the head of a branch of "Pampertike" Creek, and so down the branch to the creek, and down the creek to the river, the said creek dividing the land and the land of William Woodward, and so by the river to the mouth of (Goodwin's Creek, a little below Goodwin's island, being the place where it began. The said land being due as follows, was formerly purchased by one 6___ Booth, of the Queen of the Pamunkeys, after whose death the said land was granted to his son Robert Booth by an order of Assembly bearing date the 25th of April, 1679, and by the said Robert Booth, assigned to Mark Wakeman, and by the said Wakeman assigned to Capt. Francis Page."

It appears from Henning's Statutes volume 5, page 279, that Capt. Francis Page in some way conveyed to Elizabeth Bray, wife of David Bray, or possibly to Col. David Bray, who conveyed to his wife, Elizabeth, an interest in this property. At any rate, in 1730 "Pampatike" had passed from Capt. Francis Page to Mann Page, subject to a life estate Of Elizabeth Bray, wife of Col. David Bray, in whose possession it was at that time. At the death of Mann Page, (see same, pages 277, 278, 279) he by will left "Pampatike" to Carter Page, and if he died without male issue, to his brothers and sisters in turn. He did so die, as did Elizabeth Bray, before 1744, and" Pampatike" was then vested in Mann Page Jr. son of Mann Page and brother of Carter Page. The act here cited in Henning's Statute authorizes this young Mann Page to sell "Pampatike" along with other property to pay his father's debts. In 1744 Mann Page Jr. then owned "Pampatike".

"Pampatike" was then originally an Indian Settlement. The Queen of the Pamunkey Indians conveyed it to _____ Booth who left it to his son Robert Booth, who conveyed it to Francis Page. Now Francis Page died in 1692, leaving surviving him one daughter, Elizabeth, who married her cousin, John Page, about 1701 and died in 1702, Mr. Channing Page says in his book on the Page family, volume 1, page 49, without issue. But I am sure that he is mistaken and that she really left an infant daughter, Elizabeth Page, who survived her and married' David Bray, for in bishop Meade's book, vol. 1. page 199, is an inscription from a tombstone which says (taking David Bray's and Elizabeth's inscription together) Elizabeth Bray was the daughter of John Page and was born in 1702, and there is no other Elizabeth Page in Mr. Channing Page's book that could have been the daughter of John Page and born in

1702. There is no question about the accuracy of the tombstone and Mr. Page's book is often inaccurate. If I am right then, and I am sure I am, "Pampatike" passed at the death of Francis Page to his daughter Elizabeth, who married her cousin John Page, for life (she not taking a fee simple under the laws of primo geniture) and at her death to her infant daughter who married David Bray, but to her only for her life, for the same reason, and the fee simple passed to the oldest son of Francis Page's brother (Matthew) who was Mann Page sr., and by his will to carter Page, and by his death without issue to Mann Page Jr. who got the right to sell it from the House of Burgesses, as above stated to pay his father's debts.

At this sale "Pampatike" I am sure, came into the possession of the Carters where it has been ever since. There are no records to show that as they are burnt.

As stated above, to the one thousand acres of land were added Goodwin's Island, which was bought by Robert Carter with the proceeds of the sale of "Hickory Hill" in Hanover County, which was left him by his father Charles. There was also added by purchase, before Robert's time, Westley's and the college lot, and Charles left them to Robert. This made "Pampatike" 2250 acres of land. Westley's and the college lot cover the uplands including that in front of the house and near Fontaine Bleau.

Robert Carter by will probated January, 1807, left the whole of "Pampatike" to Thomas Nelson Carter, his son, who died intestate in l883, and the farm descended to Thomas H. Carter, C. Shirley Carter, William Page Carter, Mary Carter Buckner and Robert Carter. There was a partition suit in the King William Circuit Court of "Pampatike" and "Annefield" in Clarke County, in which suit William Page Carter and Mary Carter Buckner were allotted together the western half of "Pampatike", and Thomas H. and C. Shirley were allotted the eastern half together, Robert Carter and the widow, Anne Willing Carter, were provided for out of "Annefield." Thomas H. Carter bought C. Shirley Carter's share and died intestate. The eastern half of Pampatike then descended to Thomas N. Carter, Juliet Carter Lee, Ann Carter Dulaney, and Spencer L. Carter, who now own it. This, as near as I can get at it, is the legal history of "Pampatike" farm. The tombstones at "Pampatike" are of Juliet M. Carter, born 14th of November 1806, died 2nd of June 1834; William Roy Carter, son of Thomas H. and Susan Roy, born 6th of February 1857, died 2nd of May 1858; Julian N. Carter, killed in the battle of Malvern Hill. There are also buried there Mrs. Cornelia Meaux who was Cornelia Gaines, sister of my grandfather's first wife, Juliet Muse Gaines; and another infant child of Thomas H. and Susan Roy Carter; also old Dr. Turner.

As stated above, my grandmother Carter was born in 1806, was married in 1824 when she was 18 years old, and lived at Pampatike until her death in 1834. Her children were Robert Carter, Mary Carter (who afterwards married Dr. Buckner of Baltimore), Thomas H. Carter (the "H" being for Henry. His name is a combination of his grandfather, Henry Gaines, and of his own father, Thomas), and Julian M. Carter who was killed during the civil war at Malvern Hill and was buried at

Pampatike. In 1835 my grandfather was married the second time to Miss Ann Willing Page, daughter of Hon. William Byrd Page, of “Pagebrook”, Clarke County. He then bought Belfield” in Fauquier County, Va. near Upperville, lived there for a short tims, and bought “Annefield” near Berryville in Clarke County Va. He lived there in the summer, but spent some of his winters in a house on McCullough St., Baltimore, which he owned, and also at Pampatike. After the civil war, he lived entirely at “Annefield”, visiting, however, his son, Dr. C. Shirley Carter at “Morben” (sp Morven) near Leesburg, and Capt. Wm. Page Carter, at “The Glen” in Clarke Co., where he died April 5, 1833. His second wife died at “Morven” the 16th of January, 1901. Her children were William Page Carter, Lucy Carter (who married a Mr. Renshaw and died after having lost two children. She and her two children are buried at the Old Chapel in Clarke Co.), Evelyn Carter who died unmarried, and Dr. C. Shirley Carter. Evelyn and my grandfather are also buried at the Old Chapel.

