

JOHN C. BULLITT.

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14th or 10th  
Was born at Oxmore, his father's residence, in Jefferson County, Kentucky, on the 14th day of February, 1824. He was the third son of William Christian Bullitt, and his wife, Mildred Ann, youngest daughter of Joshua Fry.

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His Ancestry.

The Bullitt family in America was founded by a young Frenchman, Benjamin Bullett, a native of the province of Languedoc, who emigrated to this country in 1685. The edict of Nantes having been revoked by Louis XIV, who sent priests into his provinces to convert, or soldiers to exterminate all the prominent Calvinist families, they had no choice save death or the renunciation of their preferred religion. Of his family, Benjamin Bullett was the only one to resolve upon any fate rather than yield his God-given right to his own beliefs and opinions. He had the good fortune to make

"And here", says my grand-father Alex. Scott Bullitt, in this little memoir of our ancestors which he addressed to his eldest son, my uncle Cuthbert, "it may not be improper to take notice of the alteration which has taken place in the spelling of the name which was originally Bullett, but is now altered to Bullitt. Under the government of England a law existed by which aliens were prohibited from acquiring landed property, and altho the law was never strictly enforced in America, yet the French emigrants who came to America thought it advisable to give an English termination to their names in the grants which they took out for their Lands, in order that their posterity might appear to have descended from English parents, and be in no danger of having the title to their lands invalidated by any future attempt to enforce a law which, tho suffered to lie dormant, was yet never repealed."

Young Benjamin Bullitt was reared by his stepfather, his mother having married a gentleman of the name of Spotswood; who purchased Benjamin's estate when he came of age; and he removed to Fauquier Co. Virginia. In 1727, he married Miss

Elizabeth Harrison. They had 5 children, Joseph, Thomas, Elizabeth, Benjamin, and Cuthbert who was the youngest child, and was our great-grandfather.

Joseph had no career - Thomas enlisted in the 1st Virginia Regiment raised by Col. Washington in the Colonial War of 1754 - was appointed Captain - served during the war. When the Virginians at Fort Du Quesne began firing on each other by mistake, he was the first man to discover it, and regardless of the danger to himself, he rushed in between them, waving his cap and shouting to them to stop.

He surveyed and laid off the city of Louisville, in 17 . Butler in his history of Kentucky, tells of a trip he made to Chillicothe, to use his influence with the Indians. He went entirely alone, - his address to them had the effect he wished, and he departed alone, as he had come. He seems to have been a man of singular daring, as well as great sagacity. He served in the Revolutionary army, as Adjutant General of the Virginia troops with the rank and pay of Colonel - went through all the early campaigns & in 1776 served through the campaign in South Carolina.

On his return he went to his home in Fauquier Co., where he died in 1778, leaving all his estate to his brother Cuth-

bert, the only one of his brothers who had married.

Benjamin, the third son, a very fine young man, was killed in a fight with Indians when only 20 years of age - and "was greatly lamented."

Elizabeth married a Mr. Combs, and was the ancestress of Leslie Combs of Kentucky, who was a noted character there 50 years ago.

Before going further, I will state that after the death of his wife, Elizabeth Harrison, Benjamin Bullitt married again - By this marriage he had 6 children - William, John, George, Benjamin, Parmenus and Burrell. The sons of William, named Thomas and Cuthbert, and their sister Mrs. Sarah Leggett, came to Louisville at an early date. Thomas and Cuthbert were merchants, large property owners, and gentlemen of the highest character. Thomas married Miss Diana Gwathmey, a niece of Geo. Rogers Clarke, and sister to George Gwathmey, one of Louisville's most esteemed citizens. Mrs. Dekauzo, Miss Lou Bullitt, celebrated as a belle and beauty, as well as a wit, was one of their daughters. Mrs. Stuart, Mary Bullitt, also noted for her beauty was another daughter - and Mrs. Diana Kearney, still living, and the most beautiful of the three was the youngest of this brilliant trio. Alek Bullitt, who was an editor, a Whig, and organ for Gen. Taylor's administration, was their brother. Also Dr. Owen



Bullitt of Paducah.

The descendants of the Cuthbert Bullitt who settled in Louisville, are numerous. The great trees in the Auditorium Square once adorned the lawn of the beautiful country home owned by Mrs. Weisseager, Amanthas Bullitt, daughter to Cuthbert who with his brother Thomas owned all of the ground from 2nd St. to 6th and from Bullitt St. far beyond the spot where the Auditorium now stands. Mrs. Weisseager, mother of Harry Weisseager, the tobaccoonist, was a beautiful woman, and a very lovely one - vivacious, whole-souled and interesting. Her sisters were Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. Starbird, Miss Amelia Bullitt - and her brothers Wm. N. Bullitt who married Miss Virginia Anderson, Mr. Neville Bullitt, and Col. Cuthbert Bullitt of New Orleans formerly, and still living.

To return to our own ancestor, Cuthbert Bullitt, son of Benjamin and Elizabeth Harrison Bullitt.

He married Helen Scott, daughter to Rev. James Scott of Virginia; and our grandfather, Alex. Scott Bullitt, was their eldest son.

Thomas, another son, married and settled in Maryland, where his descendants still live in the same house he built.

A daughter, Frances, ran off with Judge Garrard, a brilliant but eccentric man. Her eldest daughter, Sophie Ger-

rard, married Geo. C. Gwathmey, and was the mother of Lou Gwathmey and her sister Ellen, of whom we were so fond, and who were such charming girls, & such interesting women.

Cuthbert Bullitt, our great-grandfather, was a man of fine appearance, considerably above the middle stature, well proportioned, with light hair and blue eyes. He was a man of high character, of superior intellect, a man of force and firmness, mellowed by a sweetness and generosity of temper that rendered him greatly beloved.

He was born in 1740, married in 1760, and died in 1790. He was bred to the law which he practiced with success until appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Virginia, which office he held during his life. He was a member of the Virginia Convention of 1776, and was one of the Committee appointed on May 15, to prepare a declaration of rights and plan of government for the State which had already declared her independence of Great Britain.

His home was in Prince William Co. Va.

Of Alex. Scott Bullitt. In an address "to the voters of Beargrass" made in 1869 by my father, Wm. C. Bullitt, to prevent the making of a dummy road through Oxmore, he says, "my maternal grandfather, Col. Christian, and my father moved to Kentucky in 1784 - 1786, which was then Fincastle County of

the State of Virginia."

From this it would appear that Mr. Bullitt accompanied Col. Christian; and inasmuch as he married Priscilla Christian, in December of 1785, the Colonel's eldest daughter, about fifteen years of age, she possibly had a good deal to do with his coming to Kentucky.

A bill, dated Louisville, Dec. 26, 1785 for 4 prs. of white kid gloves, bought by "Col. William Christian, of Hare & Macconghy" with a number of other articles, for housekeeping as well as dress goods, would place the marriage at about this date.

This bill is in itself a very interesting piece of history - as giving a picture to a certain extent of those times.

In Col. Christian's will, dated March 13, 1786, he says, "Having amply and fully given Mr. Alex. Scott Bullitt and my daughter Priscilla, the share of estate intended for them, I have now only to bequeath to my said daughter, Priscilla, a number of stone shoe buckles and two gold rings, the whole to cost ten guineas."

In the address by my father, referred to above, he says - after giving an account of the killing of Col. Christian by the Indians - "The main portion of my estate came by my mother, my father owning nothing but shares - 120 at his death.

Thus you see my farm is literally the price of my grandfather's blood."

This statement settles the question as to the origin of the Oxmore property - although the deed shows that it was purchased by A. S. Bullitt of one "Benjamin Sebastian and his wife, Amelia" Feb. 5th 1787, for the sum of \$4000X.

The deed

"Conveys

Undivided 1/2 of tract of land in Jefferson County, Ky., on the waters of Beargrass creek, containing 1280 acres, more or less, and commonly known as Oxmore-"

The above kills the family tradition that my grandfather named the place Oxmore after the famous More in Tristram Shandy, in accordance with the suggestion of a friend, who spent the night with him, and looking round, said, "It will take you as long to clear this place up as it did Tristram Shandy's father to reclaim his Oxmore."

The young couple first lived in a stone house, near the spring, so it is said - and a pile of stones indicates the spot where their home then stood. In 1787, Col. Bullitt (as he was always called) built the house in which John C. Bullitt was born, and which forms a part of his estate.

Col. Bullitt's wife died Nov. 11th, 1806, leaving four children, Cuthbert, Annie, Helen and William Christian, our father.

Uncle Cuthbert married early, a Miss Harriet Willet, a great beauty. Dr. Henry M. Bullitt, the eldest, and Wm. G. Bullitt, the youngest, of his children, were talented and occupied high positions in their State. His eldest daughter, Priscilla, married Mr. Archie Gordon, a most excellent gentleman. Mrs. Logan Murray is their oldest daughter. One of Dr. Henry Bullitt's daughters married Hon. Charles Jacob, of Louisville, another, Elizabeth, married Hon. Chas. W. Buck, former minister to Penn, & author of "Under the Sun" - a very charming book.

Wm. G. Bullitt was a member of the last Constitutional Convention of Kentucky, and is the author of a work on the Constitution of the United States, which is very highly thought of.

Annie, the eldest daughter of A. S. Bullitt, and Priscilla, his wife, married Mr. Howard. His daughter, Annie Howard, married Mr. Robert Courtenay, is still living, & has quite a family of her descendants.

Helen, the youngest daughter of A. S. Bullitt, & his wife Priscilla, married, first, Mr. Henry Massie, a wealthy and excellent gentleman of Chillicothe, Ohio; who removed to Kentucky and built a beautiful home for his wife, 5 miles from Louisville, called Ridgway, which is now owned by my

father's descendants, his sister having left the place to him, as she died without children. A good many years after Mr. Massie's death, she married Mr. John L. Martin of Lexington, Ky.

Upon his death she married Col. Key of Maysville, an elegant gentleman of the old school, who is buried beside her in the old Oxmore graveyard.

John C. Bullitt was a lineal descendant on his father's side of Col. John Henry, the father of Patrick Henry, and author of the beautiful and artistic map of Virginia recently presented to the Historical Society of Richmond, Va. by Wm. C. Bullitt of Philadelphia. Col. Henry was a classical scholar, in fact taught a classical school to help in support of his family. The writer has in possession a letter from him to Col. Wm. Christian's father, when he learned of the affection existing between his daughter Annie, and young Mr. Christian. The handwriting is most beautiful and the diction perfect.

As is well known, he was the Judge of the Court before whom his distinguished son plead the cause of "the people against the parsons", in which he won such a great triumph for the people.

Col. Henry's wife was Sarah Winston, who first married Col. John Syme - & upon his death Col. John Henry.

John C. Bullitt was <sup>also</sup> a lineal descendant on his mother's side of Lawrence Washington, the grandfather of George Washington. His daughter Mildred, married a Mr. Gregory - their daughter, Mildred Gregory, married Mr. Thornton - Their daughter, Mildred Thornton, married Dr. Thomas Walker of Castle Hill, Albemarle County - whose youngest daughter, Peachy Walker, married Joshua Fry, my mother's father. There is a leather stuffed chair which descended from Mildred Washington (Mrs. Gregory) to my mother through her mother who was Dr. Walker's youngest daughter. It was to go always to the youngest daughter. Sue Barrett owns it now, and as she has no children, she will give it to Mildred Stites, as having my mother's name, handed down through 3 generations..

When I was a slip of a girl, I begged aunt Key to leave me Patrick Henry's letters which I came across while rummaging through an old bag of letters. I never knew until then that Patrick Henry was any kin to me at all. As our parents had an idea their children "must not shine by borrowed light" - and so never told us.

After Aunt Key's death brother Josh was telling Lizzie of her leaving me those letters - Johnnie & Jim were in the next room. Lizzie heard one say to the other - "I wonder if that's the great Patrick Henry we read about in school" - "Yes," said the other, "of course it is, and I'm going to



tell the boys tomorrow he was my great, great uncle." Lizzie told mother of it, and mother, bridleing up as she had a way of doing - said - "And you can tell them that if they are kin to Patrick Henry on their grand father's side, on their grand mother's they are kin to Gen. Washington, and Robert E. Lee, too!" "Oh, mother," said brother Josh, "dont tell them that - the boys at school will beat them to death!"

It is a little singular - I had never thought of any resemblance between my mother and Gen. Washington, in fact had never until recently traced the relationship exactly - but on the 22d of February I was showing a photograph of my mother taken in Philadelphia, early in the '60's, I think, with Therese at her side in a plaid dress - (Nan Stites gave me the picture when I was in Louisville) to a gentleman who knew mother, but had never seen this picture - he exclaimed at once on the remarkable likeness between the picture of my mother and the likeness in the newspaper of that day of Gen. Washington. It surprised me, I confess, but there it was - an existing fact. Shows how heredity continues and controls body and mind.

My mother's paternal ancestor, Col. Joshua Fry, was a graduate of Oxford, and "the distinguished professor of Mathematics of William and Mary College." He and Mr. Peter

Jefferson whose calling was that of a surveyor, were selected by the Colonial Assembly to accompany the Commissioners from North Carolina to extend the line on the parallel of 36° 30', which they did seventy three miles further. Fry and Jefferson were also associated in the preparation of the map of Virginia published in 1751, and which was used in the treaty of peace of 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary War.

