

# Ancestral roots show war's hold

FROM THE CASTLE ramparts green and golden fields roll south to the Cheviot Hills.

Golden fields are ripening grain; green come dotted with the white of grazing sheep.

This is border country running from Berwick-on-Tweed in the east to Carlisle in the west. It lies peaceful these days, but it wasn't always so.

Hume Castle, built high on Hume Crags above Hume village and just up the road a bit from Hume farm, was control centre of the "east March" for the Scottish reivers, "who rode with the moonlight" and plundered the land. William of Hume was granted the land before 1214.

We stand on the wall of the only border castle not to be destroyed when Robert Bruce ordered a scorched earth policy in 1313 so that a 14-year-old, Victoria-born son can touch his deepest roots — and maybe understand that, while the shenanigans of the B.C. legislature may still dismay, we've come a long way in matters of dispute resolution.

At least in our part of the world we have. There's still a Bosnia and a Chechnya to remind us that the madness of our ancestors is not yet cured.

We got to the borders via a fast, clean, on-time InterCity train from muggy London to Berwick, then by "regional" bus to Kelso. A small bus creaked as it hurtled down country lanes to eventually cross the River Tweed near Coldstream and a "welcome to Scotland."

On the boundary of Coldstream a sign reads: Home Of The Regiment. Only the ill-informed will need to ask which.

A mile from Coldstream is "the Hirsel," family home of the Douglas Home branch since 1611. It's most famous son in recent times was Prime Minister Douglas Home, pronounced Hume.

South of the town is Flodden Field, where between 4 p.m. and dusk on Sept. 9, 1513, an estimated 10,000 of Scotland's finest soldiers, cavalry and foot, died with their King, James IV.

George MacDonald Fraser in *The Steel Bonnets*: "When the light faded over Flodden it was already England's day. James was

dead on the slippery turf, England's northern frontier was safe, and Scotland had suffered the greatest military disaster in her history. More than 10,000 of her best fighting men had been killed for

the death of about 1,500 English. Bannockburn had been paid for."

It is said the English left 11,000 dead on the Bannock Burn.

At Flodden, history has it that the Humes were either wise heroes or disgraceful pillagers of the dead.

MacDonald suggests the latter: "Hume's Borderers kept as clear of the fighting as possible ... [and] spent the night pillaging the dead." *Encyclopedia Britannica* and Durham and McBride's *The Border Reivers* tell a different story. Both suggest the Humes and Gordons, holding the Scottish left flank, charged and broke the English right held by Edmund Howard.

From *The Border Reivers*: "With his standard bearer dead and his standard captured, Howard was three times attacked and knocked to the ground by Hume's Borderers ... but each time managed to get back to his feet ... as the Scots were about to rush him for a last time 1,500 of Lord Dacre's English Border Lances crashed into the Scottish flank ... [and] a small hand-picked band of mounted border ruffians led by recently outlawed Bastard John Heron hacked their way through the Scots ranks to rescue ... Howard"

It was at that point the Humes and Gordons pulled back and declined to join further battle, saying they had done enough for one day.

A simple granite cross at Flodden pays homage to the "Dead Of Both Nations." Every year in the first week in August, a young man elected by the townspeople — The Coldstreamer — leads a mounted troop to Flodden to remember.

From our base in Kelso, we roamed the ancestral lands wondering how we got to the Borders. We know that surfs, soldiers and slaves often became known by the names of their masters. We don't know (and maybe don't want to) our line of descent.

It is enough on a July twilight to watch today's Kelso "Reivers" re-enact their ride from Hume Castle to the town. Led by 20 or more pipers, they clatter over the cobblestones of the town square to be welcomed as protectors as they were years ago. It is enough to know that we have been part of it all for a long time.

And to also know that, while we may still be a sorry lot of human beings in 1996, most of us have found a better, if still frustrating, way to govern and to live.

Jim Hume's next column appears Thursday.



JIM  
HUME

1866 Overlook Terrace  
Louisville 5, Kentucky  
August 18, 1958.

Dear Mary,

Your great-grandmother, Martha Baldrige Owens, in her girlhood was much with her maternal grandmother, Euphemia Agnew Hodge, of whom you may read more in these pages. One day, Sister asked your great-grandmother something she was unable to answer, about Euphemia Agnew Hodge. Sister said, "Grandma, you were about seventeen years old when your grandmother died; why didn't you ask her about these things?" And your great-grandmother replied with a smile, "Well, Martha, if I'd known I was to have a granddaughter who would want that information, I certainly would have asked my grandmother for it."

Perhaps you will some day be asking questions that these pages will answer.

I commenced this rambling book about 1927, gradually gathering information with the invaluable help of other members of the family, especially Mother and Sister.

Your loving aunt,

*Edith Hume*



F. GUTEKUNST,

PHILADELPHIA.

To Edith Anne

from

Bishop McMorley

Our God father

F. GUTEKUNST,

712

ARCH ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.





Christ Church.

Louisville.

Wednesday Evening January 6<sup>th</sup> 1862,  
at 6 O'clock.

Edmund J. Rife

announcement

Com. Curran





William Garvin Hume

December 1933

1933



3068

*Muricea garrina* (Linn.)  
taken in New Orleans  
- May, 1919.

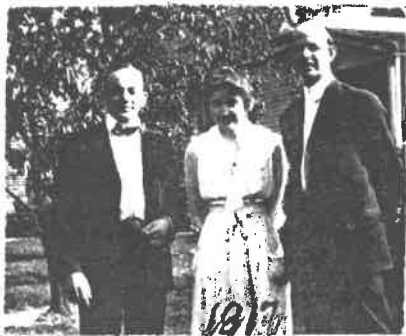


To dear Martha  
With a brother's love 'tis given,  
May the treasure that you write  
and see be given.

William Garrison Hume

May 20 - 1901.







Left to right,  
William Ireland <sup>son</sup>

George Hume Cord  
William Garvin  
Hume

Feb 1874  
About  
four  
months  
before  
she  
married  
Father

Plus James  
one not  
C. Ireland

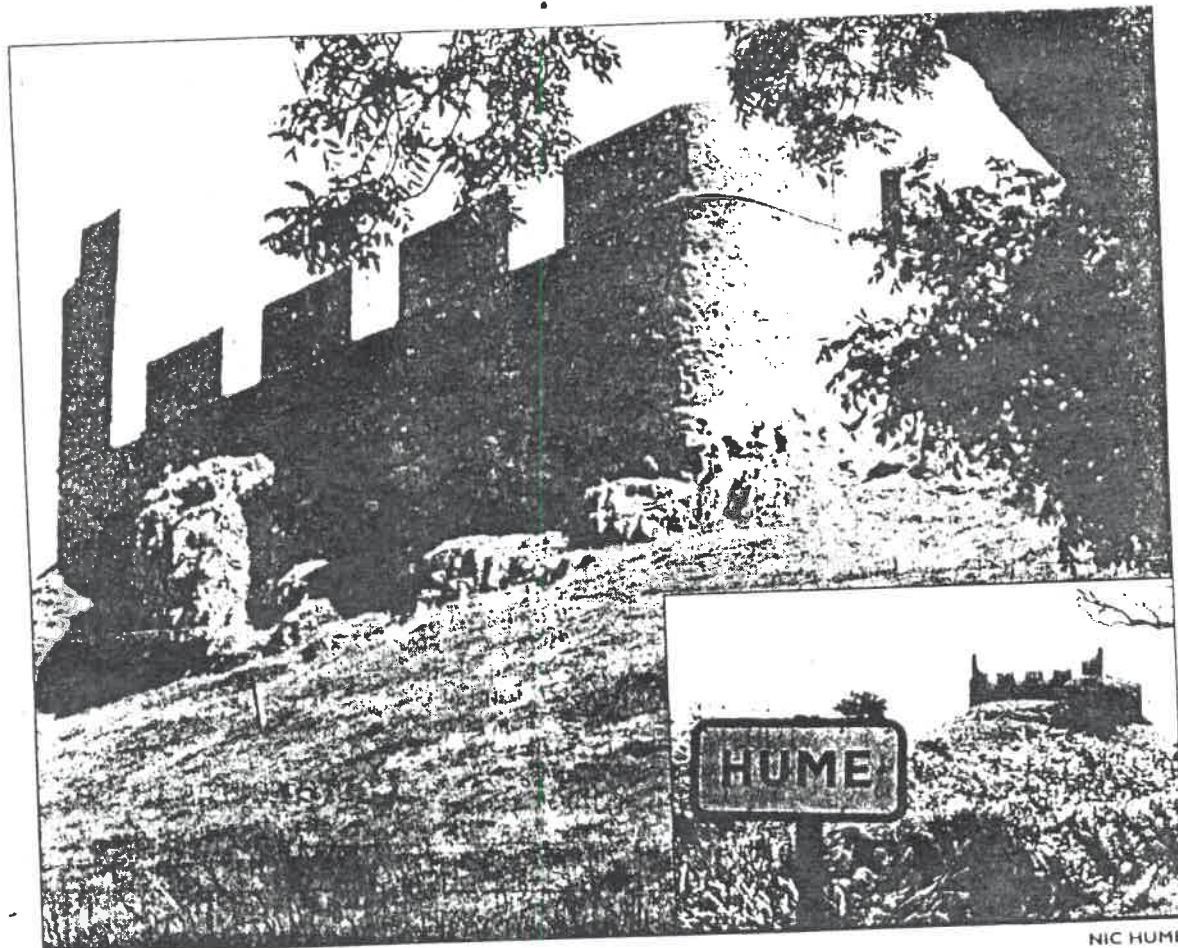
Cora Owens (Mrs. Edward  
Johnson Pope) Feb. 1874  
aged 25.



NE 920 & 922 OLIVE STREET,  
COR. 10<sup>TH</sup> STREET,  
ST LOUIS,  
Mo.

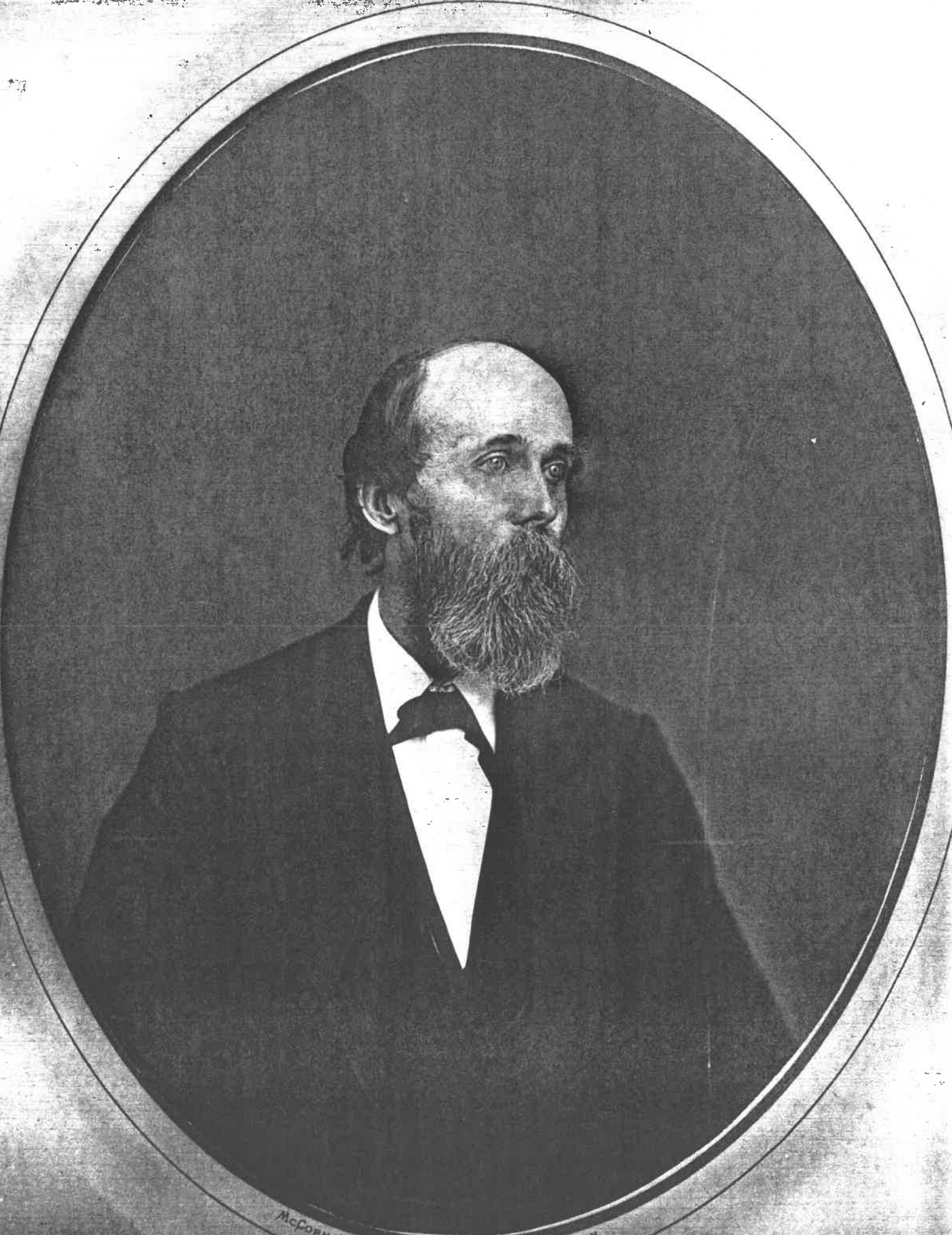
Wm. Ireland

Wm. Ireland



Hume Castle and, inset, the sign for Hume village with the castle looming above it





MCCORMAC PHOTOGRAPHER, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

William Priestley Hume

about 1874

Born at Nashville, Tenn. 1816

Died at Clarksville, " Feb. 1887

Was cashier of banks at Clarksville for  
nearly forty-five years.

Son of Rev. William and Rebecca Andrew  
Hume

TRAFFIC  
LONDON  
STANDARD



Portrait of a young boy, while my father was sitting & his  
father is the better known in Logan County, Kentucky

W. Owens, Jr. (20 years ago)  
1840



William Owens Jr  
father of Cora Owens

Cora  
Owens  
aged  
fourteen  
years







Martha Owens Hume,  
aged ten years.

Aug. 17, 1847

Oh how sweet

At 10 o'clock

Miss Martha Baldridge

"Bring flowers, bring flowers, for the Bride to wear,  
They were born to blush in her shining hair;  
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth  
She has bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side; - Bride  
Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the fair young

Your friend

August 17, 1847.

J. Wilson



Great-  
aunt,  
Eliza  
Owens  
Gilbert  
was  
blind;  
the  
last  
few  
years  
of her  
life.  
She had  
cataracts.



Eliza Owens Gilbert (seated) and her  
niece, Cora Owens Hume, (1903 OR 1904)

She came to live with us here,  
Decemoer 1901 and died here  
December 1904

## CHAPTER I

It was a beautiful home in Middle Tennessee, dear children, where your great-grandmother, Martha Baldrige Owens, lived when she was a girl. She was born in Gallatin, Tennessee, October 12, 1826; but she grew from early childhood to womanhood on a fine farm about a mile from Gallatin, on the Hartsville Pike. At Glen Cottage - which was the name of <sup>her</sup> girlhood home - she had a happy life with her numerous sisters and two brothers. One brother, William, died young, and the brother she mentions in her diary was her elder brother, Joseph. She had an intimate friend, too, Mary Baber (afterwards Mrs. Henry Crutcher of Louisville, Kentucky), who lived nearby. You will see from the extracts from her diary and letters that Martha Baldrige led the too-easy life of the ante-bellum Southern girl surrounded by well-trained Negro servants. After she was grown she had her own saddle-horse, John, which, by the way, would not allow a man to mount him. Started to school when she was only four years old, she was very young when she was graduated from the Gallatin Female Academy, but she was well educated, and her spelling was so remarkably correct that her grandchildren found it vain to try to catch her on hard words. In reading her letters you will note how wistfully her mind went back in old age to the days of her happy childhood and how right the poet was when he said:

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet  
Have climbed the earliest, and the streams most sweet  
Are ever those at which our young lips drank."

From Martha Baldrige Owens to her granddaughter, Edith Hume,  
July 11, 1895.

Had I the most ample means, however, would like to re-build my old childhood's home in Tennessee, making it the same as near as possible. My imagination would picture the inmates. . . Mrs. Crutcher's old home, not far off, and with a little negro boy behind we visited on horseback, spending a week at a time with each other. At one end of "Glen Cottage" was a large horse-apple tree; sometimes several children, I among them, were seated on the friendly limbs, eating green apples with pepper and salt. I remember the tree with special pleasure. Many times, returning f'm school, a table was spread under its shady branches, and cool, fresh buttermilk and butter served with hot ash-cakes. Would that every child could be as happy as I was in those days of long ago. A lov'ly home with its clear running spring, many shade trees and beautiful garden. Old-fashioned sugar-trees almost everywhere. Y'r mother was only six years of age when she last saw the dear old home-stead.

From Martha Baldrige Owens to her granddaughter, Martha Owens Hume, November 27, 1895.

In a letter to Edith I forgot to tell her that for about a year, during the building of "Academy," I rode a little pony; and a young friend would every day go by for me on her easy-going, gentle little horse - we had fine times riding into town and putting our animals in a stable attached to the building used for school. This young friend was afterwards one of my bridesmaids; and after the school building was complete and ready for use, General Trousdale, afterwards Governor, bought this place for his home, and his daughter, Louise, was my second attendant; name of the first was Mary E. Parrish, a distant relative.

Considered one of the beauties of Middle Tennessee, Martha Baldrige had many admirers. She had an impulsive nature, combined with great purity and refinement. One day she was showing a book to a certain young man who was calling on her, and when he made what she considered an indelicate remark about one of the pictures she stalked out of the room and refused to go back. When she was an old, old lady, she used to laugh heartily when she told her grandchildren that she heard afterwards that this young man said he did not like that Miss

Martha Baldrige - "she was too d-mned pious."

Because she did not have a keen sense of humor, her grandson, your dear father, would often take a mischievous delight in telling her some wild joke, of which he knew she would not see the point. However, when something did strike her as very funny she laughed heartily and occasionally found it impossible to stop quickly. For instance, on one occasion a young man caller, in reply to an inquiry as to how relationship existed between him and another friend of hers, responded gravely, "Our grandmothers were both Buggs." Martha laughed until she had to leave the room and send one of her sisters to entertain the beau.

Extracts from diary of Martha Baldrige

This day, the 17th of March 1844, at eight o'clock at night, I do resolve after reading a Sunday school book entitled "The Good Resolution," to try to do right in the sight of both God & man. By the grace of God, & through Christ my strength & my redeemer, I do hope solemnly to carry out this good resolution. I am this night 17 yrs. & 5 months of age.