Your grandfather, Thomas H. Carter, was born at Pampatike the 13th. Of June, 1831, but was brought up at “Annefie1d” by his stepmother, his mother having died when he was 4. He went to school in the old school house just at your Uncle George Burwell’s gate at the entrance to “Mt. Airy”, Clarke Co. The teacher here was Mr. Todd. There was also a school he attended right across the road from what is now Browntown, on the Millwood pike. He told many stories of his school days under Mr. Todd. One that I remember particularly was that the boys, headed by your grandmother Mayo’s brother, William Taylor Burwell, undertook to correct one of the boy’s in the school by tying him to a tree and each boy hitting him one lick with a switch. My father, being the smallest boy in the school, was to give him three licks. Of course, this created a terrible disturbance in the neighborhood and in the school. The trustees of the school were called together, and Mr. John E. Page, one of them, directed that Mr. Todd should whip every boy in school, and that they ought to be “whipped until the blood ran down to their toes.” The next day Mr. Todd drew them all up in line at school, with Wm. Taylor Burrell at the top, he being the oldest, and started in with his thrashings. Wm. Taylor Burrell announced, after he got the first lick or two, that he couldn’t stand it and turned in and thrashed Mr. Todd terribly, among other things ripping his coat clean up to the collar. The other boys said they would take their part, and my father was let off on account of his youth. This made another terrible rumpus, but it was finally smoothed over. Mr. Todd’s life must have been a burden from all accounts, as the boys put burrs under his horse’s saddle, painted his horse green, stuck pins in his chair, dug pits for him to fall in and smoked him out of his school. From my father’s account, he was a tall, sallow man with long hair and always wore a long frock coat.

My father went to the Virginia Military Institute, graduated there, took medicine at the University of Virginia and graduated there, then went to the university of Pennsylvania, taking an M.D. from that college and served a year in the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where he volunteered to and took charge of the small pox ward. He lived at the house of his cousin Charles Carter. When he was through with his studies, at about 22 years of age, his father asked him to go down to Pampatike

and ship a large crop of wheat, twenty thousand bushels, as I remember, and this being the time of the end of the Crimean War wheat was very high. I think they got $2.50 a bushel for it. My father was then induced by my grandfather to give up his practice of medicine and to rent Pampatike, which he did, paying $5000 a year for it until the time of the war. It was during this time that he met my mother, who was at a house party at “Cherrycoke”. In this house party, among others, was Major E.T.D. Myers, Dr. Dorsey Cullen, and Dr. Coleman. The gayety in these times, in that neighborhood, was great. My father would entertain the male part of the house party at Pampatike, and then they would all go back down to “Cherrycoke”. It was at one of these stag parties at Pampatike that Major Myers christened the big decanter, which we have now, Sue Roy. It is also told that after this party, which broke up late at night, my father and Dr. Cullen waited to shut up the house, the others proceeding on their way to Cherrycoke, and when they got in the buggy and started off, each thought the other was driving; but the horse, one John Foam, a great trotter and knowing the way to Cherrycoke, took them safely there.

My mother and father were married in 1856 and lived at Pampatike. When the civil war broke out, my father went into the army as Captain of the King William artillery, fought through the war, making a splendid record, and surrendered at Appomattox as Colonel of Artillery. During the war, my mother stayed at Pampatike with my sister Juliet, sister Ann and myself, keeping up the farm as best she could and going through all the terrors that women were subject to in those days. The northern army visited Pampatike four times during the war and swept the place clean, taking among other things, forty two horses and mules, and leaving only at the end two old broken down mules. The cattle, hogs, and sheep were all swept away; and of the negroes, only the old men, women and children, amounting to some ninety in number, remained, the capable ones all having gone off with the northern army.

When my father returned from Appomattox, he found nothing but desolation. The only property he had was three hundred dollars in gold which an old negro, Uncle Henry, had buried during the war and produced afterwards. This he divided between my Uncle Willie, Uncle Shirley and himself. He then sold much of my mother’s jewelry and some of the silver and bought broken—down confederate mules and wagons, as far as he could, and undertook with them and the negroes left, to make a crop, promising them that lie would pay them wages our of the crop. In the meanwhile, however, he had nothing to feed them with, and was directed by the Federal government in Richmond to send most of them here, and that they would issue them rations, which he did. He was summoned before Freedman’s Bureau to account for working negroes without pay. He explained his arrangement with them, in which he was backed by many of the old servants on the place and was finally dismissed. At the trial, every time my father would make a statement, an old negro named Pride would say, “That’s so, Master”, and when finally my father was nearly through, and hemmed and hawed a minute for a word, Old Pride said, “That’s so, too, master.”

General Lee visited Pampatike shortly after the war. I remember seeing him ride down the cedar lane and taking him for Dr. Ellerson of Laurel Springs', my mother's uncle—in—law, wio was the only grey bearded man I had ever seen. My father had many long talks with General Lee on the subject of the war and got much advice from him as to what course he should pursue as to the future. Among other things, he advised him to send the negroes to Richmond, where they could be furnished with rations, as he could not feed them. The General told my father that the confederacy had failed for lack of support by the far south. That these southern states got tired of the war and would not furnish supplies and men in proportion to those furnished by Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. General Lee was my grandfather's first cousin , his mother being the daughter of Charles Carter of "Shirley" and a sister of Robert Carter of Pampatike.