Later he was appointed commander of the troops raised in Virginia for the Colonial War. He was Col. Washington's superior officer. Was taken ill of malarial fever on his way to the field of action, and died at Will's creek, it is stated. Washington cut this epitaph on the tree beneath which he was buried, "Here lies the good, the great, the lamented Fry." This tree was still standing some years ago.

His son, John Fry, was unfortunate enough to lose, by going security for a friend, the handsome estate his father had left him. When he died, insolvent, my mother's father, Joshua Fry, son to John, asked the creditors to permit him to take charge of the property and the debts, and see if he could not pay them. They agreed to it. He paid every debt and saved enough out of the estate to give his brother William and his sister Tabitha an independence, each, for life. They all came to Kentucky, I think about the year 1800 - for my mother was born in Virginia in 1798. (Note here X) His children were - Dr. John Fry, a very talented and brilliant phy-

scian, but extravagant and dissipated - spent \$350,000X given him by his father who idolized him. He was father to Gen. Cary H. Fry, also a brilliant and most loveable man - a gallant soldier who distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista - and who married Ellen Gwathmey at Oxmore in 1853.

Thomas Fry was my grand father's second son, a very good and clever man (in the Southern sense). His father gave him about \$150,000 in property. He became disgusted with negroes, sold all he owned, also his land near Danville, and moved over to Indiana where he reared his family. His eldest daughter, Mary, was the mother of Fry Lawrence, a noted character in his day - for wit and good fellowship. By her second marriage with Rev. Louis Green she was the mother of Mrs. Adlai Stevenson.

My mother's sisters were Mrs. Martha (Patsy) Bell, mother of Hon. Joshua Bell, who was such a beautiful speaker he was called the "bell with the silver tongue"- Mrs. Sallie Green, who was the mother of Mrs. Jas. Weir of Owensboro, and grandmother of the distinguished Arthur Johnson, M.D. of Cincinnati and Mrs. Lucy Speed, who was mother of James Speed, Atty. General of Mr. Lincoln's administration. Note 2.

My mother's maternal grandfather was Dr. Thomas Walker of Castle Hill - so well known as surveyor and explorer. He

was the first white man to enter the State of Kentucky, which he did in 1750 - built a cabin on the Cumberland and raised a crop of corn - but never reached the bluegrass region - so difficult was his way over the pathless mountains, and so impossible to procure proper sustenance for man and beast. His diary, published by the Filson Club with comments by Col. I. Stoddard Johnston who procured it and gave the facts of Dr. Walker's life, is one of the most interesting works I know of. And most valuable, especially to his descendants.

The Walker family came to this country in 1640, & I own a china snuff box, hand painted, brought then from England by Mrs. Frances Walker, the ancestress of Dr. Thomas Walker. So my mother came of purely English blood - whilst my father had French, Scotch and English blood in his veins. One of his paternal forebears being the Rev. Richard Brown of Scotland minister in the reign of Charles the First.

Dr. Walker, in 1779, extended the line westward five hundred miles further than Fry and Jefferson had carried it in 1749. As Commissioner to arrange treaties with Indians, as soldier in the Colonial War, when, at Braddock's defeat, he narrowly escaped death or capture with Washington as member of the House of Burgesses, of the Revolutionary Convention of the Council of State, he did active duty and rendered earnest service to his country & State.

Col. William Christian, my father's maternal grandfather, was the son of Israel Christian of Staunton, Virginia. "Before he was twenty years of age, he had risen to the rank of Captain in the Second Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Wm. Byrd, during the French War. Some years after its close, he entered the office of Patrick Henry as a law student. Here he greatly endeared himself to him by his manly character and fine sense"- (Wm. Wirt Henry's Life of Patrick Henry) It was at this time also that he won the affection of Patrick Henry's favorite sister, Anne. And they were married in 1768.

In 1774 he was appointed one of the four Colonels sent by Dunmore with Gen. Lewis to meet the Indians under Cornstalk. After the victory of Point Pleasant, these officers of the Virginia troops held a meeting at Fort Gorner and declared themselves ready, at the call of their country, to draw the sword in defence of American liberty. In 1775, Col. Christian was appointed by the Convention lieutenant-colonel of the first Virginia regiment.

In July of 1776, he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the forces raised for an expedition against the Cherokees in the Carolinas.

In his report to Governor Henry from the Broad River, Oct. 14th, 1776, he quotes from an answer he had returned to Raven the Indian Chief - "That mercy and bravery were

characteristic of the States of America"- This has been the watchword of the true soldier always "That I did not come to war with women and children, but to fight with men;" and further on he says - "I am convinced that the Virg'a State would be better pleased to hear that I showed pity to the distressed, and spared the suppliants rather than that I should commit one act of Barbarity in the destroying a whole nation of enemies."

A braver, more gallant, generous and tender spirit never breathed than Col. William Christian. Governor Henry kept him in service mainly on the frontiers, to protect the inhabitants from the Indians.

When the war had ended, and he, like other officers, received large grants of land in "the West," as Kentucky was called, his thoughts began to turn to those lands, and in August, <sup>of</sup> 1785, he moved his family to Kentucky, and settled on the waters of the Beargrass Creek.

In April of 1786, he headed a party of twenty men in pursuit of some Indian marauders - who had invaded Kentucky - and being ahead of the main body, with only two or three of his men with him, in a conflict with the savages he was killed - at least fatally wounded.

My father gives this account of it - (in address quoted)

"In 1786 a party of Indians who had stolen horses on the Beargrass were pursued across the river, and two men and a boy were overtaken about a mile from Jeffersonville, the boy escaped - Col. Christian foremost, my father and Major O'Bannon next. As Col. Christian dismounted, preparatory to firing, he was shot and killed by one of the Indians - at the same instant both of the Indians were shot and mortally wounded by Major O'Bannon and my father. - Kelly ran up to tomahawk the Indian whose gun had not been discharged, and the Indian in a dying state rose and shot Kelly dead."

In a most pathetic letter to Governor Henry, Mrs. Christian says-"When the fatal wound was given him, he behaved with the greatest fortitude. He never murmured nor complained the least, but said - "My wound is mortal, tho' I hope to get home to my family before I die!" & when the men who carried him had traveled till late in the night, he then made them stop & got off the litter, & rode on horseback 2 miles, but by the great loss of blood was unable to proceed, & had a second litter made in which he was carried till he desired them to stop for him to rest a while. He told a friend he was not at all afraid to meet death, and died resigned to the will of God-"that it would be very melancholly news for his



poor Family to bear"- and then expired." without a groan;  
they brought the dear remains home on the very day he  
told me at parting he expected to return.

Oh, what a good, what a valuable, what a dear friend  
and protector I have lost:"

- - - - -  
Annie Christian

He was buried beside the rushing waters of the Bear-  
grass, in sight of the home he had made in the wilderness.  
A heavy slab of stone marks his grave - on it -

"William Christian

Died April 9th, 1786,

Aged 43."

In a letter of May 26th, 1800, from Fayette Co. young  
John Christian who died the same year aged 19, writes to  
his brother-in-law, A. S. Bullitt, "If you will be so good,  
sir, as to have a stone wall built around my Father's  
grave sufficiently large to enclose your children and to ans-  
wer for a Family burying (ground) you will oblige me very  
much. - - - - -

John H. Christian.

He was buried there beside his father, and it is from

him that John C. Bullitt derived his name. He is represented as an amiable and bright young man, but of delicate health for some years previous to his death had contracted consumption, no doubt.

Col. Christian, by his will, left to his wife 500 acres of his Beargrass land, "including the improvement whereon I now live," &c. &c. This tract was sold to different parties after her death, but the burying ground with its stone wall was reserved. It was chartered by act of Legislature some years ago, and my father left a sum the interest of which is to be perpetually devoted to keeping it in order.

Col. Christian did not like Kentucky and intended to take his family back to "the Settlement," as Virginia was called - being uneasy about them on account of the Indians who were being incited by the British, who still held Detroit and the posts on the Lakes, to invade the frontiers, and especially Kentucky. In his wife's letter, above quoted, she says she thinks he had a premonition of his end - that he had been very grave and thoughtful all the winter."

She, poor lady, was heart-broken, and died in 1790, after a struggle to regain health for the sake of her young children.

She remained but a short time at the scene of her

life's tragedy - staid in Mercer County for a while, then returned to Richmond - went finally to Antigna for her health - and on her return died at Norfolk Va.- where I presume she is buried, though I do not know the fact. Far from the lover of her youth, the beloved of her womanhood, from the children so dear to her, she sleeps her last sleep. And the grasses of Kentucky wave over his grave and those of her descendants who lie in the old family burying ground on the Beargrass.

Col. Christian left four daughters besides Priscilla Bullitt.- Sarah Winston who married Dr. Warfield of Lexington - Elizabeth, who married Mr. Dickinson - Dorothea who married Dr. Fishback of Lexington, and Anne, who married Governor John Pope, a compeer of Henry Clay, & a man of brilliant talents.

To each of his daughters Col. Christian willed 500 acres or more of good land. To Elizabeth he left 1000 acres, including the big spring at Bryant's Station, of such historic fame. To his son he left "Saltsburg and all my adjoining lands."

I do not know of any descendants of Col. Christian excepting those of his eldest daughter Priscilla. I think most of the children of the other daughters have died with-

out leaving any representatives of their family.

I have given but a faint idea in the above of the real lives and characters of our ancestors - but it is evident that the majority of them were men of force, of ability, of energy and integrity - men of high character and position in their respective communities - men of substance and of means, who were able to educate their children - men who loved their country and served it - who loved their families and protected them - who were ready always to fight for what they believed to be a good cause - ready to lay down life itself at the call of duty. A manly, honest, fearless race, many of them superior in intellect, as in the kindlier virtues of humanity. Gentlemen all, in the highest sense. But of them all, none appeals to me as does Col. Christian, my great-grandfather. It may have been the reading of his letters to his wife, and also to Patrick Henry, which have given me a personal insight into his fine, chivalric nature, and a personal affection for this gallant soldier, this able lawyer, this honorable member of the Virginia Assembly - whose letters from Richmond are full of interest - It may have been that I stood beside his silent grave so often as a little child, & wondered what manner of man he was who had

lain there so many years. But so it is - I feel as if I had known him well - I imagine that my father resembled him in appearance and character, and fancy I have seen traits which he must have inherited from Col. Christian, whose name he bore; and than whom no more chivalric, high-hearted, pure-minded patriot ever breathed.

There is one striking fact in the lives of the ancestors, on his father's side of John C. Bullitt - and that is the large number of them who were lawyers and all good lawyers.

Judge Cuthbert Bullitt of Prince William Co. Va. distinguished as lawyer and Judge of the Supreme Court of his State.

Alexander S. Bullitt, his son, a lawyer of distinction - President of the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky in 1799, served in the Legislature and as President of the Senate, through a continuous term of years until 1808. He was the second Lieutenant Governor of the State. A little incident illustrates his character. He received, as was the custom of the State then, young law students at his house, and gave them the benefit of his library and instruction at the same time. One of these young men dared to make love to his seventeen year old daughter, Helen, without asking his permission. Learning of it, he ejected him without ceremony. As the young fellow picked himself up, he said - "Col. Bullitt

I hope this will not prevent your speaking to me when we meet"- "Mr \_\_\_\_\_," said my grandfather, "I never pout"-  
(See Note 3)

Our father, William C. Bullitt, was an excellent lawyer, and perfectly devoted to the law. It was in his blood. But delicate health compelled him to a life in the open air, and he went to Oxmoor the year after he married our mother. His neighbors had so much confidence in his ability as well as his well known justice and integrity, that they were in the habit of submitting their disputes to him for arbitration, instead of going into court with them. They invariably abided by his decisions. On one occasion a man to whom he had not spoken for many years, came up to Oxmoor from his own place eight miles below Louisville, to ask my father to go up to Shelby County with him (20 miles off) to arbitrate the question of a road which would be a great injury to his property there - that he knew he was in the right about it, but my father was the only man he knew whom he believed would do him justice - and his opponents had expressed themselves <sup>as</sup> entirely willing to accept my father's decision in the matter. He mounted his horse, rode to Shelbyville with the party, found he had justice on his side, gave the decision in his favor, mounted his horse and rode back home, without ever speaking

one word to the man to whom he had done justice, and such a favor! (See Note 4)

Brother Josh and brother John both studied with him for 2 years, and said they learned far more from him than at any of the law schools.

There is another striking fact in connection with my father's family.

His grandfather, Cuthbert Bullitt, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia in 1776, and one of the Committee appointed to draft the plan of government for the State.

His father, Alex. S. Bullitt, was President of the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky in 1799 & also a member of the first Con. Convention of 1792.

He himself, Wm. C. Bullitt was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849, and was the only member whose father had been in the Convention of 1799 - 50 years previous. Although several such were candidates, but were defeated - as Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, for one.

In the next Constitutional Convention, in 1890, Wm. G. Bullitt, the youngest son of our uncle Cuthbert, was a delegate - and served with the same ability and distinction as had his predecessors.



Col. Christian also was a fine lawyer, with a good practice both before and after the Revolutionary war.

