

BENJAMIN A. COLONNA

A BIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN AZARIAH COLONNA
OF ACCOMAC COUNTY, VIRGINIA, AND OF WASHINGTON, D.C.,
INCLUDING HIS CAREER AND HIS FAMILY LIFE

VOLUME I



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN AZARIAH COLONNA OF ACCOMAC COUNTY,
VIRGINIA, AND OF WASHINGTON, D.C., AND A SKETCH OF HIS ANCESTORS
AND THEIR WAY OF LIVING IN COLONIAL DAYS AND DURING THE EARLY
DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BEGUN MARCH 1st A. D. 1903.

PREFACE.

There is no written narrative of my ancestors and the memory of their days is rapidly passing. In a short while the early history of the family, its home life and early surroundings, which has been passed down by spoken words about the yule-log, by our good old people, will have passed, along with them, into the silence of the great forgotten past. That I may preserve these, I have imposed upon myself the task of historian, and I dedicate the following to my children, and thus through them to generations to come, trusting to find one, at intervals, who will take up and continue the work, to the end, that in the course of time we may know ourselves.

Benjamin Azariah Colonna
Sunday, March 1st, 1903.

138 B Street N. E.,
Washington, D.C.

CHAPTER I
GENEALOGY OF THE AMERICAN COLONNAS

Of the family before it came from Europe to America I know nothing, and I have not lost any sleep on that account. That it appeared in Virginia as early as A. D. 1661 I am quite certain.

The only written record of which I am aware is the will of Owen Connolly 1st, found in the court record of Accomac County 1693, a copy of which follows, and the family Bible of my Grandfather, Benjamin Colonna, the son of Major. This edition bears no date of publication or of issue. In the preface there is a reference to "The Oxford Edition of 1784 by Jackson and Hamilton", showing that the publication must have been after that date. On the title page, at the bottom, is printed:

"Steriotyped by E. White, New York"
"Edited by Robert P. Desilver
No. 255 Market Street
Philadelphia."

Washington D. C., June 30, 1914.

In order that I may preserve for the information of my children and other relatives some account of what I have heard and learned concerning our family, I make this dictation to daughter, Eileen A. Colonna, stenographer and typist.

I was born October 17, 1843, near Pungeteague in Accomac County, Virginia, about one mile from that village, on a road leading in a southwesterly direction to Craddockville. From my father, my uncles, and to a small degree from my grandfather, I learned many of the things which I shall narrate.

The ancestry of the people is recorded in the Bible which belonged to my Grandfather, and which is now in the possession of my family. This Bible was published in Philadelphia but bears no imprint of the date of publication, though I suppose it to have been about 1834.

From the records of Accomac County, Virginia, the following was extracted by my friend, Mr. Thomas T. Upsher, and presented to me.

* * *

"Extracts from the Will of Owen Collony, the first:

(Accomac Co. Va. Court records -- Vol. 1663 - 1666, p. 22. Dated August 17, 1663.

Owen Colonna: Name appears in the Certificate for 1500 Acres of land applied for by Lt. Col John West, Gent.

/Signed/Thos. T. Upsher

Massawoddox, Northampton Co., Va.
Oct. 1905)

"Son Owen, (2nd.) to have the plantation where he lived, containing 300 acres, 2 best feather beds in the two chambers below stairs, with curtains and vallens, and bedsteads, and all belonging to them, all wearing apparrell both linen and woolen, and his horse called 'Golding', and bridle and saddle and other furniture. The long table ye (undecipherable) wch will now form a three square table, a turned couch, six chairs, a large pair of andirons, two steelyards, a great one and a small one, a fire shovel and tongues, an hand mill, 2 guns, a large iron dripping pan, an iron spitt, a pair of bellows, an iron pot that is large, an iron kettle, a brass stew pan, a chafing dish and gridiron, and all other iron work that belong

to me, a looking glass, 2 casks of salt, and all other casks, old and new, and other wooden ware belonging to me. I give to my daughter Esther Sill, three pewter dishes, three saucers, three porringers, a pewter (undecipherable) the round table in ye hall, three flag chairs, and three plant bottom chairs, an hair couch, a feather bed that is in ye chamber above stairs with a pair of sheets, a pair of blankets, a rug belonging to it, two iron pots and pot hooks, one small and ye other large, two cows named "Cherry" and "Brindle", one piece of blue linen, one remnant of white linen, which I guess to be about eleven or twelve yards, 6 yards more white linen, bought of Rich and Lucas; a woman servant, Margaret Moon, a broadcloth waistcoat, 3 1/2 yards white linen bought of Rich and Lucas, also twq chests, one called a Dutch chest and the other the Elm chest; and to her daughter Eleanor Sill, one cow called Little Thing; and to the other daughter of Esther Sill named Susanna he gave one red Cow called Beggar. To her Grandson Bryan Collony he gave ye island neck of land up to the hdline towards Kellam's land, and bounding otherwise by ye 300a formerly given his father Owen Collony, also one cow called "Mealy Mouth", one Mare called Mall. I give unto my son-in-law William Sill 1/3 profits of an orchard on the land given unto my Grandson Brian Collony, for ye space of seven years, provided he will keep and maintain said orchard fence in sufficient repair, and I give him ye benefit of the great pasture for his own creatures in moyreeling (mireing) time, together with my son Owen Collony for ye space of four years provided he help my son Owen Collony to keep up and secure ye sd. pasture fence, same is to be understood my meaning about ye orchard fence, that he contribute due keep to me maintaining of ye fence. I give unto my son-in-law Stephen Warrington a Kersie gown lined with purple baze and his wife one cow called Prittie. I give unto Arnold Harrison my son-in-law a purple gown. To my son-in-law William Sill, a red penny stone waist coat, and remainder of his estate he gave to son Owen Collony and appointed him executor, but desired his friend Mr. Thomas Teackle to be overseer over what he had given to his Grandson Brian, and he gave to his daughter. Esther Sill the last of all, three pewter plates.

Dated Dec. 5, 1693"

Proven September 19, 1693-4 by oaths of Thomas Teackle and Provis Nelson, the witnesses to said will.

Following the general rule of the day, my early ancestors in this country were illiterates, and therefore, wherever the name was written it was always necessary that it be spelled by the writer phonetically. This gave rise to an almost unlimited number of ways of spelling it. After a few generations when the whole of them had learned to read and write, at the suggestion of Doctor Sherar of Pungoteague, the family, in August 1835, held a meeting at his house for the purpose of determining upon a uniform method of spelling the name. They deliberated all day, but could come to no conclusion and were about to leave for home when Doctor Sherar mounted a tumbler cart and addressing them, said that it was a pity that so large a family, occupying a good position in the neighborhood, should not be able to decide upon one particular way to spell the name, so that they might more readily trace their relationship in after years. He then said that since each one wished to have the name spelled as he spelled his and none was satisfied, he would propose a name to them which was not the exact name of anyone of them but was, nevertheless, a very honorable name of which none of them need be ashamed. He then proposed that they should call themselves "Colonna", which was like the spelling of the name of many of them but not exactly the same. They all agreed upon this and adopted the spelling "Colonna".

Thereupon my Grandfather, Benjamin Colonnny, being the oldest member of the family at that time and one of the old men of the county, dropped the "y" from his name and added "A", thus becoming Benjamin Colonna. The name was then, and was continued to be pronounced "Culny".

Grandfather at once secured a new Bible, the same that is now in my possession, and proceeded to have the family registered so far as descent was concerned, entered therein. This, in Grandfather's bible, is in the handwriting of my father John W. Colonna, and of this I herewith present a copy.

The following diagram has been made from the will of Owen Collony 1st recorded in Accomac Co. Court in Dec. 1793, and from Grandfather's Bible down to and including some of his grandchildren. Thence down from my father's Family Bible. Some of the collateral branches are from my own knowledge, and some are from Cap. John C. Watson, of Accomac and Northampton Counties, who died about 1896 at the age of 83 years.

ANCESTRY OF BENJ. A. COLONNA, BORN OCT. 17, 1843

1st Generation: OWEN COLLONY - 1st

Came from Great Britain to America in 1661. His will probated Dec. 1693. In this will is mentioned his son, Owen 2nd. The name of the wife of Owen 1st is unknown. The children as named in his will are Owen 2nd; Esther (Sill); a daughter, the wife of Stephen Warrington; a daughter, the wife of Arnold Harrison.

2nd Generation: OWEN COLLONY - 2nd

Owen 2nd, son of Owen 1st, married Wenefeth -- His son, Brian Collony -- this from the will of Owen 1st.

3d Generation: BRIAN COLLONY

Name of wife unknown: son Benjamin Collony 1st. Brian's identity is established by the will of Owen 1st.

4th Generation: BENJAMIN COLLONY 1st

Sone of Brian, born in Accomac Co., Va., June 16, 1701, died in Accomac Co. Va., April 2, 1776; Married Esther Whales, daughter of Wm., born in Accomac Co., Va. Aug. 20, 1709, and had a son Major Collony, born July 22, 1736.

5th Generation:

No. 1. MAJOR COLLONY

Born July 22, 1736 and died Nov. 3, 1811, American soldier in Revolutionary War.

1st wife: Joice Hutchinson married Mar. 30, 1760

2nd wife: Peggy Watson, married May 5, 1775 in Accomac Co. Va.

5th Generation:

No. 2. JOICE COLLONY

Born Sept. 2, 1740, died Oct. 17, 1773, no record that she ever married.

