and antique appearance impressed one and filled the soul with admiration. They were wonderful days, those dear old, old days of "long ago."

> "But now they seem
> Like a wistful dream,
> Like a 'picture' out of date."

I must not omit to tell of the weaving room, the busiest part of this old homestead. The huge old-fashioned spinning wheel was kept revolving day in and day out by faithful "Ibby," going round and round as if it would never tire, and could be distinctly heard all through the upper part of the house. The carding had been done, and beautiful white rolls of wool were to be spun into hanks of coarse yarn for the comfort of the happy domestics. "Ibby," who loves yet to tell of those good old times, worked industriously from one end of this long room to the other, spinning, twisting, winding, and completing her important and pleasing task long before night. She was never hurried by her considerate master, and always received a word of encouragement from him, whom she loved to serve. What a pleasure to this faithful woman to join her companions at the comfortable "old cabin," where the bright flames from huge logs lit up the hearth, on which a skillet of meat and "shovey" or a huge "ash cake," hot and wholesome, invited her to her evening meal, her little ones climbing on her lap to share the pleasure with her. The greatest enjoyment to "Ibby" was a "hoe down" by the boys of the cabin, to the merry music of Uncle Dick's well-tuned banjo, picking the old Negro tunes, "Settin on a Rail," "Old Zip Coon," "Dandy Jim," etc. Those were happy times for the old plantation darkies. No care or sorrow disturbed their contented minds. They were fed and clothed by "willing" hands. For their kind master's thought and solicitude these grateful servants would "wear their muscles to a thread" to serve their owners, in whom they confided and leaned on for protection and guidance. Strange that these "dependent and useful "companions" of our daily life have "gone," aye! gone from us "forever!" Their happiness and ours, too, is turned into sorrow. None but those who have felt the sting can imagine the "poignancy" of this terrible calamity. Inducing our domestics to leave their homes even before their emancipation. Many of our "plantation" hands