His wife, Annie Henry, was of the same blood as three of the greatest lawyers and orators of their day. She and Lord Brougham were great-grandchildren to Rev. William Robertson, the father of Dr. William Robertson the distinguished scholar, historian and divine - Jean Robertson being the mother of Col. John Henry.

On her mother's side Annie Henry was niece to William Winston, whom Nathaniel Pope in a letter to Mr. Wirt declared to be "the greatest orator whom he ever heard, Patrick Henry excepted." And she was sister to Patrick Henry, to whom she writes as "My own dear brother."

I see no record of any of my mother's forefathers in Virginia, who were lawyers - but Dr. Walker was distinguished for his scientific knowledge and tastes, and Joshua Fry as a mathematician. They were both far-reaching men - & both had a passionate fondness for exploration of the unknown country beyond the Alleghanies. Dr. Walker had planned, so I have seen it stated, to make the very journey to the Pacific in 1754, that Lewis and Clark made in 1804, but the French war coming on prevented.

His descendants are so numerous, I will not attempt to embrace them in this sketch. His two sons, John & Frances

were elected to Congress several times and many of his children left distinguished names after them - His eight daughters all married, and the names of Lewis, of Gilnser, Manry, Page, Rives, and Mason appear among his descendants.

He was a grand man, broad and kind - retaining all the fire and spirit of his youthful patriotism even to his death which took place at his home, Castle Hill, November 9th, 1794, in the eightieth year of his age.

Our ancestors were a long-lived race, barring accidents.

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Note 1- Page 25.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston in his "Journal of Dr. Thos. Walker" places it at 1788 - but my mother always claimed she was born in Virginia, & she was born July 9th, 1798.

Note 2. Page 28- (Add this)

Grandfather Fry settled at Springhouse, a farm several miles from Danville. He made money hand over hand, for he not only gave his sons handsome fortunes, but to each of his 4 daughters \$20,000X as they married. He first taught his own children, there being no schools, & asked his neighbors to send theirs as an incentive to his children to study. Then he became so fascinated with teaching that he gave up all of his other business, and kept a large school. He picked up boys out of the road sometimes, took them to his house, fed, clothed and educated them. One of these was the distinguished Geo. Robertson whose mother was in poor circumstances.

Once, my mother was in Frankfort, visiting Cousin Willis Green. Judge Robertson, Chief Justice, took the whole Court of Appeals to call on her, and in their presence told how my mother's father had taken him, a poor little barefoot boy, up on his horse, stopt at his mother's door, & asked permission to take him and educate him - and then of Mr. Fry's kindness to him all the way through. Judge Robertson was

in Congress in 1820 - and distinguished himself there, greatly.

Another incident of a different character is worth preserving. Mrs. George Nicholas of Lexington, the widow of the noted George Nicholas of Va. who removed to Kentucky, sent her daughter, Georgiana to school to Mr. Fry. She was unruly, & used "langwidge"- He sent her home - her mother sent her back, writing him "for God's sake to keep her and make her behave herself, and if necessary to whip her - she could do nothing with her." So Mr. Fry called Georgiana up and told her she must quit swearing - She kept on - at last, he told her he would whip her if she did not stop - & told the girls to report to him if they heard her swear. Very soon the report came. He got some switches, & called Georgiana up - she was 16 years old, mind you - and told her how sorry he was, but he would be compelled to punish her. She begged and plead - he was inexorable, he must whip her - At last, with tears streaming down her face, she cried - "Oh, Mr. Fry, if you will just let me off this time, I'll be God dammed to hell if I ever swear again as long as I live!" --- Grandfather put the switches down! It was beyond him- She married a Mr. Trotter afterwards, and became an excellent woman.

Note 3-Page 45.

Sub rosa - this was Mr. James Breckenridge, grandfather to the Caldwell girls, who married foreigners.

Note 4 - Page 48.

Sub rosa - this was old Mr. Sam Churchill, father to Mrs. Governor Blackburn - "Thereby hangs a tale"- a tale of murder, one of the tragedies of Oxmoor - a tragedy that my mother said "changed my father's gay and happy nature into sternness and reserve"- But he was never stern to me - always the tenderest dearest father to me!

Friday May 15 -

My dear Julia

I write hastily to get M. S. off this morning - Did you get what I sent last Friday? and approve it? I did not feel sure you would entirely like it - You do not mention having gotten it, in your letter accompanying "Langhorne Bullitt's" picture.

I do not wonder at your enthusiasm over him - He has a wonderfully beautiful, a marvelous face - a rare face - an expression that denotes all possibilities.

I read part of your letter to Tom - where you speak of "his gifts mental and physical" and "wonder what he will make of them" - Says Tom, who had taken the greatest interest in the picture - "I hope he won't make an inventor of them!"

Tom's passion is music - but he could not help inventing if he tried - Langhorne's face reminds me of the most beautiful music I have ever heard - I will tell you some day where and by whom.

I hope sincerely that Haller has entirely recovered - I could not make out the word in your letter of what ailed him. Give him my love & tell him I am glad he likes my book - & dear Langhorne too. Dont let that child study too much, Julia -

Every copy of my book was destroyed in the great fire at Cincinnati, in Feb. but they hope the plates are still safe - have found a part of them. They propose to get out a new edition & Mr. Banney has gotten several letters from me, written to me recently, and filed them to use in new Circulars - So if Haller feels like writing his opinion of my work, to me, and gives me leave to use it, I will be very glad -

Must say goodbye - Let me know as soon as you get this M. S. - and if you like it - or not - especially not

Your Aunt Sue

in haste -

With love -



Our father and mother were married in September of 1819 and went to Oxmoor to live in the Spring of 1820 - as appears from some old letters.

My mother - who had worn dresses, during the war of 1812, made of cotton grown at Spring house, spun, woven, dyed with Indigo and made up at home, who for pins had to gather thorns off of the thorn-trees, and after peace, had flourished in silks and velvets, & Ostrich plumes, with slippers of satin, and silken hose - when she went to the farm, determined to be a good housekeeper. She said my father hated to see her put on leather shoes, and calico dresses - but- "I knit my stockings and wore them - I skimmed my milk and churned it - I worked my butter and sold it." And she had the cleanest house, the most delightful table, and the best trained servants in the State of Kentucky.

My grandfather Bullitt was devoted to flowers, as well as to music, and had a beautiful flower garden - had sent to England for plants - but after his death it went to decay, and my mother found, of all the flowers, only two roses left - One, the great red rose chosen as his emblem by Henry of Lancaster, because "it would take the earth" - the other, the lovely white rose chosen by York, because

"it would climb to the heavens." She cherished them both; and as you stood at the back door, looking toward the garden gate arched with its ever blooming sweet honey-suckle and the purple clusters of glacyne you saw on the left hand side under the windows of the back room and covering nearly all the ground towards the garden the beautiful Lancaster roses which had literally taken the earth\* - whilst on the right hand trained over the wall, and around the windows, was the exquisite white York rose which had climbed over the roof after covering the whole side of the house. In the moonlight, when in bloom, it was the most beautiful and pure-looking rose I have ever seen - and its sweetness could not be surpassed. This back door with its 3 stone steps was a favorite seat on moonlight nights with brother John - Pretty girls never looked so pretty as by this door - and he worshiped beauty always.

I remember his coming for Cousin Cary Fry, and myself one night to look at Lizzie Smith (whom brother Josh married) if we wanted to see the most beautiful thing we ever beheld. It was a picture never to be forgotten - Always beautiful, there was an ethereal loveliness in Lizzie's look that night I never saw equaled.

Her soft white dress, her luminous expression, the

moon's full splendor over her - and the York rose in fullest bloom, and fairer than lilies, purer than the stars. Brother John had not then met Therese Langhorne who was herself like the sweetest white rose - "fairer than the lilies, purer than the stars."

He was a very precocious child - walked and talked when only eight months old - (the only instance of the kind I ever knew except my own youngest son who did the same thing.) He was very imaginative - when a little fellow - saw the most marvelous things that existed only in his own imagination.

He was sent to school, when about six years old, to Mr. Robert Nelson Smith who came to Jefferson County from Kanawha early in the twenties - opened a school in an old Baptist church - a great big stone building with a gallery at one end, in a big yard full of large locust trees. He advertised he would teach Latin, Greek and French, and did not know a word of either one.

But he was the most thorough of teachers. He sent for the books, and every night he studied over the lessons he was to teach the next day, and so made himself an excellent scholar. His pupils were said to be the best prepared of any who went to Centre College, at Danville, Ky. - then the

largest college in the South except the University of Virginia.

The course in Latin was, first, Viri Roma, next Caesar's Commentaries, then Sallust, Virgil's Aeneid, Horace, Cicero's Orations, Livy, and Ovid's Metamorphoses.

In English, Pike's Arithmetic, Olney's Geography, Murray's Grammar - and various histories, from "Peter Parley's United States history for children" to Goldsmith's Greece and other histories of England France and our own country, which we read in class, and were never required to memorize.

So we loved our history hour dearly. Israel Putnam was a hero - Alexander's Bucephalus, a reality - Thermopyla a sacred spot. The white plume of Henry of Navarre was the emblem of all bravery - and so all through. We grew up, reverencing Gen. Washington, believing in the Constitution, loving our country as the Romans loved theirs - Patriotism was our religion.

We learned the mythology of the ancients well - from the parsing of Pope's Homer, as well as from the Latin Classics.

We were a hardy, sturdy set of children. My father had been delicately reared, and he resolved his boys

should grow up strong and tough.

He never let them wear flannels nor overcoats in the coldest weather - taught them himself to ride, to swim, to shoot,

Each boy had his horse and his gun as he grew up. And the day they were eight years old, my father told me he bought each of them a pack of cards and taught them to play all the "genteel games" - which did not include poker. (I speak of the older set, of whom I was one - I do not know whether all this would apply to those younger than myself.) He advised me to do the same with my boys, as every boy had a passion for cards some time in his life, & it was better for him to take it out at home when he was small - for if restrained then and there, they would be sure to play as soon as they were old enough to leave home, and the passion would lead them into the company of gamblers and be their ruin - whereas, if they got over it when young, it would never again so dominate them.

I took his advice - he was a wise man, and understood human nature better than most.

When I was five years old, my little brother Bell, two years younger, died of scarlet fever in August. I was so lonely and unhappy, having no playmate (for we were never permitted to play with the little negroes on the place)

that mother sent me to school with the other children. Brother Josh, thirteen - brother Scott eighteen months younger, brother John ten - Sister Martha seven - We went through rain or snow, heat or cold - it never mattered -

If we got wringing wet, our clothes dried on us - we laughed at the weather - it could not hurt us.

The first winter, I was so little, brother Josh took me in front of him on old Thisbe, a big brown, gentle mare - and sister Martha behind him. One morning, as soon as we got out of the avenue brother Scott & brother John began - "Josh, let us ride too" -

Brother Josh, always kind, rode up to the fence, and brother John got up in front of me, brother Scott jumping on behind sister. Thisbe went on all right till we came to the creek which crossed the lane about a quarter of a mile or more from the big gate - (the gate to the avenue was "the big gate") When she got to the middle of the creek, some 18 or 20 inches deep, perhaps more, she deliberately stopped and shook herself until she had pitched brother John over her head, and shaken brother Scott off backwards. Then she very quietly went on up the bank. The boys ran up dripping wet, laughing, "Josh, let us ride!" Up they mounted again - and old Thisbe went on as gently as could be, until we had turned into the next lane which

was on a bee-line with the school-house . There was a long pond here, shallow and muddy - When Thisbe reached the middle of it, and the deepest part, she stopped and shook us every one off - brother Josh so full of laugh he simply rolled off into the mud. We all fell in a heap, and old Thisbe stepped out as gingerly as if we had been eggs - never treading on one of us - and waited outside the pond.

Sister & myself picked ourselves and our little red cloaks up out of the mud, and water, and brother took us up again on old Thisbe - but when the boys broke out "Josh, let us ride" - "No", he said - "Thisbe says you cant ride - you must walk."

Soon after brother Josh went to Louisville to live, and to learn "business" - which he left for the family profession, the law. So we then all walked to school. In summer we each took a watermelon, but none ever reached the school house. Brother John's was always the first one to be thrown on the grass in the lane outside the avenue, and broken - and divided around - all shared the same fate before we left that grassy, shady lane with its sweet blooming wild crab-apple tree.

We used to gather the longest iron-weeds we could find, strip off the leaves, and throw them, as we walked to school, as the Romans did their javelins - racing and jump-



ing, shouting and singing. We were a happy set.

In the winter the boys of the school were required to make the fires in the stoves, week about. When it came to our brothers' turn, we had to eat a breakfast cooked the night before, and eat by candle-light so as to get to the school house by seven o'clock. I have seen the stars shining in the horse-shoe tracks many a morning, going to school before day, when every thing was frozen. But we did not care - we never thought of making any complaints, or even of minding anything we had to do.

Brother John was always the merriest, happiest boy - he never seemed to study much but always knew his lessons - learned with the greatest ease. He said once, "I had a great deal rather they would say of me, 'He could learn if he would', than that, 'he would learn if he could'" -

Quick-tempered, impetuous, hot-headed, good humored, gay, always ready to do a kindness or to resent a wrong - generous as the day, that was brother John.