My father was a typical Virginia gentleman, with exquisite manners which came from the heart, and a handsome military appearance, very erect, five feet nine and a half inches tail, and weighing about 165 pounds. His courtesy to everybody, and especially his chivalrous bearing and feeling towards women, was most notable. He had great force of character, uncommon executive ability, and a fine mind and excellent education. He was loyal to his friends and made duty his watchword, he was temperate in all things, neither drank nor used tobacco. In his latter years he was accustomed to take a toddy before dinner until one day at the University of Virginia, Cousin Mildred Lee, a daughter of General Lee, saw him taking one and asked what General Lee would think of that. He never took one after that. My father was universally loved and admired by everybody who knew him, and he was about as widely known in Virginia as any man out of politics, He was one of the most industrious men I ever knew. As a farmer he got up and out at day break all the year round except Sunday, when I did it for him, and went to the barn saw everything fed and started for work, and then returned to breakfast. After this he was with the hands until everything was fed and put away at night, with the exception of his time for dinner. He was one of the closest observers and the best judges of men I ever knew, had a keen sense of humor, and was devoted to country life, farming, and especially to horses, which latter seems a Carter trait. He was an excellent horseman and delighted in telling me of my grandfather's race horses Primero, Andrewetta, Rattler, etc. which were kept and trained in barns and on a race track in what is now Pampatike field on Pampatike farm. I described these in "How Primero won the race", published in a New Orleans magazine called Art & Letters.

During the time from the end of the war until 1873 or 4 he had a terrible struggle to keep up the farm and to give us children some education, and pay my grandfather a thousand dollars a year rent for the farm. The educational part was accomplished by opening a school employing a teacher, and my mother looking after the boys in the house while my father farmed. Of course, the school at first had very few pupils, but subsequently grew into as many as sixteen boy boarders, mostly from Richmond, sons of friends, and a good many day scholars from the neighborhood. In 1873, by which time he had gotten 5 thousand dollars in debt, he was appointed Railroad

Commissioner of the State of Virginia and lived in Richmond, going to Pampatike Saturday evenings, while my mother ran the school and an overseer the farm. He saved pretty nearly all of his salary as commissioner and paid off his debts, and in 1876 was enabled to send me to the University of Virginia. My sisters, Juliet and Ann, got their education at Mr. Powell's school in Richmond. Mrs. Thomas G, Peyton, being one of the principals of that school, took my sisters to live at her house and gave them tuition at the school in exchange for two of her boys, Bernard and Randolph, going to Pampatike to school. My brother, Spencer, was not born until 1873.

It is hard to realize now the struggles and the poverty through which we went during this time. My father was, in a way, financed by E.& S. Wortham, Commission Merchants in the City of Richmond, and I.M. Parr & Sons, Baltimore, and it was to them that he owed the $5,OOO. He was turned out of his position as Railroad Commissioner of the State of Virginia when the Mahone, or Re-adjuster, movement, for adjusting or repudiating the State debt was successful. John W. Daniel, on this occasion made one of the most beautiful speeches I ever read in the Legislature of Virginia, with my father as his subject. My sister, Juliet, has, I think, a copy of this speech. Soon after losing this place, my father was appointed an arbitrator of the Southern Railway & Steamship Association, which met at Atlanta. He, however, lived at Pampatike and went to various cities to hear cases argued before him, Major Scriven and Col. Sibley, who constituted the board. These were very happy times for him. He was interested in his work and learned a great deal about railroads. After being arbitrator for many years, he was made Commissioner of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association and went with my mother to live in Atlanta, At this time, the home at Pampatike was broken up. My sister Anne married in 1888 H. Rozier Dulaney of "Oakley" Fauquier County, Va. and of 1838 Wyoming Ave., Washington, D.C., where they lived in winter, Rozier being in the real estate business in that city. Spencer and Juliet went along with our parents to Atlanta.

When the place as Commissioner of the Southern Railway & Steamship Association was abolished, my father was reappointed arbitrator and lived in Washington until he was elected Proctor of the University of Virginia, which place he held until 1905, and resigned it on account of having had a stroke of facial paralysis. In the summer or fall of that same year, when at Rozier Dulaney's place "Oakley", he was paralyzed on his right side, He lived about three years in this condition, staying part of the time with me, a part of the time with Juliet who married Capt. Robert E. Lee, son of the General in 189? and was living at "Romancoke" in King William County, Va., and a part of the time with my sister, Anne, at "Oakley'. H e died at Romancoke in June, 1908. My mother died in 1902 at the University of Virginia. They are both buried in Hollywood.

My mother, (Susan Elizabeth Roy) was the daughter of William H. Roy of "Green Plain", on the North River, in Matthews County, Va. and Anne Seddon, his wife, who was the sister of the Hon. James Alexander Seddon of 'Sabot Hill", Goochiand