July 9, 1844. This evening I feel refreshed and have been engaged reading . . . Will give an extract of what Paulus Aemilius advised the Romans:

"The uncertainty of what may happen to us every day ought to teach us never to treat any one with insolence & cruelty in our prosperity, not rely too much upon our present advantages. The proof of real merit & true valor is neighter to be too elate in good, not too dejected in bad fortune."

Cato says:

"Prosperity generally excites pride & insolence. Adversity, in humbling the spirit, restores us to our reason and teaches us what is necessary to be done. Prosperity, on the contrary, hurries us in a manner out of our way by the joy it occasions & makes us lose sight of the measures which a calm temper of mind would enable us to discern & execute."

Some months later. After an absence of almost four weeks I have returned home to resume my daily duties. I left Glen Cottage on the 23rd of Oct. & was home again on the 18th of November. I had quite an agreeable trip to Murfreesboro.



but a more pleasant one to Shelbyville, a trip which has passed away like a delightful dream. After I returned to Murfreesboro, a piece of poetry was sent to me by a gentleman from Shelbyville, only 12 lines of which I can remember, which are the following, from Byron:-

Sweet girl! tho' only once we met  
n That meeting I shall ne'er forget,  
And, tho' we ne'er may meet again,  
Remembrance will thy form retain.  
I would not say I love! but still  
My feelings struggle with my will.  
In vain to drive thee from my breast  
My thoughts are more & more repress.  
In vain to check the rising sighs,  
Another to the last replies;  
Perhaps this is not love, but yet  
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

This young gentleman was a cousin to the gentleman whom my cousin married & altho' he was very pleasant & fascinating, he possessed not those qualities of mind & heart of him whom I might love. But perhaps I look for perfection. I was weighed during my stay in Shelbyville & weighed 111 pounds.

Received an invitation to Miss L. Odom's wedding on the 21st Jan. '45, but did not attend on account of a bad cold & headache, but attended the infair at Mr. Saffaran's the 22nd, where there were assembled a great number of persons. \*

April 25th, 1845. Ma & I were today out shopping & were obliged to stop at the house of a free negro, Aunt Martha Wilson, as we called her, to escape a storm of wind & rain.

Glen Cottage, Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1845. On the 2d of July my brother & I left Glen Cottage for Glasgow, Ky. We reached the rock house early in the ev'ning & remained there during the night, & oh! intense was the heat. Early next morning we started in the rain, stopped for dinner at 20 miles from our point of destination. We arrived at Glasgow that ev'ning at 8 o'clock, found the object of my visit standing in the parlor door, looking for me. After having seen the family, my friend & I retired & were soon fast asleep. We arose next morning & heard Messrs. Gorin & Crenshaw speak, & Mr. Edmunds read the Declaration of Independence. My brother left me for home on the 7th, & on the 8th my friend Miss Baber reached Glasgow, together with my brother's friend Mr. Cook. The latter returned also to Gallatin on the 10th. The ladies who called to see me during this visit were the following: Miss Musgrove, Miss Murrell; Misses Perkins; Miss Jefferys; Mrs. James Moss; Mrs. E. Murrell; Mrs. Terry; Mrs. H. Murrell; Mrs. Crutcher; Misses Rogers; Mrs. Rogers; M. Mrs. Wood. Mr. H. Crutcher was the 1st call I had from the gentlemen. He called before the speeches, in his military suit, to engage my company for the ev'ning, at which time there was a large

\*NOTE - "Infair" was the name given to an entertainment in honor of the bride and groom by the groom's family, usually the day following the entertainment at the bride's home.



party given by the "Glasgow Invincibles." Then Mr. Bagby came to go with me to the speaking. The other gentlemen who called were Messrs. Gorin; Edmunds; W. Snoddy; R. Snoddy; Trabue; T. Crutcher; T. Coke; Mumphreys; Lewis & H. Moss; all of whom called often, excepting Messrs. Mumphreys & Coke, who only called once. On the 19th my brother & Mr. Cook returned to Glasgow. The morning after their arrival they, with some other gentlemen, rode out in a hack. Next day we set out for the Mammoth Cave - Mr. Trabue & I, Henry Crutcher & Mary Baber, Amanda & my brother, & Mr. ~~Cook~~ Cook with Miss Musgrove, together with Mr. Owens, who also arrived the ev'ning before. We breakfasted at Mr. Bell's, which was 17 miles from the Cave, & at 10 o'clock reached the latter place. We retired quite late, rose early next morning, breakfasted, & arranged our dress for the Cave. We entered the Cave at eight o'clock, dined at the farthest end, & got out at 8 at night. We had a glorious time. I had three very warm admirers among the number, two of whom I knew of at the time, Mr. Cook & Mr. Trabue. Mr. Owens afterwards made his declaration.

20th Sept. 1845. On the 2nd Sabbath of this month Aunt Kate, my mother's only sister, arrived at G. C. Oh! when I saw her, how vividly was brought before my mind my dear, dear, sweet grandmother. \* She was so like, or rather is so like her now, since she has grown older. How I loved my dear grandma! I roomed with her, talked with her, read to her, & walked with her, & helped nurse her when sick. I loved her so tenderly, fondly, devotedly. My heart was wrung with grief when God took her away. She was said to be beautiful when young - she was beautiful when she was old, & so good. Heaven grant that I may lead so devotedly pious a life as she led.

My dearly loved Aunt Ann Hodge left on the 18th. It was on that day that my dear friend, Miss Mary Baber, assured me of her determination to be married, on the 14th of October next. I feel it hard indeed to give up one bound by the nearest of earthly ties, pure & unsullied friendship. The anticipated marriage of my most intimate friend makes me think something on the subject. As yet I have not seen any one to whom I feel willing to give my heart & hand. My brother & I have today had a long conversation on marriage.

20th Oct. 1845. Mr. Owens called this ev'ning & presented me with "Amelia's Poems," which I had some scruples in receiving.

22nd. Mr. Cook called one ev'ning of same week & presented me with Lear's Biography of Bible. Mr. Cook & Mr. King some ev'nings after this insisted very much on my sister & myself going to a circus. My father consented that we might go for one time, that we might see what a circus was - so we went, & am well satisfied that it is no place for ladies.

\* Euphemia Agnew Hodge. "Aunt Kate" (Mrs. Barr) was not the only sister; may have been the only sister then living.

18th of April, 1846. I today make somewhat a change in my daily employments. Rise ev'ry morn at daylight (& oh! how beautiful the mocking birds sing just here at our room window), arrange my dress & room, & take a ride or walk. Then, after breakfast, read the Bible with a morning prayer. An hour to music, & two hours to anything my mother wishes me to do. This brings me to 12 o'clock; from twelve to one to reading & dinner until two. The afternoons I spend thus: for an hour or two after dinner I endeavor to help my mother in some way, & then I practise some on piano, read Latin & French & other reading - & riding on my dear, good horse John, whom I love almost better than anything in the wide world. He's a noble horse, that John horse of mine. Never am I happier than when I am mounted on his back at full speed. My mother seems to think that sometime I will get my neck broken, but no fear, the dear horse is as glad as I am to have me ride him. I believe John knows me & loves me. I generally have company after tea; if not, I spend the evening in writing or talking with my sisters. Just before retiring I make it a point to read the Bible & raise my voice in prayer to Him Who giveth to me the blessings of life.

4th of June, 1846. I had today a beautiful little arbor vitae tree accidentally cut down, which I had with brother's assistance planted last fall & nurtured so carefully all winter. It was presented to me with another, which died from having been transplanted. I was very sorry the accident happened & could have shed tears over it. I felt sorry for Uncle Charles, whose hand committed the much-to-be-lamented act. \* He seemed to be almost as much distressed as myself, for he thinks a great deal of me, as do all the servants, I think. I hope I said nothing harsh to him, but I was so sorry & had just reminded him to be very careful not to touch it. Uncle Charles is my father's chief servant on the farm. As he is always at his law office in Gallatin, he devotes no time to the farm, but gives it up to the management of Uncle C. He is also the carriage driver & dearly loves to drive myself & sister to parties & other places, and sometimes it seems to me the horses are running away, but never yet has an accident happened with the carriage, & he has driven us late at night when it was very dark, with almost the rapidity of lightning it seemed to me, striking fire with the carriage wheels on the turnpike road. Often, on returning from a party, have I gone fast asleep, such great confidence I had in Uncle Charles. Oh! ever will I remember those glorious drives & the good faithful driver.

July 26th, 1846. This ev'ning on account of a headache laid down with the intention to take a nap. Brother entered my room for the purpose of playing a trick of sprinkling on me. I got the better part, however, for I was not asleep, and in the act of his pouring the water on me I threw it upon him, which watered him well. I guess he finds himself amply paid for his trouble.

28th of July. This day has been spent pretty much after the manner of a resolution made not long since in my last yrs. memoranda book. Instead, however, as is usual with us on Tuesday nights going to church, my sister & myself walked over

NOTE \* Negro servant.

into the timothy field just in front of the house & took a view, a sweet view, of this exquisitely lovely little farm. How delightful that walk was, no one knows but those who took it.

## CHAPTER II

When your great-grandmother was twenty, dear children, she became engaged to your great-grandfather, William Owens, Jr. You will remember that he and she were in the same party when they visited Mammoth Cave in 1845. They were married on August 17, 1847, in the parlor of Glen Cottage. The groom, who lacked a few days of being twenty-seven years old, was a lawyer, a graduate of Centre College. He was the second son of William Owens, Sr. and Hannah Clifford, of Russellville, Kentucky, who were married during the early part of 1812 near Lexington, Kentucky, and went that same year to Russellville, where they lived the rest of their lives. William Owens, Sr. was the son of James Owens and Elizabeth Marrs, both of Kentucky. And Hannah Clifford was the daughter of John Clifford and Nancy Boone; the latter, according to family tradition, was closely related to Daniel Boone and came to Kentucky as a child with the Boone party. The Owens family was originally Welsh; the Marrs, Scotch.

The bride, Martha Baldrige, almost twenty-one, was the eldest daughter of a prosperous lawyer, Josiah Walker Baldrige (son of James Baldrige and Martha Turrentine - a widow, Mrs. Moore, when she married James Baldrige), and his wife, Sarah Wells Hodge (daughter of Joseph Hodge and Euphemia Agnew), who was born near Gallatin, Tennessee. Your cousin, Dr. John A. Wyeth, says in his book, "With Sabre and Scalpel," that Joseph Hodge was born in 1755 in England, came to America and served as an American soldier during the Revolutionary War, and was later given a land grant in Sumner County, Tennessee, by the Government. During the Revolution he was wounded at the Battle of Guilford Court House, North Carolina,

and was taken to the home of Doctor Agnew, near the scene of the battle. Here he met the doctor's daughter, Euphemia Agnew, who afterwards became his wife. Perhaps you will be interested in the copy of the Marriage License Bond of Joseph Hodge, which Martha Baldrige's sister, Gertrude Baldrige, sent William and Edith and Martha Hume in 1911. This Euphemia Agnew Hodge was the grandmother Martha Baldrige loved so dearly.

But we must go back to the wedding day of your great-grandmother (named for her grandmother, Martha Turrentine Baldrige). The bride was a Presbyterian and the ceremony was performed by the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Gallatin, Mr. Woods. The groom was a Baptist. Thomas B. Harrison, of Russellville, Kentucky, afterwards Judge Harrison, was one of the attendants, and Misses Louise Trousdale and Mary E. Parrish were the two bridesmaids. One bridesmaid wore blue, the other pink. William Garvin Hume, your dear father, had the groom's wedding vest, of rich brocaded white silk. The bride wore white and must have looked beautiful; she was of medium height, with brown hair, heavenly blue eyes, and very fair skin.

From letter of Martha Baldrige Owens to her granddaughter,  
Edith Hume, August 23, 1902.

I was married two months before I was 21, and I can truly say it was with much reluctance I left my family; but when I reflected that I was the eldest of many daughters, tho't it due my father to give place to my next sister, for there was much entertaining of relatives; in fact I cannot remember of the family ever being alone. My father, a prosperous lawyer, with a large family of his own, also many negroes to care for, owned his home, owed no debts, gave \$100 a year to his c'h, and no resources save his three-hundred-acre farm & his law business.

The wedding of William Owens, Jr. and Martha Baldrige took place before noon, and the young couple left later in the day in the Baldrige family carriage for Franklin, Kentucky. This

From long letter of John Calvin Hodge to his first cousin, Martha Bald-  
ridge. I think he died of yellow fever soon after writing this.

New Orleans, alias, "Swamp City," July 8th, 1847

Generous Cousin:

I was very much pleased . . . with the truly interesting . . . I last received from you, and hope that it is but a precursor of many similar ones. . . Cousin, have you ever loved? Probably you have - tho' never, I fear, so dearly and devotedly as I! . . . Here in this great and populous city, I am, at times, as lonely as though I were on some desolate island! . . . It is true that I love you, dearly, deeply, and devotedly! far better than any one else on earth. My love is as constant as the morning star.

Now, my dear Cousin, to prove my constancy, during my long residence in this metropolis, I have not cultivated the acquaintance of a single lady, save one, which was done involuntarily. . . She is exceedingly beautiful! intelligent! vain! affected! and withal opulent! - bright sparkling eyes, transparent skin, rosy cheeks, ruby-lips, pearl-white teeth, & raven-tresses. . . She is said by every one that knows her to be one of the loveliest and brightest flowers in the fair South. . . The next question is, do I really love this "beautiful Damsel?" Ay, truly, as I do wormwood! Many have been congratulating me, on being beloved by this little preposterous ephemeral butterfly! That this little infatuated girl loves me, is most true. . . I intimated to her that I would not participate with her in the delightful & sentimental mysteries of Hymen, even if her heart were formed of the brightest gem of Golconda. . . I shall never be happy. . . I can now say and feel it as sensibly as did Ophelia. . . "Oh, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" Within the last five months, I have lost a great deal of money, in the way of speculation, &c.. I have never informed any one of this, but yourself. . . Will leave off the "Study of Medicine," and resume . . . "Printing!!" . . . Cousin Wm. informs me that he received a letter . . . stating that you were married! Is it so? . . . He says that you are the prettiest girl in Summer County! . . . I have never seen a lady in all my travels, equivalent to yourself.

Ma, Wm. and Dr. S- have all gone to St. Louis to spend the summer. Ma was very anxious for me to go with her, for fear that if I remained in the city, this summer, I might become a victim of the yellow fever. . . The last I saw of her, she was standing on the guards of the boat . . . weeping bitterly! . . . It is very sickly here . . . and God only knows what it will be. . . I have often, like to-day, been conversing with a friend, well and hearty, and on the morrow have followed him to his last resting place. . . Yes, it is very doubtful whether one half of the deaths . . . are published or not. Any way, it appears amazingly strange to me, that I cannot ever go out, without seeing some one dead & laid out, or a funeral, . . . or the dead carts. . . No more, sweet Cousin.

John Calvin Hodge  
P. S. The young lady, whom I mentioned in this letter, is indisposed this evening, from the effects of eating too much crab, or crabs! There is no telling what a Creole won't eat. Frogs, crawfish, crabs, snakes, and rats, &c. &c., are their hearts, or rather, their mouths delight.

O, I want to hear from you so bad! I shall never see one moments peace until I do!

carriage, made in Gallatin, was four-seated inside, with driver's seat in front, and was drawn by two bay horses and driven by a colored servant, Uncle Charles, mentioned in Martha Baldrige's diary. The father and mother and sister of the groom (probably the only members of his family who attended the wedding) accompanied the bridal pair to Franklin, Kentucky, riding in the Owens family carriage, a \$1,000 coach, also made in Gallatin, drawn by two clay-bank horses (dark, sprinkled with white) and driven by a servant, Uncle Richard, a handsome brown-skinned Negro.

The party spent the night at Franklin. The next day the groom's relatives drove on to their home in Russellville. And the bride and groom, sending their carriage back to Gallatin, came to Louisville, Kentucky, by stage, there being no railroad then in this part of the country. In Louisville they stayed at the old Galt House, at Second and Main Streets. On leaving there they took a boat for Cincinnati and went on to Niagara Falls.

Extracts from diary of Martha Baldrige Owens, 1847

August 18, 1847. The morning of the 17th at 10 o'clock I was married - by the Rev. H. Woods. After taking some refreshments, talking with friends & bidding them farewell, I left my native home. My father, my sister & several friends attended me to the Ridge & then left us. I felt then as if I had truly given up all dear ties of old; for the sake of him I had given all - heart & hand. We reached Franklin after dark & supped, retired, rose this morning of this 18th, breakfasted, after usual ceremonies left for Bowling Green, where I now am, at the Morehead House.

Louisville, Aug. 22nd, 1847. Thursday the 19th I spent in Bowling Green & Thursday evening Mr. O & myself with some acquaintances went to ---'s circus. Friday morning early, after breakfast, we walked upon a high hill, on which in days past stood a college - still there are remains of it. . . I went to my room, soon took dinner, after which Mr. O. & Mr. Underwood played chess & I read until the stage came in. I left in the stage, travelled all night, took breakfast next morning at -----, dinner at West Point, a most beautiful little place twenty-two miles south of Louisville. At this place old Salt River joins the Ohio. The color of the water is bottle green. We crossed Salt River on a ferry boat. . . We went on & after going over a very good turnpike for some time we came to a place real rough which lasted a few miles, the dust making it very disagreeable. At sundown or later we reached Louisville, Galt House.

I being much fatigued, declined tea, went to my room, went to bed, slept soundly till this morning. I rose not very early, breakfasted. . dressed for church, walked upon top of the house. I took a good look at Louisville from this place & really it is an immense city, the population of which is 30,000.

Sept. 5th. On the 25th of August I reached Cincinnati, spent the day in walking over the city, bought a card-case for my sister & received from Mr. O. a little golden locket. On the 26th we left Cin. for Dayton in a canal boat; had a pleasant time; got to Dayton early next morning, found our friend at home, spent a most delightful time here. Dayton is a very handsome town, with large extensive streets & contains 12,000 inhabitants. We left this place on the 1st of Sept. Had not a very pleasant time, on a canal boat crowded with men, women & children. I formed a very interesting acquaintance, Mrs. Dicks. We left her at Maumee City, only 10 miles from Toledo, which we reached on the 4th of Sept., having spent 2 nights on the packet "Fashion." Toledo seems to be a business place - at the head of Lake Erie. We got on the steamer "John Owen" here & reached Detroit before dark on the 4th. On coming to this city I had the pleasure of riding for a while on the river Raisin, which is so noted in the history of the late war; from the boat saw the battlefield of that dreadful Indian massacre, in which Ky. so much suffered, and in crossing Lake Erie I was near the identical point where Perry gained his celebrated and brilliant victory over the superior forces of the British navy, and which reflected such glory and lustre upon the American seamen. How my heart leaped within me when I was told, "Behold where Perry fought." In a moment the whole engagement passed before me, and I almost fancied I could hear the roar of cannon, "whose rude throats Jove's dread clamours counterfeit;" and also in a little bark, by the white waves tossed high, the gallant commodore, passing from his disabled ship amidst the fire of grape, canister, cannon-ball & musketry to another vessel, upon which he proudly planted the star-spangled banner, which then truly waved o'er the spirit of the brave.