When I was only six years old, I wrote - "the" - without my copy - Mr. Smith started to get his paddle - I wrapt my little hands so tightly in my linen apron he could not get them out without tearing it - I was very strong - He went out into the orchard (we were then in a little frame

school house while the old church was being repaired) and brought in three apple tree switches which he began to use over my shoulders - In a flash there came a big book through the air which struck him full on the temple - "Who did that?" and he looked towards the far end of the room where brother John sat apparently studying his lesson. As Mr. Smith turned one of the boys picked up the book and passed it along under cover of the desks from boy to boy until it reached brother John - so by the time Mr. Smith reached his seat, he was quietly perusing his Virgil, or Horace perhaps. He had effected his object - Mr. Smith let me alone - I suppose his temple hurt him too.

When brother Josh came home Saturday night to spend Sunday at home, we told him - and he said "Sue, why didn't you holler 'Enough'! & then the old man would have stooped".

I would not have holloed for any thing - was too proud to cry or complain.

June 16/03.

My dear Julia,

I am certainly glad you like my papers- I enjoy the hearing from you too- for I also feel it is a link between my beloved brother & myself-

I return the paper, corrected, about sister Martha- Let me know what you think of it - honestly remember-

I also return the first ones- which are not for publication-

I was so glad to hear Langhorne was getting on so well, - and also about your little daughter- do you call her "Baby"- That is Susie Burbank's cognomen at home - always "the baby." You ought to have seen Mr. Whittington's amazement when he heard me call her "Baby"-

I saw Therese a few moments- she looked very well indeed-

I will take great pleasure in writing you of your mother - though I never knew her untill we were both grown -

By the way, I forgot to put in about the "lost Pleiad" the first one of the seven who married was to be "the lost Pleiad" - and your mother was, I think, the first one -

I will have to get you to return me right away the paper next to this -

What I have to add will belong to that paper- and I cannot fix it right without the paper which comes just after this - you know it, of course -

Julia, have you any picture of your father and mother when they were young?

I have an old ambrotype, taken when Therese was about two years old - Annie, a baby, in your mother's lap - as I recall it - Therese in your father's - It is a splendid picture of him - not so good of your mother though -

You may have the same picture -if not and you would like to have it, I will give you this one.

I am sure you do me more than justice in your valuation of my poor writing - but if it pleases you that is all I ask -

Write to me when ever you can, & tell me of your loved ones, & of all the family -

Tom & myself both like "little" Therese so much - I think her such a sweet, unaffected, frank, honest sort of girl - & very bright -

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With love to all of your "handsomest" and your handsome self -

Your Aunt Sue -

When brother John finished the course at Mr. Smith's, he went to Centre College - the youngest student ever sent there. During his first vacation, mother one day reproved him for some breach of etiquette at table - He said, very indignantly, "If a boy is old enough to go to college, I think he is old enough to know how to behave at table without being told." Mother said "I think so too, and as you do not know how to behave at table, you are not old enough to go to college - and I shall tell your father so."

The result was that father put him in the field, and kept him there for three years - until he was sixteen.

He told me, after his speech in the Fitz-John Porter case, that he had inherited from our mother her fine chest - but that the three years work on the farm had given him his strong constitution which enabled him to undergo the extraordinary strain of that three days speech - as of other great mental labors.

But while he worked in the fields at all the farm work - and was a splendid worker - he had plenty of spare time to dance with the girls who visited at the house - to ride on horseback with them on moonlight nights - to make love to them out on the stile, or at the back door beneath the glorious White York rose, or promenading down the broad

garden walks, fair with the light of the Southern moon - the dark green crescent of the woodlands around, framing the whole scene as a picture of brightness and beauty.

Mary Robertson was a beautiful girl from Virginia - whose father had recently removed to Louisville. Brother John was very much taken with her. One morning I was seated up in a large peach tree that grew beside the yard fence, reading a Fairy tale - the "Yellow Dwarf" - so interested I did not notice that brother John and Mary had taken their seats on top of the fence, just beneath me.

But when he began to make love to her in the most pronounced fashion I "took notice" at once - and was greatly embarrassed as to what I ought to do - It was not right to listen, but if I coughed or spoke, how very badly it would make them both feel to think any one had overheard them! Whereas if I kept quiet, nobody would ever know of it, as of course I would hold it sacred, and their feelings would be saved .

So I kept still - but I had to listen of course.

Presently, Mary said - "John, I would like to ask your advice as a friend - Do you think I could carry on as many as four affairs at once? I am already engaged to Cal Benham, and Matt Ward, and Ike Sturgeon" -

"Not if I am to be the fourth!" said brother John

in the most decided and hasty manner jumping down off the fence, and helping her down - I heard no more, as they walked off - never dreaming they had had an audience.

Years after, I told brother John about it, and we had a good laugh over his "advice as a friend" being asked.

We had a great sorrow in the loss of brother Scott - He died at seventeen of over-study at College - was very ambitious, and worked too hard. He was different in appearance from any of us - was a perfect blonde, with very regular features, fair sunny hair, eyes of blue like the sky, a lovely color in his cheeks even during his illness which was at least six months, I think. I have no data - only my own memory. But it was the winter I was eleven years old - and he made me read aloud to him every evening - Oliver Twist & Jack Shephard are two of the books I remember.

The Professors at Centre College said that he was the most talented of all our father's sons.

The fall after his death, 1840, as I remember it, brother Josh who had wearied of the prospect of a purely business life, got father's consent to go to College, and he & brother John went to old Center together.

Brother John staid 3 years, and graduated - brother Josh left after 2 years and went to the University of Virginia for one year - where he learned to read and speak German,



which was of great advantage to him afterwards in his profession, so many of his clients being Germans - and so few of the lawyers in Louisville being able to speak their language. It was from him, on his return, that I first heard of Goethe, and his great drama, Faust.

While at College together they were good students, but engaged in many of the mad cap frolics, in which boys expend their exuberance of spirits. They had a great joke on mother once. She was in Danville on a visit - spending the day with some friends. They spoke of a frolic of the night before, when a party of students had seized a young fellow who was escorting a girl home (from prayer meeting, I think) and carried him off despite her screams, when a nice young man, masked, stepped out and offered to escort her home - and she seemed entirely soothed by his politeness and kind care of her. I forget what they did to the young man - either shaved or ducked him - nor do I recall the animus of his punishment - but when it was related to my mother, she said "Well, I am thankful to say, I know neither of my boys was in that scrape." Her friends looked at one another and suppressed their laughter - for they knew that brother Josh was the ring leader in the mischief - and brother John was the one appointed to escort the young lady home.

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In vacations, they had some friends to stay with them - we had dances every evening, unless they rode out on horse-back with the young ladies. I was only a child - a little, brown, sunburned thing - not asked to dance except to fill out a set - but sister Martha, two years older, was tall, fair and beautiful, - the admired of all. She was next in age to brother John, and the pride of his life.

I remember Jim Gaither saying to her - "I would not attempt to compliment you, I had as well try to paint the Lily, or gild refined gold" - I thought it so charming to be so beautiful and have people say such beautiful things to you. We all worshiped my lovely sister whose brow and throat were like a snowdrift, over which the rosy color would flash when you spoke to her, and then leave them she answered you, a snowy white. She always had a fine color in her cheeks - Her eyes were a blue-gray with long black lashes - the softest, silkiest, blue-black wealth of tresses crowned her beauty as the night does the fairness of the moon.

When she was only sixteen, and while brother John was away at college, the tragedy of her young life began, which ended in her death, in 1847.

She had the misfortune to love a man of fascinating

manners, but who, in his character, was wholly unworthy. My father opposed the marriage, but she finally married him, believing in him fully.

She lived just three months after that fatal day - and for the last six weeks of her life, by her own request, he was not permitted to see her or speak to her.

It had been better had she never married him - Even though she might have died of grief, she at least might have preserved her dream of love, unbroken - and to one of her pure and noble spirit, the broken heart would have been easier than the broken dream.

On her tombstone is only engraved her maiden name

"Martha Bell Bullitt.

Aged 20."

There was a grace and majesty in her young goddess-like figure, a dignity and gentleness in her bearing that made her at once attractive and distinguished-looking - When she entered a concert hall or theatre every eye turned to look upon her queenly young beauty. She had many admirers, many lovers, and all of them were her friends as well - a rare thing, I think.

She had a great deal of wit in conversation, a fine sense of humor, was like brother Josh in her mental characteristics -

What a loss she was to us all, can never be told - nor the intense grief we felt for her unhappy fate - which seemed a strange dispensation of that Providence in whom she firmly believed and trusted to the very last.

Her deathbed was a remarkable and beautiful scene. She welcomed Death as a friend, and longed for his coming. When told she was dying she exclaimed in the most exalted and thrilling tones, "Father, mother, if departed spirits are permitted to hover round those they love, I will always be near you, and watch over you!" Then she closed her eyes, crossed her beautiful hands upon her breast (they were the most perfect hands I have ever seen) and lay still for a time - half an hour perhaps - then, opening her eyes, she said, "Mother, doesn't it take me a long time to die?"

She lived nearly 24 hours afterwards - talked with us all - and once, actually made us, even mother laugh, by a remark to brother Josh.

She said to mother, in an effort to console her grief, "Mother, I think Helen will be a great comfort to you." From that hour, her mantle seemed to fall upon our little sister Helen, who grew up so lovely and so beloved - who lived such a beautiful and useful life, and was the "comfort" of our mother's and father's lives - especially in

their latter years - Whom brother John loved so dearly, so devotedly.

He and I nursed sister Martha in her last illness. For six weeks, one of us sat up every night- so as to let mother sleep. What a comfort he was to her could not be told in words.

Fortunately, he was at home at the time.

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every evening I read Oliver Twist, and would dream of Bill Sykes killing poor Nancy and burning her hair off of his club in the open fire.

Also Jack Shephard, by Ainsworth - and I could hear on dark nights Jonathan Wild's "S'blood and thunder!" - and feel him clutch my shoulder - and for months I used to jump into bed, lest he might catch me by my foot - but dear brother Scott knew nothing of all this. He was the most gentle, patient, beautiful boy - faded day by day, like a lovely flower.

His disease was of the gland, which carries the nourishment, of the food to the blood, & so he just wasted away. The night before he died he sent for me - about eleven o'clock - I did not dream he was dying - he said - "Sue, I want you to read to me " - "What must I read?" "What are you reading?" I told him the "Hyacinth" a little story by Mrs. , and asked should I begin at the beginning? He said "No, just go on where you left off - you wont have time to finish it." Still I did not comprehend - read to him as long as he wished me to - and next morning went to school as usual.

About eleven o'clock I was sent for - that brother Scott "was dead" - It was a great shock to me. The Profes-

sors at Center College always declared that he was the most gifted of all my father's sons.

When he was only three years old, father took him on his horse, before him, around a large cornfield that was being planted - four grains in a hill, the hills 4 feet apart both ways. Father said brother Scott asked him if he knew how many grains of corn had been planted in that field? and said, "can tell you" - and then gave the number in the thousands, which I do not remember. Father was so struck with his simple assured manner of saying it, that after taking him home, he rode round the field, counting the number of hills both ways and taking out his pencil counted it all up - and to his utter amazement found the number of grains exactly what brother Scott had stated.

How that little child knew, by what mental process he counted those hills and the grains in them was always a mystery. His death was a great grief to us all - from our father and mother down to me - and a great loss to the boys, his brothers who were so devoted to him.

The next fall, brother Josh, who had



night does the fairness of the moon.

It was while brother John was away at college, that the tragedy of her young life began - which ended in her death. My father was bitterly opposed to the person she was so unfortunate as to be fascinated with. Brother John did not like him - though, as he said, he knew nothing against him. It was purely instinct, I think. They were fellow students in the law-school at Lexington in the winter of 1843-44- which brother John attended after leaving Center College.

The engagement of my sister to the young man was broken off and renewed time and again - as she would seem to feel something was wrong with him - but when he would see her again he would seem so heartbroken, and would so act his part, she would renew her promise to him.

One summer day, over a year previous to her death, she and Ellen Gwathmey, accompanied by cousin Cary Fry and this gentlemen, rode over to Locust Grove (the Croghan place) to spend the day. After their return, cousin Cary called her aside, and said "Mae, dont you ever marry that man - he does not love you - he hates you, and if he ever marries you, it will be out of revenge for the stings you have inflicted on his vanity by breaking off with him so often.

I saw the way he looked at you - and I tell you if ever he marries you, it will be for hate, and not for love."

*Charles Allison* Cousin Cary was a prophet - My father ordered Mr. Allison from the house - he begged to be permitted to see sister for one moment to say goodbye. In that moment he induced her to pledge her word of honor to him that she would never again break off her engagement to him, no matter what happened.

None of us dreamed she had again pledged herself to him - But she would go nowhere, staid at home and sewed all winter of 1846-47. I was in town most of the winter and brother John was in Clarksville, Tennessee. Her health failed, and when Dr. Flint said her disease was mortal, and she only had a short time to live, father yielded to her entreaty that her lover might be permitted to see her once more. I myself wrote the letter for her - he came at once (from Baltimore) and acted his part so well that we all believed we had done him an injustice. He begged permission to marry her, so that he might nurse her.