County, Va., who was the Secretary of War of the Confederate States. She was also a sister of Mrs. Charles Bruce of "Staunton Hill", Charlotte Co., Va. My grandfather Roy was a lawyer, as was my mother's only brother, James Roy, who died as a young man while practicing law in Richmond. My grandmother Roy's mother was a Miss Alexander from Fredericksburg, Va. She died while my mother and Aunt Anne Rutherford (sp Rutherfoord) were young girls, and their father married a second time — a Miss McCrae — and had three daughters, Fannie (now Mrs. Washington), Mary (now Mrs. Boyd), both of whom live at "Green Plains", and Ellen (now Mrs. Goldsborough) of Washington, D.C. "green Plains" is an exquisite place just on the banks of the North River, which flows into Mob Jack Bay and from that into the Chesapeake Bay. On both sides of this short river are, or were, her kin people, the Tabbs and the Taliaferro (sp Taliaferros), etc. I spent a summer on the North River with the Tabbs at "Auburn" which adjoins "Green Plains", when I was 18 years old. The sailing, swimming and parties in the neighborhood made the time delightful to me. After my grandmother's death and my grandfather's second marriage, my mother and Aunt Anne (who married Mr. John Rutherfoord of Rock Castle, Va.) lived much with their grandmother Seddon in Fredericksburg and their aunt, Mrs. Charles Bruce. They went to school in Richmond and stayed a great deal at their "Aunt Bullock's", who lived where the Commonwealth Club now stands, on Franklin and Monroe streets in Richmond. They visited in many parts of Virginia, particularly the Braxtons in King William "Cherrycoke" and at "Ingleside" in Hanover. They were both great belles and my mother a real beauty as you will see by Guillaumes pastel of her which we have. When I recollect her, she had the most beautiful face, with the most exquisite color and regular features that I ever saw, though she was too stout and her figure not good. She met my father, as I have said before, at a house party at Cherrycoke, and both say that they immediately fell in love with each other. Afterwards, he visited her at "Green Plains", 60 miles away, driving there in one day in a sulky with the same horse, John Foam, who was pretty nearly clean bred Morgan — a roan horse, rather small and round, but with great power and a fast trotter, as I have been told. He ran away many times and smashed up my father's sulky. My mother and father were married in 1856 and lived happily at Pampatike until the time of the war. In 1857 they had a son, William Roy, who lived about a year, and in 1858, June 15th, I was born; Juliet in 18?? (1860) and Anne in 18?? (1863) there was another boy baby who only lived 8 days, and then came Spencer in 1873.

When the war came on and my father joined the army, my mother continued to live at Pampatike with only us children, and ran the farm and looked after the negroes to the best of her ability, which was excellent. God only knows how she stood that and reconstruction times, in this lonely place, 16 miles from a railroad, 25 miles from Richmond, and surrounded by negroes and no white man to rely on. As I have said, the Northern Army was there four times and ransacked the house, turning out everything and carrying away whatever they wanted. Many things they scattered about the farm, While the army was stationed near there, a yankee officer who wanted a good berth, came and volunteered to do the best he could to protect the house from the soldiers if she would let him stay there, which she did, The whole neighborhood

was filled with Confederate scouts, most of whom she knew, and time and time again they tried to take him away to get his clothes and fine horse, but my mother begged him off. Finally they came and insisted on taking him one night, and out in the woods took away his horse and accoutrements and outer clothes and boots, and sent him back to the house in his underclothes. My mother fitted him out in some old clothes and he was a great protection to her, keeping the soldiers out of the house with the statement that he was put there on guard. She was sitting with him on the back porch one day when she looked up and saw three Confederate scouts aiming their guns at him through the yard fence, She got up and stood in front of him and called them to the house and explained that he was a help to her. Another incident that happened while this same army was stationed near Pampatike was, a negro and a white man came from the Yankee camp foraging. There was little left on the place, but the white man went into the garden and put a beehive in a bag and was coming from the garden into the yard when some Confederate scouts rode up and one of them shot him through the body at the garden gate, He staggered to the front of the house and tell on one knee, the scouts all surrounding him with their pistols drawn. My mother went out into the front porch and called to him, “Yankee or no Yankee,” to come into the house. He got up and came as far as the front steps, where he reeled, fell, and died, at my mother’s feet. This is one of the few things I remember distinctly about the war. They opened his shirt and the bullet had gone clean through him and left a red spot on his chest. The negro was captured and carried away. My mother knew most of these young scouts, Mr. Burke, one of them, lived three or four miles from us, and was a few days afterwards himself killed by a prisoner he had captured. He told the prisoner to bring him his piston (sp pistol) reversed. He brought it, but reversed it again when he got to him and shot him off of his horse, stripped him of all of his things and went off with: his horse. Burke’s father, old Mr. Robert Burke, found his body and hauled it home in a wagon. My mother had the man who was killed, and whose name was said to be George, buried in the ravine leading down towards Mr. Hooper’s place. The night afterwards, while lying on the bed with her children around in the upstairs room, she heard a company of Yankee soldiers ride into the yard and throw pickets around the house. She went down the front steps, sat on the steps to keep them from going up and awakening the children. They stormed at the door, but she told them she would not let them in unless they got quiet. They all appeared to be drunk. They finally threatened to break the door down and she let them in. They told her that they had come to burn the house down because one of their men had been shot there. She explained to them that he was shot by regular Confederate soldiers on scout duty and shot while stealing her property, but that she had tried to save his life by asking him into the house, and had finally given him a decent burial. After much storming around, they went away. There were many other instances of rudeness and brutality, but I have not room to tell them, but my mother was never afraid of them personally. Her house was the house of refuge for many of the people in the neighborhood — the Fontaines, for instance, when their house was sacked, stole out of the back way of their house and came to Pampatike. Many times during the war, when the army of the Confederacy was anywhere near, and it was possible to do so, my mother would send us over with old Mammy Celia, to the Braxtons at “Ingleside”, where we stayed in the

office next to the house, and she would pay a visit to my father. One winter, when the army was in winter quarters in Orange, near “Rocklands”, Tom Atkinson’s place, my mother took all of us with her and spent several months at the Gosses, which was about five miles from my father’s camp. I remember distinctly going in an ambulance up to the Goss’s place which was on a hill, and seeing a young, girl a year or two older than myself in a calico frock and a sunbonnet waving in her hand, riding a sorrel mare bare back up the hill at a full gallop. She and I became the best of friends and used to climb onto the officers’ horses tied to the rack, unhitch them and ride them around. I remember we stayed a great deal under an old shed where they kept horses, just looking at them. I dreamt about her for weeks after I got home. This was a happy time for my mother with my father and her children around her. On another occasion I was desperately ill with pneumonia, here in Richmond, when she was trying to get to the army. Got word to my father of my illness and begged him to come, but he could not.

