

He replied that he did not believe he had the right to do this—that he did not think it would be just and kind to the negroes. And so he stayed in Virginia, where he and his family bore their full share of the ruin that fell upon their State.

A letter from their oldest son at the close of the war shows a picture sad enough of the gloom that overshadowed the South at the time, when the impulse of many young men of the dissolved army was to leave the country and seek a home elsewhere. He felt bound to stay, however, not only by the desire to help his family in their changed circumstances, but by the claims upon him of the negroes he had taken with him from Virginia to a cotton plantation in Texas, whom he could not in humanity leave until they had become sufficiently accustomed to their new situation to know what to do or how to take care of themselves. When he had carried them away it had been, I think, under promise to his mother or charge from her, to keep up the practice of reading the Bible to them.

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THIS collection of memoirs, showing my father and mother to their grandchildren and great grandchildren as they were in their home with their family, is only a fragment of what it would be well for them to know and remember, but it is enough for them to see, reading between the lines a great deal more than is written.

These two sketches are given to preserve to their descendants a picture of lives too beautiful to be forgotten—lives that are a proof that along the dusty way of life there is a path all fresh with tender verdure and flowers, airs full