Sabbath - Detroit, Michigan, Wales Hotel, Sept. 5, 1847

Detroit is rather a gay place, more like Nashville than any place I have seen. I would have attended one of the Catholic churches, but for rain.

Niagara Falls, 8th of Sept. 1847. Left D- on the ev'ning of the 5th, on the celebrated steamer "Baltic" and reached Buffalo on the morning of the 7th. The Lake was calm & beautiful and the boat was crowded with all manner of passengers. We went from boat to the Exchange Hotel, breakfasted, walked round town until 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ , took the cars, and came to Niagara in an hour.

Niagara Falls, September 8th, 1847. I am now in hearing of the awful & never ending roar of the N. Falls. Much have I seen & a great deal have I read which were designed to give one an idea of this wonder of the world, but really after summing up all my



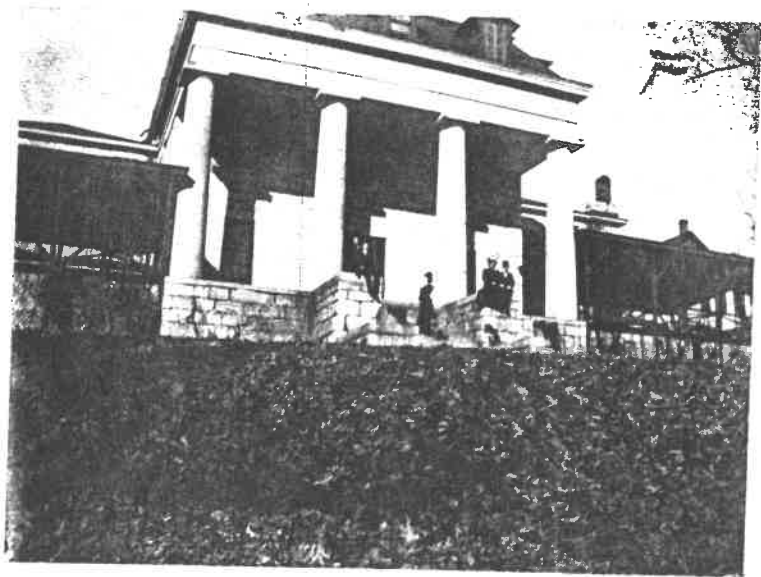


Sallie G. Owens

Sallie G. Owens  
about 1868

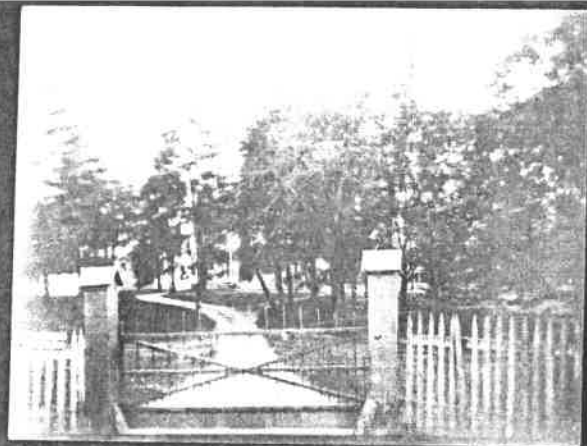


View No. 1  
View of Ingham University, Le Roy, N.Y.,  
taken in later years, probably about  
1900.

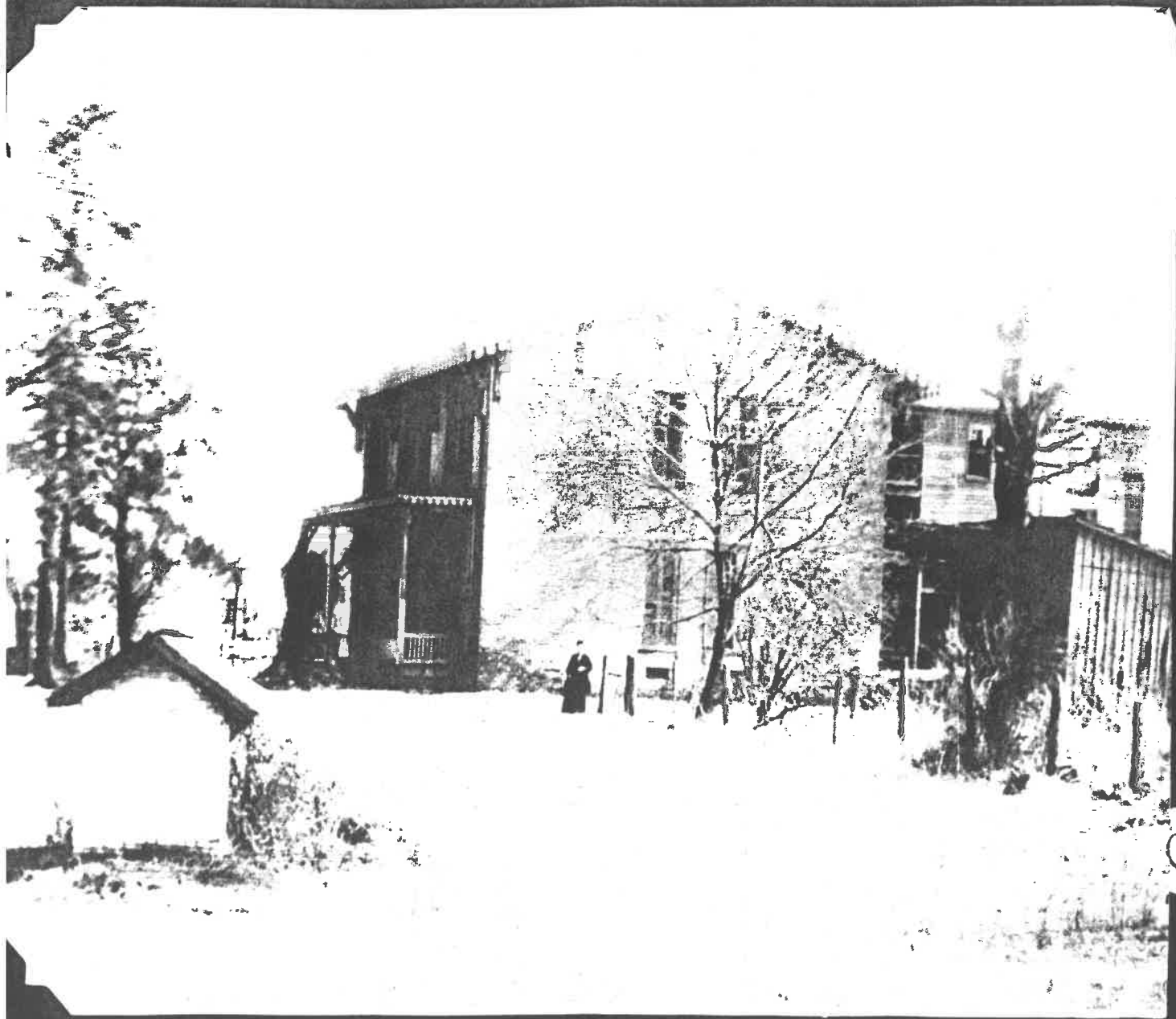


Patapsco Institute, 1898  
Ellicott's City, Maryland





Pictures taken of Villa Ridge about 1915. In the time of William Owens, Jr., there was a hedge instead of a fence in front, and the frame part of the house at the rear had not been added. The house was torn down about 1919. It had been used as a boarding house and had been in bad condition for some years.



To Cora Owens, Patapsco Institute, Ellicott's City, Maryland, from  
William Owens, Jr., her father, then in Memphis on a business trip.

Memphis Ten April 27/66

My Dear Cora

A few days since I wrote from Humbolt (the Rail Road crossing) but unexpectedly meeting with your Uncle James & Cousin Helen I conclude to write you a few lines from here. Helen received your letter a few days since & will answer you soon - She is here under protection of her Pa, for the purpose of buying plantation supplies - Helen has risen heroically to meet the difficulty which has overtaken her father in consequence of the terrible revolution which has swept over the south - he was unfortunate in having assumed just before the war a heavy debt for negroes which under present circumstances he cannot pay as demanded - he therefore determined to sell his plantation. George & Helen anxious to keep the land in the family & believing that they could secure the homestead determined to make the effort necessary & have entered upon the enterprise by buying the whole estate. I shall endeavor to help George & Helen & sustain them in their undertaking. I will go home with them this evening & return on next Wednesday, - being detained necessarily here for some days. I think it better to spend the surplus time with them than lounging around the Hotel.

This city is very prosperous & her beautiful Court Square, thronged with its hundreds of handsomely dressed women & children every evening, is most lovely - Well shaded, with its clean gravel walks, grassy plots, flowering shrubs, & sportive squirrels jumping from tree to tree - altogether in the quiet hour of twilight is most inviting - & is nightly thronged with visitors seeking its cool breezes & enlivening prospect - it is a gem to this city.

The whole city was excited yesterday by a general outpouring of the southern female element in commemoration at Elmwood Cemetery of the memory of the Confederate dead - the anniversary of the surrender of the army of Genl Lee which is deemed the surrender of the Confederacy as all other armies quickly followed in quick succession viz 26th April, was chosen as a day to commemorate the fallen brave, those who struggled in life to maintain the liberties of the south, but who now sleep in death - to strew their graves with sweet flowers & bursting buds & cherishing in their hearts, sweet memories of the dead - The papers are full of it this morning. I enclose you extracts from two.

I happened yesterday morning into the Law office of Williams & Parham - no one in - but upon table I saw two unopened letters in small envelopes well filled, backed in handwriting so similar to yours, with the well known post mark "Ellicotts Mills" that I was constrained to examine them, they brought you visably before me - the letters were addressed to "H. B. S. Williams Memphis Ten." I supposed he has daughters at Patapsco. . .

Continue to write to me at Columbus untill further advised.

Very truly & affectionately

Your Pa.

From Editors' Table, Godey's Lady's Book, April 1842:

Report of the Patapsco Female Institute

Among the many excellent schools for the instruction of young ladies, which our country affords, we would call the attention of parents to one lately placed under the care of Mrs. Lincoln Phelps - a lady whose literary reputation, as well as her signal success as a teacher of youth, are well known. We rejoice to see that the noble state, where was first established the broad and just principles of freedom of conscience and equal rights to all religious sects, is taking effective steps for the advancement of female education. It is true, as the "report" says -

"Maryland is so situated in relation to both the north and south, that it will, doubtless, hereafter, exercise an important influence over the future destinies of our country. The children of the south, owing to existing causes, are not, as much as formerly, sent to the north for their education; and it becomes, therefore, highly important that schools of a high character shall be established in the southern states."

And then the liberal plans to be pursued cannot fail of rendering this Institute popular. The Principal disclaims the intention of any sectarian policy, - the officers and teachers are of various religious denominations, who will together form one Christian family. The following sentiments show the good sense of the principal, Mrs. Phelps, and will secure the approval of every judicious parent. -

"Moral Influence - Though we speak of a liberal education, we have no intention of tolerating any neglect of feminine duties or accomplishments. We would not sacrifice to intellectual improvement any of the moral and domestic virtues which purify and sweeten life and render woman a blessing and an ornament to society. We believe that a cultivated intellect, unconnected with an amiable disposition, ever lead to disgusting pedantry, and pernicious extravagance in principle and conduct."

This excellent seminary is situated in the vicinity of Ellicott's Mills, about ten miles from Baltimore. Success attend it.

Letter to Sallie G. Owens from her mother's first cousin, Mary E. (Hodge) Buchanan (the cousin whose large portrait was painted in 1860). Sallie had been visiting her but had gone to Springfield, Tennessee, and was there when her father died.

---

Nashville, Aug. 30th, 1867.

I know my darling, that your heart is full of anguish, and I would that I could find words that would bring you consolation but alas there are sorrows that words cannot reach, even as you and Cora now feel; I weep with you; accept my tears and my sympathy. Remember dear Sallie and Cora that your beloved father has been for years a martyr to great physical suffering and let this soften your grief; he has often said to me but for his family he would welcome the hour of death as a release, nay, would pray that the time might be hastened. He sleeps well in the consciousness of an upright and useful life; there are many hearts that will sorrow for his untimely fall besides his wife and children, who have been recipients of his kindness, for he was ever ready to assist person in trouble and misfortune.

. . . Say to Mother that I did not receive her dispatch until Tuesday; if I can be of any service or comfort to her, tell her to write to me and I will come cheerfully for I know that she feels overwhelmed and desolate. . . I sent two dispatches to Springfield, one on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, tried to send it Saturday night at 10 o'clock so soon as it reached me from Louisville but there was no operator in the office in Springfield - telegraphed you again on Monday fearing the first had not been received by your Aunt.

Give my love to your Mother and Cora. I am anxious about Cora. Grief prostrates the strong, and I much fear the effect upon her delicate constitution.

I am entirely alone, no one in the house to-night, sad and weary I repeat the words of my favorite hymn,

. . . . . welcome the Tomb  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom.  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,  
And hail him in triumph ascending the skies.

Long, long dear Sallie may it be before you look on the grave as a refuge from care and sorrow; this your dark hour will wear away leaving a tender melancholy that will beautify your character as a young Christian. May God sanctify your grief unto you! . . .

Your affectionate cousin,

M. E. Buchanan.

fancies founded upon the representations of others, I must confess I never conceived of this awfully grand & majestic cataract. I have viewed the Falls from almost every point. Truly the mind cannot tire, contemplating so rich, varied, beautiful, romantic, grand, sublime and wonderfully terrific scene as this unparalleled place presents. After being here I cannot say it is not worth the trouble and expense of coming. I feel much fatigued; though, as at Mammoth Cave, the fatigue is not until the labor is all over. As I gazed from a tower on the American shore, I so much wished that everybody could have the opportunity I then enjoyed. It seems to me, if I had to banish from my mind the pleasures of my recollections of the Cave & other curiosities, or the Niagara Falls, I would retain the last at the expense of the former. I do not think my enthusiasm the result of others' eulogies, but it is the homage of my soul to the scene around.

On the return trip Mr. and Mrs. Owens went by boat from Louisville to Clarksville, Tennessee, where they visited Mr. Owens' brother, a dry-goods merchant, James Madison Owens, and his family. Met at Clarksville by the Owens carriage, they drove in this to Russellville, Kentucky, where they lived for about a year with Mr. and Mrs. William Owens, Sr.

### CHAPTER III

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Owens, Sr. was near Bethel College and ran from College Street to Bank Street. The house was a wide two-story brick and the grounds were spacious - a pleasant place for children. The house was torn down about 1920. Russellville is a pretty, quaint town; the natives say that people who stay there long enough to wear out one pair of shoes never want to leave.

Martha Baldrige Owens went to her father's in the summer of 1848 for the birth on June 21, that year, of her first child, Cora, your grandmother.

From letter of Martha Baldrige Owens to her granddaughter,  
Edith Hume, June 25, 1896.

For days near the 21st I thought of your mama and the many changes our family have undergone; was taken back to the only home I ever loved much, & it seemed not more than a day since she came. I can see and hear everything distinctly, and my dear mother's voice as she sat on the top step of the stairway. The place was alive with company, a large family and many old family servants, each devotedly waiting for a call.

Before the return to Russellville about six weeks later, Cora was baptized by a Presbyterian minister. Martha Baldrige Owens' sister, Annie Lewis Baldrige, only a few weeks older than her niece, Cora Owens, was baptized at the same time.

From letter of Martha Baldrige Owens to her granddaughter,  
Martha Owens Hume, June 29, 1899

Before I forget your request, will tell you who baptized your mother and Aunt Sallie. It was Rev'd Mr. Woods, then Pastor of Pres. Ch. at Gallatin, Tenn. He also performed the ceremony at my marriage. My father held each of my children in his arms at their baptism, as their father was not a church man. Mr. Woods followed a brother of your grandpa, your uncle Jesse Hume, who preached in the same church; was very handsome, though rather small, and had the Hume curl on his brow. It seems a little strange now when I recall a bit of news when on a visit to an aged aunt at Gallatin and Willie H. only about two y'rs of age. While there, I called to see a few of Pa's and Ma's old friends; among them the mother of Capt. A. B. Schell. She, having heard my daughter had married a nephew of Mr. Jesse, of whom she was very fond, asked me if I ever knew the latter came near addressing me! He talked the matter over with her and said the only thing that prevented was it seemed to be a positive fact that I was engaged to Mr. Henry Cook.

While Cora was a baby, William Owens, Jr. bought the Breathitt house, on Bank Street near Summer Street in Russellville, and his second child, Sallie, was born there January 16, 1851. About 1851 or 1852, however, he left Russellville and accepted a position at Hickman, Kentucky, as cashier of a branch of the Southern Bank of Kentucky, of Russellville. Having developed throat trouble, he was no longer able to do public speaking and had lost interest in practicing law. At Hickman he built a house halfway up an immense hill and had the bank offices in this home building, about a square from the Mississippi River. His third child, Letitia, named for a sister of his wife's, was born at Hickman, August 28, 1853, but lived only about two years, dying May 27, 1855. Though her remains were buried in the yard of her father and mother's home and stayed there all during the War Between the States, they were disinterred in 1866, after

the family's move to Louisville, Kentucky, and were buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville. Shortly after the death of his little daughter, a second sorrow came to William Owens, Jr. in the death of his father, July 23, 1856, at Russellville. A trip from Hickman to Russellville with her father, shortly after her grandfather's death, is among Cora Owens' earliest recollections. They drove all the way in a buggy and stayed overnight at private houses.

During the early 1850's, probably in 1854, Martha Baldrige Owens' father, Josiah Baldrige, and his wife and all his other children left their beautiful Tennessee home and moved to Texas. The elder son, Joseph, had been ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>to Texas</sup> ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and had brought back glowing accounts of the Texas climate, which he thought would benefit his mother, then in delicate health. Perhaps it did, for she lived to be eighty. Through bad titles, etc., Josiah Walker Baldrige lost much money in his adopted State, and during the years they spent at their last home, "The Hermitage," Mission Valley, Texas, they were comparatively poor in this world's goods.