6th Generation:
Born of Major
and his 1st
wife
Joice Hutchman

No. 1. Elizabeth Collony
Born Apr. 24, 1761
Died Feb. 12, 1794
Did Not Marry.

No. 2. BENJAMIN COLLONY
Born Feb. 16, 1763
Died July 1, 1851, American
soldier Revolutionary War
and War of 1812. Married
July 29, 1802 to Elizabeth
Beach (B Oct. 17, 1784 D.
Jan. 18, 1848)

No. 3. Major Collony
Born Apr. 24, 1766
Died Apr. 16, 1769, a child
of 3 yrs.

No. 4. John Collony
Born Feb. 16, 1769
Died Apr. 20, 1783

No. 5. Susan Collony
Born Feb. 16, 1771
Died Apr. 20, 1836
Married Aug. 10, 1811 to
Benj. Watson (b. May 28, 1767)

6th Generation cont.
Born of Major
and his 2nd wife
Peggy Watson

No. 6. Major Collony
Born Feb. 17, 1776
Died Sept. 21, 1823

No. 7. Watson Collony
Born Apr. 17, 1777
Died
First wife Peggie Bailey
2nd wife Rose Fowler

No. 8. Joshua Collony
Born Dec. 15, 1778
Died
Enlisted in U. S. Navy about
1810 and was never heard
from again. Had violent
temper.

- No. 9. Edward Collony
 B May 19, 1781
 D Sept. 25, 1795
- No. 10. Eburn Collony
 B Dec. 3, 1782
 D
 Married Mary Lawson
- No. 11. Mary Collony
 B Dec. 5, 1784
 D
- No. 12. Peggy Collony "Aunt Peggy"
 B Oct. 10, 1786
 D June 1870
 Married Jephtha Doughty.
 She, in her old age, raised the
 children of John W. Colonna. She
 was a first class woman.
- No. 13. Joice Collony
 B Feb. 14, 1789
 D
 Married Upsher Folio
- No. 14. John A. Collony
 B Feb. 3, 1794
 D Nov. 8, 1794
- No. 15. James Collony
 B Dec. 12, 1796
 D

Here, for the sake of uniformity in the spelling of the name,
 "COLONNA" was adopted.

- | | |
|--|---|
| . 7th Generation:
Born of Benjamin
and his wife
Elizabeth Beach | <p>No. 1. Patrick B. Colonna
 B May 28, 1803
 D Mar. 13, 1843 Bachelor</p> <p>No. 2. JOHN WATSON COLONNA
 B Aug. 15, 1805 1st wife 11/30/1836
 D Apr. 8, 1871 Sarah Boggs
 B Apr. 2, 1813
 D Oct. 3, 1841
 2nd wife Dec. 17, 1842
 MARGARET JONES B June 6, 1818
 D Dec. 30, 1856</p> |
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- No. 3. Major B. Colonna
 B Sept. 22, 1808
 D Feb. 16, 1853
 M Sallie Beach
- No. 4. Mary R. Colonna
 B Aug. 28, 1810
 D
 M John R. Doughty
- No. 5. Abel B. Colonna
 B Oct. 14, 1813
 D Mar. 12, 1872
 M Margaret Powell about 1839
- No. 6. Elizabeth E. Colonna
 B Aug. 26, 1815
 D June 5, 1836
 Unmarried
- No. 7. Joice Colonna
 B Aug. 6, 1818
 D Aug. 11, 1818
- No. 8. Benjamin S. Colonna
 B July 24, 1820
 D Nov. 3, 1861
 M Mollie Powell
- No. 9. George Colonna
 B June 15, 1822
 D June 20, 1822
- No. 10. Joice S. Colonna
 B Apr. 27, 1824
 D Oct. 14, 1826
-

8th Generation
 Born of
 John Watson Colonna
 1st, by Sarah Boggs
 his first wife one,
 all others by second
 wife Margaret Jones

- No. 1. John Thomas Colonna, son of Sarah
 B Jan. 28, 1840
 D May 11, 1864
 Murdered along with 5 other
 prisoners in cold blood by
 the 26th Mass. Negro Regi-
 ment under Col. Draper
- No. 2. BENJAMIN AZARIAH COLONNA, SON of M.J.
 B Oct. 17, 1843
 D Mar. 11, 1925
 M Fannie Bindon Bailey at

Washington D. C. Nov. 3, 1890,
who was born Feb. 18, 1862
and died Feb. 7, 1941.

- No. 3. Elizabeth Esther Colonna
B Oct. 1, 1845
D June 25, 1945
M Capt. Eldred R. Holt
who died Oct. 13, 1860,
murdered by a negro who
entered his store.
M George Jones of Norfolk, VA.
The two children by this
marriage both died.
- No. 4. Sarah Cornelia Colonna
B Aug. 20, 1847
D Mar. 29, 1870
M Louis W. Stewart in May 1869
A son, Cornelius C., was
born Mar. 28, 1870, (d. 1930)
and his mother died next day.
Cornelius married Hannah
who later married John Lingo
of Pungoteague, Va.
- No. 5. Charles Jones Colonna
B Aug. 28, 1849
D
M Maggie Dunstan of Norfolk, Va.
in 1877, who died June 1893
leaving 6 children.
M Fannie Fentress of Norfolk, Va.
Jan. 30, 1902, one child
Bruce.
- No. 6. Major D. Colonna
B Aug. 22, 1852
D
M Lizzie of
Chester, Pa., no issue
- No. 7. Rebecca Robb Colonna
B Sept. 24, 1854
D Wed. Sept. 30, 1863, of
diphtheria. Yankees would
not allow doctor until Father
took allegiance to the U. S.,
and it consumed precious time and
proved fatal.

No. 8. was a baby boy, stillborn, Dec. 29, 1856.
Mother died Dec. 30 and was buried Dec. 31, 1856. Then, in about
6 days, say Jan. 6th, came the Great Blizzard, freezing Chesapeake
Bay from shore to shore.

No. 8. Baby Boy, still born, Dec. 29, 1856.
Mother died Dec. 30 and was buried
Dec. 31, 1856. Then in about 6 days,
say Jan. 6th, came the Great Blizzard,
freezing Chesapeake Bay from shore to
shore.

9th Generation
Children of
Benjamin Asariah
and Fannie Bindon
Railey.

- No. 1. Benjamin Bindon Colonna
Born Sat. Aug. 22, 1891, died same
day, He was a fine, large
boy with spot or flenish,
138 B St., N. E., Wash., D.C.
- No. 2. Eileen Alton Colonna
B Sunday Dec. 18, 1892 at 7.15 a. m. at
138 B N. E., Washington, D. C.
- No. 3. Benj. Allison Colonna
B Monday Nov. 12, 1894 at 138 B N. E.
- No. 4. Fannie Bindon Colonna
B Tuesday, June 8, 1897, at 138 B N. E.
- No. 5. John Owen Colonna
B Thursday, Apr. 25, 1901 at 138 B
- No. 6. Flora Colonna
B Wed. Sept. 23, 1904 at 138 B

ANCESTRY OF

MARGARET JONES who married JOHN WATSON COLONNA

1st Generation RAMSEY, an Englishman and a staunch royalist, married a Miss Westervelt of Dutch parentage; both families were noted ship builders. They were married prior to the Revolutionary War, and during that war they went to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

2nd Generation ESTHER RAMSEY, daughter of Ramsey and Westerrett married Amos Cheney, a master ship carpenter, before or during the Revolution.

3rd Generation Son, entered U. S. N. in 1812 and was lost.
Children of
Esther Ramsey Son, entered U. S. N. in 1812 and was lost.
and Amos Cheney James, a plumber in Brooklyn, N. Y., and an eccentric man. No record as to his marriage.

AMOS CHENEY, Married Miss Bergh, daughter of Christian Bergh, a noted shipbuilder, whose yard, on the East River, N. Y., was near Rutger's Station.

4th Generation Esther Cheney, who married George Conklin, ship carpenter. Two of the children were alive in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1902.
Children of
Amos Cheney Cornelia Cheney: Married John A. Robb, Schtchman from Nova Scotia, the father of the shipbuilding business of Baltimore, his clippers being famous. Their children were:
and his wife 1 James Robb, who married a Dorsey
 Bergh 2 John A. Robb, who married Mary Pugh of Hartford Co., Md., and raised Mary, Dr. John A., and Gertrude Robb
all of N. Y. 3 Charlotte: did not marry
 4 Eliakim: several children
 5 Rebecca: married Willard Hinckly, minister

MARIA CHENEY: who married Azariah Jones, all of Brooklyn, N. Y. Their children were: 1 Charles Jones died young, Cornelia did not marry. 3, MARGARET JONES, married Capt. John W. Colonna of Accomac Co., VA. see 7th generation.

Julia A. Cheney: Married Joseph Cuivado a Minorcan, who kept hotel near navy yard gate in Brooklyn. He died in 1851 leaving a son Frank Ouivado, who was (about 1869) a Park Commissioner in Brooklyn. He died about 1898 leaving no children.

Jane Cheney: Married Dr. Ripley Adams and moved to Ohio.

Note: I remember, once, about 1852, a visit that Grandmother Cheney (Born Bargh) paid my mother. She came from Adams' in Ohio. She was a violent abolitioniat and soon had the whole neighborhood of Pungoteague in such an uproar that we had to send her away.

