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

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