When he left Tennessee, Mr. Baldrige sold the two Negro servants, Uncle Ben and Uncle Charles, in order not to separate them from their wives, who were owned by people nearby. But he took with him, among other servants, his old colored cook, Aunt Mary, and tried to buy Spencer, her husband, who belonged to a neighbor, Mr. Parrish. No, Mr. Parrish refused to sell. Clinging to hope, however, Mr. Baldrige left some money behind for Spencer's purchase, should Mr. Parrish relent. Sure enough, to some place on their way southward came the happy Spencer, who bowed low and said, "Colonel Baldrige, you will never regret

this." (The title was an honorary one.)

From letter of Gertrude Baldrige to Cora Owens Hume, her niece,  
written from Brownwood, Texas, October 11, 1923

I have heard Papa speak of our cousins, the Turrentines; three of them were living not far from Nashville, then. Cousin Jane tried to make him a present of thirty negroes (!) believing if he would take them, they would be well cared for. Like many Southern gentlemen, he couldn't believe in slavery, and no one could have induced him to take such a burden. He felt sure that it would not be best to free any of the negroes, at that time.

In 1859, William Owens, Jr. and his wife moved to Columbus, Kentucky, where Mr. Owens became cashier of a branch of the Bank of Kentucky, of Louisville. The bank building they lived in, a fine large brick house, was then about two hundred feet from the Mississippi, but was torn down before 1914 to save it from being taken into that fickle river. Nearby lived the president of the bank, Mr. Moore, whose daughter Myra and Cora Owens became bosom friends. One of Cora's recollections of the bank is of cutting stamps apart with scissors for her father, the sheets being unperforated then. The Owens family went to Texas in 1860 to visit the Baldridges.

In the summer of 1861, Cora went with her father to Hernando, Mississippi, to visit her uncle, James Madison Owens, and his family, on a plantation there. When her father returned to Columbus he left her at Hernando and while she was there war conditions grew such as to cut her off from home and force her to stay longer than had been planned. Later in the war this family had some harrowing experiences. A Union spy was killed while trying to carry off some of the slaves in that section, and James M. Owens and fourteen other planters were accused of the deed. The fourteen other men were executed, and James Owens was saved only by the heroism of his eldest daughter Helen, then a very young woman. With a younger brother, she crossed the Mississippi River at night in a dug-out, to see the Federal general who had her father under



arrest on the Arkansas side. The Confederate General Forrest, who was a friend of the Owens family and happened to be near, sent word to the Federal commander that 500 Union prisoners would be executed if Mr. Owens' life was taken. Through intercession with President Lincoln, the case was transferred later from the military court to a civil court. This gave the family time to gather evidence and Mr. Owens was acquitted. Many years afterward the man who did the deed sent word by his physician to the Owens family that he surprised the spy in the act of going off with slaves, and shot him. Before the killing, the slayer had been in the midst of arrangements to go farther South, and his departure therefore aroused no suspicion. Returning later to the neighborhood, he never disclosed the deed until he was on his deathbed, when he exacted a promise from his physician and the Owens family never to speak of the confession until after his wife's death.

From letter of Helen Owens to Cora Owens, January 20, 1861

Hernando, Republic of Mississippi

My dear little Cousin:

. . . We had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year! Our town was never gayer than during the holidays. I suppose you have heard that Mississippi is a Republic and no longer a portion of the "United States" which confederacy bids fair to be a "something" of the past and counted among its ruins! I admire the promptness with which Southern Spirit throws off contumely and oppression and from the ashes of feebleness and endurance rises a "Phoenix" in strength and pride!

I hope soon to see the whole South united under one banner, ready to bid defiance to imperious "Yankeedom." I am sorry to hear your Pa is so unwell:- but I trust in a short time he will be restored.

From letter written Aug. 20, 1861, at Columbus, Kentucky by William Owens, Jr. to his daughter Cora, who was visiting at Hernando.

My dear child Cora

. . . We are all quiet at home & no fears of being disturbed untill (sic) the troubles of Missouri are quieted by Federals if they can do so. Should they whip the Southerners in Missouri I should not be surprised to see an advance of the Northern Army at our town.

We miss you very much & have wished to hear from you ever since you have been in Hernando. When you write enclose your letter in an

envelope directed to me at this place & then put that envelope thus sealed & directed with 5¢ in another envelope directed to Jno A Taliafero Co. Trenton Ten prepay postage & mail it. Mr. Taliafero will get it & then send my letter to me.

. . . Sallie has started a letter to you but says she does not know what to write - the words seem so long that she forgets what she thought about before she can make her words. . My love to all. We are all in usual health.

Affectionately your

Pa

You must read as much as you can whilst with your cousin & get her to assist you in determining the true sense of what you read.

Let us come back to Columbus. William Owens, Jr. was in poor health by 1861. Some ailment had made him have part of one of his jaw bones removed a short time before. He was a Southern sympathizer, but his wife, your great-grandmother, with her impulsive nature, was ardent in her love for the Confederacy. Many distinguished Confederate officers were guests in the Owens Home home while the Confederates were in possession of Columbus, among them the soldier bishop, General Leonidas Polk, and Generals Pillow and Cheatham. When Company A of the 2nd Kentucky (the "Columbus Rebels") was organized in 1861 a farewell dance was attended by young Cora, who wore a wee Confederate flag on each shoulder.

In the fall of 1861, the Battle of Belmont was fought in Missouri opposite Columbus, and wounded soldiers were brought to the Owens home.

One day Cora dressed for fun in boy's clothes and gained her mother's permission to go for a horseback ride. But alas! her horse shied as she mounted, and her mother, forgetting that a "boy" was riding, called in alarm, "Cora!" The Confederate sentry at the bank corner "caught on" and laughed, and Cora retired to hide her blushes.

General Polk, the Confederate commander, seized the bank funds, papers, etc. in December 1861. And in February 1862, the Confederates, who expected a battle, ordered the citizens to leave Columbus. Mr. Owens stayed for a while, but Mrs. Owens, her two

children and four colored servants (Uncle Minor Hawkins, Aunt Letty, his wife, Ann Owens and her daughter Fannie), with a horse and the furniture, went in a rickety train to Nashville, Tennessee, by way of Northern Alabama. On the way they could hear the guns of Fort Donelson booming in the distance; and at every stop people crowded to the train for news as to whether or not the fort had fallen. William Owens, Jr. soon joined his family and they all stayed for a time with Dr. A. H. Buchanan, whose wife was Martha Baldrige Owens' cousin, Mary Hodge, of Columbia, Tennessee. A large portrait of this Mary Hodge Buchanan, painted by T. W. Wood in 1860, was left by her to Sallie Owens, daughter of William and Martha, and was willed by Sallie to her sister, Cora Owens Hume.

From letter of Mrs. Mary Hodge Buchanan to her little cousin, Cora Owens, written from Nashville, Tennessee, May 26, 1861

You must all fly here as soon as the Linconites reach your city. Some persons think they will come to Nashville but I do not think so! if they should reach here I believe I could fight them myself, at least they could not frighten me. . .

I have not heard from Texas for a long time. Soldiers are passing the streets continually - the drums beating & fife playing & yet all seems sad. There are 50,000 men in camp in Tennessee & 40,000 more have offered their services to the Governor.

#### CHAPTER IV

In April 1862, Mr. and Mrs. William Owens, Jr. moved to Louisville, Kentucky, to a house that Mr. Owens had bought some time before, in what is now Crescent Hill. The place embraced about eight acres; it is now owned by the Water Company and the Emmet Field School lies back of it. The house was of white brick, with iron verandas. The shady, beautifully kept grounds were separated from the turnpike and from the adjoining places by trim hedges. The neighborhood was a lovely one; Frankfort Avenue was then the Shelbyville Turnpike, without street cars, and the residents went to town in handsome carriages behind spirited horses, or by train.

In the Owens house was a secret closet where a gun was kept; though the Union soldiers searched the place several times, they never discovered this closet.

Retreating after the Battle of Richmond, the Federal troops marched through dust ankle-deep past the Owens home, some of them throwing themselves exhausted on the shaded lawn. This is the only time Cora Owens remembered seeing her mother look sorry for "Yankee" soldiers. Some of the men commandeered faithful Uncle Minor and kept the poor rheumatic soul busy going up and down the stone steps of the spring house to bring them water. Finally, your impulsive great-grandmother interfered and told him to stop.

"You'd better be careful, madam," said one of the officers, "or some of these boys may give you hell tonight." But the house and its inmates were not molested.

The Union camp was where the Louisville reservoir is now. One day, when Cora was at Mr. Beckett's school, about a mile from home, near St. Matthews, the Union general issued orders for the neighbors to leave, an attack by Bragg's men being expected.

An extract from Cora's diary, Sept. 29, 1862. Cora was fourteen.

About day-break some soldiers went into our "Henery" and took hens right before our eyes. . . We went to school and I did not spend a pleasant day. At 2 o'clock an order came that no living being should pass in or out of town. A guard was stationed at Mr. Beckett's gate. . . & at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  5 or 6 o'clock we were surprised to see our Rockaway & horse coming with an orderly-sergeant in it. Pa could not get up. . . so he went to Gen. Terrill [Union Gen. Wm. R. Terrill, killed soon afterward at Battle of Perryville] who heard Pa through & then told his adjutant to write an order to Col. Monroe to send an orderly up for me. He said to Pa, I am not authorized to pass any one but will get your daughter home for you. . . I did not like to ride with a Lincoln soldier but was so anxious to get home that I was glad of an opportunity. The orderly was very gentlemanly indeed. We had some little conversation, which I will remember. [In later life, with an amused smile Cora told her children that she could not remember a word that was said!]

In some way the Owens family managed to get through

to town and stayed with the Crutcher family until the battle scare was over.

Mr. Owens buried \$30,000 in gold in his yard at Crescent Hill during the war, and he and the Negro man, Uncle Minor Hawkins, were the only ones who knew the hiding place. After the war this gold was taken up and invested in the iron business, the firm being Nauts, Reamer & Owens. As far as Mr. Owens was concerned, however, it might just about as well <sup>have</sup> stayed in the ground. Dissatisfied with his partners, he would have withdrawn the money if he had lived a few days longer. In the failure of the firm shortly after his death, \$60,000 of his estate was lost. Business worries, failing health, and the need of helping relatives impoverished by the war - perhaps these hindered William Owens, Jr. from doing more for the colored servants after they were freed. A little while before he died he said to Cora, who was expressing regret over something she had said or done, "Don't talk to me now, my child; I want to think."

Cora and her father were congenial and he was anxious for her to have every advantage. (My guess is that she was his favorite child.) Accordingly, in February 1865 she entered Ingham University, Leroy, New York, a fine school, but not a happy place at that time for a Southern girl. She wrote in her diary:

Oh! I am wretchedly homesick, I feel like doing nothing but cry. . . . There is one true rebel in school besides myself. 'Tis Miss Anna Dumont. She is a French girl. Was born in Paris - but raised in New York City.

In April of that year, Lincoln was assassinated. On the day of his funeral, when a procession in his honor took place in Leroy, one of the students became furious because Cora had the shutters

of her room closed as the procession went by. As a matter of fact, your grandmother had not meant it as any mark of disrespect to Lincoln. The climate of New York was severe for Cora and she became ill. Accordingly, the following fall she did not return, but went instead to Patapsco Institute, Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, with a party of other Louisville girls - Sidney Kennedy, afterwards Mrs. David M. Rodman; Ella Gray, afterwards Mrs. Norbourne Gray; Mary Barbaroux; Mary Hewitt, afterwards Mrs. Beasley; and Anna Heinsohn. Cora was happy at Patapsco, a school made up largely of girls from well-known families of the South. Her father spared no expense in her education; she took music lessons, for instance, from the most expensive teachers who came out from Baltimore to the Institute. She graduated in June 1866 in a class of about a dozen. Her essay at commencement was "The World Is What We Make It."

The Negro woman, Ann Owens, and her little girl Fannie left one night in June 1865, while Mr. Owens and Cora were on their way home from Leroy, N. Y., but Uncle Minor and Aunt Letty waited until July 21, 1865, and then left in the daytime. Mr. Owens offered to pay them wages if they would stay longer, but they wanted to be in town close to church. Perhaps the poor souls thought they would feel freer away from their old quarters. Aunt Letty, the last of the four servants to die, lived until 1881. Cora, then Cora Owens Hume, who loved her and considered her a saint, was with her at the last and has said that as she died a bright smile illumined that dark face. It is sad that our family did not do more for her and Uncle Minor.

William Owens, Jr. died August 24, 1867, and was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, in Lot 91, Section P, Alley Sydonia. At his death his estate was valued at over \$100,000. It was made up partly of inheritance from his father and partly of his own industrious

accumulations. The property, which was willed to his wife and children as per statutes of Kentucky, was as follows:

Meriwether Farm, about 400 acres between Hickman, Ky. and Columbus, Kentucky.

Lot at 20th & Duncan Sts., Louisville, Ky., 25' x 125'.

Home at Crescent Hill, Louisville.

About 300 acres of farm land at Salem, Illinois, inherited from his father.

About 200 acres of land in Southern Illinois.

1,600 acres of land on Obion River, Kentucky.

25 acres at McKenzie, Tenn., which came to him in payment of some debt.

40 odd acres at Russellville. He inherited part from his uncle, Samuel Owens, and bought the rest from some of the other heirs.

40 acres near Columbus, Kentucky.

\$30,000 invested in the iron business (Nauts, Reamer & Owens).

\$12,000 life insurance (\$8000 of this was paid to his sister, Eliza Owens Gilbert, the \$30,000 invested in the iron business having included \$8,000 of her money).

Stocks and bonds.

William Owens, Jr. was tall and handsome, with genial manners, and was a devoted husband and father. His wife respected him, and their married life, as far as I've heard, was reasonably happy, but I wonder if she was ever really in love with him. You will note that in the part of her diary about her wedding the joyousness one associates with a bride seems lacking. 'Tis said that she and one of her first cousins, Ben Hodge, were in love but that her father and mother would not consider their marrying. I never heard her speak of this, however. Towards the end of her life she appreciated her husband more and spoke once self-reproachfully of his last illness. "I didn't realize his condition," she said. And then, rather sadly and wistfully: "He wanted affection."

The colored servants, Ann and her daughter Fannie, did not live long after freedom came. I don't know where they lie buried. Uncle Minor and Aunt Letty Hawkins are buried in Eastern Cemetery, Louisville. The kitchen of the house at Crescent Hill was put in the basement, to make the rest of the house cooler. But wasn't it harder on the servants? Probably your great-grandmother never thought of that, then. There was a dumb waiter, however, to make things easier.

## CHAPTER V.

In the summer of 1868, Cora Owens met Edward Johnson Pope, a young ex-Confederate, who had entered the army when not quite 21. He was a Louisvillian, but was in New Orleans when the Civil War broke out and he entered as a member of the Dreux Battalion, in that city. He served all through the war, coming out as a member of the 2nd Kentucky, Company E, Mounted Infantry - of the Lewis Brigade. His uncle, Curran Pope, was colonel of the 16th Kentucky in the Union Army and was mortally wounded at the Battle of Perryville. Mr. Pope, on the opposite side during this battle, was fortunately in the reserves and was therefore certain that no bullet of his caused his uncle's death. Though he was in most of the hardest fighting in Virginia, he was never seriously wounded; at one time, however, he came near dying from gangrene in wounds in his legs. Taken prisoner once, he was exchanged before reaching prison. He was off in North Carolina on a forlorn hope when Lee surrendered, and did not hear the news until three days afterward.

In the summer of 1868 he was boarding near the Owens home, became a frequent caller there and soon fell deeply in love with your fair grandmother. At that time her mother had a rollicking Irish seamstress, Anna Moran, who many years after Mr. Pope's death laughingly admitted that she was so warmly interested in the courtship, and so determined one evening to have Mr. Pope see Cora in a particularly becoming dress just finished, that she stole over to the neighbor's where he was boarding and informed him that 'Miss Cora would like for him to call that evening.' He did!



Letter written from Mission Valley, Texas, about 1859, by Sarah Wells Hodge (Mrs. Josiah Walker Baldrige) to her granddaughter, Cora Owens, Columbus, Kentucky. "Alice" was a granddaughter, daughter of Joseph.

Dear Cora

Your welcome letter came when I was from home having gone to the coast to see Effie and her little boy Eugene, she had been very ill and was not well whilst I was there. I was glad to hear your pa was so well after having undergone an operation so severe as it must have been. I do hope he will recover his health entirely. you say you have written often, this is the second letter I had from you. I will answer them I assure. Annie has answered those you wrote her, and will answer all she recieves [sic]. dear Cora what are you all doing with yourselves, your Ma, Sallie and all. Oh I would be thankful to see you every one, an for you to live where I could see you all the time, tis idle to write so.

your Grandpa is very busy on his farm, his crop was a failure last year, he is the more anxious to succeed this. Alice and Annie are at home. I think best to keep her at home this year to rest and grow if she can she is small and delicate. Gertrude hears some lessons from every day which will keep them in the habit of studying of course. Gertie is very anxious to return to school but I fear she will not as times are hard and troublous. Mollie and Sarah are well. Sarah has a lovely child. Tell your Ma I would like to hear from her often. Dear Cora write to your grandma when you recieve this, from your ever loving  
Grandmother, but much afflicted.

Demand by Confederate General Polk

Headquarters 1st Division  
Western Department  
Columbus Ky Novr 30th 1861

Sir.

I am instructed by the Maj Genrl Comdg to request you to furnish him with a thorough statement of the condition of the Branch of the Bank of Kentucky at this place of which you are Cashier.

This will of course embrace a statement of the number of and amount due depositors, their names, & residence; amount due from others to the Bank - the amount in coin and Bank notes on hand - any other information that may be essential to a perfect knowledge of the condition of this institution.

Wm. Owens, Jr Cash  
Br. Bank Ky  
Columbus Ky

By Command of  
Maj Genrl Polk -  
W. B. Richmond  
Aid de Camp

At top is notation by Mr.  
Owens: "Report made Nov 30/61"

Law License of William Owens, Jr.

Copy

William Owens Jr having this day produced to us, two of the Circuit Judges of the Commonwealth of Kentucky a certificate of his "honesty, probity and good demeanor," granted by the Logan County Court at the February Term 1846 and we having examined said Owens touching his knowledge of Law and found him duly qualified, do therefore hereby license and permit said Owens to practice the profession of an Attorney and Counsellor at Law in the Inferior & Superior Courts of this Commonwealth. - In testimony whereof, we have hereunto affixed our hands and seals this 27th day of February - 1846

(signed) C. Tompkins (Seal)  
(signed) Asher W Graham (Seal)

Logan County Sct. February Term 1846 -  
Ordered that it be certified that William Owens, Jr. is a man of Honesty probity and good demanor. [sic]

A copy Seth M. B. Morton c Sec.  
By Jas E. Wright D C

Marriage License Bond of Joseph Hodge (Found in North Carolina.)