B. A. Colonna

Charlotte Cheney: Married Nathaniel B. Peed of Norfolk, Va., leaving one son, Charles Peed of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was owner and proprietor of the Pierrupoint House on Montague St., for many years.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS OF THINGS AND AFFAIRS
ON MY GRANDFATHER'S FARM AT HIS HOME NEAR
PUNGOTEAGUE IN ACCOMAC COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

The homestead itself consisted of one hundred acres with the dwellings and many other outbuildings in the center of the tract. There were other lands belonging to my Grandfather, some of them joining the homestead tract and others some miles distant, at a place called Ames' Ridge. The homestead was about 3/4 of a mile distant from Nandua Creek, at a place where my Grandfather used to have his canoes and perogues kept. There were orchards of peaches, apples, figs, pears and one pomegranite and many other fruits in great abundance. The house had two large rooms below and two rooms in a finished attic. I was born in the larger or southern room below, on Oct. 17, 1843. At the time of my birth my father was in the steam boat service between Baltimore and the Eastern Shore, being first mate. He often related to us many of the incidents in connection with the steamboat service of these early days. His description of the first line of steamers on Chesapeake Bay, which plied between Baltimore and Port Deposit was particularly interesting. This steamer, called "The State of Maryland" was built of wood, copper fastened throughout, had copper boilers, and everything else of that material where it could be used. The piston rods and some other small matters about the engine were of iron or steel. The captain of this steamer was named Fairbanks, the engineer was named McCullough, and my father was first mate on the steamer. She used pine wood for fuel and there were no staterooms on board. The passengers were quartered on Barges or canal boats which were towed by the steamer. She would take up a barge at Baltimore Harbor at 4 P. M. and tie up at the wharf at Port Deposit at twelve P. M., hook on to another barge at 12 and be in Baltimore at 8 o'clock the next morning. This arrangement soon broke up the stage line between Baltimore and Port Deposit, because it enabled passengers from north or south to make the journey between Port Deposit and Baltimore without the loss of a night's sleep. Capt. Fairbanks never went on the steamer, but was with the passengers on the barge, which was towed by the steamer. It seemed to have been in the minds of both Captain and passengers that it would be a little exciting to be along when the steamboat blew up, which, of course, they were kind enough to imagine was sure to occur. This line was a great success and was improved from time to time as found practicable.

The next steamer, built for Chesapeake Bay Service, was the Thomas Jefferson, which plied between Baltimore and Rappahannock River points as far up as Fredericksburg and return. She made two trips every week. On this steamer the passengers were carried in staterooms on deck and the arrangement, though much simpler, was

similar to that on river and bay boats to this day. This boat too burned pine wood. She carried freight on the main deck just as river boats do now-a-days. On account of some jealousy that arose on the part of Capt. Fairbanks, my father left the steamboat service.

Going back to my Grandfather's farm, my earliest recollections were of Grandfather, Grandmother, the old servants, and the gathering of my uncles and aunts there on Sunday afternoons. My father did not live at my grandfather's house when I can first remember, but he had a store and a dwelling on the county road near the western boundary of Grandfather's land and not far from a branch which flowed down into Nandua creek. I suppose that my very earliest recollections are gathered about this little home and country store.

The first words that I ever spoke were "Water Snake". I could not have been more than a year and a half old, perhaps not that old, when one summer morning I toddled across the road to the wood pile to see what was interesting quite a crowd of people. Peering in between their legs I saw a colored servant named Jake put something on a block and take an axe and cut its head off. It was a water snake, and I was so horrified, that hearing someone say "Water Snake" I spoke the words right out -- "Water snake."

Another instance, perhaps not quite so early as this, I believe it was in the fall following the summer, was in connection with the family cow. She was in a little yard which had fences skirted with pine straw to make her comfortable during the winter. A little calf had come during the night and I was all curiosity to see it, so I slipped in behind my father, and being filled with delight I was about to caress the calf when the mother cow, filled with indignation, caught her horns in my clothes, gave me a toss, and I landed outside the aforesaid barricade. I landed on my feet and screamed lustily as I ran towards the house.

The living room, which was connected by a colonnade with the store, was heated by a Franklin, a kind of open, cast iron stove, the front of which, however, was much like that of an open fireplace. The fuel used in this was wood.

When about three years old and in the summer time, my mother, who was sewing beneath a beautiful walnut tree that grew in the yard, sat me in her big workbasket with my sister Elizabeth opposite me. By some means, I do not know just what, my sister got my finger in her mouth and bit me badly. I can remember that mother gave her a good spanking for it.

Sitting beneath this big walnut tree I used in the summertime to look at the sky and see the clouds drifting by. Grandmother was dead then, and I used to imagine that some cloud looked like her sitting in a rocking chair, and that other clouds looked like other people, and it was quite a favorite theme of mine to discuss these.

We had a neighbor who owned a great number of curs (cur dogs) and these were a nuisance throughout the neighborhood. They were making soap out in an open grove to the leaward of the house and these dogs came at night and tore the tops off the kettles and were just eating everything that was in sight. My father caught up his gun, and going out of the house, fired two loads into the pack of them. There was a great yelping and he came back to bed. The next morning there were seven dead dogs on the premises. Two seemed to have gone back to their master's and when he found that the other dogs did not come home, and looking around the neighborhood found that they were dead at our house, he came up to hold an inquest. He grieved very heavily over the loss of his dogs, but the sentiment of the neighborhood was that they had been mercifully dealt with.

A feature of my life at this little home was the cent cakes that I bought from old colored mammies as they were carrying them to Pungoteague for sale. There were round, about 4 inches across of top with a glazed surface, and in my opinion there have never been any cakes made from that time to this that were half as good.

There were no intoxicants of any kind sold at the little store, my father being a member of the "Sons of Temperance", but I can remember well the loaves of sugar, the casks of brown sugar, hogsheads of molasses, and so forth, that constituted part of the stock. Powder and shot were also much in demand because, in those days, game was plentiful both on the land and water.

In my early days my mother's cousin, John A. Robb 2nd, came on a visit to us and remained all winter. I can remember some of the instances of his visit. He was a great huntsman and during the winter he found where the robins were roosting and would go to the robin roost occasionally and bag a number. He also found where the crows roosted and used to pay his respects to them. I suppose I was about 4 years old at the time he was paying us this visit.

A neighbor named Thomas H. Selby came to the store one Saturday afternoon and while balancing his gun, muzzle down, on the top of his boot, it went off and shot him through the foot. It is strange what an impression this accident made upon my mind, but I never forgot any of the details of it to this day, nor of my being carried to visit him by my father, while he was confined to the house.

My visits from this little home to Grandfather's house were always made along a path which led between the two houses. Grandfather's place at this early age seemed to me like a great city. There were numbers of colored people and two or three old white ladies in my Grandfather's home. The quarter kitchen, a large affair, used as the home of the colored people, was a source of everlasting interest to me. The barns and stables were well filled and the pastures full of cattle. Grandfather had his own tannery and shoe shop where leather was made and converted into shoes. He had his own weaving house where cotton raised on the place and wool from the backs of his own sheep was converted into clothing. The ashes that were burned from the wood throughout the winter were used in making soap which was of superior quality, and for keeping a large trough full of lye for use at any time. But the great curiosity to me was old Uncle Sam and the cider press and so forth, and the brandy stills.

Grandfather not only converted all his own apples and peaches into brandy, but all that he could buy up, in the vicinity, he converted into brandy. These brandies were sold in London, and the merchants there who purchased them always sent barrels to be filled with it to my grandfather. These barrels were of beautiful finish and every hoop was wound with rattan, so that you could not see the hickory from which it was manufactured. Old Uncle Sam, who attended to the stills and so forth, was an industrious old man and thoroughly trustworthy. There was another old colored man named Sambo, but he could never be trusted anywhere near the stills because of his inclination to drink. Grandfather, in his old age, took a toddy three times a day before meals, and on these occasions Uncle Sam would always be found at the front door; and Grandfather, before drinking his own, always took half of it in a glass and going to the door presented it to Uncle Sam. The bows that Uncle Sam made on these occasions were worthy of a Chesterfield. Poor old Sambo never got any of these drinks because of his unfortunate inclination to drink too much.

In visiting my grandmother, after she was confined to her bed in her old age, she always made very much of me and would present me with a piece of peppermint candy which she would take from a reticule which hung from the mantelpiece near the head of her bed. When she died I was about six years old and her loss seemed to me to be irreparable. I can remember her funeral and her interment in what remains to this day our cemetery lot, and is about half a mile from my Grandfather's place, but not on it, however.

Grandfather's house of a Sunday afternoon was a pretty lively place when all of his children and their wives and their children were assembled there. The table was always loaded with most excellent food in great abundance. Some of the things which I can remember were puffs, of delightful pastry, baked in little tins and filled with sweet preserves of various kinds and with thick cream on top. There was always fish, clams, oysters, and so forth in great abundance from the waters of Nandua Creek and Chesapeake Bay. The wild game, ducks, geese, quail, and so forth, were abundant in season, all caught by some of the young negro men who spent considerable time in doing so.

Grandmother had not been dead very long when Grandfather determined to break up his house and distribute his property among his children and live with them, turn and turn about. He did this until he died. In dividing the estate the old colored people and the home place fell to my father. The younger colored people and the cash and so forth fell to my uncles and aunts, so that Father practically found himself managing the old place after Grandfather's death, but my Mother was a city woman and while she was capable of and did vastly improve the buildings and the farm, many of the old Southern customs that she found there gradually fell away. The orchards which were getting old were allowed to decay and the glories of the old place as an old-time Southern home passed away with Grandfather. The little home in which my earliest years were spent, the store and dwelling at the road, were converted into other uses and finally entirely disappeared. So that when I was about six years old I found myself living with my parents at the old homestead, and it was from there that I first attended school.