I have few recollections of the war itself. I do remember seeing soldiers shooting chickens and pigs in the yard, and also that they took my pony and donkey away. Everything else, except the killing of George, that relates to the war is what I have been told. During the war, Anne was born at the parsonage on the next place to “Ingleside” in Hanover County, which was the residence after the war of Hr. Caraway, the minister at Old Church, to whom my mother, after the war, entrusted all of my father’s important letters to her for him to edit. He lost them all, or never edited them, at any rate, and I have never been able to get them. I have a few personal ones in a bundle in my dressing-room drawer. In these he talked very freely to my mother of the various officers in the Confederate Army. From him, after the war, I learned a great deal about these officers, or his opinion of them, which was most valuable, as he was an excellent judge of men. General Lee was first, General Jackson was second, General A.P. Hill third, and so on down. He thought Longstreet was a splendid fighter but was too (?), and too slow — that he was always making frontal attacks - thought he lost the battle of Gettysburg by delay. He had no opinion of McClellan, who he said was too cautious, too slow and always over-estimated his enemies, though I always argued with him my opinion, which was that Mcclellan was the best of the northern generals. He insisted that he was always beaten, which wouldn’t do for a general. He had the greatest admiration and affection for old Col. William Nelson (uncle of Thos. Nelson and Rosewell Page). He said the old Colonel always thought he was going to win and never knew when he was beaten, that the men laughed at his hat and dress but he heard one of them say one day, “If you’ll follow that old hat through the next battle, you will get all the fighting you want.” My father was essentially an optimist and wanted everybody to be the same way. He believed in officers more than men and frequently quoted that he had rather “have a herd of deer led by a lion than a herd of lions led by a deer” to fight for him. My father made his greatest reputation in the war at Chancellorsville, but if you ever get a chance to go to Gettysburg, you will see where his command was stationed up on an exposed place on a hill side in the first day’s battle. Part of this command was put there by General Gordon, while my father was at another part of the field. When he got back, he rode

up to General Gordon and asked him what fool put his men in that exposed position. The General simply smiled and told him to move them away. The tightest place my father said he was ever in during the war was at Seven Pines. He had a battery stationed in an oat field, which was very soft and whenever the guns were fired, they sank in the mud. About two-thirds of his men were killed and wounded before he could get them out. This is described in Tom Page's "Meh Lady", under different names, of course. Another thing that my father told that I remember is that near Winchester he had his command stationed along a hillside, with the Confederate infantry fighting ahead of him. The infantry was driven back, but he had to wait until they passed through his guns before he could fire. In the meanwhile he double shotted the guns with cannister. When the Confederates were passed through his guns, the Yankees were near enough for the officers to shoot at with their revolvers. When the whole battery opened on the enemy, he says he never saw such destruction during the war and never had such a feeling of "delirious joy" as when he saw the remnant break and run.

After the war, my mother bent all of her energies to help my father through with their struggle for an existence. She took charge of the school and was a mother to the boys. There are scattered all over this country boys (or men now) who are as devoted to her and to her memory as though she were their own flesh and blood. There never was a more generous woman or one with a bigger heart. She loved young people and was very sociable in all of her inclinations. The boys at Pampatike were just like one big family. There were no rules, except to be gentlemen, not to lie and steal, and not to be afraid of anything. In her subsequent life at the University of Virginia, where she took many boys to board, she won their love and affection in the same way that she did those of the boys at Pampatike. I never meet one of these men now that he does not tell me of his admiration, his love and affection for my mother and father. There is nothing in my early life that I regret more than that I aid not show them more affection and tenderness.

My step—grandmother was known as "sweet Anne Page" • She was attractive in every way, in mind, character and appearance. She took charge of my father when he was four years old, along with my grandfather's other children, and never showed any difference between them and her own children. Indeed, my father never knew any other mother, and I am sure could not have loved his own mother more had she lived. Grandfather and Grandmother as I have said, lived at "Annefield", which was built by Mr. Matthew Page and came to my grandfather by purchase through Mrs. Andrews, a descendant of Matthew Page's. My grandfather was a very diffident man, and many stories are told about my grandmother's trying to induce him to visit the neighbors. One was that she induced him to drive over with her to see her sister at "Pagebrook" and that, after arriving and to prevent going into the house and paying a visit, he slit the seam of his trousers all the way down to render the visit impossible. My grandmother was a very religious woman as all of her class in that day were. I remember that when my sister Juliet had typhoid fever at "Annefield" one summer when she and I were visiting our grandparents, that Grandma used to read her the

morning services every morning. After my grandfather's death, she lived mostly with Uncle Shirley and Uncle Willie Carter.