Know, all men, by these presents, that we, Joseph Hodge, and Robert Agnew, of Guildford County, and State of North Carolina, are held and firmly bound unto his Excellency, the Governor and his successors, in the just and full sum of five hundred dollars, which payment will and truly be made.

We bind ourselves and our heirs, &c., firmly by these presents. The above obligations to be void, if the above bounden Joseph Hodge shall agreeable to a license of this date, intermarry with Euphy Agnew, of said State; otherwise to remain in full force.

And notice as witness our hands and seals this 20th day of February, A. D. 1782.

Witness  
Will Allison

Robert Agnew SEAL

Joseph Hodge SEAL

North Carolina )  
Guildford County) I, John J. Nelson, Clerk of the Superior Court for said County, do certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the Marriage License Bond, of Joseph Hodge, as same appears on file in my office. Witness my hand and official seal, this 9th day of March, 1899.

John J. Nelson  
C. S. C.

Letter from Edward Johnson Pope to his fiancée, Cora Owens, who was on a visit to Alton, Illinois, and St. Louis.

Louisville. Ky., Oct. 30, 1868.

My Only Love,

- It has been one whole week today since you left, & nearly two since I saw you, & still you are silent. This is my fourth to you, & I certainly deserve one from you. What can be the reason I cannot form the least idea. I was certain there would be a letter for me this morning only to be doomed to disappointment. Remember I do not blame you for not writing for I am certain there is good reason for it, but, the "reason" is what makes me feel so bad, & moreover your letters were to be the only compensation I could have of your long absence, & to be without both is a trial indeed. I never felt so lonely in my life as I have today, & will until your letter comes, which I will surely expect tomorrow. My Precious One! let me know all you are doing while gone, & all your feelings, & write as freely as you talk, as I take good care of your letters.

I go "home" (to the boarding house) before dark every evening & have a lonely time thinking of you by myself. I think I will try & get Mr. Bryarly to spend the evenings with me, & we will pass them more pleasantly. You likely think I make a great deal over staying in my room of evenings, but remember it is the first time in my life I have done so.

Write to Yours & Yours Only

Edward.

To Our Absent Friend

How lonely without your bright smile, Love,  
We long for your presence all day.  
Time passes so dreary and slow, Love,  
The light of the house is away.

We languish to hear your sweet voice, Love,  
When caroling over the way,  
But now there's no brightness to cheer, Love,  
The light of the house is away.

We will watch for you, coming home, Love,  
For no one is cheerful or gay,  
How can we be merry and you, Love,  
The light of the house, far away.

Soon - a final parting will come, Love,  
And a last farewell we must say,  
Then with saddened hearts we shall feel, Love,  
The light of the house is away.

Written in 1870 to Mrs. Edward J. Pope (Cora Owens) by Mrs. James Anderson (Mary Wigglesworth), grandmother of Misses Mary and Kate Barbaroux, at Rock Haven, - 208 - Kentucky, where Cora was spending the summer with Mr. Pope.

M. A.

Your grandmother, Cora Owens, aged 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  years, and Edward Johnson Pope, aged 28 years and 8 months, were married January 6, 1869, in the evening, at Christ Church, now Christ Church Cathedral. Though Mr. Pope's character and social standing were of the highest, and his manners most charming, your great-grandmother was opposed to the marriage, for he was in delicate health and was hardly in a position financially to marry a girl who had been reared in luxury. He and your grandmother, however, were in love and very congenial. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend James Craik. The bride's dress was of white satin, the neck cut low, with a bertha of Point lace. The sleeves were little puffs of satin and tulle, and with this short-sleeved dress were worn short white kid gloves. The skirt was very full, with an extremely long train, and the long veil was of tulle. The bridesmaids were as follows: Julia Murrell, of Lynchburg, Virginia, a Patapsco schoolmate (afterwards the wife of Senator Jno. W. Daniel); Sallie Johnson (a cousin of Mr. Pope's, afterwards Mrs. Cabell Breckinridge); Fannie Smith (afterwards Mrs. Henry Escott), and Sidney Rodman (afterwards Mrs. David M. Rodman), both of Louisville; and Sallie Owens, the bride's sister. The groomsmen were: Hamilton Pope II (brother of the groom's), James Prather, William Bryarly, Madison Miller, and a Mr. Zansinger. (Not sure about that last name.) The caterer got his dates mixed and was very late in finding his mistake and in making the necessary arrangements. Consequently, Mrs. Owens was delayed and the bride and her family were only an hour late in reaching Christ Church. The poor groom was so flustered by that time that had it not been for one of his groomsmen he would have gone up the aisle with his overcoat on.

After a short stay with Mrs. Owens, the young couple went to housekeeping on Walnut Street, between Preston and Jackson, where their son, Edward Johnson Pope, Jr., was born October 1869. The outdoor life of the army had agreed with Mr. Pope, but soon after his marriage his health failed so rapidly he had to resign his position - as bookkeeper for a Mr. Threlkeld. The winter of 1869-70 he and his wife boarded with a Mrs. Petticord on "Courts Farm" near Glasgow Junction, Kentucky. There the baby Edward, the pride and hope of his father's heart, died January 1870, leaving his parents stunned with sorrow. To the end of her life Cora grieved that she had not had him baptized; she herself did try to baptize him, however, before his body was cold. In May they went to board with a Mrs. Stith at Rock Haven, Kentucky, where Cora wrote in her diary on September 24, 1870:

This morning I had letters from Ma & Sallie. Ma sent me \$20.00. Sallie says her marriage day is decided upon, & that Ma is reconciled as much as she will ever be. . Oh, if I were only settled in a happy home, and she could be married at my house, but no such pleasures seem to have been for me! But I must not complain. . And what are my troubles to those of my proud Husband, my own dear Edward!

A dying man seeking health, Mr. Pope went with Cora to Cedar Keys, Florida, in November 1870, expecting to go to Tampa on the return trip of a small mail schunner, but that boat sank with nearly all on board on the way up from Tampa. At Cedar Keys Mr. Pope lost his sight for three days; when it came back he asked for paper and pen and wrote, "Cora, you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw." Other than by water, the only way to reach Tampa then was by private conveyance on land. Unwilling to undertake this, Mr. and Mrs. Pope went to Mrs. Bailey's at Gainesville in January 1871. Edward J. Pope died there of tuberculosis February 6, 1871; he was buried at Gainesville, but his body was afterwards brought to Louisville and interred in the Owens lot in Cave Hill in the same grave with the remains of little Edward. At one time he asked Cora to promise with her hand on the Bible not to marry again when he was dead, but of his own accord he later released her from that promise.

From Cora Owens Pope's diary

Death of her baby Edward

Courts Farm, near Glasgow, Ky., Sunday, January 23, 1870.  
He [Baby Edward] was taken perceptibly worse yesterday morning and I feared that he had Pneumonia. Wednesday night the baby seemed so well. Mr. Pope was holding him and singing to him, and he seemed really to be highly entertained. [Sang "Toast for the Southern States."]

Tuesday, January 25, 1870.  
If he did not cough so hoarsely, and would only throw up his milk, I do believe . . . that I could shout outright. Now I must . . . nurse our little darling, for he must be hungry. Oh, he is the sweetest & prettiest baby that ever was!

Thursday morning, four o'clock, January 27, 1870.  
Oh, my poor heart is sad almost to breaking. . . Yesterday with its gloom is too deeply stamped upon my heart & mind to be expressed & I wonder at myself that I can now write one word, but since yesterday's exhaustion I feel calmer now. We urged my darling Husband to go and rest. . . for I fear the effects of this blow for him. . . At nine o'clock he retired, but well do I know he has not slept. . . I prefer sitting up alone with my angel baby. . . Our little darling looks so lovely - oh! how can I refrain from kissing him continually and holding him in my arms the whole time, but they tell me I must not do it - that I will bend his little form. . . His precious face and little hands, so exquisite in shape & beauty - & surpassingly fair. . . that it seems they cannot be earthly - oh! no! they seem of Heaven! I must cease. I can no longer be composed, although the still dark night, which I see through the open windows, ought to compose my nerves were they less unstrung.

Death of her husband, Edw. J. Pope

Cedar Keys, Florida, January 1, 1871  
I tried at every place for something for his [Mr. Pope's] supper. He had an appetite for anything they have here, but the Doctor prohibited everything but certain articles - & those I could not get. I went to my room disappointed, & he did not know I had been trying to get things at the stores & until I told him I did not know what to do - I gave way to the tears I had kept back, but he told me affectionately to never mind - he could eat what they had, & in a moment I felt how foolish I was, for he laughed at me, while he felt sorry, too.

Gainesville, Florida, January 30, 1871.  
Dear Edward for two or three days (I've noticed it at night) has breathed so strangely. . . God grant mercy to us both - oh, relieve him I beseech Thee - oh, Father in Heaven. . . He seems to be restless again, and I oh! what can I do for him.

Gainesville, Fla. February 5, 1871.  
Friday, Mr. Pope talked to me more than for two weeks, but his voice was weak. Yesterday he arose early after breakfast, & came to the parlor where there was a blazing light-wood fire. . . We spent a most miserable night. . . He had a burning fever. [He died Monday, February 6, 1871]

Louisville, Kentucky, March 5, 1871.  
Alfred [her brother-in-law, Alfred T. Pope] came on Thursday [Feb. 16] & I left with him on the following evening at 4 o'clock. That Thursday evening I took him to show him my Darling's grave. . . Mrs. Bailey & all the family were so kind that tears of gratitude spring to my eyes when I think of it. The first night of my most utter loneliness, Thursday night, 9th, dear Mrs. Bailey kindly took me into her own bed, and tried in her sweet motherly way to soothe my grief.



St. Agnes Church Cottage, Newburg Road



Side toward St. Agnes Church, with monastery beyond.



Mary, Lucy, William Gray Hume, in 1928

June 21, 1898

Fifty

Half a cycle Time has spun,  
Fifty years their course have  
run  
Since the daily rising sun  
Shone first, my love, on  
Thee.

.....

Fifty, mother mine? why no,  
Surely it cannot be so;  
Scarcely twenty years ago  
Thy life began - for me!

William Garvin Hume to his  
mother, Cora Owens Hume, on  
her 50th birthday.

Wedding announcement  
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hume  
July 14, 1874

## Every Child

Every child should know a hill,  
And the clean joy of running down its long slope  
With the wind in his hair.  
He should know a tree -  
The comfort of its cool lap of shade,  
And the supple strength of its arms  
Balancing him between earth and sky  
So he is the creature of both.  
He should know bits of singing water -  
The strange mysteries of its depths,  
And the long sweet grasses that border it.

Every child should know some scrap  
Of uninterrupted sky, to shout against;  
And have one star, dependable and oright  
For wishing on.

Edna Casler Joll in Ladies' Home Journal

Sir James Holmes, of Belfast Ireland, married Jeannette Jennings.  
He died in 1727.  
Jeannette Holmes, married William Baldrige and came to America  
in 1726, settling in Pennsylvania.  
John Baldrige, married Rebecca Clark  
Malcolm Baldrige, married Elizabeth Walker; he was born in Pa.  
James Baldrige, married Martha Turrentine (Mrs. Moore).  
Josiah Walker Baldrige, married Sarah Wells Hodge; he was born in  
North Carolina.  
Martha Baldrige, married Wm. Owens, Jr. of Russellville, Ky.  
Cora Owens, married William Garvin Hume, both then of Louisville,  
Kentucky.  
William Garvin Hume, Jr., married Caroline D. Gray  
Lucy Gray Hume, Mary Owens Hume, William Gray Hume.

The reason we can go back so far in this line is that some of the family many years ago formed the Baldrige Investigating Company in one of those vain efforts to get money from the British Crown, in this case the fortune left by Sir James Holmes.



*Left to right - John, Beryl, Marion and Jack Hume. 1951*



PROMINENT WOMAN

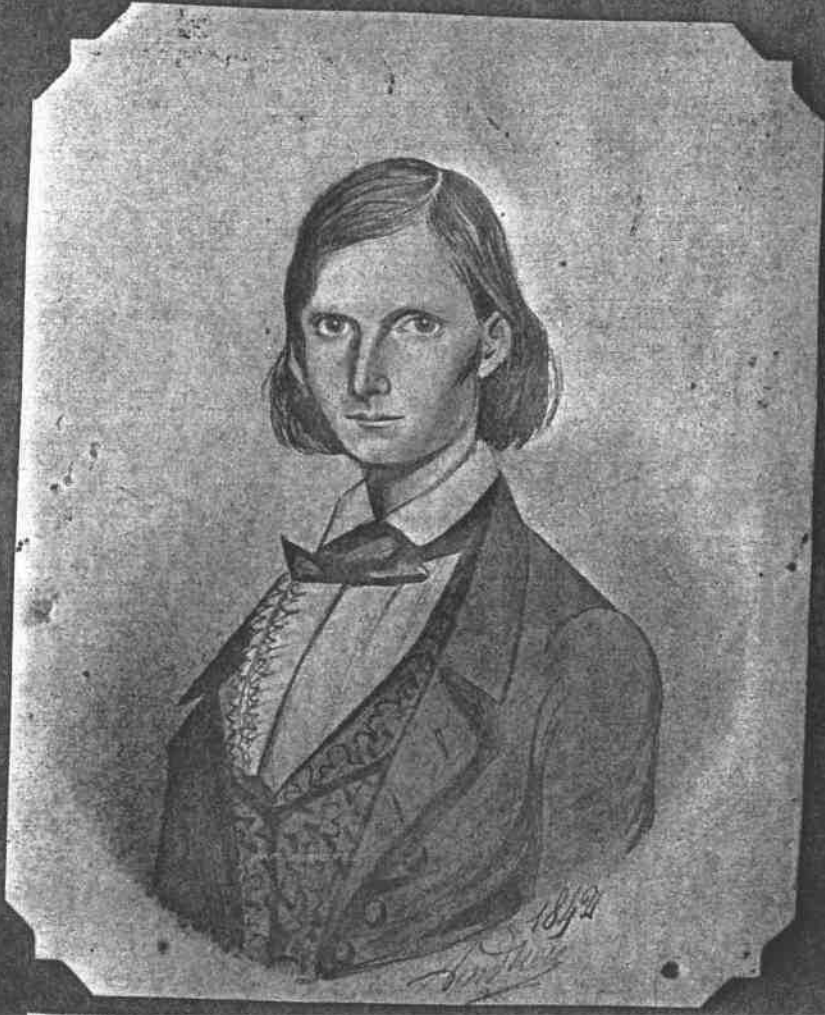
10/30/1907  
 Louisville, Ky. Journal  
 DEAD IN ILLINOIS.

MRS. M. B. OWENS, WIDOW OF  
 WILLIAM OWENS, JR., OF LOU-  
 ISVILLE, PASSES AWAY.

Mrs. Martha Baldrige Owens, widow  
 of Mr. William Owens, Jr., for many  
 years one of the most prominent chil-  
 drens of Louisville, died yesterday at  
 Salem, Ill., where she made her home  
 with her daughter, Miss Sallie G. Ow-  
 ens. Mrs. Baldrige is survived by her  
 daughters, Miss Sallie G. Owens, of  
 Salem, and Mrs. Cora Owens Hume, of  
 Louisville, and both were with their  
 mother when the end came.

Mrs. Owens was a member of the  
 Hodge family, of Tennessee, and was  
 born in Gallatin, Tenn., October 12,  
 1838. She was married to Mr. Owens in  
 1847.

The burial will be in Cave Hill, but  
 definite arrangements for the funeral  
 have not been made.



William Hodge, Mary E. Buchanan's  
 brother and Martha Baldrige Owens'  
 first cousin. Drawn in 1842.



Martha  
 Baldrige  
 Owens  
 1900  
 Aged  
 73 yrs. B. 1828 (6)

Children of Josiah Walker  
 Baldrige and Sarah Wells  
 Hodge, his wife:

- Joseph, 1824-1860, married  
 1st, Sue Vaughn; married  
 2nd, Corinne Lamar.
- ← Martha, 1826-1907, married  
 Wm. Owens, Jr.
- Euphemia, 1828, married Dr.  
 Wm. D. Kelley.
- Letitia, 1831-1851, unmar-  
 ried.
- Mary, 1832-1897, married  
 James Emison.
- Kate Barr, 1835-1854, unmar-  
 ried.
- Caledonia, 1837-1838.
- Wm. Hodge, 1839-1856, single
- Sarah (Sadie), 1842-1913,  
 married George Emison.
- Gertrude, 1845-1928, single.
- Annie Lewis, 1848-1908, mar-  
 ried Stephen Watson.
- Twins, died in infancy.



Hume residence, 2105  
Douglass Boulevard,  
Louisville, Ky., 1918.

James Owens, of Virginia,  
settled in Fayette County,  
Kentucky, before the Revolution.  
Married Elizabeth Marre of Fayette Co., Ky.  
Among their ten children were:

Wm., married	Nancy
Hannah Clifford, daughter of Jno. Clifford and Nancy Boone.	mar. - Mr. Cloud.
:	:
:	:
:	Daniel Wm. killed in the Alamo.

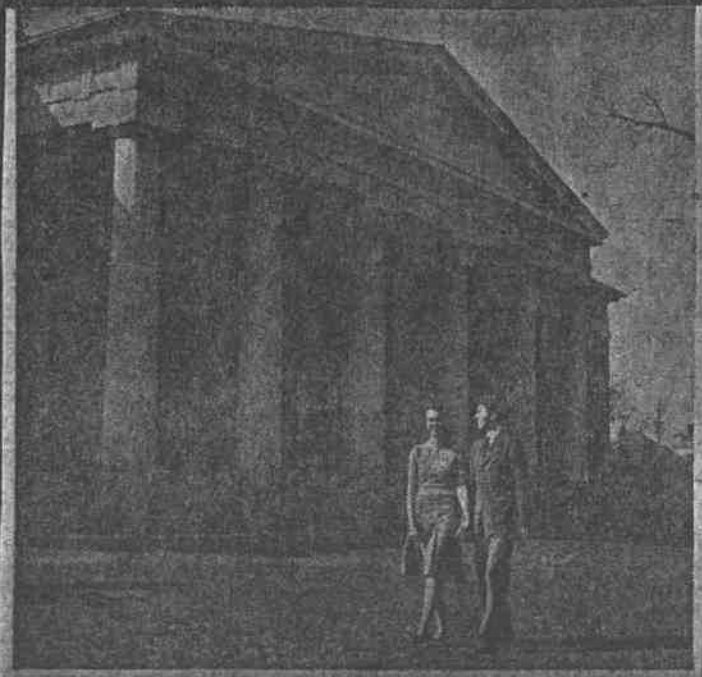
William Owens, Jr.  
married Martha Baldrige.