THE PEOPLE IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

My father's sister Mary married Mr. John R. Doughty of Northampton, and when I first knew them they were settled at "The Folly" near Accomac Court House, in Accomac County, Va. Uncle John later bought "Sylvan Retreat", a body of three or four hundred acres of land lying between our house and Pungoteague, and it was here that I learned to know and to love Aunt Mary and her children. I suppose that I was about ten years old when Aunt Mary came to live at "Sylvan Retreat" and the young cousins whom she brought with her were certainly a very delightful set of companions for us. Uncle John was a strong Methodist and his house was headquarters for the Methodist preacher who had charge of that circuit. Every two weeks regularly you would find him there with his family if he had one.

Grandfather's books, of which there were a number, such as Addison's Spectator, The Life of Dr. Johnson, Fox's Book of Martyrs, etc., were all taken by Aunt Mary at the division of the estate, and in these books I used to find many an hour of real pleasure.

MY UNCLE, ABEL COLONNA

To reach his house we passed through Pungoteague, turning down the Hack's Neck road and proceeding about half a mile from the village you would come to Uncle Abel's gate on the left. The house sat at the end of a long road upon the banks of Nandua creek. Directly across the little gut to the southward was the house of Doctor Sherar, while to the northward was the home of Mr. John Read. Uncle Abel had two or three children, the only ones to reach maturity being my cousin, Arthur B. Colonna, and his sister Sue, who married Mr. George Knock, whose farm was just a little further down the creek on the Hacks Neck side.

MY UNCLE, BENJAMIN S. COLONNA WHO MARRIED THE SISTER OF MY UNCLE ABEL'S WIFE, A MISS MARY POWEL.

Uncle Ben moved many times during my childhood, but the most prominent place in which he lived was at the landing on Nandua Creek, from which we always started on our fishing, clamming, and hunting trips on the water. The pirogues were kept here and we had a boathouse on the shore in which many things were stored. We had a reel where we kept a small seine which we used at various places on Nandua Creek when we required fish in considerable quantities. There were several children born to Uncle Ben, but the only one to reach maturity was my cousin Betty B. who married Mr. Major Wise of Accomac. After the death of my Uncle Ben, Aunt Mary married Mr. John Hyslop, who lived beyond Craddockville in Craddock Neck. By Mr. Hyslop she had two or three sons who grew to maturity, the elder being Dr. Hyslop whose residence was at Bell Haven.

MY UNCLE, MAJOR D. COLONNA

This uncle of mine was a house carpenter and lived at a place near Middlesex, where besides carrying on his trade he tended the mill which ground corn meal and flour for the neighborhood. The only child Uncle Major raised was Henrietta, who married Mr. Able T. Ashby of Occohannock Neck in Northampton County, Va. This cousin was, from the time she was about ten years old, reared in my father's family and we knew no difference between her and our own sisters. She was a woman of strong character high principles and a most lovely disposition and was the mother of an extensive family.

MY UNCLE, PATRICK COLONNA

Grandfather's oldest son, Patrick, never married. He was killed in his young manhood by a fall from the roof of the Universalist Church which he was engaged in building near Bellehaven.

✓ This ends a survey of the names, etc., of the children of my Grandfather, Benjamin. Among our other neighbors were a second cousin to my father, James Doughty, the son of Peggy who was the daughter of Major. Cousin Jimmy was a thrifty man, one of the neatest in person that I have ever known. While he was accomplished as a house carpenter, he was also a farmer and his land, which joined ours to the southwest, became, under his management, a model. He could dress in white linen, attend to all the duties of the farm, oversee his men, go into the field and plow all day, and at night be as neat and clean as he was in the morning. I never saw him in an untidy condition under any circumstances. He married a Miss Westcoat and left several children. The best known of them was Leonadas Rosser Doughty, who was for many years mayor of Onancock and a man of the very highest standing.

Across the field and at the southeast corner of our place was the home of Thomas H. Selby, who came from the Eastern Shore of Maryland and married Mrs. Milby. Mr. Selby was a very interesting character and some of his oddities we will allude to by-and-by.

To the north of us was our neighbor Mr. Richard J. Ayers. Mr. Ayers, and his good wife Leah, raised two children. James Ayers lived his life in the neighborhood of Pungoteague and Richard J. moved to Baltimore and married a lady from the Valley of Virginia, I think near Winchester. Richard J. Ayers was one of my most intimate boyhood friends. We loved one another as brothers. There was never a cross word passed between us and for over seventy years this life of friendship and goodwill has continued uninterrupted.

Mr. Richard T. Ames of Middlesex,
Mr. Dough Mears who lived between us and Middlesex,
Mr. Christopher Satchel who lived on Occohannock
The Hacks who lived on Nandua,
The Taylors who lived on Pungoteague Creek,
Mr. Levy D. Dix who lived at Pungoteague and subsequently
with my father, and hundreds of others too numerous to mention
were families of my father's generation. This statement will
enable one to read the following narrative with some idea of the
identity of the people named.

CLAMMING, FISHING, ETC.

Let us say that this is the month of August and that we will go down clamming on the shores of Chesapeake Bay near the mouth of Nandua Creek where we have had so many good times. We will take a ten gallon runlet (keg) of good water and we will take this from our own well at home because Uncle Ben's well at the landing has a peculiar odor. Next, as there will be six of us, we will take a big bushel basket of luncheon, coffee and sugar, bread, and bacon, besides a frying pan and the coffee boiler. We will take our fishing lines, because when we stop clamming we expect to fish a bit. We also take our guns, powder and shot, our crabbing nets, clam rakes, etc.; finding a full complement of other articles down at the landing.

It is now after twelve o'clock and we have had our dinners, so we will have a colored boy drive us down to the landing and bring the cart back home. In the party are my brother John, Father, one of Uncle John Doughty's sons, and myself and a colored man. We can make a tent out of the sails of the boat, by spreading them out and tying them together after the manner of fishermen. We will soon be at the landing and there will be the pirogue, a very substantial well-built boat, about thirty feet long. We stow our belongings away in her, quickly spread the sails and under my father's skillful hand we are soon sailing out of the cove into the main creek and on our way to Chesapeake Bay. As we go, we throw a line astern and thus trolling we catch one or two fish which we can have prepared on our way down for supper.

Passing out from the creek into the open Bay there seems to be a different tone to the air; the atmosphere has become more bracing and healthful on the Bay. We do not have to go far south along the shore of Chesapeake Bay before we arrive at the place where the clams are. The first thing is to furl the sails, anchor the boat, and put on our working clothes. Then we catch clams. We do this by walking around in the water about waistdeep and catch clams by shoving the clam rake before us. When the rake strikes a clam it feels as if it had struck a stone, but as there are no stones on this bottom we take up the clam and drop it into a bag which is suspended in front from the neck. After an hour of clamming we will have perhaps one or two hundred clams per man, perhaps more, according to the luck we have and our skill in catching clams. Then we go on shore and make our camp.

We have eel grass for a bed and it is dry, soft, and comfortable. All preparations being made we start the colored man boiling coffee and preparing our luncheon, cooking the fish, etc., sometimes making a clam chowder. While this is going on others of us will

take the guns and go around the shore to look for birds, coming back with some half dozen, maybe a dozen, of curlew. These the colored men pick, and afterwards we can place a little salt on the inside of them laying them away in the boat which is anchored within reach of the shore and to which we wade backwards and forwards.

Our repast is not served on silver dishes. Gourds and tin cups serve for water and coffee, and no coffee ever tasted so nice as this, the primitive manner of making and serving it perhaps having much to do with this delightful memory; moreover we had all the health and hunger of early manhood.

Night coming on, we fall asleep and enjoy the sleep of the righteous, unless the flies wake us up. The mosquitoes seldom come near the surf. If the sand flies come, we simply have to cover ourselves up close in our blanket and sweat it out.

By dawn in the morning we are up and about, breakfast is being prepared, and before the sun rises we are clamming again. This work we will generally pursue as long as the tide is low enough. We always come to clam at a time when there is low water night and morning as the best clams are far out and we can then reach them. By ten or eleven o'clock we will be through and going for home with a great heap of clams in the middle of the pirogue.

When we get to the fishing ground which is about half a mile within the mouth of the creek, a place which has been known as the finest around on the creek for hook-and-line fishing for many generations, we take down our sails and stick our pole up in the mud, no one here fishing with an anchor but always with a pole which is stuck in the bottom and to which the boat is tied.

It is no use to fish at any time unless it is high or low water slack, and at such time it will not be many minutes before we are hauling them in hand over hand, and they are a most delightful fish, the mullet, the spot, blue fish, bay mackerel, and trout in great abundance. During thirty minutes we will take all the fish that we need, all in fact that we can consume before they would spoil. Then we will sail away towards the landing from whence we started. Here we will take the cart to go home. During our trip up all hands will be cleaning fish. They will be scaled and cleaned and slightly salted. This I have never known to fail to preserve the fish. In the morning they will be in fine condition for breakfast and keep, without spoiling at all, even in the hottest weather.

Each man takes his share of clams when we get to the landing place, generally by count, but as Uncle John's son, and maybe one of the colored men from Uncle John's house being the only ones there would be in division, they generally take what they want and leave the rest. The rest of the fish we then put in the cart. It made a big load and it was all we could do to get them home.

There they were put in the coolest place we had, the cider house, and covered with a tarpaulin. The fish were salted away in a pail which was closed tightly, and at the end of a rope they were lowered into a well which was near the kitchen. There they remained cool and kept well until consumed. Being in a tight pail they never interfered with the water in the well at all.