Of Spencer's early life I know very little, as I left Pampatike for the University when he was only three years old, but I do remember that as a baby he had croup very badly and that many nights I have helped my mother by walking the floor with him when he would be almost strangled. Spencer was named Spencer Leslie Carter after Spencer Leslie France, who was the son of Spencer France of Baltimore, my father's adjutant during the war. Mr. France was quite badly wounded in the war and convalesced at Pampatike. After the war he sent his son, who was just my age, to Pampatike. Spencer France was killed at Pampatike while coon hunting with Willie Bruce and myself, in the marsh near Goodwin's Creek (the dam creek) east of the sandy field and south of Shop Spring meadow. We cut down a tree, thinking there was a coon in it; it lodged in another tree, catching the limb of a third tree between the two; when we cut down the second tree, the limb of the third tree was peeled off from the trunk of the tree and struck him on the head. We got the overseer who was working in a field nearby to come into the marsh and carry him out, and I went after the doctor. He was taken to the house in a wagon and died before the doctors got there. This was somewhere in February. I know it was very cold and the ground covered with snow. Mrs. France, in May, about the time Spencer was born, came down to Pampatike to see the place where her son was killed, and asked my mother to name her baby after her son, which was done. Spencer afterwards went to and graduated at the Virginia Military Institute and worked under Mr. Dabney, a civil engineer on the Seaboard Airline, living at Portsmouth, Va. He then worked for the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company in Richmond, a part of the time as traveling auditor. While in Richmond he lived at our house. From this last place he was promoted to the position of Manager and then President of the Rasin Monumental Company, Baltimore, which is a branch of the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company, and married Berta Atkinson, second daughter of your cousin Thomas Atkinson, and has two children, Eda Atkinson and Susan Roy. In this connection I will say that Juliet's children are Anne Carter Lee and Mary Custis Lee, and Anne's are H. Rozier Dulaney, Jr., Anne Willing Dulaney, and Thomas Carter Dulaney (after my father).

My early life during the war and for eleven years afterwards, was necessarily a hard one. This I do not regret, on the contrary I am glad to have gone through with it. The modern way of rearing children, sacrificing everything for them, giving up everything for them, consulting their wishes, waiting on and coddling them, may be a good thing for the human race, but when I pick a man to do anything for me, I want one who has been through the mill in youth. Struggle is the essence of life. It gives self-reliance, knowledge, strength, humanity, and resourcefulness, and these things you want most cultivated at the impressionable time of life. Laws prohibiting young people from working before they are sixteen may be right, but most of the men who have done things in this country started early and in poverty, and took all the hard knocks life could give them. Many of them started as newspaper boys in the cities and as plowmen in the country and as brakesmen on railroads or apprentices in foundries.

The 2250 acres of land comprising Pampatike farm, together with what was on it, constituted practically all of my world for eighteen years. My father taught me to be observant, and I learned the place thoroughly, learned it as I have never learned anything since, and today know it better than any other thing. I learned to know every yard of ground on the place, the neigh, track and disposition of every horse; the appearance, flight and habits of every bird; the habits, appearance and tracks of all wild animals; everything there was to be learned about the domestic animals; all the trees, plants and soils, not by their technical but by their local names. I learned to ride everything from a pig to a steer; to drive all kinds of teams; to plow, to reap, to use an axe and any other tool. To row and paddle, to float, set and haul seines; to milk, to wash, to cook, to attend to all house things, cleaning, making beds, fires, and fixing lamps. I learned the seasons for planting and reaping; to judge wheat, corn and other crops; the rules of breeding animals, and all other things pertaining to farming. I learned negroes - their habits, morals and their capacity - and well I might, as I played, worked, and ate with them, speaking for many years their dialect, tempered with what my mother and father could teach me in this direction. I do not mean to say that I learned all these things perfectly, but I did learn them as perfectly as I was capable of doing with a kind but exacting teacher, my father.

I cannot but believe that the battles I had with storms and floods and cold, hunting for and feeding cattle and sheep in bad weather, strengthened me in every way. I have little recollection of the war times and for three or four years afterwards. My deepest impression is my Mammy's washing (not bathing) me, especially my ears. I know I was turned loose in the morning clean, wandered all over the farm all day, playing; with negro children, going with the hands in the fields and woods, eating my dinner with the hands, or at my Mammy's house, or at home, as the occasion warranted, and coming home dirty and disheveled, but happy, to have Mammy go through another process of cleaning to prevent my soiling the sheets, I suppose. One thing I remember is that my trousers, which were made out of my father's old ones, had pieces of leather sewed over the knees to prevent wear.

Mammy Celia, who had charge of us most of the time, was one of the strongest characters I ever knew, and entirely devoted to her "white folks" and us children. She was a stout, stocky, perfectly black woman, of marvelous strength and constitution, and lived to be one hundred years old. She had no education, of course, and had most of the superstitions of her race, but she knew right and wrong and what a Virginia gentleman's Sons and daughters should be taught, and taught it to us by persuasion, if possible, and if not, heroically. She exacted of us the greatest respect for our mother and father and for herself. We were never allowed to answer her 'what", but always "M'am". No one ever disobeyed her. The negroes on the farm respected and feared her, she knew the author of every theft and breach of the law on the place and did not hesitate to report to headquarters.

When I was about ten years old, at which time I did not even know my letters, my father got a Mrs. Robinson (who afterwards married a Dr. Cullen who lived just outside of Richmond) to come with her little daughter, who was about my age, to live at Pampatike and teach us children. After her, we had Frank McGuire, the father of your friend Susie McGuire, and brother of Cousin Lucy McGuire who lives in Millwood. There never was a finer man than he was. Alter him came Hugh Morson and Richard Hardaway, and Wm. M. Atkinson of Winchester, Va., and Howard Bayne, who is now a New York lawyer and politician of note. I went to school for one year to a man named Richard Williams, who taught at Charlie Lipscombes place on the way to Acquinton Church. This Richard Williams also taught one year at Pampatike while I was there. I learned what was in the books to the best of my ability, but I was not interested in any of it. I was crazy about the farm and what was on it, and until I went to college I never had any conception of the meaning of what I had learned out of the books. Then, for the first time, I began to think, to reason out things. We had a hard time during these years of school, getting food for the boys, but I scoured the country, often cold mornings before breakfast, for butter, chickens, and such like things. When the lambs came in the spring, we had a plenty of them. We could not get beef except by killing one, which we very seldom did as we could not use a whole one or keep it, and had no neighbors to divide with. During these school years and when my sisters were in Richmond, they would come down to Pampatike at Easter and bring parties of school girls with them. These were delightful holidays for all the boys, and of course every boy promptly fell in love with one or the other of the girls. This was the way I got my first sweetheart, Mary Barksdale, one of my sister Juliet's best friends, and I loved her, or thought I did, for many years, though I saw little of her afterwards. We rode horseback, wandered through the woods cutting our names on beech trees, mostly with hearts around them, played baseball and were applauded by the girls, fished, and at night danced to my father's music made on his old flute, which had to have water poured through it every night before using to swell up the cracks, but we danced the Virginia Reel, the coquette, and all the square dances to our hearts content,