Cora, mar. Wm. G. Hume

Wm. G. Hume, Jr.  
married Caroline Gray

1	:	2	:	3
Lucy, Mary	:	W. G. Schermerhorn.	:	Wm. Gray Hume

Stephen, Caroline,  
Edith, Eleanor



Typical of Kentucky "prom trots" is Beta Theta Pi Formal. In front of Old Centre, erected 1819; Margaret Brown Frankfort, and Dick Sullivan, Danville.

## CHAPTER VI

Martha Baldrige Owens was a fastidious housekeeper and had a world of trouble with servants after the Negroes were freed. Perhaps she had not yet learned the consideration and unselfishness that distinguished her in old age. Cora, just before her marriage, was going home from town one evening in the two-horse carriage with a Negro driver, Oliver, when two highwaymen tried to stop them. Oliver lashed at the men furiously and then put whip to the horses, and reached home safe with Cora. But that same driver rode one of Mrs. Owens' horses to town at night and sold chickens he stole from the neighbors. Mrs. Owens was astounded one morning when a policeman came to Villa Ridge, her home, bringing Oliver and her horse to be identified! At another time she employed a tall Negro named Cicero Strickland. He was not used to dining room duties and he followed instructions to carry a waiter at the table by appearing before the astonished eyes of Mrs. Owens and her guests with a tea waiter about three feet long. Wearied finally with the care of the place, your great-grandmother sold the Crescent Hill home and not long afterwards went to live at the Galt House, then at 1st and Main Streets, the spot where the Balknap Hardware & Mfg. Company now has an immense warehouse. A member of a large family, and a woman accustomed to entertaining, etc., Martha Baldrige Owens was nevertheless extremely diffident all her life. One of the men at the Galt House used to smile when she came into the dining room. "Watch Mrs. Owens blush the moment she enters the door," he would say.

Coming back to Louisville after Mr. Pope's death, Cora boarded with her mother and sister at the Galt House, where she met Wm. Garvin Hume, your grandfather, another boarder there. His wife, Marion Stewart Hume, had died of tuberculosis in 1871, after her baby daughter; his son, Bryce Stewart Hume, was with his grandparents at



MARCH 22, 1940

## The Galt House

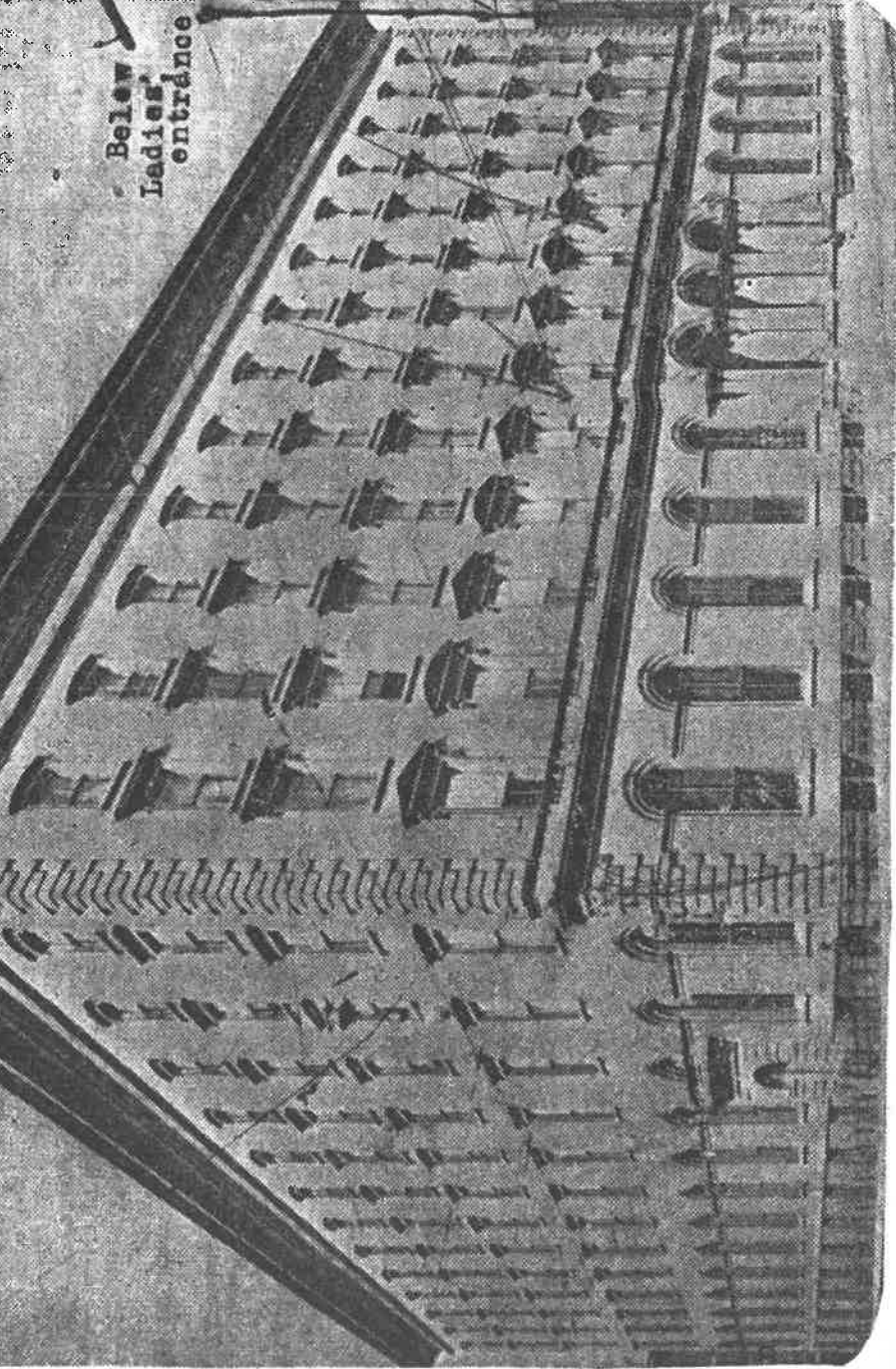
AROUND the turn of the century the picture of the Galt House at First and Main was taken.

The Galt House had a nation-wide reputation as one of the country's excellent hosteleries and was host to many a famous visitor within the city gates. In the midst of a prolonged thunder of crashing masonry and flying sand and dust, she came down before the wreckers in 1924 to make way for commercial progress.

Father & Mother were boarding here when they were married, July 1874. Grandmother- Mrs. Martha Baldridge Owens- & Aunt Sallie, were also boarding here. Father was cashier of the Bank of Ky. which was at 3rd & Main Streets.

Below-  
The Galt House-  
Louisville.

Below  
Ladies'  
entrance



"My Love."

"My love is pale, but in her cheeks  
Faint rosy flushes come and go  
That gather slightly when she speaks,  
And sometimes deepen to a glow.  
She seems most like a young white rose,  
Within whose heart a blush is set,  
Softly unfolding as it grows, -  
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her eyes are blue, - such sweet blue eyes!  
Her white lids veil them from your sight;  
But now and then a smile will rise  
And fill them suddenly with light;  
And when she hears of some distress,  
And on the lashes tears are wet,  
They look with such pained tenderness, -  
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Across her brow in even braids  
Is smoothly laid her glossy hair;  
My love has need of no false aids,  
Or trick of dress to make her fair.  
She does not need from silken trains  
A gorgeous dignity to get:  
In her soft homely dress she reigns, -  
But ah, I have not found her yet!

She wins a heart a hundred ways, -  
Laying a light hand on your arm,  
Showing in all she does and says  
A native deferential charm.  
Moving about with quiet grace;  
Such little things you soon forget,  
Although they steal your love apace, -  
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her image in my heart I wear;  
My love, my faith are all her own;  
I keep my life prepared for her  
When she shall come and take her throne.  
I dream of what the world will seem -  
So much more bright - when we have met;  
I wonder, is it all a dream?  
For ah, I have not found her yet."

Mrs. Pope:

Will you allow me to consider you as meeting fully, in my  
mind, the image of this little poem?

Yours very sincerely,

R. D. Lilley

St. Louis Hotel  
N. O. March 5th, '72.

To Cora Owens Pope from her suitor, Gen. Robert D. Lilley, ex-  
Confederate, who lost his right arm during the Civil War. He wrote  
well with his left hand.

January 30 and 31, 1872, Louisville was quite agog over the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, who was entertained at the Galt House on the evening of January 30 with an elaborate ball. The Courier-Journal of January 31, 1872 said the banquet was even beyond expectation. In the center of the table, which extended around three sides of the room, was a large representation of a line-of-battle ship bearing the Russian colors. The Courier-Journal said the duke was the third son of the Czar. On February 1 the ducal party visited Mammoth Cave.

Memorial History of Louisville, edited by J. Stoddard Johnston, says:

"The new Galt House had just been completed at a cost of \$1,660,000, upon a scale of elegance in all its appointments unsurpassed at that time in the West, so that when, shortly after its opening, the Grand Duke Alexis, son of the then reigning Emperor of Russia, visited Louisville, it afforded a rare opportunity to entertain him. . . The fitness of the act of hospitality was emphasized by the fact that the United States had been twice represented at the Court of St. Petersburg by Kentuckians - Colonel Charles S. Todd having been minister under General Harrison, and General Cassius M. Clay, from 1862 to 1869 - the present Ambassador, Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge being also a native Kentuckian. Kentucky beauty was never shown to better advantage than in the grand ball which was given on this occasion. But the Grand Duke, who was a handsome, manly naval officer, gave no evidence of having lost his heart."

It is said that more than 3,000 guests were present at the ball. Among them was Miss Sallie Owens, Cora Owens Pope's sister. Cora, a widow of a little less than a year, contented herself with looking on. The Courier-Journal of January 31, 1872, gave a description of the dresses worn by many of the women:

Mrs. General Custer - Pale blue gros grain silk, white satin pipings.

Miss Sallie Owens - White silk, tulle overskirt, Pearls.  
(And so forth, and so forth, and so forth.)

Cora Owens Pope wrote in her diary: "January 30th, 1872. It is, rather, 4 o'clock, morning of 31st. I've just undressed, after staying down very late, to the Complimentary Ball given to the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia. 'Twas a grand ball indeed. . . . He opened the ball with Gen. Preston's wife. He then requested an introduction to Miss Mollie Morton - went to supper with her, & was quite attentive. I was sorry Sallie did not get down until after twelve. Mrs. Johnson's little son was sick & hindered her much with Sallie's dress, which was beautiful. I enjoyed looking on, more than I could have imagined. I even felt inclined to dance - when Gen. Custer asked me, but discretion, fortunately, got the better of inclination."

Advertisement in Courier-Journal, January 31, 1872

THE Duke has Arrived

Attention is called to the beautiful sets of teeth  
made by A. H. Blondin at \$10 and \$15 . . . 158 Fourth street.  
-----

At this time few Galt House rooms had baths attached. Fifty cents was charged boarders for taking a bath in the main bathroom!

Clarksville, Tennessee. Among the other people Mrs. Pope met at the Galt House were General Custer, of Custer Massacre fame, and his wife. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia visited Louisville in 1872, and Sallie Owens attended the large ball given in his honor at the Galt House. Mrs. Pope contented herself with being an on-looker. She and her sister had many beaux. When the Masons gave a big entertainment for the Memphis, Tennessee, yellow fever sufferers and offered a beautiful silver water-cooler to the most popular lady, Sallie Owens, Madeline Robinson (afterward Mrs. William Bridgeford), and Kate Hamilton (afterward Mrs. Samuel Avery), and others received many votes, but your grandmother won. General R. D. Lilley was a persistent suitor.

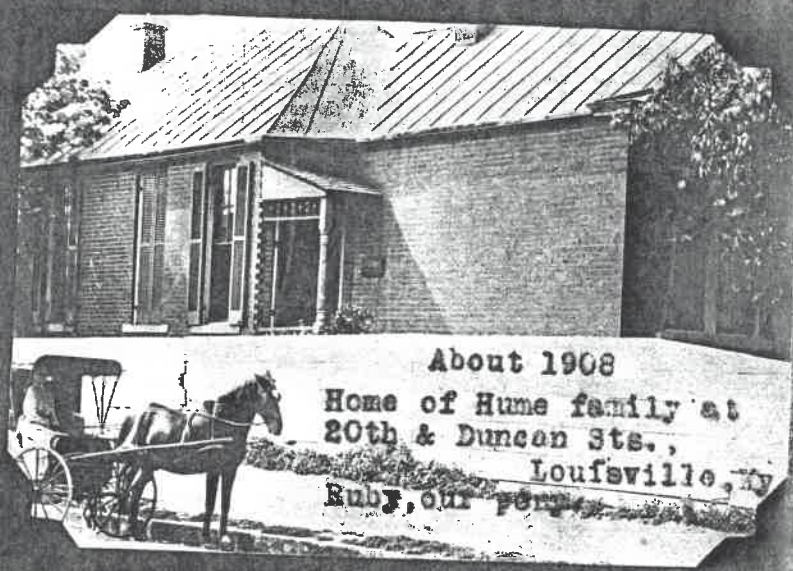
Cora Owens Pope and William Garvin Hume were married July 14, 1874, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Pope, southwest corner of Fourth and York Streets, Louisville. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, who were uncle and aunt to Mrs. Pope's first husband, urgently requested that the marriage take place at their home. They, as well as most of Mr. Pope's other relatives, were fond of Cora. Before she and Edward were married, he said to her one day, with a twinkle in his eye: "Cora, my family will love you dearly - you are young and rich and pretty." Most people do consider that an attractive combination. But to do the Popes justice, they were fond of your grandmother in adversity as well as in prosperity.

When your grandfather, William Garvin Hume, married your grandmother, he was 28½ years old and was cashier of the Bank of Kentucky - the youngest cashier the bank had ever had; his salary was raised at the time of his marriage to \$3,600 a year. He was a native of Clarksville, Tennessee, where his father, also, was a





Cora Owens as a young widow,  
Mrs. Edward Johnson Pope,  
August 1871.



About 1908  
Home of Hume family at  
20th & Duncan Sts.,  
Louisville, Ky  
Ruby, our pet

*First of the Hume  
family in Berea*



*Rev. William Hume  
of Scotland 1770-1800  
& Nashville, T. 1801-1833*

Cora Owens (Mrs. Edward  
Johnson Pope), February  
1874.



Picture taken at White Sulphur Springs  
September 1880. Left to right: Major  
Walker, Major John I. Calloway, Mrs.  
Calloway, Mr. Kemper, and William  
Garvin Hume (with cane).



William Garvin Hume, Jr.  
1877



Rt. Rev. Wm. Geo. McCloskey, 1881



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.



bank cashier. His grandfather, William Hume, was a Presbyterian minister who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1770, and came to America as a missionary in 1800 and settled in Nashville, Tennessee. Besides being a minister, he was at the time of his death principal of the Nashville Female Academy. The graves of the Reverend William Hume and his wife, Rebecca Andrew Hume, are in the old city cemetery at Nashville. Rebecca Andrew was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, in 1788. Her father, James Andrew, belonged to a Scotch family which settled in Pennsylvania prior to 1750. He moved to North Carolina before the Revolutionary War. Being conscientiously opposed to slavery, he moved to Ohio about 1806, going by way of Tennessee, where his daughter Rebecca met the Reverend William Hume, whom she married in 1806. Reverend William Hume was a close friend of President Andrew Jackson's and was often at Jackson's home, "The Hermitage," near Nashville. He named one of his daughters Rachel Jackson Hume, for Mrs. Jackson.

At the Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, there is a monument to Professor Alfred Hume, one of the Reverend Wm. Hume's sons. At a meeting of the Board of Education, Feb. 25, 1913, at Nashville, President A. E. Hill made the following report:

In the spring of 1852, when the City of Nashville was preparing for the inauguration of the Public School System, Prof. Alfred Hume, an eminent teacher of a select classical school in this city, was commissioned by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen to visit Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other eastern cities for the purpose of investigating the Public School System. Upon his return, a lot was purchased at the corner of Broad and Spruce Streets (now Broadway and 8th Avenue) and a building, plan for which was submitted by Mr. Hume, was erected. This was the old Hume building. The Public School System of Nashville was put in actual operation in 1855 in the Hume building. It is not necessary for me to say that Mr. Alfred Hume was the father of the Public School System in Nashville, and the people owe him a debt of gratitude.

I recommend that a special committee of three be authorized to devise ways and means for the erection of a monument to Mr. Hume, to be located at the corner of Broadway and Eighth Avenue.



Copy of letter from Ebenezer Hume to his brother, the Reverend William Hume, written from Dumfries, Scotland. He came to America in 1803, but died in New York City, on his way to Tennessee.

Dumfries, October 21st, 1802

My dear Brother,

I received your letter upon 3d of October 1802, and was glad to hear from you, as my love to you is very great; you say no distance, or time has broken your love from me. I can as reply say that distance, or time has not removed but rather increased mine; there is not a day passes, but you are oft in my mind; and my desire to be with you is very great. I was longing greatly to hear from you, when your letter reached me; it gave me pleasure in informing me that you were well, and that you were well pleased with your place, & congregation; and I am glad that the places you preach at are within 10 miles of each other. You say that your congregation is not very large; but I hope that the Lord will increase his people in that part of the world; and then I hope your hearers will greatly increase.

I hope that in your next letter you will give me an account of which denomination is the most prevalent with you; and I would be glad to know how many members you have in your congregation; you also say that you would be glad to see me there; but you do not know if it would be to my profit; as it does not answer my trade; but you know that I can work on the farm; and if I could not get work at my own business, I would labor again as I have done before. I wish you to send me word what you think about this; for I think that I could leave my native land willingly, and come to you although it is far, and difficult, yet I long to see you more and more, and I think I could meet with some hardships willingly to be with you again.

It has pleased God in his providence to take you far from your native land, and shop for the good of his church, and people in that part of the world. May the Lord bless you, and make you successful in his work is my earnest desire; it is our duty to pray for one another, and I hope you will pray for me, and all of our friends here, and I wish that the Lord may put a right spirit in me to pray for myself, and for you; it is easier to pray with the lips, than from the heart. Oh that the Lord may renew each of our hearts; and make us to live a life of faith upon Christ, who is the way, the truth, & the life.