As a boy, my favorite way of cooking clams was to make fritters of them, though I always liked a clam chowder. The small clams were a delightful entree during meals. They were sometimes roasted and served in great heaping piles upon the table with vinegar or pepper as desired.

On these clamming expeditions Father was always most excellent company, full of anecdote and information on almost every subject that came within our reach. Often what would otherwise have been a dull trip was turned by him into a delightful entertainment. The joy of these trips to us boys was something that none of us will ever forget. Often down at the beach we would meet canoes and boats of our neighbors and I remember that they all would say that wherever Cap'n John might lead an expedition in clamming there were a plenty of clams for he seemed to know where they were. Sometimes we met a large crowd of people from home clamming. We bore in mind that we had to have low water because then we could get out far in the Bay where the clams grew better. No matter how many people there were the clams were always plentiful enough for all.

THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED CAMP MEETING

If you have never been to a good old-fashioned camp meeting in Virginia, it is probable that you never will be for it seems to me that they must necessarily have passed away and could not be reproduced unless you could reproduce the exact conditions under which they were held in the days of slavery.

Early in the Spring, the heads of families began to make preparation for the camp meeting. Consultations were held, sites for the camp were selected, and all of the plans necessary to entertain a very large assemblage of people were made that no one should be left without a bed who wished to remain all night, and that no one should go hungry, thirsty, or unhoused so far as they could possibly help it.

The plan of the camp was generally laid out in an oak grove near some branch where there was an abundance of running water. This was necessary on account of the large number of horses that were present every day and many of them thought the night. The plan of the camp embraced, first, in the center, a large bower covered with bushes, at one end of which was the pulpit, and in front of that came the mourner's bench, and immediately back of that the row of seats on which the congregation would assemble. The bower itself, with the necessary seats, would

perhaps shelter a thousand people, while another thousand could easily stand around under the shade of the trees in the vicinity, so that the congregation of two thousand people would not be crowded.

This was surrounded by the tents in which the people were to live. The tents spread across the two sides and at the pulpit end of the meeting place. The third side was open, and through and beyond that third side was the meeting place for the colored people who had their own preachers, exhorters, and benches, etc. And about this the tents were arranged in a similar manner to the white people's camp. The tents were inferior to those of the masters, but gave the colored people an opportunity for identically the same performance that the white people had.

It would be enough, perhaps, if I described one tent and say that the others were practically the same. The front tent generally a structure of twenty by thirty, was public assembly hall in the day time, and at night a lodging room. Back of this was another tent about the same size which was used as a dining tent, and it too had a number of beds and bedding. The tents were generally floored with rough boards, which were covered with straw. Behind the dining tents was a large open space in which were the kitchen fires. Beyond this open space was a tent of sufficient size for all of the colored servants of the family and their children, if they had any.

Outside of, and surrounding the camp meeting, were a number of hitching posts and places where horses were tied. There was generally a provisioner upon the grounds who would furnish feed for horses at a moderate charge.

Mixed up with this assemblage of carts and horses was a number of old colored people, generally well known throughout the whole county, who had fried chicken, patties, sweet potatoes, pies, cakes, and last but not least, ice cream. These old venders had been at the business so long, and were so well known throughout the country, being generally servants of some well to-do family, that each had a reputation of his own.

The daily routine in this camp was: prayers before breakfast, with a hymn and maybe some Bible recitation, a hearty breakfast, the nine o'clock service, a recess, dinner at noon, the two-o'clock service, supper, and the evening service which generally began at eight o'clock. These services were unique. The ministers gave a good healthy oration with Hell and Damnation enough to suit the most exacting. At the end of the sermon the appeal to the passions of the people, their fears and credulities, was terrific. Active workers, exhorters, or proselytes, would go through the

audience and appeal to anyone they happened to see, to come to the mourners' bench. They would be led up to the alter, the rough bench that surrounded the pulpit, and exhorted to confess their sins. After thirty minutes or so of this, the exhorters would prevail on some of them to rise. Now, to rise from the mourners' bench was an exciting experience. Men and women would jump up and scream in an incoherent manner and keep on screaming and shouting until they fell to the floor in a trance. I have seen people lying in a trance for hours, apparently dead, but breathing. Occasionally, when one came out from a trance, they would be happy and a smiling, and exhibit every sign of having beaten the devil and they would remain happy all the rest of the meeting. Others would be at the mourners' bench four or five days and not get through, and a number would not get through at all.

They sang the old-fashioned hymns from the old fashioned Methodist Hymn book altogether by ear, and sometimes by the ministers giving out two lines at a time from some well-known hymn; when they were sung he would give out two more lines, etc.

I will say, to the credit of a camp meeting, that I don't remember ever having seen a collection taken up at one. It was an affair of the people, and though ministers were always present, they didn't seem to be very bossy. These camp meetings generally lasted one week, at the end of which the tents were struck and everybody got back home. It is pretty safe to say that at the end of that camp meeting there had been great havoc among the chickens, for fried chicken was the great dish of the camp meeting. I do not mean to say that they did not have other foods, but fried chicken was there first, last, and all the time.

I never knew a camp meeting in my life that was not visited at some time during its progress by a tremendous storm which would pull down some tents surely, and wet everybody more or less.

The colored people's section of the camp meeting was run about like the white people's, except that the time of service varied a little, so that the colored people could come and listen to what was going on at the white people's meeting, and the white people could see what was going on at the colored people's meeting. The colored people were always more carried away by the excitement than the white, and where there would be one trance of some mourner as he came from the mourner's bench among the white people, there would be two and maybe three trances among the colored people. There were no police or officers of the peace or anything of that sort at these camp meetings. I never saw any boisterous behaviour, nor anything that would meed the service of the police. The people were impressed with two things, first, that it was an occasion calling for their best conduct as it was a religious festival, and second, that they were present for a good time and not, for rowdying.

Although liquor was for sale all over the county, and a drink could be had in many of the tents of the faithful, I never saw a drunken man or any men even slightly under the influence of liquor at a camp meeting. In fact, on the whole, I believe that the people were seen at a camp meeting under the most favorable conditions; such very earnest, quiet, God-fearing people were a credit to the county and to themselves.

GATHERING BIRD'S EGGS, FISHING,
CLAMMING, ETC., ON THE SEA SIDE.

The mainland of the peninsula is separated from a long sand bank which skirts the Atlantic shore on the east side by a broad shallow body of water, called the "Broad Water". The Broad Water is divided into various sections, for instance, Machapongo Bay, Broad Bay, Chinchoteague Bay, etc. These broad shallow bays, interspersed by an occasional marsh grass island, are the homes of innumerable sea fowl, gulls, strikers, willets, etc. About the first of May they begin to lay their eggs, not in any well-constructed nest, but among a few heaps of broken grass which they have collected. There the eggs are hatched, subjected during the daytime to the rays of the sun, and covered at night by the parent bird. The fledglings immediately take to the water.

The gathering of these eggs is considered great sport for the boys and men from the main land. Here they come, in boats, and with a pair of rough shoes to protect their feet from the grass, stubble and oyster shells. They search the whole of these islands and gather the eggs in baskets by the bushel. These are carried home and used for various domestic purposes. Many of the eggs are wasted, and yet, notwithstanding all this great destruction of life, the birds seem to increase and multiply to the full capacity of the locality to sustain them.

The boats used in this section are quite different from those used upon the bay side. They are Carvel built, center board boats, about twenty-five feet long, and ten feet wide. They do not draw much water but carry a considerable load. The crew of such a boat on a sporting expedition generally numbers from six to ten men.

A seaside clam shoal is covered by about three feet of water at high tide. As low water approaches the sand becomes bare and the clams can then be readily raked out with the same kind of a rake as that used on the bay side, but without having to wade in water. The clams are raked up in great abundance, gathered in baskets, poured out about a small pole or a paddle which is stuck in the sand to indicate their location, should it be necessary to leave them there after the tide rises. Such a conical pile of clams is generally about four feet high, with a radius of ten or twelve feet.

Occasionally the tide comes in so fast that it is impracticable to get all the clams in the boat, and so they have to remain overboard until the next low water. In that event when the succeeding low water comes, there will not be a clam in sight. They will have all crawled off. But you can take your clam rake and dig them up from the ground around the pole, hardly losing a clam. While oysters have absolutely no control over themselves except to open their mouths, so far as I could ever discover, clams will, on the contrary, move themselves along as much as fifteen feet during one tide. This accounts for the disappearance of the pile of clams about the pole, for, as they scatter and get to ground that is free from clams, they immediately sink themselves insand.

At night we would generally sleep upon the sand banks on the outside and next to the Atlantic Ocean, where we would be comparatively free from mosquitoes and sand fleas. It is strange what a difference it makes as to your proximity to the surf. Close to the roaring water you will seldom find a mosquito or sand fly, while a little way back they will be raging so that you cannot get any sleep or comfort.

We generally spent the high water of the next morning in fishing in the great Machapongo Channel. Spots, hog fish, trout, blue fish, and sheep's head were there in quantities. Occasionally a diamond backed terrapin would be taken on the hook.

Our boat being loaded and our home trip begun we would go back to our landing, wherever that might be, and from thence, with our plunder loaded on a tumbler cart, each member of the company would seek his own way home.

A SUNDAY IN MY EARLY BOYHOOD

Rising time was generally one hour later on Sunday than on any other day of the week. The servants cleaned the shoes and brushed the carriage, and got everything in order for the ride to the church which was at Pungoteague, a little over a mile distant.