She would not at first consent to it but after great persuasion on his part she yielded, and they were married in mother's room by Mr. Humphrey on the 27th day of July, 1847. Just able to stand long enough for the ceremony to be performed - drest in a white cambric wrapper.

For a few days she seemed happy, and improved so much we hoped she might recover.

Then all was changed - we knew he was being cruel to her, but could not tell how. My father was so convinced that he did something that gave her the most terrible nervous spells, that one night he got his pistol out of the drawer at the head of sister's couch, and gave a look to let him know he meant to kill him Mr. *Alison* fled the room - father after him. Aunt Bell caught my father's arm as he reached the door.

"Oh, no! Mr. Bullitt, not that!" She drew him down to a seat out on the porch, and he put his head on her shoulder and sobbed like a child.

But we knew nothing we were all in the dark. He said to me, "Sue, you know how hard I tried to prevent this thing - you know how every time I interfered, it seemed as if it would kill Martha - and now I do not know what to do." This in reference to a circumstance that had aroused my suspicions that cousin Cary's view was the correct one. At the end of six weeks she could bear it no longer - told mother the whole story - he had married her for revenge! and she begged that she never be allowed to see him again. She lived six weeks - but free from all fear of him. Mother told no one but myself what she had said - fearing that

father or either of her brothers would shoot him down as they would a mad-dog and so add publicity, and a further horror to the scene of her last illness.

And none of them ever did know what she told of his cruelty - how he threatened her, "that she must make people believe she loved him, even if she had to lie to do it!"

I went to him and told him we knew all - that she never wanted to see him again that he might stay in the house while she lived- but if he dared to come near her, or intrude upon her in the least, I should at once tell my father and my brothers - and no power on earth could stand between him and death. He quailed at once, like the craven that he was - and begged to be allowed to remain.

He staid, but no member of the family ever spoke to him, except Aunt Key who acted as the medium of communication with him.

X/You will see on Sister Martha's tombstone only her maiden name

"Martha Bell Bullitt

Aged 20."

Brother John had returned from Clarksville in the winter or spring of 1847. He helped me to nurse sister every night for the last six weeks of her life. He knew the man she had married did not come near her. And after her death,

he was bent on seeking him out and killing him as the murderer of his beloved and beautiful sister. It took all my persuasions, all my arguments to with hold him from this set purpose to rid the world of a monster. But at last it wore off - and he left the punishment of an unheard of refinement of cruelty, and which was only conjectured by him from what he saw, to the Power above who has declared "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it."

She made a special request of mother to get her letters from Mr.                      and burn them. Mother wrote to cousin Lewis Green, then living in Baltimore - he went for the letters - but Mr.                      pretended great astonishment & distress - cousin Lewis was the most guileless of men - Then mother got cousin Willis Edwards to go by and see him as he went to Paris-

It was of no avail. Then she asked Mr. Humphrey to whom she had talked freely, to see if he could not get them. Mr. H. told him his business - said "Mrs. Bullitt is determined to have these letters - and if you do not give them to me, she will tell John the whole truth, and your life will not be worth a straw. Sue has had all she could do to keep John from seeking you out, and avenging his sister - and you know nothing would hold him back if he knew all."

The letters were handed out at once, mother burned them, and so ended the tragedy of life of one of the fairest, purest, truest and loveliest girls that ever lived. Every one loved her, a dozen noble gentlemen sought her hand and heart.

What a mystery that fate gave her over to a man whose wounded vanity made him a fiend of torture for her gentle and noble spirit!

Brother John lived and died without knowing all of this. We kept it from father and brother Josh too, but especially from brother John.

Envelope

Mrs. A. Haller Gross

Langhorne

Pennsylvania.

From

Mrs. S. B. Dixon

Care H. M. Marble,

St. Paul B'l'd'g.

New York City.

Dear Julia

I send another instalment very hastily written and on the impulse of the moment.

If too freely told, cut it out - It is a part of your father's early life, as well as mine -

There is no portrait of sister that is the least like her - they all belong to me, but I will not have them - When she entered a concert hall, so queenly was she in her young beauty that every eye was turned upon her - & whispers ran around the room, telling of her coming -

Your loving

Aunt Sue.

May 22/03

To make sure of no mistake, I mark each of these not - to - be - used pages as above - Sue.



My dear Julia

I had just finished the enclosed, when Tom brought me your letter of the 3d.

You will see a fuller account of the trip & your father going to Philadelphia than I gave you in my letter, I think - but you are welcome to use any thing in any of my letters that you may wish - As I write so much on the impulse of the moment. I sometimes remember things that I may forget at others.

I can tell a great deal more about your dear, dear mother, but it would be too long to use in the memoir, and not suitable unless for a special memoir of your mother.

Of the part about my sister - I have no objection whatever to your keeping all I have written for yourself - but I wish you to return me that paper, so that I may take out what I am not willing to have published (but will return to you) and correct the manuscript properly. There are some other things I have thought of in connection with your papa, that ought to go in, in that period of the account of his youth - With kind regards to Haller, and love for yourself,

Your Aunt Sue

Dont let Langhorne study too hard - hold him back - make him take recreation & exercise in open air-

What of your little girl?

I hope you will like this paper - travel was so different then - and so much nicer - I think - I used to think the railroad the last degree of discomfort. I loved the stage with its merry horn, its fast trots into the towns, the stoppages for passengers to get out and walk if they chose - It was far less monotonous and wearisome than the cars with their dust and cinders and everlasting noise.

During the winter of 1847-48 brother John had boarded with Mrs. Hughes, an intimate friend of our mother; and an elegant lady of the olden time; one of the notables when Miss Lou Bullitt was the belle of the States from Boston to New Orleans, and from Washington to St. Louis - and "Uncle Jack", our old fiddler, was the fashion and was sent for, far and near, wherever people wanted to dance to good music - as he was the Prince of Fiddlers.

We used to have a joke on him, which brother John would laugh at most heartily. In 1832, there was a great falling of the stars - the negroes all believed the end of the world had come and uncle Jack burnt up his fiddle, as he did not dare to be caught with it in his hand on Judgment Day!

The old man got another fiddle; but he never got over his grief at the loss of the one he had used so long with such success.

Whilst at Mrs. Hughes' brother John became very well acquainted with her niece, by marriage, to whom Mrs. Hughes was greatly attached. - Mrs. Sallie Fetter, nee Sallie Rudd, now Mrs. Ludwell Alexander. She was one of the prettiest women I ever met - most amiable, witty, and a very charming companion in every way. Brother John invited her to accompany us on our trip - and the additional pleasure of it from

her society could not be told, as it was simply infinite.

As we went up the Ohio on the big mail boat which was crowded to its utmost capacity, we met with a party of officers, just returned from Mexico. Col. Roger S. Dix, who so distinguished himself at Buena Vista the year before - Mr. Brereton a young lieutenant, Major Rogers and Major Charleton. They were a jolly party - told stories, sang songs, gave reminiscences of West Point, and were delighted at the sight of the first ladies they had met for so long - there having been none on the boat from New Orleans.

We travelled on to Pittsburgh in a smaller boat, then up the Monongahela to Brownsville, where we took the stage; were four days on the little boat which was always getting on or off a sandbar. We would watch the men prizing her off, with their "Ye-heave-ho" - a regular song - and had such a gay time we were sorry not to be on the little river for a week.

At Brownsville our whole party chartered a stage - so we could take our leisure. We staid all night at Uniontown, a pretty little place about fourteen miles out - And now I will tell you about my traveling dress. It was of fine black Alpaca (I was in mourning still) with a low neck and short sleeves - (Dont shout yet!) There was a very

pretty close fitting cape which made it a high<sup>neck</sup>/dress - long sleeves which were tied in at the top and could be moved at pleasure. We carried no satchels, had no herri stuffy sleeping cars, but always stopt for the night at the best hotel, our trunks were taken to our rooms, we dressed for supper, slept in a bed like Christians, and rose in the morning refreshed for our further journey. Now you will see the philosophy of the lownecked dress - Instead of having to go to the bottom of my trunk for a fresh lawn or barège, I simply opened the tray and got out my spencer of black crêpe-lisse, which was an over waist trimmed with black ribbon - very pretty - laid aside my cape & my long sleeves - put on my thin crêpe-lisse waist, and there I was in evening dress. Far superior to the shirt waist of to-day was the spencer of 1848.

About ten o'clock on the morning after we left Union-town, we came to Laurel Hill - afterwards the scene of one of Gen. McClellan's battles - we got out of the stage and walked up the hill, which was covered with the lovely pink mountain laurel, then in full bloom - the first I had ever seen. We gathered armfulls of it - which the gentlemen carried. When we reached the top of the hill, Col. Dix made us go into the garden of an old lady who kept an inn there.

and take a second breakfast which was delicious -- and we were all "hungry". The old fashioned sweet pinks, the Johnnie-jump-up, the sweet honey suckles, the arbor under the trees - it was all lovely - then the old lady made us look at her spring, and rock stable for her Roman cattle, with their long horns and silver colored hair - all on the top of the mountain.

We journeyed on, with laughter and jest and song - reached the little town of Frostberg about 9 o'clock. It was a bright moonlight night - so cold our blanket shawls were very comfortable, as well as the sight of the bright wood fires which shone from the little wooden hotel on the very top of one of the Virginian Mountains. It was there I saw General Scott - his superb physique impressed me greatly, as did also the superbness of his personal appreciation of it, which went far towards destroying the agreeable impression of his very superior physical appearance.

The next day we went on to Cumberland, Md. - then by rail to our Mecca - Washington City. We passed through Baltimore, but saw nothing of it then. Washington was charming. Our party separated here, only Col. Dix remained with us. Two things stand out in my memory as pictures

7  
1  
One evening we went to a levée at the White House. Senator Breeze of Illinois was my escort. When we went up to pay our respects to the President, I had my right hand on his arm; on one finger of my left hand was the ring of my handkerchief chain, on another the ring from which my bouquet depended by a light silver chain - and on the third finger was the ring to which was attached my tablet for engagements. It was not the fashion in that day to shake hands upon introduction to strangers and I only expected to make my best bow to the President.

So when he held out his hand to me, I was nonplussed for the second - but it would have been too awkward to withdraw my right hand from Mr. Breeze's arm, and taken too long when so many were in waiting - so I just stuck out my forefinger, the only one disengaged - The President shook it with a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by Mrs. Polk, who thanked me warmly for relieving the monotony of the function.

< The other incident was one which I have always thought influenced brother John's after-career most signally. I was in the East room talking with Mr. Breese and some others when he was called away. Presently he returned and asked if he might introduce Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State. Of

course I would be delighted - Mr. Buchanan said he "had noticed me because of my resemblance to the only woman he ever loved - Miss Lou Bullitt - and when told I was Miss Bullitt, of Kentucky, he at once sought the introduction." Well, you can judge how much truth he told about "the only woman he ever loved"- but in my innocence I believed every word of it. He asked me all about cousin Lou and seemed most deeply interested when I told him how her husband, the Swedish Baron, had lost all his money, and they were now living on an island in the Mississippi, where he cut cordwood for the boats, and she raised chickens &c. - How her friends from Louisville never passed by without going to see her in her log cabin - how Baron De Kautzo would play on his fiddle for them, and they would all dance, cousin Lou in her apron and little red shawl, the gayest of them all, dancing as merrily as she ever did in her life. And she never let them go without giving them fried chicken, or ham and eggs - regular Kentucky fashion - which always believed in feeding your friends. He declared again he had never loved any woman as he had cousin Lou - and told me to say to her that "anything in the gift of the Government from the Court of St. James down, should be at her disposal for Baron De Kautzo, if he would accept it." I took it all



in, & told him I would certainly tell her. Dont you suppose he laughed in his sleeve at my credulity?

About this time brother John and Mrs. Fetter strolled in - I introduced the Secretary to them - and he at once engaged in conversation with brother John - seeming to take great interest in him - inquiring about his location &c. &c. He said very earnestly, "You ought to come East - come to Philadelphia - you will make a success there - Eastern people like the Western pluck and grit - and Kentucky is a great state to come from. When I was a young man, I thought with my learning and fine education I could make a great show in Kentucky - could out a great figure before her back woodsmen who had no education.(as I imagined) Well, I went to Russellville to practice law. The first Court that met was at Bowling-green - I went there full of the big impression I was to make - And who do you suppose I met?

*Lyndy*  
There was Henry Clay! John Pope, John Allan, John Rowan, Felix Gennedy - (he named about a dozen, but I forget the rest) why, sir, they were giants, and I was only a pigmy! Next day I packed my trunk and came back to Lancaster - that was big enough for me. Kentucky was too big. But, sir, if you will come East, you will succeed - you will make a big success in your profession, and I advise you to come."

How much this may have had to do with brother John's

going to Philadelphia, the next spring, I do not know. I do not remember our speaking of it afterwards, but it may have been the first thing to turn his attention that way.