As I grew big enough I became a general purpose boy about the place, going after the mail, to the store at Mancuin for supplies, to the mill, cutting and bringing in wood, going to Lestor Manor, the railroad depot for people, or to take people to the train, and in winter this was no child's play. The train to Richmond passed at nine A.M. I would have to get up about five in a cold house, go to the stable, feed and harness the horses in the dark, (there never was a lantern on Pampatike while I lived there), come back and get some scrambled eggs and bread and coffee and get off before six o'clock to drive sixteen miles over a wretched road. Coming from the down train, we left Lestor Manor at sundown, often in rain or snow, to drive sixteen miles over these same roads, in darkness and mud, most of the time with worn out horses, tied up harness and dilapidated traps. I remember starting from there one rainy night, with a little horse weak and thin from fallowing for wheat, hitched to a rattletrap of a four wheel, spring wagon, with Wilson Stamper, one of the boys, his trunk and two hundred and fifty pounds of salt pork for the hands. At Acquinton Hill,

some half mile long, and deep in mud, we got stuck. The horse was simply worn out, but by Wilson's shoving behind and my pulling by the shafts and directing the horse as best as I could in total darkness, we finally succeeded after many rests in getting to the top and home about ten— thirty P.M. My father met us at the door in his cheery way with "Well I knew you'd get here sometime." He had been through the war and expected everybody to accomplish what was entrusted to them, and had no use for any man who, as he said, "Always saw a lion in the path." It was all in a day's work with him.

I remember also my mother sending me to the store for something on one hot summer afternoon and procrastinating, I went upstairs and read one of those wretched, sad little books called the "Drayton Hall Series" in which the boy who went fishing on Sundays always got drowned. I was always dissolved in tears over these books and why I read them can't see. I looked out of the window and saw two of the neighborhood boys tying their horses, hitched to buggies, to trees in the yard, and went down and asked them into the house. When we got into the parlor, to my amazement I saw two girls, brought to pay a visit. I ducked and said I would tell mother and sister, went out, sent word to them, caught a horse and went on my errand to the store; when I got back there was the deuce to pay. Juliet had burst into tears and refused to go down, and when my mother made her do so, sat on the edge of her chair and didn't say a word. What I got I don't remember, but it was aplenty. We were both terribly bashful, inherited from my grandfather, I suppose. I suffered as much from that as any other thing in life until I was twenty five or twenty six, when it entirely vanished.

It was my job to hitch up, after catching the horses which usually ran in the yard, for everybody who used them, to go after cattle and sheep when the storms came up. They all ran loose on the farm in good weather. Storms sometimes came unexpectedly at night, and I have gotten up at two o'clock to go out in the snow to look for and house the sheep when lambing time was on. I used my father's overcoat, as I never owned one until I went to college. All teams were turned out on Sundays and had to be gotten up Sunday night. After church and dinner, it was my job to take one of the carriage horses and drive them up before night. When the school got big, this was a great lark in which all of the boys joined. Indeed, we had lots of fun Sunday, going to church as Mrs. Robinson's girls school was near, and they went to the same church. We had many fights, too, on Sunday, down at the willow tree where 1 cattle sheep and hogs were slaughtered. All fights were pulled off there. My father didn't mind, but my mother, when she found it out, made a terrible rumpuss. I remember she ran in on one between Carter Branch, Ed Tinsley and Blair Burwell. Carter was to fight them in turn. He whipped Ed, the only man he ever did whip, but Blair gave him all the thrashing he could until my mother hove in sight and broke it up, telling us how ungentlemanly it was, etc. - you know what a good woman thinks about fighting. Of course we had a baseball nine and played every spare moment. We used to play mostly against the Bonnie Blues, a nine composed of young men over in Hanover near Old Church with Edmund and Julian Ruffin in it. Being men, and we being boys,

some of us quite small, they nearly always beat us. On one occasion we had a big fox hunt. Col. Robins of Gloucester, a war friend of my father's, and a cousin-in-law of my mother's (He afterwards married Miss Sally Nelson. She is now Mrs. Sally Nelson Robins of the Va. Historical Society) rode up from Gloucester one time to pay us a visit. My father got up a fox hunt for him, as he was very fond of it. All the neighbors and a rack of about fifty hounds collected from the neighborhood (nearly every man around there had from half a dozen to a dozen) assembled at Pampatike. My father rode his mare Nellie, Co1. Robins the mare he had ridden up from Gloucester, and -the teacher was given my little horse, Star. All of us boys, some ten of us, were put on mules, bareback, with blind bridles.We started a red fox on the hillside overlooking the island. He took a circle around through the island, crossed the marsh, down to Pampatike landing, and then a straight shoot across the Pampatike and sandy fields up the ravine between Pampatike and Croxton out to the main road, and then up the road towards Manquin. The mules would not go off the place, so at the front road we had to quit, but in the meantime we had had the time of our lives, Mules jump alright and will follow first rate, but all of the boys were not the best riders and many a fall was gotten.