What struck my youthful mind with greatest force in these days was the old family coach of my Grandfather. It was a cumbersome old contrivance drawn by two horses. Old Uncle Sambo, seated on the high seat in front, something like a hack seat, did the driving. One or two little half grown colored children generally rode behind. Inside would ride Grandmother, Mother and Father, and the two or three of us children. The coach was swung on

"C" springs and rolled from side to side very comfortably when in motion. We got into the coach by means of three steps which were drawn up after us and folded neatly just inside the door.

The inside of the coach was trimmed in drab colored cloth. there were commodious lockers under the front and rear seats, and an extension was kept under the cushion of the front seat to make a place for children in the middle of the coach. On the inside of the doors were great pockets fourteen inches square, intended for such articles as persons on a long journey might need. For our Sunday use they contained some little cakes and perhaps a towel or a handkerchief.

In the back of the coach there was a large air curtain; in each door there was a window which let down from the top, and in the front of the coach were two large windows just behind the coachman, which let down like the windows in the doors. It was a comfortable way of traveling, even if cumbersome.

A little distance ahead of the coach rode Grandfather on his sorrel horse. I do not remember ever having seen him in the coach. Up until two days before his death, at the age of eighty-eight years, Grandfather mounted this horse and rode through the neighborhood every day.

There were several of these old family coaches in the neighborhood, which were driven to the Episcopal Church at Pungoteague just as regularly as Sunday morning came. The dismounting of a family from one of these coaches was quite a punctilious affair. Then the coachman would drive off to the nearest shade tree, and in good weather sit there and nod while the great folks, as the servants called them, were in the church at worship; but if the weather were bad he would tie the horses to a hitching post, go inside the coach and close himself up, and wait with patience until the family would reappear.

Inside the church we went to our pew which I can remember distinctly today. The four grown people took up very nearly all the big seat in the pew, so the children sat on a little seat at their feet, fronting them. That pew would be a curiosity in these days. It was so high that the grown people, seated on a high seat with their feet on a little bench, could just see over the top of it enough to see the preacher's head and shoulders. We children never saw out of the pew at all.

I think that some of the most miserable hours of my life were spent in this pew, seated on that little bench at the feet of my Father and Mother. I could see nowhere except inside that little pew, and I could not hear much of what was said. My feet, covered with heavy shoes and stockings, felt as if they were burning off, because I always went barefoot other days. This made me uncomfortable. Moreover, as my mother had already decided in her mind that I was to be an Episcopal minister she kept a bright

lookout that I was behaving myself with decorum all the time.

When the sermon was over, the congregation would generally loiter around a while and have conversation about everyday affairs. Then we would either go home, taking a lot of people with us, or else we would go to dinner with some of our neighbors.

Looking back upon these days, about the only really pleasant thing of a Sunday morning was the Sunday School. This we always attended just before church began, and the little books and papers, with the plain talk of our good old pastor, were a real pleasure which I was always loath to see turn into a shoe and stocking pillory when church began.

On our return home the old carriage was put back into the carriage house and was not used again until the next Sunday unless there was a funeral, in which event it did service.

After Grandfather's death this old coach, with its quaint harness and cumbersome outfit, was retired and finally went to ruin. A new and modern vehicle, seating four persons, was substituted for it. This vehicle, if the road was level, was drawn by one horse; but if the roads were bad, as they often were, or if the journey was long, two horses were attached.

Our Episcopal service was finally put an end to about 1856 by our pastor's (Rev. J. Ambler Weed) resignation. Mr. Weed then went to Richmond and joined the Catholic Church, becoming secretary to the Bishop. Mr. Weed, besides having been my pastor, had also been my school teacher. He was a very lovable man and he never failed to be remembered by me with sincere love and gratitude. The Episcopal Church seemed to be closed permanently, so my parents went to a Methodist Church near by and from that time, until I was sixteen years of age and went to college, I never again attended an Episcopal Church because no such church was available.

My mother had me christened in the Episcopal church when an infant. By mistake I was christened over again in the Methodist Church by a Methodist presiding elder who was there Christening all the children of the neighborhood. A little later I had the measles twice, once for each christening, and years later I would have been christened again had I not considered that a third case of christening would be a third case of measles.

The gathering of the good people of the neighborhood around the door of the Methodist Church of a Sunday morning was immense. The ladies went inside and were seated on the left where they talked until the service was ready to begin. The men stayed outside

until the time of service arrived, when they entered and were seated on the left. There were no old-fashioned pews here like those in the Episcopal Church. They were, rather, yellow benches of pine and the floor of the Church was sprinkled with white sand. There was no organ or other musical instrument and no choir singing at all. The tune was raised, and the singing executed by the congregation at large, everybody joining in that wished to.

There were revival meetings and quarterly meetings at this church which would be difficult to imitate at this late day. The descendants of these very same people would hardly tolerate the boisterous shouting, etc., of these early days.

DOMESTIC ARTS ABOUT 1845 AT MY GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

In the winter time, when the snow was on the ground, I was often carried to Grandfather's to spend the day. It is needless to say that the doings of the negroes at the quarter house were the most interesting things on the place for me. The men were shoemaking, hominy beating, basket making, tanning, tool making, or perhaps blacksmithing, while the women were spinning, carding, weaving, knitting, or sewing.

If the men were hominy beating, the old hominy mortar, made from a large section of a tree hollowed out on top in a mortar shape, would be on the floor. Near it would be baskets of hominy, corn--a hard corn almost like pop corn--. Shelling a little at a time and slightly dampening it, they would put it in the hominy mortar two handfuls at a time. Then, with a wedge fastened in the end of a hickory stick for a handle, they would beat upon it and dampen it a little, until the husk would part from the corn or grain. Then they would take the hominy out of the mortar, put it in a shallow wooden bowl, and standing where there was a slight draught would toss it up and down. This would separate the chaff from the hominy and leave the grains pure and white and entirely shelled and clean. After having done this for a whole day there would be enough hominy to be boiled in a twenty-five gallon kettle. The boiling of the hominy was a tedious job, but it was cooked to perfection so that each grain was soft but not soggy. Such a pot of hominy would last a week.

The corn was all shelled from the cob by hand and the negroes on rainy days shelled the two or three bushels which were to be sent to the mill on Saturday.

The one or two colored men who did the best shoe work would gather up the worn-out shoes of the colored people and patch them up. There were two or three large wooden troughs under the direction of old Sambo, in which raw hides were placed with the proper tanning material. After a year or two of treatment they were

taken from the vats, cured and dressed, and used to make shoes, harness etc. The leathers were of different kinds, some being calf skin. It was here that I first saw the process of taking the hair from a hide. The hide was laid with the hair down on the ground and slack lime, generally shell lime, put all over the inside. The hide was then rolled close, and tied tight with a string and laid aside for a day or two. Then the hair would be scraped off and the skin washed and put in the tanning vat.

The blacksmith shop was in a little house apart from the other buildings. A small bellows, an anvil, some hammers, tongs, etc., were the outfit. My father could make a good weld, and one or two of the colored men could make a weld good enough for domestic use. Our neighbors also used the shop. There was also here a great grinding stone upon which axes and other farm tools were sharpened. This was in use part of every day, if not by our own folks then by some neighbor.

The process of tanning sheep skin did not take as long as the process of tanning other skins. After the wool had been taken off and the skin had been treated a little with lime, just like the treatment of the other skins, the sheep skin would be treated with alum and rubbed over a round object, the back of a chair for instance, and after some handling and rubbing it would be converted into a soft pliable leather.

All the carpets and the clothing for the colored people was woven at home, and also many other stuffs of domestic use. The loom was a very primitive affair. The warp was run between reeds fixed in a frame and then wound upon a large cylinder. The wool was prepared and wound in balls and then put on quills which were put into the shuttle as required. The made cloth, no matter of what description, was wound on a cylinder. It was astonishing to see what coarse cloths and what fine cloths were manufactured on this simple domestic machine. Linen table cloths, towels, sheets, and linen for domestic wear, were made in sufficient quantity for the family, while coarser cloths were made before Christmas for the men's clothes.

Much of the time that these domestic operations were going on the weather was either cold, snowy, or rainy. When the weather was good the colored people worked out of doors. Always while at work indoors they were telling stories. These took a wide range. Some were of ghosts, some were of angels, and some were of Indian origin. To my boyish imagination they were wonderfully interesting and some of the ghost stories would make my hair stand on end. I remember how, one night, when I was coming back from the quarter kitchen, an old gander chased me and I thought it was a goblin.

A most interesting sight in the great cook house was the turning out of the loaves of bread. There were three or four large Dutch ovens, big iron vessels eighteen inches to two feet diameter and about ten inches tall, with iron covers and iron legs. Anything whatever that was to be baked was baked in these Dutch ovens. When baking day came they were each filled with the bread and carefully watched until it was done. Then the cook was in her glory, and woe unto the person who did anything to mar the beauty and excellence of this bread. Sometimes it was salt rising bread, an art which has now about passed away. Often at breakfast the cook and her help would be found making Johnny cake. This was made of Indian meal, with salt and plenty of lard, and baked upon the head of a flour barrel, or other thin piece of oak. The dough was patted upon this barrel head and stood before the fire until one side was brown and then the cake was turned over and the other side browned, and when it was done it was one of the most delightful corn breads ever prepared. It was cut about four inches square and you could cut the two sides apart and put butter or sausage gravy on them, and it was simply delicious. The Johnny cake is something that is no longer cooked. The flavor it got from being cooked in the open air before the fire is different from anything I have ever tasted in any kind of corn bread.