You tell me you passed through the wilderness belonging to the Indians; will you tell me how many of them hearken to the Gospel; or have you spoken to any of them yet; or are they altogether strangers to you. You tell me that when you pass through the wilderness you have to sleep in the woods during the night. I think I would be afraid of the Indians, or the wild beasts that lounge in the woods. Please inform me, is there any way through the wilderness, or what kind of a passage have you to go on.

I saw father a few days ago, and he, and his family are all well.

I also saw Joseph; he, his wife, and son are well.

I was at the Whitehill. William Brown, and four children

are well; they call the youngest child William.

- I have not seen Elisabeth for a good while, but I heard that she is well, and behaves herself well now. Our father, and Joseph are both living in the fell under markfast. Joseph is working for him. I have nothing in particular to write to you. We have now peace in Europe; and some think it will not be long.

There are to be 8000 Militia raised in Scotland in a short time; the names are all taken down from 18 to 44. Three children free a man if he be not worth 50 pounds, but not otherwise.

I may also tell you that on Thursday, 16th of September, 1802, Mr. William Patrick preacher of the gospel, was ordained to the office of the holy ministry; and the pastoral charge of the Associate congregation of Lock. Mr. Ogelvie of Wigtown presided on that occasion; he preached the ordination sermon from 2nd Cor. 10th chapter, 4th and 5th verses.

Mr. Smith of Whithorn tendered suitable advice to Mr. Patrick, and the congregation, and then Mr. Thompson of Sangage preached a sermon from John 21st chapter, and 17th verse. I was there, and the auditory was very numerous, although in the time of harvest. Impressed with the importance of the solemnity of the sermon, I heard Mr. Patrick several times, and I love him very well.

I have not seen the gentleman who brought the letters from you. I would be glad to talk with him about things; and now my dear brother I hope you will write as soon as you receive this; and answer my questions; for I would gladly go to you.

John Forsyth, and James Caughie send their kind compliments to you. Mr. English desires me to let him write a few lines, as you see at the foot.

Mr. Bigger's sacrament will be on the last Sabbath of this month; he has two in the year now.

Now may the Lord bless you, and keep you, and make you a faithful laborer in his vineyard. I hope you will write as soon as you receive this. Farewell. I am your brother, and real lover.

Ebenezer Hume.

P.S. Direct to me, Care of Mr. English.

Taken from "Picturesque Clarksville" (Tennessee), by W. P. Titus, published 1887.

---

### Planters Bank of Tennessee

The long looked for blessing in the way of a new bank came in 1835, when the Planters Bank of Tennessee located in Nashville opened a branch bank in this city (Clarksville, Tenn.), with Henry F. Beaumont, President, and John C. Miller, Cashier. . . . Mr. Miller died Jan. or Feb. 1839, and on the 21st of Feb. 1839 A. A. McLean, a clerk in the parent bank at Nashville, was elected to take his place.

In 1842 William P. Hume succeeded to the cashier's place. He was the son of William Hume, who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771 [should be 1770] and came to Nashville when quite a young man. William P. Hume was born in Nashville in Aug. 1816, and died in Clarksville, Feb. 16, 1887. He was a clerk in the Planters Bank at Nashville, when a demand was made for an efficient man at the Clarksville branch, and in 1842 Mr. Hume was sent from Nashville to take charge as cashier. This bank was successful and remained under the management of Beaumont and Hume until the institution closed up its affairs during the war between the North and South. Afterwards Mr. Hume served fifteen years as Cashier of the First National Bank of this city, and was City Treasurer during forty years of his life here, with the exception of one term. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, being the last surviving charter member of Pythagoras Lodge of Clarksville at the time of his death, maintaining an honorable membership forty years or more. Mr. Hume was married twice; his first wife was Miss Garvin, and his second, Miss Augusta Tinsley, who still survives.

Mr. Hume was not only a correct, faithful and efficient cashier, who won and retained until his death the utmost confidence of this community and the surrounding country, but he was a Christian gentleman who suffered not his religion to rest in a mere outward form of godliness. No worldly interest, political or otherwise, ever prevailed upon him to depart from his integrity or to lead him to any sinful or unworthy purposes. He carried his religion with him into his business place, and no man could ever bring against him a charge of violation of faith or honor in any of his worldly transactions. His two sons, William G. and James W. Hume, who were trained under him, made competent bank men. The former, William G. Hume, was after the war elected Cashier of the Bank of Kentucky, where he served until his death, with satisfaction to the bank. His son, B. S. Hume, is now the only member bearing the family name in this city, where he is engaged as clerk for F. P. Gracey & Bro., and bears the reputation of being a most efficient young business man.

Your grandfather's mother, dear children, was Jeannetta Caroline Garvin, of Elkton, Kentucky, daughter of James Young Garvin, born in Staunton, Virginia, and Margaret Davis Hadden, born I think, in South Carolina in 1784. Jeannetta was born 1824, died 1872.

From letter of Cousin Emma Higgins Passmore to Martha Owens  
Hume

---

Your grandmother, Jeannetta Hume, was a pretty woman, bright in conversation, exquisite taste in dress and all things pertaining to her house and surroundings. Your grandfather was very proud of her. She was so quick at repartee.

In about a year after her death, William Priestley Hume married Augusta Tinsley, of Virginia. He died in Clarksville in 1887.

At her second marriage - which, also, was performed by the Reverend James Craik, of Christ Church - your grandmother, Cora Owens Pope, wore white silk with overdress of tarleton and tulle. She and your grandfather went to Canada on their wedding trip - down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Isles, to Quebec - then to Boston, Newport, New York, White Sulphur, Old Sweet Springs, Virginia, and to Clarksville, Tennessee. On their return to Louisville they brought with them from Clarksville Mr. Hume's son, six years old.

#### CHAPTER VII

After staying at the Galt House until little Stewart drove them nearly crazy by climbing out of sixth-story windows, they went to board on Chestnut Street, near Seventh, with Mrs. Eliza Neill, a distant cousin of your grandmother's. There they lived until after the birth of their first child, William Garvin Hume, Jr., your dear father, born May 24, 1875. When little William was a month old they moved to a two-story-and-attic stone-front house on Fourth, near Breckenridge, rented for \$70.00 a month.

September 3, 1876, Josiah W. Baldrige, Martha Baldrige

Owens' adored father, died at Mission Valley, Texas. His daughter Martha, how she reproached herself for not having done more for him in his old age and for having been with him so little.

From letter written from "The Hermitage," September 6, 1876, by Martha's sister Gertrude

---

O sister, sister! our home seems so desolate now. What will we do without our dear, dear Papa! . . .

Dear Sister we thought of you that night and wished that you could be with him too. Sister Mollie, Sadie, with brother Jimmie, brother George, and Eugene were here, and he knew us all to the last. All night we watched him; Annie and I sitting on the bed, she at one end of the pillow, I, at the other. He knew that he was going and frequently asked the time, saying once or twice, when we told him, "It is passing." At times we caught the words, "Calm and confident, calm & quiet," "perfectly calm." Once, when he raised his hand, . . . I found from the movement of his fingers that he wanted to clasp my right hand; I assisted him, and he pressed my hand several times, turning his head to look up into my face. Then he turned to Annie and pressed her hand the same way. Not long after, he turned to Ma. who was near him, and then to the others in turn. O, Sister, it seemed as if my heart would burst! After this we noticed him trying to clasp his hands together and hold them above his breast, but being too weak, Annie & I gently held them in that position, and he seemed to pray for some time. Then, as he looked up toward me, I bent over to see what he wanted, and found that his face had grown bright and radiant, and he was looking far beyond me - with an expression I will never forget. In a little while, he motioned to us to turn him over, and we did so, raising him slightly on the pillows, when he looked up with the same expression, trying once to hold out his arms. In a few moments he was with the angels in heaven. God help us to meet him there!

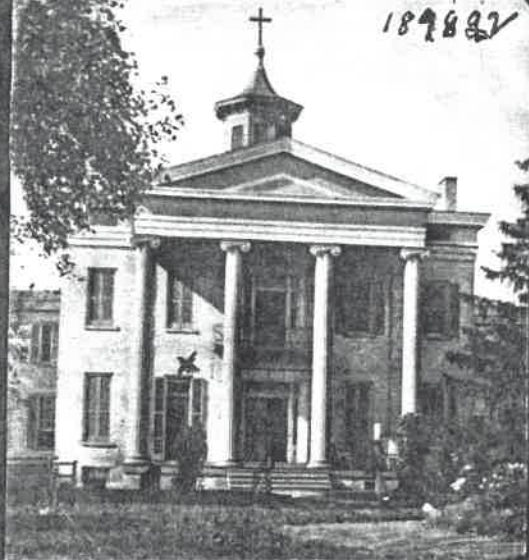
I have tried to tell you all this, dear sister, because it will be a comfort to you to know that he died that way. . . I must add, that brother Jimmie and brother George were as kind and good as own sons could have been. . . Lamar will stay at home some time now. Dear boy! so much trouble and care is hard for him. . . .

Your heart broken sister, Gertie.

---

About this time Cora Owens Hume wrote: "Aunt Gertie's letter was surely a great comfort to Ma. I rejoice that Grandpa's death revealed some of the light of Heaven. It must have been the singular light in his countenance like that which shone in Edward's face - a glimpse of heaven to me, & I believe to all who witnessed it with me."





Sacred Heart Retreat, Passionist Fathers. X shows entrance to the chapel where Martha Owens Hume was confirmed by her godfather, Bishop Wm. George McCloskey, in 1892.



Martha Owens Hume  
1891  
January 1891



Edith Hume  
1906



Left to right: Ray Rosser and Edith Hume in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1922, at the graves of their great-grandparents, William and Rebecca Hume.

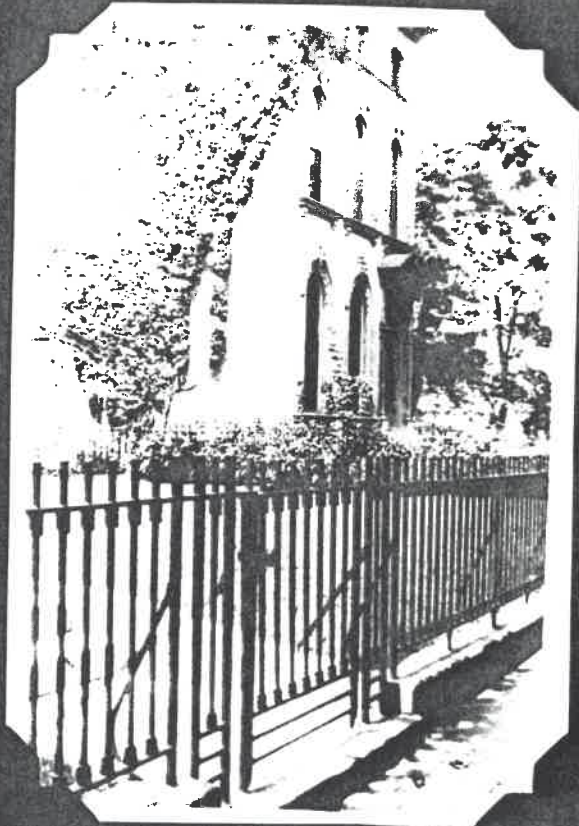
William G. Hume. *Courier-Journal* 3/2/1922  
Funeral services for William Garvin Hume, 63, vice president and treasurer of the Price & Lucas Company, vinegar manufacturers, who died at 2 a.m. Monday at his home, 2105 Douglass Blvd., will be held at 8:30 a.m. Wednesday at the residence, and at 9 a.m. at St. James Catholic Church. Burial will be in Cave Hill Cemetery. Mr. Hume is survived by his wife, Mrs. Caroline G. Hume; a son, William Hume; two daughters, Misses Mary O. Hume and Lucy G. Hume; his mother, Mrs. Cora Hume; a brother, Bryce S. Hume, and two sisters, Misses Edith Hume and Martha Hume.

Martha Owens Hume  
September 30, 1898



William Garvin Hume  
1902

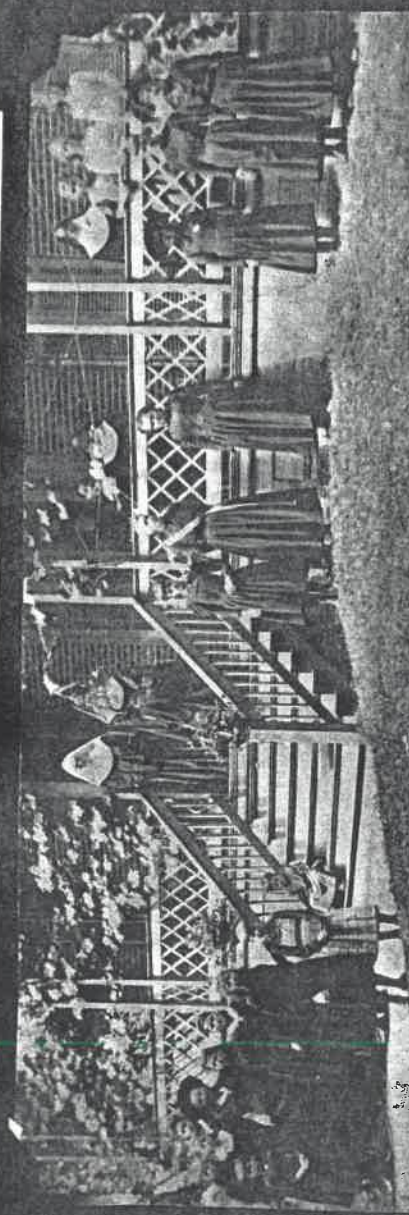




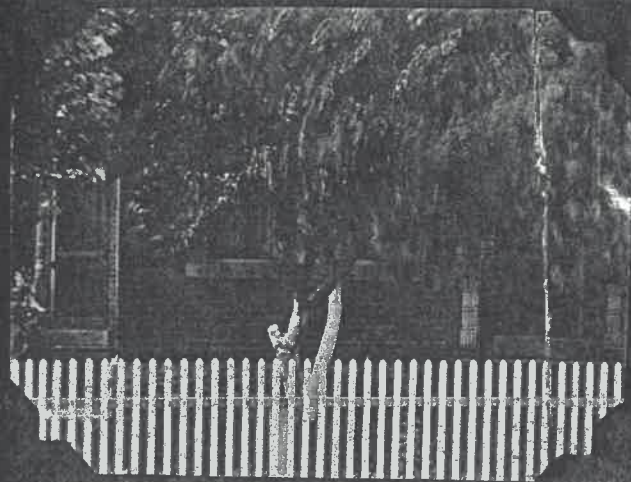
House on Second Street between Breckinridge & Kentucky Streets. Birthplace of Martha Owens Hume. Her father, Wm. Garvin Hume, Sr. died there.



Birthplace of Edith Hume on 4th Street between Breckinridge and Kentucky Streets.



St. Agnes' Academy, in 1891. Girls on porch (left to right) are Lily Deppen, Kate Akermann, Martha & Edith Hume and Anna McBride. Others- Marie, Virginia & Madeleine Metcalfe, Olie Deppen, Mary Budd, Rebecca Walker, Zita McManus, Zoe McBride, Clara McBride, Willie Lannon, Margie Clark, Kate Munsellman, Ida McBride & Molly Hthy. (Martha Owens Hume received her 1st Communion here)



Northwest corner of 20th and Duncan, 1908, where the Hume family lived.



In the fall of 1876, Mr. Hume went to Europe for his health, the bank giving him an indefinite leave of absence, with his salary paid the whole seven months he was away. He visited England, France, Italy, Greece (where he met Dr. Schliemann, the famous archaeologist) and Egypt. One of his fellow-passengers on the ship going over was Dr. Hostlot, President of the American College at Rome, who asked him to call if he visited Rome. He did this, and Dr. Hostlow procured for him an invitation to one of Pius IX's receptions, but your grandfather, fearing he might have to do something against his conscience, did not avail himself of it. While he was at the American College calling on Dr. Hostlot, Bishop McCloskey of Louisville, then on a visit to Rome, passed through the room. And some years later, when Cora Owens Hume was receiving instructions in the Catholic Faith, Bishop McCloskey told her that Dr. Hostlot had called his attention to Mr. Hume at the American College and had said he was the cashier of the oldest bank in Louisville.

The second child, your Aunt Edith, was born August 23, 1879. Mr. Hume was highly delighted over her being a girl and, not thinking any of the family names good enough for her, he pored over lists of feminine names and finally selected "Edith," which means "happiness."

In the spring of 1880 your grandfather and grandmother moved to a two-and-a-half story house on Second Street, near Kentucky, which they had recently bought. Their third child, Martha Owens Hume, was born there September 30, 1880. Martha Baldrige Owens, your great-grandmother, was in New York when her little namesake was born. She was swindled out of about \$10,000 in Wall Street at that time.

Your grandfather, William Garvin Hume, Sr., died February 2, 1881, of tuberculosis, when his little daughter Martha was only four months old. His grave is in Cave Hill, next that of his first wife, Marion Stewart Hume, daughter of Bryce Stewart.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Cora had joined the Episcopal Church while she was at Paptasco Institute and had been confirmed there by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. After her marriage to Mr. Hume she went with him for a time to the Presbyterian Church, but toward the end of her married life she became dissatisfied spiritually, and finally, after reading "Faith of Our Fathers" and Wiseman's "Real Presence," borrowed for her from Father George McCloskey by Miss Emma Kirk, her Catholic dressmaker, she decided a short time before her husband's death to receive instructions regarding the Catholic Church. On the door of the old rectory next the Cathedral on 5th Street was at that time a silver plate with "Bishop's House" engraved on it. One day your grandmother went there and, not knowing a priest in the world, asked to see the Bishop! He was not in, but she went back another day and saw him. At first he did not show as much interest as she expected - probably thought it was a passing whim. But when he found she was in earnest he was most kind and himself undertook her instruction. Mr. Hume becoming too ill for her to leave him, her reception into the Church was delayed until after her husband's death. She and her three children were baptized conditionally by Bishop William George McCloskey at the Cathedral, April 20, 1881, and the Bishop was also godfather, Father Louis G. Deppen acting as proxy. Miss Sallie Whittingham was godmother. Since Cora is not a saint's name, your grandmother took the name Mary. She was then nearly thirty-three years old.

Your grandfather directed in his will that his estate be turned into cash. Consequently, the house on Second Street was sold shortly after his death, together with most of his books and furniture.