A singular coincidence in connection with this occurred quite recently. When I went to West Point in the summer of 1900, to escape the intense heat of Louisville, I met an old gentleman, Dr. Greenlay - who had practised medicine in Jefferson County for years and years. He was very intelligent and agreeable, over 80 years old, and could relate many things of interest. Among others, he told me this incident of Mr. Buchanan's coming to Kentucky and going away again, exactly as Mr. Buchanan had told it to brother John in 1848! - which evidenced <sup>that</sup> the Honorable Secretary had told brother John the truth, whether he told it to me about cousin Lou or not.

Cousin Lou had her opinion on the subject. I thought I had something very important to tell her, and went at once to Dr. Wilson's, where I learned she was visiting, when I got home from my trip. I untosomed myself, told her all Mr. Buchanan had said, and gave her his message. She simply elevated her eyebrows - "What"! she said - "Old Blear-eyes?" Imagine my feelings if you can! I cant!

When I told my dear old great-aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Cocke,

grandfather Fry's only sister, of my giving my forefinger to the President and how he laughed, she was perfectly horrified - that "a niece of mine should have shown such disrespect to the President of our beloved country! The old lady could not get over it. I told her, thinking it would amuse her - but no, I felt as flat as when I told cousin Lou about her old lover and his message to her.

We went to the Capitol, and there we saw Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster, and Col. Tom Benton, who reminded me of Gen. Scott in some ways. We did not hear Mr. Webster speak, but it was a privilege to see so grand a forehead, such deep, marvelous, dark eyes, as mysterious as the night, as sad as the grave - but so full of genius, even in their sadness they shone bright.

We heard Mr. Calhoun speak, merely on Indian matters, but even that was interesting - and his appearance was as interesting as Mr. Webster's though in a different way. He reminded me of thunder and lightning, with the flash of his bright, dark eyes, and the stern brow above them like a thunder cloud.

In Philadelphia, the cleanly and kindly Quaker city, we met at the United States Hotel, kept by Mr. Mitchell and called the best in the United States. Mrs. Leslie who told us how she made her celebrated recipe-book - when a dish pleased her

she sent for the cook, and made him give her the recipe, word for word, and she wrote it down then and there, in the dining room. They had no little tables - but several large ones where all the guests sat.

One morning a gentleman came around to my seat and introduced himself as "Am Barbour"- whom I had known in Danville in 1844 - he recognized me from the way I buttered my biscuit, cutting it across in four pieces - said "none but a Fry ever buttered biscuit in that way." He was a man of talent, the author of the "Idlewild Papers" published in the Blackwood's Magazine, and which portrayed all the noted characters of Danville, all the peculiar and funny characters. He went on to New York with us, Col. Dix still being of the party - and up the Hudson, explaining to me the machinery of the boat - whose beautiful steel cylinders were so different from the great boilers of our Western steamboats, but which entirely spoiled the perspective of the cabins which in our boats were so spacious and fine in appearance - and so splendid to dance in. Those palatial boats with their bands of music and aristocratic crowds on board, are a thing of the past - but they were very charming - like great floating hotels. The most luxurious and gay way of traveling ever devised, I believe. Brother John was very glad to see Mr. Barbour, as he was fond of the Danville people - especially of our relatives there.

Our cousin Ann Bell, sister to Joshua Bell, "of the silver tongue" as he was called - and cousin Sue Green, who had married Mr. Jas. Weir of Owensboro, were his especial favorites, and he never ceased to love them.

Another life-long friendship, formed while in Danville at College, was for Logan McKnight, son of the President of the Bank of Kentucky.

To return - New York then centred about the Astor House which was the hotel - and the Niblo Gardens which I visited under the escort of Mr. Theodore Lyman of Boston, one of the most elegant gentlemen I ever met - He was highly cultivated a very handsome man of about fifty years of age I suppose - seemed to take a fancy to me, and helped me to pass the time very pleasantly. New York was not then the great city it is now - In fact Philadelphia was the more considerable place apparently at that time.

The trip up the Hudson was beautiful - the scenery far grander than it is now. Nature has been violated on the Hudson as well as at Niagara Falls, and the people of this country would certainly endeavour to preserve her pristine beauty if they could all remember it as I do, a vision of loveliness - over half a century ago.

At Boston, we had the hottest weather, went out to Na-

baut and nearly froze - saw the great, angry sea dash against the beach with its black boulders which reminded me of the fairy tale in which the unsuccessful knights were all turned to stones - and imprisoned there for years and years, until the successful one rescued the fair lady who had been changed to a Singing Bird, and kept all this time in a cage at the top of the hill up which the unfortunate ones had to travel. Those black rocks - that angry sea with its fierce roar, made me shudder.

Lake George was most lovely - I hope it has escaped the axe, and its green islands are in statu quo.

Lake Champlain, Montreal, Quebec. Quebec was very interesting - with its fortress, its Highlanders in their Scotch costume, its plains of Abraham, its memories - It looked like a foreign city - with its narrow, steep streets, its tall houses, its dogs going to market with a piece of money in their mouths, and drawing the supplies after them in little wagons. How long do you suppose those supplies would have escaped the gamins of our modern cities?

Up the St. Lawrence, across the Lake Ontario, a week at Niagara, then home. The moonlight rainbow at Niagara, the little "Maid of the Mist" which carried us across the river so close under the Falls we were drenched with the spray -



the walk on the rocks behind the falls - the rapids by moonlight in their silvery brilliance - the greenery of the trees along the banks of the river - the trip over to Goat Island, and lastly, my walk over the planks which had just been laid for the Suspension bridge in which not a nail had been driven. I was the first woman who ever walked across the Niagara river - Had I been a modern progressive lady I would have recorded the fact then and there.

When we crossed Lake Ontario, it was very rough and made me seasick - Brother John took me up on deck, spread my shawl out for a pallet and covered me with his overcoat. I slept there all night with him sitting beside me. When we went over to Goat Island he lifted me over all the rocky places - Is it any wonder that I still like to be petted, old as I am? and still enjoy it? And am I not blest in even yet having a loved one to make much of me, and watch over me as tenderly as did my dear brother in my youth?

We were made very welcome on our return, by friends and family - All listened with interest to the many things we had to relate - especially our own little coterie. There were seven of us who were called the "Pleiades" - we were so intimate and so much together. There were Puss Nicholas, Lou Gwathmey and myself, who began the intimacy - then Therese

✓  
Langhorne and Puss became very intimate - then Ellen Gwathmey and myself - then Ellen formed a strong friendship for Kate Adams, and I became very fond of Pitts Yandell, afterwards Mrs. Loughborough - So all seven of us became great friends, and formed an inner circle of our own - Therese, Lou, and Pitt were beauties, and as superior in character and intellect as in physique. Kate Adams was a beautiful girl, and talented - Puss, Ellen and myself were no beauties, but people liked us for other qualities. A more charming and interesting set of girls never crossed my path than these intimates of my early youth. Brother John knew them all and liked them all - but he loved Ellen and Lou who were our second cousins and were peculiarly charming - and he was in love with Therese whom he was so fortunate as to marry later on.

We had parted from Col. Dix at Boston - He was in Louisville at Christmas, and spent a night or two at Oxmoor.

It was strange, but the last evening he was there he was extremely depressed and said he had a presentiment that he would die of cholera (there had been some of it through the country) and he made brother John promise him certain things in case of his death. We laughed at him and tried to rally him out of the notion. We were both devotedly attached to him, and could not for a moment believe that anything would



happen to him as he imagined.

In less than a week from that night he was dead - and of cholera! He left for Washington by the same route we had traveled in the summer (there was no other) and on leaving Uniontown Pa. in the stage he was taken with cholera. At the next town he proposed to get out, but the people were so frightened at the idea of cholera, they would not let the stage stop even. It was such a bitter night that two little children froze to death in the stage. Col. Dix insisted that they put him out on the road to die. A gentleman who knew him got out with him - there was no shelter near except a shed used in summer by the men who broke rocks for the pike. Under this he was laid, and after several hours of agony, there in the cold and the snow perished this noble, elegant gentleman, this gallant officer, this beloved of the army, and of all his friends. He made the gentleman who was with him write to brother John and tell him of his death, and reminded him of his promise to him that night at Oxmoor - which brother John used every effort to fulfill - but circumstances beyond his control made it an impossibility.

Cousin Cary Fry grieved for Col. Dix as much as the rest of us who had traveled with him the summer before - Cousin Cary had been with him at West Point - at Ft. Smith (I be-

lieve it was) in Arkansas - then in Mexico - had witnessed his knightly valour at Buena Vista - and loved him, as all did who knew him.

Coincidences are always coming up - As I wrote the pages to-day telling of Col. Dix I glanced at a paper and saw that "the old Dix home in Rye, N.Y. had been sold to" - so and so - who would improve it &c. &c. That was the home of Col. Dix's half brother, Governor Dix of New York. He himself was from Connecticut.

I think it was during the winter of 1848-49, that the attachment was formed between Therese and my brother. They were married in April of 1850.

The next January, 1851, I went on to Philadelphia to stay with Therese whose health was very delicate. I read to her, shopped for her, kept house to a degree, and did all I could for her. We were perfectly devoted to one another always. Therese was the most generous, the most unselfish, the most self-sacrificing person I ever knew. My father thought her one of the most sensible women, and one of the best conversationists he ever met. We were all devoted to her. Mrs. William Preston once said to my mother - "Mrs. Bullitt, I have heard that you love both your daughters-in-law, and that they both love you! Is that so?" Mother replied, "Mrs. Preston, I certainly do love both my daughters-in-law and I have

no reason to doubt they love me as well as I do them"- Mrs. Preston was amazed - and declared that "if 'Bunnie' were to marry an angel, she could not love her"- But "Bunnie did marry next door to an angel, and she was the comfort of Mrs. Preston's life in her declining years.

Our little sister Helen, six years younger than myself, and my pet always, was at brother John's going to school - He had insisted on her having the superior advantages of education she could obtain there. Mrs. Foster gave her music lessons, and Signor Perelli singing lessons. She had a great talent for music, and the sweetest voice. Brother John took her and me to hear Jenny Lind sing that summer. All the ladies wore bonnets! - and Helen and I had gone bare-headed, as we always did at home to concert or theatre! Jennie Lind had a rare voice - pure, sweet, it rose and rose as though it would reach up to the stars. Her "Jodel" was exquisite - all she sang was splendid except "Home Sweet Home" and "Comin through the Rye" - She should not have attempted either of these. "Comin through the Rye" is a coquettish song, and Jenny Lind had no trace nor possibility of coquetry about her. Eyes like a blue morning-glory wide open, tall, fair, honest of face, with that glorious voice the gift of God, she was away beyond such a song as that. And her lack of knowledge of the language prevented

her from giving the expression to "Home, Sweet Home" without which it is nothing.

But such a crowded house as she had! ten thousand people! When we went out, the crush was so great, brother John put Helen and myself in front of him, put his arms straight out on either side of us and told me to keep ahead - I was in front of Helen. But for those strong arms we would have been crushed. It is the only time I ever heard brother John swear - but he swore at people right and left that night - and made them keep off.

I remained with him and Therese until November, and we were all very happy together - I hated to leave them, but father and mother were very lonely - Therese's health was much better - They gave up housekeeping for the time, and I left them with their baby, born in September, very comfortably fixed at a good boarding house. Philadelphia enjoyed actually good boarding houses.

On my return home I found that Mrs. Fetter, our delightful traveling companion was in the far North West. She had married Col. Alexander, a gentleman of high character, and a very handsome man; and I did not see her again for years - as she followed his fortunes, and lived wherever he was stationed. A good wife, an excellent mother, a true friend, a devoted

Christian, she has lived a long and noble life, and looks in the best of health, and remarkably handsome still - or did when I saw her some time since. I received the most tender letter from her last August, as I did also from cousin Sue Weir - the only two of brother John's early friends and relatives still living.

I believe, they both grieved for him, both remembered him as in his youth, both sorrowed for me.

Envelope.

(New York Jun 5 12 P M)

(8¢ in postage stamps)

Mrs. A. Haller Gross

Langhorne

Pennsylvania.

From

Mrs. S. B. Dixon

Care H. M. Marble

St. Paul Building

New York Cty.

My dear Jule

I am late this week - and I do not know how you will like this M.S. Dont hesitate to say so, if you dont- I have written it so by piecemeal - had many interruptions- one very charming one- Saw Nan Stites and John on Monday & Tuesday - I love them both dearly.

I have decided not to let that episode about sister Martha stand - I want you to return me the M. S. about her, & I will cut that out, and make the connection all right - I do not believe your Papa would like it.

In the next I will tell you all I can remember about our trip - then one more M.S. will close it, I think - Your loving Aunt Sue

May 30-1903

New York

After brother John had finished his session of 1843-44 at the law school in Lexington he read law at home with my father - Brother Josh had returned from the University of Virginia, and also read law at home. We were a very happy set then - my mother enjoyed having her sons at home, and sister Martha and myself enjoyed having our brothers with us. After their morning studies were over, and father had examined them after dinner, they were at leisure to enjoy our girl visitors, of whom we had many.

In the front yard, which was very large, my grandfather had planted two rows of locust trees on either side, running from the front corners of the house, diagonally, across to the front corners of the yard - they formed a small avenue on each side of the yard, and were very beautiful. The shade under them was delicious, and here on the bluegrass carpet I have lain many a day, to read, or "watch the clouds as they wandered by."