Often on winter days old scraps of pewter and lead, and new lead if required, were put in an iron kettle and melted. Then it was poured into molds, some molds forming a tablespoon and some a tablespoon with a teaspoon on each side of it. After a few minutes they could be turned out of the molds and more metal poured in. Anything else of lead that was required was molded too. Some of Axe handles from pieces of young hickory was another industry in which some of the colored people were very skillful. They made them with all of the graceful curves of the present machine-made handles, and the universal price of such handles was twenty-five cents.

HOG KILLING

Every year, about the month of December, the hogs were killed. They had been taken from the woods and swamps about the first of October and placed in pens, which were always kept clean, where they were fed with corn or grain ground into hominy, and plenty of water. Under this treatment they fattened very rapidly. It was customary in those days to keep hogs about a year and a half, whereas now-a-days it is only customary to keep them less than a year. They weighed, when killed, from two to three hundred pounds, and it was not an unusual thing for my Grandfather and my Father to kill as many as fifty hogs in one season.

On the morning of hog killing day, early after mid-night, fires would be kindled under the great kettles and piles of stones would be gotten hot in the kilns prepared for this purpose. The great scalding tubs would be all ready and in an inclined position and weighted down. Platforms were stood in front of them on which to clean the hogs.

When everything was ready the expert hog killer of the day would get into the hog pen followed by three or four colored men. Any one of the men would select a hog, get it on its back, and the hog killer would cut its throat. The hogs didn't seem to suffer materially. As soon as a sufficient number had been killed they would be carried to the scalding tubs, which were filled with scalding water from the kettles, which would be further heated by hot stones. The hog would be put in and turned about until thoroughly scalded and then pulled out, when the men would take shells and scrape off the hair from their skins, leaving them remarkably clean. Then they would be taken to the big scaffold and suspended by a gambrel, made of huckle berry wood, that was inserted beneath their heel **strings**. After having hung here a while they were washed in clear water, and certain expert men performed the operation of taking out the entrails. The entrails were carried off to another place and handled by a number of colored women. The hogs would then be thoroughly washed out and shoved to one end of the scaffold. And so on it would go with each hog, until by the end of the day the whole fifty had been killed and dressed.

The next day the whole lot would be in condition to be cut up. This required good judgment in order to get the greatest amount of sausage and spare rib, and to have it in the best order. The day after the meat was cut up, all that was intended for salting was salted, and turned into bacon by the dry salt process. The sausage, the souse, and all material of that kind was laid by under the supervision of the old mammies, who prided themselves upon the excellence of their product. The middles were cured by the same process that the hams and shoulders and jowls were, and remained sweet and nice always. These, after having been in salt five or six weeks, were treated with sugar, molasses and pepper, then smoked for a day or two until they became a dark golden color, when they were hung up for a week or so to dry out. At the end of that time, and before the flies appeared, these hams were stored away in boxes arranged in the smoke house, there being a layer of oak ashes and a layer of hams, and more oak ashes and more hams, until the hams and shoulders were hermetically sealed in ashes, and in this condition they remained until they were used. No other hams can be compared in richness of flavor with those treated in this manner. It is in this way that the Smithfield hams of today are treated.

Our sausage and souse, which we wished to keep until the middle of the summer, would be prepared by slightly cooking it and placing it right in the middle of a big keg of lard while filling it up. Then a long time after, when they were using that keg there would be the meat, beautifully preserved. I have known spare rib

and chine to be preserved in the same manner. It was not always that we had sufficient meat to last our family through a whole year, and in the latter part of the fall some bacon generally had to be bought.

About hog-killing time we were apt to kill a beef. If one neighbor killed a beef, and distributed certain portions around among his neighbors in October, and another neighbor would do the same in November, and another in December, so that we always had fresh beef throughout the winter.

In these times oysters and clams were not so scarce that they could not be provided as the diet for the whole family, whites and blacks. Three gallons of oysters for a meal was not an over allowance, and with clams it was about the same way. As these were so abundant in waters very close to the place, the colored people always had as many of them as they wanted.

A TERRAPIN SUPPER

A terrapin supper among the farmers of these days on the Eastern Shore was something very different from the terrapin supper that city people know today. In the first place the terrapin itself had to be a "count", that is to say it had to be at least seven inches over the top shell.

When the guests were invited they were asked whether they would have their terrapin boiled or roasted. To boil a terrapin, it was put in a pot and left until the under shell would come off easily. To roast a terrapin it was wrapped up in white corn shucks, and tied slightly, and covered with hot ashes and coals, just as a sweet potato would be covered to roast it.

The table was spread for the number of guests invited, and in front of each plate was placed salt, pepper, vinegar, and a little mustard. In the center of the table was a large plate of fresh butter. There was always a decanter of brandy or whiskey, and an abundance of hot coffee and hot Maryland biscuit.

The guests being seated at the table, the terrapins were brought in, one at a time, and each man got the kind he had asked for. When the old-fashioned country grace had been given with great fervor by one of the good people, the supper would begin. Each guest dexterously took off the under shell and opened the whole terrapin before him. As terrapin suppers were never given until after the terrapins had cleansed themselves for the winter, it was a very easy matter to clean them. The dry, black, outer skin was loosened and removed and gall bladder removed. Then each man would mix up his terrapin thoroughly in the shell and season it to suit his taste and proceed to eat it with knife, fork and spoon right out of the shell. They used liberal quantities of butter in the terrapin along with other things to suit their taste. Whiskey and coffee were passed around and the supper eaten with great gusto.

It is useless to say that such terrapin were a great deal better than terrapin which is served now-a-days in restaurants. The delightful, delicate taste of that terrapin, and the superior quality of the terrapin itself, made it better than anything that I have seen for many a year.

As a general thing no ladies were at the table at a terrapin supper. It was strictly a stag affair. Sometimes, some members of the party would remain at the table for hours playing cards, though as they were all friends and neighbors there was never any high betting, cheating, or falsefying. They were a pretty merry crowd when they went home at an early hour in the morning, to meet again at a later date at some other neighbor's house. They each gave a terrapin supper during the winter so that each man attended some seven or eight suppers during the season.

The colored people too had as many terrapins as they wanted, though as a general thing not counts, for if a colored man, in looking for terrapin for himself, should happen upon a count he would be mighty apt to sell it to "Old Marster". The price of count terrapins today, even if they can be had at all, would be prohibitive to anyone but a millionaire, and as to ten men sitting around a table, each one with a count before him which he would pick and serve in his own way, their host would be reduced to poverty because of their great price.

An expert at taking terrapin will select some quiet morning after a northwest blow, and before the water has a ripple on it will be out with his little tongs looking at the bottom of the creeks. He can see the bottom as plainly as though it were exposed, for the fish and crabs have stopped running about and the water is perfectly transparent. To one unaccustomed to this business, the bottom would look the same everywhere; but an experienced man will observe a number of prints on the bottom which look something like a horse's foot prints. Under such a sign there will always be a terrapin, the bigger the sign, of course, the bigger the terrapin, so that a man can always tell before he puts the pinchers down, what size terrapin he is to get. It depends on the quietness of the water, the length of time before a ripple comes on the face of the water, and of course upon the thickness of the terrapin, as to the number that he will take in a morning. But big or little, it was not extraordinary luck to take from fifty to eighty terrapin in one morning, while with exceptionally good luck I have known them to take more than one hundred and fifty.

In the spring of the year, as early as May, the terrapin always seek a nice warm sandy shore where they will go to lay their eggs. They generally select the shores of Chesapeake Bay or the ocean shore. They scratch a little hole in the sand and lay their eggs. The half grown terrapin will lay more eggs than you would think a terrapin could possibly hold. The eggs are pinkish in

color and have a very soft shell and I have never seen one taken from the nest that didn't have a dent in it; but perhaps they are laid with the dent already in them.

The old terrapin having covered her eggs up will disfigure the ground for a yard or two around, so as not to make it apparent just where the eggs are. She doesn't watch the nest or give herself any further concern about it, but takes to the ocean immediately. When the terrapins are hatched, little bits of things not larger than a five cent piece, they seem to be quite capable of taking care of themselves at once, and they swim away just as the old ones did. You will find them all through the summer, from little bits of fellows to three or four inches in length. After the first year, however, the growth is very slow. It does not shed or slough its shell like the crab every time it grows. Its shell, on the contrary, grows as the terrapin grows.

Terrapin feed on marine plants to a greater extent than on anything else. They do eat soft crabs and other marine animals though, for I know that they will bite at a hook that is baited with a soft shell crab or pealer.

There is a great resemblance between the diamond-backed terrapin and the green turtle in their method of feeding and in their food, both being decidedly herbiferous. When the terrapin hibernates, the females are full of eggs ready to be laid the following spring, and these eggs at a terrapin supper are all highly prized. If some one doesn't get any eggs in his terrapin others of the party give him some of theirs. It is because the eggs are so well developed when they hibernate that they are laid so soon in the Spring.

OWEN O'CONOLLY 1641

(I find this name spelled O'collony, O'Connoly, and Connolly)

On the 22nd of October about nine o'clock at night, Mr. Owen O'Conolly, a gentleman of Irish extraction, but who had long lived among the English and been brought up a Protestant applied himself to Sir Wm Parsons and informed him that there was a great conspiracy then on foot to seize the castle of Dublin next day. He gave him the names of the chief conspirators, assured him that they were now in town for the execution of their purpose and that he had this intelligence from Mr. Hugh Macmahon, who came up that afternoon to assist in it and with whom he had been associated.