I learned to swim at Bosher's mill pond, and it was a treat when my mother allowed us to buy ten cents worth of ginger snaps and charge it. There never was any money. Everything had to be paid out of the crops, and when they failed or freshets came along and washed them away, as sometimes I have seen them do, there were hard times indeed. I had to hustle for all the money I got. I started out with a hen and a rooster given to me by an old negro, sold eggs and put the money with some Jimmy Ellerson (who lived with us for five years) had and we bought a sow. She had two pigs, and we divided, Jimmy taking the pigs and I taking the sow. After that she had fourteen or fifteen pigs every year. I would save one and fatten it for sale and sell the others when six weeks old. To feed these, my chickens, pigeons and a calf I had acquired, I used to rake the wheat fields one half for the other and make an acre or two of corn, with the tired mules which were resting, by working them part of the day. This money went for clothes and a few little trips I took to Aunt Anne Rutherfoord's and Aunt Sallie Bruce's, and once to Baltimore at Easter with Spencer France. That was the only time I had ever been out of Virginia before I was eighteen. Another job of mine was to look after the feeding Sunday morning and give my father a rest, and to help in summer about the crops. That is, hauling them, etc. where some responsible person who could carry the keys had to go along. One summer I handled three thousand bushels of wheat this way, lifting or carry it, twice.

Juliet and my mother and myself used to have chills, though my father, Spencer and Anne seemed to be immune, Mother and Juliet both had two congestive chills. In one of these Juliet came as near dying as any one I ever saw to live. They had hot bricks packed around her. There were no hot water bags in those days, certainly not at Pampatike, and Mammy Celia and myself rubbed her with mustard, while my father was administering quinine and trying to stimulate her in every way he could. Sometime during the night I was sent out to help a negro catch a horse and go ten

miles across the river after the doctor. It was summer and everything was turned out. We walked over to the quarters, some half a mile away, and nabbed an unsuspecting mule, upon which I got, and with the assistance of the negro tried to drive some houses to the barn, knowing that the mule wouldn't go off the place. Of course the horses went everywhere except to the stable, and it was impossible to get the mule to head them off whenever they took a wrong direction. We did, finally, get a horse however and sent the negro off after the doctor, who arrived about midday the next day when Juliet had gotten out of the chill. That I think was the most wretched night I ever spent, unless it was perhaps sometime during the two weeks at "Annefield" when I was nursing Juliet in typhoid fever before my mother and father came up and took charge. It was some time before Dr. Robt. Page of Berryville could determine whether it was typhoid or not, but he did. There never was a more attentive or better doctor, and I am sure he saved her life. I slept in the room with her on a pallet and looked after her. There were only my grandmother and grandfather, two old people, in the house. I remember distinctly trying to untangle her hair, which had finally to be cut off. I was always especially devoted to Juliet. We think and feel alike, too, I am sure, about most things.

The last two years I spent at Pampatike, from 1874 to 1876, was under Howard R. Bane, the teacher, a most severe taskmaster, but perfectly just and capable of getting more out of boys than any man I ever saw. During these two years I studied hard what was in the books and understood it better, too than I had over done before, though I was still not really interested. He started the boys, including myself, in gymnastics. We had parallel bars and a horizontal bar in the back yard, and he worked us up thoroughly in this line. We spent much of our spare time, including Saturdays, hunting and fishing with nets in the creek on the farm, but with it all we were all terribly poor. When I look back on my life at Pampatike, from the end of the war to 1876, I cannot see how I could have been so happy. It was continual struggle with poverty, and yet I was happy, the chief reason, I suppose, being youth and not knowing any other condition of things. I supposed that everybody had to be cold in winter and hot in summer. The house, being a frame house having only open fires, no stoves or furnace, and the windows and keyholes giving ample room for north winds, kept the house freezing cold all the winter. The fires were big, but while you roasted the front of you, the back was freezing. The country being low and flat and there being an abundance of mosquitoes and flies, the summer heat was just as uncomfortable as the cold of the winter.

When the girls came home for good, they improved things very much. They put stoves in the house, hung curtains, papered the rooms and painted the furniture, doing most of it with their own hands, and otherwise improved the conditions very much.

In the summer of 1876 I went to the Philadelphia Exposition with Willie Bruce, John Rutherfoord and Seddon Morson, a brother of Wyndham Meredith's wife. We spent most of our time at the Virginia House, put up on the Exposition grounds by old Mr. Booth of Virginia, and in looking for the butter woman. I do remember thinking

that the meerchaum pipes were beautiful. Returning from there, I went to the University of Virginia, probably the greenest man that ever went there. That is so far as knowledge of the world was concerned. I remember when we approached Charlottesville, all the boys on the train ran out to the front to see MonticelIo, and I hadn't the slightest idea what Monticello was or that Jefferson had built the University of Virginia. I did not know anything about lectures, and thought I had to stay in school all day, and so on and so on, but I kept my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut and went to work. Whenever I heard Wyndham Meredith, Dr. Bruns and other fellows who had been thrown with their fathers and brothers in discussions of literary and historical and political questions, which I knew nothing about (my father went to bed soon after supper to enable him to get up at daybreak), I would get a book on the subject and go down underneath the hills in front of east range, where my first room was, and learn about it. For the four years that I was there, I devoted myself to my studies, to athletics and to society, trying to learn about all three, and I believe that I got about as much good out of it as any man who ever went there. I finally graduated there in law in the summer of 1880, came to Richmond, and spent the first summer out at Gen. Wickham's, going out every afternoon and coming in every morning. For several years I had a hard struggle here. Wyndham Meredith, who had been kindness itself to me when I first went to the University, indeed introduced himself to me going up on the train, took me into partnership with him. We made very little at first, of course, but I eked out a living by teaching a Latin class in Mrs. Colson's and afterwards Miss Gussie Daniel's girls school from nine to half past nine, and George Lee's three boys, Arthur, Willie and George, mathematics from two to three, and reading with Willie Hanewinckle between six and eight in the afternoon. I also taught Connie Myers when Willie Hanewinckle stopped. In 1883