There must have been at least twenty of those big locust trees in each of these avenues. They are all gone now - I see the trunk of one still standing, bare and black, in a photograph recently taken by my great-niece, Mildred Stites.

There were other locusts all about over the front yard and at the sides of the house - but not near enough to keep



the sun off of it - the White York roses had been planted next some of them, and ran away up in the branches. Coral honeysuckles and the ever blooming sweet ones were twined about others - but on one was my dear mother's specialty - a wild grapevine which father had planted there once when she was ill, as a surprise to her, because she had, in riding out one day, wished for one.

There were some evergreens too on either side of the pavement as you walked up it to the stone steps of the front porch- which was a large square porch with white pillars and bannisters and partly set back within the house, so there were about four feet of shelter from rain at the sides of it. An old time brass knocker on the double door which opened wide into a square hall which was called "the salon"- (pronounced salune) A waxed and rubbed floor, with a strip of carpet from door to door both ways, a hat rack, table, sofa, hanging lamp, pictures on the walls. Doors on either side into the parlor and dining room - and a fourth door with two steps down into the long connecting passage between the old house and the new part. These steps were my favorite seat in summer, when I was doing my needlework of which I was very fond, and which was not the discourager to conversation that the sewing machine afterwards proved to be. I still recall

Mr. John Jacob saying, as I was sewing on the ruffle for my subbonnet, "Miss Sue, I have seen everything about you ruffled except your temper." A pretty speech, and true then, for there was nothing to ruffle it in that day. But compliments and pretty speeches are the order of the day in our youth.

The parlor and dining room were large rooms - 22 feet square and with high ceilings - three large windows on which we used to make Aeolian harps in the winter - great wood fire-places with tall brass fenders and andirons which were kept so bright you could almost see yourself in them.

Brother John was famous for bringing out guests on summer evenings without warning - but they were always most welcome to our mother - and we had gay times - Old Aunt Betsy took delight in cooking four or five suppers of an evening - for some one of the various parties of guests always went out to see her and thank her for the broiled ducks and delicious cakes and biscuits &c &c, which came from her hands. Indeed, our servants were never so pleased as when we had a houseful of company. They enjoyed the gayety, the guests were always generous to them - that being the custom - and they had, besides, a feeling of loyalty to the "famby" - whatever added to the importance of its members heightened the importance of their servants.

So "Mas John's" company was well waited on always -

and the more the merrier.

My father had planted the locust trees of the long avenue in front of the house - a measured half mile to the big gate - a little over half way you crossed the creek, & there the avenue widened out so as to make a wide lawn in front of the house. It was like a dream of beauty to sit on the porch on moon-light nights and watch the long bluegrass wave in the wind, like the waves of a green sea - with the graceful branches of the locusts tossing above them - or bending down as though to whisper something sweet.

The creek ran from the spring which was a bold stream of itself and was joined by another stream which flowed down through the field. There were little islands with single willow trees on them - and I used to jump from the main land to the islands and back again. Farther down there were clumps of willow trees, and beneath their shade the ground was carpeted with great purple violets - the richest in color I ever saw - a tinge of crimson in them - I always thought it must be the lost Tyrian purple. There was a bridge across the creek here - a charming place to sit and read, or talk to some one you liked.

The spring, which was on the other side of the lawn, was in a shady hollow - trees and grass on all the hillsides

around it - the springhouse just below the low stonewall around the spring which was about fifteen or twenty feet deep originally - my father had it filled up with stones, for safety. Another avenue of locusts made a shady walk to the spring - where in the cool spring house with its rock floor through a break in which the water ran a foot deep, Aunt Dinah reigned as queen - tall and stately, grave and kindly, she let us play round her as children, giving us cool buttermilk out of a gourd, or letting us watch her as she worked the butter and printed it. The cracks of milk rested on the cool rocks - the watermelons lay in the water - In the season there were dozens of them there.

The servants' cabins were on a line with the spring on one side of the lawn, and with the bridge on the other. White-washed, & with trees in front of them they presented somewhat the appearance of a little village.

The stables and barns were farther back, and more out of view.

We had every comfort that could be had - in such a house there was nothing left out for our happiness. We were all expected to do our duty by one another, and by all with whom we came in contact - so that happiness with us never meant self-indulgence, but honest, hearty happiness.

It was natural that with such a home the boys preferred

it always to any other place - so wedded to it were they that our mother had to insist on their accepting invitations in the neighborhood, going to barbecues and the like. At last they agreed to take turn about in going - One day there was a barbecue - brother John said "it was Josh's time to go- that he went to the last one"- brother Josh insisted "it was John's time to go- that he went to the last one"- but presently remembered it was a funeral instead! - but it was all one to him. A mere matter of duty.

Once brother John was in town, & there was a fire in the house at night. In the confusion of getting out he dropt his pocketbook, & its contents were scattered here and there - his great grief being that the numerous looks of hair given him by his various lady loves had all gotten so mixed u he could not tell which was which. It was a great joke on him.

There was one quality shown by brother John during this stay at home, which I have always thought had a great deal to do with his success in after life - and that was, he never forgot anything. He would be going into town for the day - a ride of eight miles on horseback. He would always come to us to know if he could do anything for us - and if it were even pins, or tape, or ribbon, he always got it, and got it right.

He never failed to do what he undertook, even the smallest thing.

He always saw the funny side of things - from the girl at the barbecue who jumped up, delighted to dance with him, exclaiming "yes, indeed, for she has sot and sot twell she ha eena'most tuk root!" to the grave and reverend seigniors who would utter weary platitudes as jests - human nature presented to him its humorous side.

He took me to my first party (of grown up people). I was just sixteen - and sister Martha plaited and braided my abundant tresses, which were as blue-black as a raven's wing - and we rode eight miles in the carriage to reach the old Bank of Kentucky, over which Mr. Gwathmey lived, and where the party was given, by 8 o'clock in the evening.

Brother John, to teaze me, said nobody would ask me to dance - Almost tearfully I replied, "I know one person who will ask me - and that is Mr. Spratt" - He was a regular visitor at Oxmoor, and we all liked him very much. "Well", laughed brother John, "if Mr. Spratt asks you to dance, I will give you a bracelet." Not only did Mr. Spratt ask me, first one, but I danced without stopping a moment, even for supper, from eight o'clock till four next morning - I can see now the red light of the early sun as we drove up the avenue -

wide awake and not one bit tired - Think of it! Oh, for one's youth to be eternal! Well, I won my bracelet, and it was a beauty.

It was in 1846, I think, that I met Therese for the first time. I was staying with Puss Nicholas for a few days. One Sunday night her father, the Judge, called us, and said we must dress very early next morning - he had an invitation for us to take breakfast with Mrs. Garnett Duncan - who was noted as an epicure as well as a gourmand - and whose love for flowers shared her passion for good eating. It seemed that the Judge had told her he could show a more beautiful bouquet than any she had in her garden. They made a bet on it - if she lost, she was to give the Judge a breakfast - if he lost, vice versa. We knew nothing of all this however. The Judge's carriage was awaiting us, and another drove up with Lou Gwathmey, Therese Langhorne, and Pitts Yandell - the three most beautiful girls in Louisville, and as lovely and intelligent as they were beautiful. They also were to be Mrs. Duncan's guests. (Puss and myself did not go in on account of our beauty - our looks were the least part of us.)

We had a delightful time - Mr. Gwyn Page was one of the gentlemen, of whom there were several besides the Judge. After the breakfast was over, we were invited to look at the



flowers, and we girls strolled out into the garden whilst the gentlemen staid in the house with Mrs. Duncan. They were the ones to decide the bet - but Mrs. Duncan very gracefully confessed herself conquered - "that the Judge's bouquet far surpassed any she could produce."

When it was settled, they all came out and told us that we were the Judge's bouquet. We were surprised and of course delighted, and were invited to the breakfast Mrs. Duncan had lost.

Judge Nicholas thought Therese the most beautiful and the best human being he had ever known - After her marriage he refused to see her - said he knew she was altered, and he wanted always to remember her just as she was when he first knew her.

Brother John went to Clarksville, Tennessee, in 1846 - whilst brother Josh began to practice his profession in Louisville. I can place the date of brother John's residence in Clarksville, through a letter he wrote me condemning the war with Mexico, which had just begun - and I was greatly interested in it, as I was writing my History when I came across it; and it gave me a "pointer" - so it impressed me - it was burned in 1893 with many other valuable things.

Whilst in Clarksville, he was very ill of a fever. Dr.



Donigan took him to his own house and nursed him most tenderly. During the Civil War he had the opportunity to serve Dr. Donigan when in trouble, and it gave him great pleasure to be able to render him some return for the extreme kindness of the Dr. to him in the past.

He returned to Louisville and went into the office with brother Josh who, in December of 1846, had married the beautiful Miss Elizabeth Smith, and was working hard at the law.

Brother John was with us during the fateful summer of 1847, and helped mother and myself in nursing our beloved sister who died the 27th of October, 1847.

In November, I went to Owensboro to visit cousin Sue Weir and cousin James - Whilst there I met with an accident to my left foot, which confined me to the house for several months - It was my stirrup foot, and I could not ride on horseback, so my father presented me with a lovely carriage of my own - a pair of fine bay horses, and Henry Strip to drive me. Henry was a most excellent driver, and a most faithful servant. He had been my nurse when I was a baby, and would obey my lightest command - and took great pride in bringing me notes from gentlemen in town, when he would go in on Saturday, on business for mother - he would always bring them around to my window and deliver them to me with an air of greatest mystery. Father would say, as I drove

off in the carriage, "Henry, drive slow, it is very warm"-  
"Yes, sir"- but as soon as we got out of the big gate, those  
horses would fairly fly - I hated slow driving - but Henry  
never hurt my pretty bays and I enjoyed them all the years  
previous to my marriage in 1853.

In June of 1848, my father gave brother John \$500X and  
told him to take me a trip north, and stay as long as the  
money held out. We left home on the 7th of June and staid  
nearly two months. I do not believe two people ever took  
such a trip, in such great comfort, and had so much pleasure  
on such a sum. Neither of us had ever been north before -  
but brother John was naturally a good traveller. We went to  
the best hotels - had carriages always, as my hurt foot only  
permitted a velvet slipper - and where it was rough and a  
carriage could not go, brother John would pick me up and  
carry me over the rough places. We went up the Ohio to Cin-  
cinnati on the mailboat - then took boat for Pittsburgh -  
saw all its coal dust - then on up the Monongahela to Brown  
ville. There we chartered a stage - stopt all night at  
Uniontown, and went on next day over the old National road  
through Virginia to Frostberg where we spent the night in  
the mountains. Next day to Cumberland, Maryland -there took  
the cars for Washington - spent a week there - then by boat

to Philadelphia - by rail to New York - up the beautiful Hudson to Albany - then by rail across to Boston - back again to Albany, on up the lovely lake George, Lake Champlain - on to Montreal, then Quebec, then the St. Lawrence, the Lake Ontario, Niagara Falls - by rail to Cincinnati - then ~~home~~ by the river again.

June 21-

My dear Julia

You asked me to write you about your mother whom I loved so dearly. You could have no idea from her appearance in later years how she looked when a young girl. She was medium size - a very pretty girlish figure - very refined - regular, classic features - a very fair complexion, with eyes of a blue-gray with long black lashes - a pretty color - black hair, soft and with the bluish tint you see on the wing of the black-bird - just like sister Martha's hair - (and mine was the same) I never saw but two other girls with just that colored hair - One was Lucretia Breckenridge, sister to John C. - the other was a very pretty girl in Henderson - Mollie Cabell - Your mother had the sweetest smile, a sweet voice, and very gentle ways. She was always doing something for some one else - was kindness and generosity personified.

Her father, Mr. Robert Langhorne (I think) was drowned it was supposed - disappeared from the boat he was traveling on, and was never found or heard of afterwards.

He was going from Maysville where I believe he lived. I knew once, but I may not remember correctly.

Then his father, Capt. Jack Langhorne, as I remember, took your mother to his home - as her mother had died before her father - and after her grandfather died, she being

still a little girl, she was reared by her step-grandmother who after a time married a Mr. Luther Howard. Therese was very fond of her - called her "mother"- and lived with her until a short time previous to her marriage. Mrs. Howard did something wrong about Therese's property - I have forgotten what - and Therese then went to Dr. Johnson's and staid with Mrs. Johnson who was in some way related to her. She was married from there - I do not think she ever had anything more to do with Mrs. Howard.

She spent the summer of 1852 at Oxmoor- had Therese with her, then a baby under a year old. She was very anxious to get an armoire of Mahogany with a mirror door - a beautiful piece of furniture that belonged to her, and which Mrs. Howard had not sent with her other things. But she did not like to send to Mrs. Howard for it.

I said, "Authorize me to get it for you, and I will get it, - I am not afraid of Mrs. Howard" - She said she would be delighted. Mrs. Howard lived at a country place out the other side of Louisville. I stopt in the city, got an express, ordered it to follow me, and drove on out to Mrs. Howard's place.

She was not at home, only Miss Caroline Satterwhite, an old maid of whom your mother was very fond.