Whether O'Conolly's ancestors who were of the old Irish stock had been dispossessed of their estates by the government or whether there was any affinity or peculiar friendship between him and Macmahon that was the motive of confiding such a secret to the former does not appear.

But having received a letter from Macmahon who was a grandson to that Tyronne and had been lieutenant general in the Spanish service, to repair to the house in the county of Monaghan, he went accordingly to Dublin on the business on which he was sent.

He had there indeed drunk so freely with the Colonel that he could not give his information with accuracy and clearness and instead of detaining him till he grew sober and securing his person the Lord Justice Parsons sent him back to Macmahon's lodgings in order to make a further discovery of the certainty and particulars of the appeal.

But O'Conolly, though intoxicated, had more sense than he imagined and knowing that it was with strategem alone that he had got away from Macmahon to make his information, instead of returning to him, chose rather to walk the street and to content himself with the discovery he had already made.

On second thoughts however, Sir W. Parsons, considering the great importance of the information, sent an order immediately to the constable of the castle to have the gates well guarded, and to the mayor and sheriffs to set a good watch in every part of the city to detain any strange men whatsoever. These directions being given, he went, about ten o'clock, to his colleague, Sir John Borlase, to acquaint him of the intelligence he had received and with the steps he had taken. His colleague had either more understanding than he had or more desire for the public good. He saw the error of Parsons, in giving the alarm and in letting O'Conolly go since there was now no opportunity of getting at more discoveries.

O'CONOLLY APPEARS AGAIN--O'CONOLLY TAKES A LETTER
TO THE EARL OF LEICESTER TO ACQUAINT HIM WITH THE
SIZE OF THE ARMY AND ITS NEEDS.

In a postscript signed by Sir W. Parsons alone, he is recommended as very worthy of a recompense for his faith and loyalty and honor expressed in this business and which ought to be considered by the English government.

O'Conolly arrived at London on the last day of October and delivered the letters late in the evening. The Lord Lieutenant then read them over, and received a full account of all the particulars that O'Conolly then knew. On the next day he went to the castle and having acquainted the Lords with them he was directed to communicate them to both houses of Parliament then sitting. Accordingly, that same day, the Lord informed the House of Lords that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland informed him that an insurrection had been discovered in Ireland and that divers houses of the Protestants there had been burned and divers murders committed. The Lord Lieutenant, after having questioned O'Conolly, lost no time in helping Ireland.

The House of Commons agreed upon this resolution among others:

"Resolved: That Owen O'Conolly, who discovered this great treason in Ireland, shall have five hundred pounds presently paid him, and two hundred pounds a year pension, yearly, a provision by you for an inheritance of greater value.

"Resolved: That a committee of Lords be appointed to take the further examination of Owen O'Conolly upon oath upon such questions as shall be put by the committee of the House of Commons and in the presence of that committee."

The several questions prepared for the examination of O'Conolly were read as follows:

"What ground had you to suspect that the papists had any design upon the state of Ireland?

"What have you heard any priests or others say concerning any such design in Ireland?

"Have you heard of any design in England or Scotland of the like nature, or what is it you have heard?

Some of the servants were therefore dispatched about the town in search of O'Connolly. When they found him they brought him to the meeting of the Council at the House of Sir John Borlase. When he appeared before the council, perceiving that his information was not thoroughly credited, he assured them that what he had told the Lord Justice Parsons was true, and that if he had the liberty to repose himself a little his discovery should be proved. Upon this, he was ordered to lie down upon a bed in Sir John Borlase's house whilst the council discussed what was best to be done.

When O'Conolly had somewhat recovered himself from his indisposition, occasioned partly as he said himself from the horror of what he had discovered and partly from drinking too much with Macmahon, he confirmed all that he had before related with the addition of these parts:

"That he came to town this evening at six o'clock, and going directly to the lodgings of Macmahon, whom he found at home, they went together to the house of Macquire where, not finding him at home they stayed, and drank a cup of beer, when he was informed by Macmahon that great numbers of the Irish papists would be in town that night and had determined to take the castle of Dublin and possess themselves of the guns and ammunition there tomorrow morning.

"That they intended first to batter the chimnies of the said town and if the city would not yield to batter down the houses and so to get all the Protestants that would not join with them.

"That the Irish had prepared men in all parts of the kingdom to destroy all the English inhabiting there tomorrow morning by ten o'clock and that if the Protestants and the police of all the land tried to prevent it, they could not."

Upon this information, he was asked if he had discovered it to the government to save his own estate, and his answer was that he could not help it as he did it out of loyalty to the king and that they did this for the tyrannical government which was over them and to imitate Scotland who profited much by her rebellion.

When he was returned from Lord Macguire's to Macmahon's lodgings he later swore that he should not go out that night but should go that next morning to the castle with him and said if this were discovered somebody should die for it. Upon hearing him say this, O'Conolly feigned a necessity of going away and so he returned to Macmahon's but not finding him at home he came to Sir W. Parsons.

GENERALOGY OF FANNIE BINDON BAILEY WHO MARRIED
B. A. COLONNA, the eighth Colonna generation.

DAVID BINDON, Recorder of the last Irish Parliament, was educated under Dr. Baillie, a Quaker. He married three heiresses. Each brought him, as her dower, an entailed estate. One was Tiervaux, another was Corbally, and the third was Temple Mungret.

Tiervoux came to his daughter FANNIE BINDON, who married a gambler named ALTON. On one occasion he was playing with a Quaker, and after losing everything available, he staked the estate and lost. Returning home he said to his wife, "Fannie, I've lost Tiervoux". She replied, "And what's to become of me and the children?" He replied, "I'll support you with my gun." and next morning he shouldered his gun and walked out into the forest. The Quaker called during the morning and Fannie said to him with dignity, "Sir, we will give you possession as soon as we can move out." He replied, "Madam, I called to give you this Deed, and I have had it recorded in your name. I beg you to keep it in your possession and not let your husband have it."

FANNIE BINDON AND ALTON HAD the following children:
John, Ellen Poe, James (Inspector of Banks of Eng. and Ireland)
John, Adelaide (died recently, married to James Wilpley lawyer of Limerick) Bryanna, Herman (in National City Bank of N.Y.), Henry, Earnest, Dora, Emily (married Jones).

(Mr. Wilpley lives at Corbally and took Kath and Wells to Temple Mungret and they saw the present owner of the Dower House. Judge McCilligan from Dublin owned the Dower House, the original stables, kitchen garden and some more. He and his wife are separated and are going to sell the estate.

(Lord Imiry bought another part of the Shannon River. Originally Temple Mungret extended ten miles along the river bank. The entailed estate of Temple Mungret, heir, eldest son:

Samuel, died just before reaching his majority.
Bindon, died in America.
William, died in Australia,
John
Henry, died early,
Tom
Robert, died when young
Emily, died when five years old,
Fannie,
Anne, died in Brooklyn, N.Y., about 1900
EILEEN, MARRIED WILLIAN BAILEY, postmaster of the
city of New York, N. Y.

I attended Baillis's Academy, kept by Quakers. Old Mr. Baillie, the principal, used to wait for me and open the door on the ground floor so I would not have to go up the long flight of outside steps. He would take me in his arms and carry me up to the second floor where he would put me down, and often he would say to me "Eileen, I am very fond of thee, but thee are very wild." "Why, Mr. Baillie" I would say innocently, "What do I do that's wild?" "Did I not see thee sitting up on a horse behind thy father's groom galloping up and down the lane?" Oh, that David Bindon's granddaughter should be guilty of so wild actions!" If he had but known all, it was not the hundredth time I had stolen a ride behind Jack if I could not got it otherwise.

I had a pony of my own named . I was riding him one windy day. I wore a red cloak fastened only at the neck. There was a great pile of lumber at the corner of the street, and I would ride at this pile and jump my steed over it, while my little red cloak would stand straight out. The Captain of the Highlanders was coming

GRANDMOTHER BAILEY
as told by Grandmother Eileen Alton Bailey

Grandmother Bailey lived at Millport, N. Y. Her maiden name was SALLY WILSON. She married at fifteen Jeremiah Townsend, who died three months later. Two years afterward she married "JAMES BAILEY, who was by trade a shoemaker. She was a weaver and by her labors more than three-fourths made their fortune. When she was telling me the story (Eddie was a baby) it was over fifty years before and they were both young and poor. They bought a piece of the primeval forest--I should think about 250 acres--and went to clear it off and live on it. The men who lived nearest--there was no settlement then, came and helped put up a log cabin to shelter them until they could build a house. They cut down magnificent trees and burned them to give them fields to cultivate and to graze their cow, which had to browse upon the young buds on the trees until they got a place to grow grass and clover. She had children very fast--ten in all--and the eldest were boys but they had to learn girls' work and help her sweep, wash dishes, mind the baby, etc. One little child only two years old churned a firkin of butter. She promised him a straw hat for the job and every day the little fellow sat in his high chair and churned till the butter came. When his mother worked it up and packed it away. When the firkin was filled she went to the nearest settlement, bought the straw and braided the hat. She always grew straw for the family hats but this time having none had to buy. When they grew "rich" she went to the extravagance of buying a beaver hat for whichever child was a baby, then paying a dollar for it. It was the best bonnet for two or three babies following the original beneficiary.

Mother Bailey suffered from asthma and from an internal weakness which required her to lie in bed for two years with her knees higher than her head, fastened to a strap from the ceiling. In this position she had her loom brought to the bedside and wove, turning in so at a time to pay for the place.