I told her I had come to get Therese's armoire - she knew all about it - we called the expressman, and Henry Ship, my driver - they packed it down, put it in the express, which I again ordered to keep right behind the carriage, and I drove home in triumph with dear Therese's pretty wardrobe that she so wanted. It was the easiest thing I ever did in my life - "as easy as falling off a log" -

But your mother seemed to think it a great affair. She had it in my room on my visit in 1880.

While there, the baby ( your sister Therese) was very ill - Mother wanted to have Dr. Flint but Dr. Rogers was your Mother's physician, & she sent for him. He said that it was dysentery - had 3 or 4 other doctors out - your father came from Philadelphia - The doctors gave Therese up to die - then your mother, frantic, begged mother to send for Dr. Flint - Mother said "No, Therese, I will not send for him now - but there is Jimmy (my little brother) and the horse - you can send for him if you choose." She sent - Dr. Flint said it was not dysentery at all, but ulceration of the lower bowel - and prescribed enemas of gold-thread tea. In three days the baby was well! And your dear mother was entirely satisfied as to the superiority of Mother's doctor.

I suppose you knew her delicate health began soon after

her marriage which took place in April of 1850. She was in Philadelphia at the United States Hotel, Dr. Pancoast, her physician said there was nothing the matter with her - it was all imagination.

She told me she felt as if a fire were burning her, inside - and she was lying in the bed crying fit to kill herself -( The Dr. had told her after brother John had gone down to his office.) The housekeeper came in luckily to see her - and said "Let me send for my doctor" - and then told Therese how she had, a good many years before, broken her leg above the knee - how Mr. Mitchell sent for all the doctors, and they said that her leg must be cut off - & they would do it the next day as soon as the swelling should be gone out sufficiently - how she was ly'ng in bed crying fit to kill herself too, when the baker hearing of her accident, came up to see her. He said "dont let them doctors come near you" - and told her of the wonderful cures of old Mrs. Eberlin, a German woman - doctor, had effected in his family and neighborhood - and begged that he might go for her)- He brought her, and she said "it was absurd to talk about cutting off the leg - she could cure it." So Mr. Mitchell was sent for and under took to see the doctors - Mrs. Eberlin treated her - she got well, and said -"I live up in the

sixth story; and go up and down the stairs as well as I ever did in my life" - (There were no elevators in those days.) So Mrs. Eberlin came, treated your mother, relieved her entirely - she got into good health - and in September of 1851, Therese was born -

But, Oh, how she did suffer! For 3 days she had been in labor - Dr. Huston attended her - and Dr. La Roche, an old French gentlemen, whom we knew very well, was there too. Helen and I sat out on the stair-steps - listening, waiting, agonizing - At last Dr. La Roche came out and told me to go down to the dining room and look in the sideboard drawer and bring him the instruments I would find there - I shuddered, he said - "It is absolutely necessary to save her life - go!

I brought them - awful looking they were to me - and I shall never forget Therese's agonized scream as they took the child from her.

Helen cried and cried.

Isn't it wonderful what women can live through? By November Therese was as well and rosy and happy as she could be; and nursing that great, big, baby - she weighed 14 lbs. when she was born -

Well, we were all so glad - but Mother & father want-



ed me. So your papa said they must break up housekeeping - Did I ever tell you of my proceedings on that occasion - and of the lovely breastpin he gave me?

I believe I did - so I won't repeat it -

In 1854 your mother came out and spent the summer - She had Therese and Annie with her then - I do not think she ever spent another summer there - for I was married in 1853 - my Therese was born in August 1854 - and I was at home every summer except 1860, when mother staid with me - she was sick with rheumatism & came down for the change.

In 1861, we were there together for the last time - You were a young baby, so was my Willie - You were a beauty, and your papa was so proud of you - and so devoted to you, and you, even then, showed a remarkable love for him - As Tom said to me the other day - "It shows a remarkably fine nature to feel such devotion as she shows for her father" - I think there was a peculiar sympathy between you and your papa - just as there was between my dear father and myself. I do not say that he loved me best - but I am sure that a certain sympathy existed between us by which I understood him better than did any of his children, and he also understood me better than any one else ever did, (even my beloved mother) until after I was married to one who knew me in heart and soul.

When I saw your mother in 1861, she still retained all her beauty and was even more charming in her manner and conversation than as a girl - I think your little daughter must have inherited her lovely blue eyes with their long dark lashes. Her figure was still beautiful - though more plump than her slight, girlish form had been.

I did not see her again until she and your papa stopped by & spent a day or two with us in Henderson, in the summer of 1875

I never was so distressed as at the change in her appearance. The tumor, or whatever it was, had enlarged her person so that it was like that of an enciente form. The color of her eyes was changed to a dull grey - their expression was all changed, too, indeed, comparatively they were almost without expression - her complexion was totally altered - her hair was gray to a degree - Only, when she spoke and moved, she was like her old sweet self. And she seemed very cheerful, although in such a bad condition of health.

I did not see her again until 1880. As I drove up to the door, she was at the window, watching for me - Julia! I did not recognize her! I thought, "who is that aged lady in the house with Therese?"

You may know how great the change since the 5 years previous. But when she talked and went about with so much

of her old time energy, she seemed more natural.

I shall always be glad I paid that visit - for I know she was so glad to see me, and I think it was a little comfort to her -

I do not think of her as she was then - but as in her youth and happiness -

Before Therese was born, she often had violent nervous attacks which would leave her perfectly limp and exhausted - Brother John would go to the nearest place, and have a great big waiter fixed of every thing nice he could get - perhaps champagne too - I shall never forget how pretty she would look propped up among the white pillows, in her cambric gown, eating and drinking and laughing, brother John teasing her all the while about her appetite - and the illness which could <sup>only</sup> be cured by food and drink -

We were a very happy set that summer. I read to Therese, shopped for her, kept house, after a fashion and loved her -

This is a long letter, but you know I am always so afraid I may die before I do things that no one else can do, I determined to take the first time I could & write it to you - imperfect as it is.

I hope to get the M. S. I wrote you to send, by tomorrow's mail and shall try to return the whole thing com-

plete in a week or ten days.

In having it typewritten, please leave out anything you think it best to omit - and add anything from any of my letters to you that you wish to use -

I am not sure but the account I gave in the last paper of sister Martha's death bed should be left out. If you agree with me in this, just omit that part of it.

With much love

Your Aunt

Susan B. Dixon.

P. S. In August of 1900, I had a letter on the "Eivouao of the Dead" published in the New York Times. I am anxious to get a copy of it, as I sent my only copy to Mr. Banney with a monograph on the subject, which your uncle Tom asked me to write, and which he proposed to have published - He told me that your father had gotten a number of copies of the letter - and I thought perhaps you could send me one of them.

I ordered a number of copies myself - but too late. I did not know it had been published until I got a letter from a stranger to me, regarding it - complementary of course, & by the time I could write for my copies, they were nearly all sold out - & I got only a few - If you can find one, I will be greatly indebted for it.

Envelope.

Mrs. A. Haller Gross,

Langhorne,

Pennsylvania.

From

Mrs. S. B. Dixon

Care H. M. Marble

St. Paul B'l'd'g.

New York City.

The Filson Historical Society

New York Sept 8/1903.

My dear Julia.

I enclose paper which I hope you may like, as a conclusion to my contribution to your father's memoir.

I hope Mr. Gross is better - and that Langhorne is well - make him ride, hunt, fish, boat, work on your country place, any thing for exercise out of doors that will interest him and keep him going -

Work is good for such a boy, because the sense of duty will make it interesting to him. I mean out of doors work - Dont let him look at a book for a year or two - Let me know how you all are, when you can without troubling yourself about it.

I have a new scheme on hand that will keep me very busy for some months if I am well enough to accomplish it - Writing of course. I have been urged to write up the Louisiana Purchase & as I have all the material on hand, if I keep well, I can easily put it together -

With much love to you all

Your Aunt

Susan B. Dixon.

Please tell Mr. Doran to be sure to cut out any thing I have written for you, that may be irrelevant or inappropriate for publication - or that might in any way wound your

father's delicacy or sensitive feelings - I wrote so hurriedly at first in order to get through in time for you - so on impulse - a great deal of cutting out may be needed -

The Filson Historical Society

The last time brother John and myself were at Oxmoor together was in September of 1861. Mr. Dixon had been summoned to Frankfort by Gov. McGoffin to confer with him on the best method of preserving the neutrality of Kentucky during the conflict then going on. The river was black with gunboats, grim, hideous, silent, looking like great birds watching for prey. Mr. Dixon thought it dangerous for me to go up the river, but I insisted - feeling intuitively that it might be the last time I would ever see my beloved home. It was an agreeable surprise to find my brother there, with Therese and her youngest child - an infant of six months, and of great beauty - to whom my brother seemed singularly devoted.

The glory of September was over all, and the home never looked more beautiful. September is a lovely month in Kentucky, always.

Our friends flocked to see us - the evenings were as bright and gay as though no war was darkening the horizon of our future. Brother John and Mr. Dixon agreed entirely in their views - there was not a note of discord to mar our pleasure - and it will be to me always the sweetest of remembrances that my last view of my home was unclouded - sunshine to the last moment.



During the next year, all was changed. In the spring and early summer of 1862, our three younger brothers, Thomas, James, and Henry, all joined the Confederate army - entering Morgan's command.

There were other troubles at Oxmoor - houses and cows were killed; stables and barns were burned. My father could not find out the guilty parties - but as the negroes accused the overseer, he discharged him, thereby placing all responsibility on the servants whom he was inclined to believe innocent of it all.

Then it came about that passes were required by the military - my father would not ask for a pass, or use one - but mother did - and I have her pass now, beside me -

It is a curious document to look at. Was very useful to her at that time, in many ways.

When the men (the servants) left home to go into Louisville to see their wives, and did not return on Monday morning, my mother ordered her carriage and was driven in to the military headquarters. Found they had been drafted into service, and had worked on fortifications all day Sunday. Then she had to face Gen. Nelson, commonly (and appropriately) called "Bull Nelson"-

Finally, by some plain talk, some persuasion, and some aid, from her nephew, Joshua Bell, (he of the silver tongue)

she got the poor darkies away from the fort, and marched them home beside her carriage - which they were afraid to leave for an instant.

These kind of things occurred often - but father never thought of leaving the place untill an occurrence in October, 1862, made him realise how very unprotected he and my mother were, in those troublous times. As he said, - "Suppose they had killed me, what might not have been inflicted on her!"

One night Charles, a negro boy about the same age as Henry Massie, our youngest brother, came running in - "Oh, Marster, dey's a whole lot of dem peoples a'cummin' down de lane - (the avenue) hadn't I better take Mars. Henry's horse, sir, and hide him in de woods, sir?" My father assented - "go quick" - Five Marauders rushed in, some in Federal, some in Confederate uniforms - stolen from the dead bodies of soldiers after battles.

Charles had guessed aright, they had come after Henry's horse which was a very fine one. Father refused to tell them anything about it - Said "If you want the horse, go and find it." One of the men put a pistol to his temple - "Damm you, if you dont tell me where that horse is, I'll blow your brains out!" "Blow, and be d - d!" Said father.

One of the men knocked the pistol up, saying "You shant hurt that old fellow, he's got too much grit." They then went out to hunt the horse, but Charles had him safely hidden under a tree in the Big Woods, with his fine saddle and bridle on him.

The next day father rented Oxmoor out for five years to his nearest neighbor who was a strong Union man, so in a position to protect the property. Sold all the stock, farm utensils &c &c. Mother was heart-broken at having to leave the home where she had reigned for over forty years as a queen of kindness - as a mistress of all the hospitalities belonging to the Kentucky home of that day and time. She wrote me, entreating that Mr. Dixon come up and "do something she knew not what" - He bade me say he would join in anything that Brother John would agree to - I also wrote brother John, but he saw the wisdom of father's action - nay, the absolute necessity for it - and within a month, or less, the doors of Oxmoor were closed, as a home, forever!

The last autograph letter brother John wrote me was Feb. 19, 1898 - after the death of our brother Joshua F. Bullitt - of whom he says, "No one can appreciate Josh's ability, his worth and nobility more highly than I do. His death means a great deal to me. - - - - - our childhood, youth and early manhood. No one living had

such an association with him - - - - -  
- - - - -.

The past of Oxmoor is gradually fading away and it cannot be many years before it will only exist in dim and vanishing tradition. I try to perpetuate it among my children, but as new generations come on, its echoes will become less and less, and finally be lost.

It is a sad contemplation. But it will only be a repetition of what has occurred so generally with the beautiful and once happy homes of the South.

-----

Your brother  
John C. Bullitt. "

The brother alluded to in the above letter, was recognized as one of the ablest men in the state of Kentucky. Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, up to December, 1864, no one held a higher position in point of "integrity and courage; of sensitive honor; patriotic and resolute; very kind in his judgment of his fellow men;" Such was the one for whom the words of love and regret were written to me by our brother John C. Bullitt.

Page 6 -- note

The servants were sent, some to Cottonwood, in Union Co. - a place father had bought some years previous, because the negroes had increased so fast, he could not keep them in work at Oxmoor - some were hired out in Louisville, some in Henderson - where a good many of them, still live, or in the country around.

They mostly did well, and had good homes after they were freed by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation - in which they were more fortunate than many of their race - a result, no doubt, of their excellent training in good manners, and respectful behavior.