I shall now digress enough to mention that your grandparents had their trials, poor darlings. Your grandfather was in the prime of manhood, had a good sense of humor, was book-loving and somewhat reserved. He never touched whiskey. "I love it too much ever to touch it," he told his wife. Though he went to the bank regularly until about ten days before he passed away, he was dying by inches, as it were, all during his second marriage. Coming home more or less exhausted from the bank, he probably needed rest and quiet. Your pretty grandmother, on the contrary, was vivacious and healthy and fond of company, had grown up perhaps over-indulged, with never any taste for economy or systematic housekeeping, and with no experience with children to help her about her little stepson, the care of whom was rendered no easier by the fact that in his short life he had already been successively under the management of his mother, his grandmother, his young aunt, and his step-grandmother. Perhaps your grandmother's lifelong aversion to being cooped up in the house for any length of time was part of God's plan to keep her from contracting tuberculosis. Who knows? Toward the end of his life, your grandfather, a staunch Presbyterian, saw with disapproval that his wife was veering toward the Catholic Church.

While Cora's first husband, Edward J. Pope, was likewise a victim of tuberculosis, he had grown up in a large family and a wide circle of relatives, had associated with many kinds of men in the Confederate Army, and, like his wife, enjoyed meeting people. Then, too, they boarded during most of their short married life. At the time he married, Edward had never received baptism, but was baptized by an Episcopal minister a few months before his death.

Among her numerous beaux, why did your grandmother select two delicate men? Well, they were handsome and cultured and charming, each 6 ft. tall. What a scourge tuberculosis was then; and in the South, yellow fever.

Returning to what happened after your grandfather's death, the eldest son, Bryce Stewart Hume, aged 12, went to Clarksville, Tennessee, to be reared by his grandfather, William Priestley Hume, and his step-grandmother, Augusta Tinsley Hume; and Cora Owens Hume and her three children moved into a cottage on College Street, near Second.

By this time the estate left by your great-grandfather, Wm. Owens, Jr., had dwindled and dwindled, until there was nothing left but the 240-acre tract at Salem, Illinois, and a few small pieces, none of which ever brought in much income. By 1882 your great-grandmother, Martha Baldrige Owens, and her daughter Sallie were keeping boarders in St. Louis. During 1884, they traveled to towns in Iowa and other mid-west sections, where Sallie Owens, who had taken a course in Elocution in Philadelphia, tried to make a living by giving recitals. In 1887 the two went to live in Salem, Illinois, to see what could be done with the tract there. Being separated from her daughter Cora and her grandchildren was a sorrow to your great-grandmother, but she thought it her duty to stay with her single daughter, even though it meant rough work and many hardships and uncongenial surroundings. She who had been reared in a luxurious Southern home spent the last years of her life in a cottage in front of the Owens prairie, in this little Northern town. She stayed alone one or two winters, with cows and chickens to manage, while Sallie Owens taught in Florida. Though she had no servant to help her, she kept herself and the little house sweet and neat, her refinement and love of beauty showing itself everywhere; and in summer she

turned the yard into a bower of well-trained honeysuckles and clematis.

From letter of Martha B. Owens to her daughter Cora

Wilton Junction, Iowa, Feb'y 17th, 1884.

. . . I will visit every small place & every place in fact, from here to Chicago, but I have not the list. S. sent it to Davenport, where I will be very soon. . . I am weary of the trip, very, but w'd not be, had I not so often to wait for trains. I had a thousand times rather do this than to have boarders. . . I call at P. O. wherever I go, unless some point I know Sallie has not mentioned. I stop at towns, not down on R. R. maps & that she knows not of until I let her know. . . Saturday night last, she was at "Winfield." To-morrow night, will be at Crawfordsville. . . I imagine a great many things, when night comes on, & I am all alone, but generally tired and soon asleep. In day-time, very busy, not a moment to consider myself, scarcely, so my mind is continually diverted by something strange & new. . . The proprietor of the House I am stopping at looks so much like that man in New York who owned up to his swindle, that I shrink f'm him. . . I think Sallie will make some change when we get to Chicago. I will probably give up this business. . . If she can manage, without some one ahead of her, it will be much better for her. The expenses of travelling for two makes it very heavy. I w'd like to go to see you & stay with you until I get fairly rested. . . I know S. will want me to take another house in St. L. as our furniture is costing a good deal. I like St. L. better & better, all the time, but it is very wearing on me. You will find me more changed than you have any idea. I have lost so many of my teeth, it has changed me very much as I can see myself. . . I do wish you c'd get ahead with y'r money matters. I c'd not bear to see the old place, and I never expect to go out there. It would sadden me, and I have too much depression on me now to invite more.

#### CHAPTER IX

And now, dear children, I come to the years that Brother and Sister and I (your dear, unselfish father and your Aunt Martha and your Aunt Edith) spent in the country.

We lived in the College Street cottage about two years, then in several other houses. In June 1889, when we were badly in need of help, Bishop McCloskey offered to give Mother the use of a cottage on the Newburg Road, a mile and a half from town, between the Passionist Monastery and a boarding school for girls conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. In later years, during the World War I, Camp Zachary Taylor lay in part back of these places. In June 1889

the little frame church of St. Agnes, founded 1875, was between the cottage and the monastery, and the pastor was Bishop McCloskey's brother, Father George McCloskey, a tall, distinguished-looking priest, who lived across the road at Preston Park, then an orphan asylum. Bishop McCloskey was a handsome man, with fair skin and blue eyes, and with a courtliness of manner that was probably due to his years in Rome as President of the American College. Father George, on the contrary, was dark and brown-eyed, with manners almost abrupt in their directness. The cottage, which Mother named St. Agnes Church Cottage, had originally been built as a house for Father Deppen, who was the first pastor of St. Agnes'. On the side of the house was a niche containing a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, that

"Lady Elect,  
Whom the time's scorn has saved from its respect."

In May we children kept this statue crowned with fresh clover wreaths. The little house had no screens.

The city cars, drawn by mules, stopped then at Highland Avenue. At the end of most lines there was a turntable, a metal disk in the street; the car came to a standstill on this turntable, the mules were wheeled around, and as the disk revolved the car was turned in the desired direction. The Bardstown Road from Highland Avenue on out was a country turnpike, with toll gates. Funny-looking little country cars drawn by mules ran about every hour out the Bardstown Road to Doup's Point, and then out the Taylorsville Road for possibly two miles. Neither the city cars nor the country cars had any shelter for the driver except the roof, which extended over his head. The cars were not heated, but in severe weather the luxury of straw on the floor was provided.



On the inside of the cars, by each seat, was a slot for the fare, 5¢, which a metal conveyor carried to a receptacle at the front end of the car. If a passenger had no change, he reached through a hole in the front door, grabbed the driver's coattails, or jabbed him in the back, to withdraw his attention from the mules, and with more or less delay received his change. But in some respects the system was rather convenient: the drivers would stop the cars anywhere they were hailed. While we were living on the Newburg Road, which was then just a pretty, quiet, sleepy country road all the way in to what is now Castlewood (then called Schwartz Woods), the first electric cars in Louisville commenced running. I can remember well the first time I rode on one and how wonderful we all thought them.

Brother and Sister and I had never lived in the country before. Perhaps you can imagine how delightful it was to us. Probably our move there was a blessing both spiritual and physical. Mother once said that soon after Father died her family physician warned her that she would not raise any of her children - that they all had weak lungs. It may have been her own excellent health that made her give small credence to that statement and kept her from anxiety that would have been bad for her and for us. But doubtless that country life was a help during those five years. We went on exploring expeditions in the unknown country up an' down the creek at the back of the house, where hostile Injuns and sich like might meet us at any turn, an' we climbed the cherry and apple trees, an' we rode our gallant Arab steed (the black pony, Ruby, which Mother bought in 1891, an' did the thousand and one other things that children find joy in. In autumn there were russet apples to gather, an' the fire-wood to cut and bring in for winter;

an' when winter came, there was mistletoe for Brother to risk life and limb for, an' there was coasting down the long hills and skating on the frozen creek, or there was reading by a log fire indoors. But ooh! there were cows, too - Lilsey, with horns like those of a Texas steer, and Daisy and Beauty et al. - about as nice to have around as buzz-saws. Many a time Sister and I sat on the fence and were literally "between the horns of the dilemma." So to this day we like cows only at a distance.

In those days there were no automobiles to bear down upon us, and we walked fearlessly along the roadside. Occasionally a fine carriage or buggy would pass at some speed - at least, we thought then it was speed; but more often a slow-moving wagon would rumble by, the driver tossing us some apples from his high seat.

I can remember strolling up and down alone under the apple trees one summer day, feeling very happy and wishing I never had to grow up. Life even then, however, was far from being unalloyed pleasure. For instance, once when Sister and I and some of the other neighborhood children were walking gayly along a board walk which led from our yard to the convent drive next door, one of the group stepped on an innocent-looking bump in the long grass beside the walk, and went down into a nest of bumblebees! The little demons came swarming out on vengeance bent and stung us ferociously. Sister and all the others except me fled at once screaming to the house, where Mother and Brother, covering them with what sheets they could snatch up hastily, managed to get rid of those bees that had followed all the way. I, however, had a very warlike disposition at the age of nine, and at first I stood fighting like brave Horatius at the Bridge, stood fighting until a big bumblebee got down the neck of my dress and commenced stinging me on the chest. At that all my courage

ebbed and, clutching the bee as best I could, I, too, fled madly to home and Mother. By that time she and Brother were so busy with the others that they didn't see me coming until they heard my terror-stricken and despairing yell as I drew near: "Somebody 'tend to me; somebody 'tend to me." I was holding my dress so tightly in front that Mother couldn't undo the buttons, down the back, and every time I would let go the bumblebee would sting me; but she did get the dress off at last and the bee was driven off or killed. We can laugh over it now, though it was really a terrible experience. Mother and Brother were badly stung in rescuing us, and we were deathly sick that night.

The money that Father left and what little money Mother had from her own property gave out in 1889, just before we moved to the country. Grandfather, William P. Hume, had died in 1887, leaving \$10,000 life insurance payable irrevocably to his first wife and due her grandchildren, her children being dead. But a legal question arose as to whether this insurance should be divided equally among the grandchildren or whether it should be divided into two parts, and half given to Lena Hume Dortch's heir, Hume Dortch, and half to Father's children. After a long delay in court, the latter method of division was the one decided upon. Sometime in 1890 Mother dear commenced receiving a nice sum each month (for awhile it was as much as \$100), and this continued until 1895, when the fund was exhausted. During 1889 and part of 1890, however, she had practically no income, and I hope, dear children, that you will always bear in mind the kindness shown to her and her children by the dear Bishop McCloskey, his brother, the Passionist Fathers and the Sisters of Mercy. After Mother commenced receiving the insurance money, she paid a small rent for the cottage, but before that

the Bishop let us have the little house rent free; and that first winter Father George McCloskey sent us <sup>a load of coal and</sup> a wagonload of provisions; while Mother Sebastian Mudd and the other Sisters next door made your Aunt Martha and me welcome at the school, and at dinner in the middle of the day, and never said a word about wanting any money for this. The Passionists, too, were kind and sometimes sent over baskets of vegetables from their big garden. We have since tried to repay some of this kindness, but you know there is much that cannot be repaid by mere money.

The cows would sometimes mortify and inconvenience us by breaking into neighboring places, and the cistern would occasionally give out, making it necessary for us to carry water by hand a good distance for ourselves and the animals. Mother bought a cow and calf while we were living in town, and on the Newburg Road they increased one after another. All of them died of Texas fever, however, about 1895, after being off at pasture with a man farther out in the country. Brother and Sister and I were sensitive children, but at St. Agnes Church Cottage we had the buoyancy and gayety of youth and health; and the love of God was in the very air. Of all my years, those are the ones I like best to remember.

During the years on the Newburg Road, General John B. Castleman (then Major Castleman) and his family had a summer home about a half-mile beyond, and it was a glad sight to us children when they appeared for the summer, for they sometimes asked us up there to spend the day - a thrilling event in our quiet lives.

Grandmother was visiting us when we moved to the country and she came once or twice afterwards from Salem. And Brother, your father, visited her and Aunt Sallie in the summer of 1892. How Sister and I

From Martha B. Owens to Wm. G. Hume, her idolized grandson, aged 17  
"Nannie" was Sallie, her daughter. I feel sure Grandma loved Brother  
better than she did anybody else in the world.

Salem, Aug. 18th 1892.

My dear Willie

What a vacuum created by y'r absence. . . All that day, I shed  
no tears, scarcely a word was spoken. . . At noon, we tried to eat . .  
but neither had the heart for anything. Finding we c'd not stand  
that vacant seat, next meal we repaired to the kitchen. . . Everything  
almost that has been done Nannie has accomplished, for I am utterly in-  
consolable. . . Am writing at y'r window, & in spite of all I do, the  
tears are streaming down my face. You said to me, one day, some-  
thing like this - Grandma when I have gone home, don't you shed any  
tears on account of it. When seated at this end of y'r room, how c'd  
I help it? The clock you worked over put back in box, the little old  
pistol lying there; then I looked all around for the guitar; did not  
have to look far, for just behind me, put carefully up, and the case  
even tied, there it was. . . Why was it that you put everything which  
you handled, away with so much care? There was no need in this un-  
finished upstairs room, whose greatest comfort consists in the pleas-  
ure of having things most convenient, regardless of looks . . . Even  
tho' you f'd books in the box, helter skelter, you left them compact  
& in order.

. . . Thinking of the two bumps you rec'd, it occurred to me, how  
strange I c'd not at the outset have placed your trunk in centre of  
room. . thus giving you ample room to stand y'r full height. . . I  
was very sorry not to have been with you, when you were packing, but  
you know how it was on Monday morning; then in the evening . . y'r  
coming in, not feeling well, and then in the middle of the last night,  
a dreadful headache which if I c'd only have known of, might have  
gotten you a lemon & given relief in a few moments. . . While I feel  
very thankful to have had you even for four short weeks, I w'd have  
been glad indeed, if you c'd have made it at least to Thursday or  
Saturday, which w'd have given time for E's birthday. . . Turn which  
way I will, every thing reminds me of my dear grandson. . . Nannie  
tries to get me once more to interest myself in daily duties, but no  
use; hope soon to be able to throw off what cannot be helped.

Mr. Arnold told Nannie that if it was true - that cows did not  
become fresh for the number of days that they were old in years after  
the day expected - Rhona being just 5 years - will not be fresh for  
5 days after to-day, bringing it to Edith's birthday.

Since I have been writing a carriage drove up with four ladies -  
one of them from Iuka, wanting a lesson on a piece for a contest to  
come off next Monday at Flora. . . Nannie gave the lesson just as she  
was, leaving her lunch - tho' since I think of it, she was thro, tho'  
the teeth not rubbed, which you know seems to add always so much to  
her comfort. . . It looks to me that to give the teeth a good rubbing  
when first up in the morning, & after the last meal, is enough; and  
other times after eating, rinse the mouth with fresh water. She gave  
an hour lesson for \$1 when she meant it to be 1/2 hour. . . Isn't it a  
pity she cannot get more of that kind of work right here?

And now my dear Willie, may God preserve & guide you, & keep you  
pure and undefiled in your youth from all evil, that in "after life"  
you may be free f'm all bitterness, is the sincere wish of your devoted  
Grandma

hustled and bustled and swept and cooked to get ready whenever she came, and what joy there was! She always took a special delight in making Christmas as bright and happy as possible for her grandchildren. When we were so short of money, she even sold a few books on commission to try to help us with expenses, going on foot to and from the city cars .

Father George McCloskey died in August 1890, and before long the little church was torn down and the congregation transferred to the chapel of the Passionist Fathers. I made my First Communion when I was ten, and my precious sister made hers when she was eleven - both in the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy. Your dear father made his at the Cathedral, May 27, 1887.

The Passionist Order is an austere one, the members of which rise in the night to pray. Sometimes if we were wakeful on summer nights we could hear their low chanting, and I can remember that, child though I was, I found it soothing and sweet.

#### THE CHURCH

She is divine in her origin, divine in her mission, divine in her teaching, and this divine element in her is a constant foil to all of the imperfections with which her human element is tainted. Among all the institutions in the world, she is unique. She is of God. The Holy Ghost guides her unerringly in the way of truth. The abiding presence of her Divine Founder renders her indestructible forever.

She is the unapproachable Church of God, universal in her ministrations and her sympathies; on earth, in Heaven, and with the Suffering Souls; Catholic! reaching out from Rome to embrace the world in charity, drawing to her the hopes, the fears, the joys, the tears, and the eternal faith of mankind.

O Holy Catholic Church. Thou miracle of the centuries! ineffable proof of God's love for men! the millions who worship at thy shrine are but a handful to the millions yet unborn who shall come to worship there!

THE RECORD, March 9, 1922



Letter written by Martha B. Owens to her granddaughter while Sallie G. Owens was teaching in Florida. "Nannie" was Sallie.

Salem, Ill., Oct. 27, 1893.

Dear Edith:

Had a letter f'm Nannie day before yesterday. . . She writes - ". . . Direct your letters to me at Wildwood, Sumpter Co., Fla."

I am getting on very well, have not been sick though I never feel rested save when I rise in the morning. . . Daisy & calf improve; you all would be amused to see Blossom; one day recently I went up to the cottage & could not see latter anywhere after looking in the corners and every place I thought possible she could be, when at length I spied her tail, the tip end of which is white, as tho', Nannie says, the red paint gave out. Her mother seems as gentle as an old cow. She had eaten her way into the hay until her body was nearly lost to sight. Since then, I do not let her have so much milk. We have felt obliged to keep the chickens up now for the 12th day. The colored man next door had his pasture plowed & sowed in rye and grass - the former, fowls are very fond of. . . I let them out for a little run, and with all the range they have, no place was so good to them as that forbidden ground. . . I try to keep the stock in pasture to save myself miles of walking, but Daisy can with her little horns take down I believe any bars on the place. Then the burrs and Spanish needles are very trying. Eggs here now are selling at seventeen cents per doz. and ours have ceased to furnish since confinement; the hens I thought of selling out rather than shut them up this lovely season, but I could only get in Salem five cts. per pound, and they were in very fine condition. . .

I enjoyed your letter, also Martha's, written soon after your return from Chicago. . .

I wish much I could be with and see you and all the loved ones once more. The home here and place generally is better off of course, but as to myself, I would no doubt be much better with those I love. . . I do not feel lonely. . . and am very desirous for time and quiet to do up some unfinished writing. So far, have not found a moment's time. In a small town there is much to take up valuable time, of no profit. Besides, almost half of every day is consumed in giving attendance on the living things on the place.

Now, my dear little girl, with much love for y'r mama, brother and sister, I remain always

Your loving Grandma.

The old monastery, which was torn down to make way for the present building, was a stately white brick pile, with the big columns that are now in front of the new monastery. Across the road were well-tilled truck gardens. I have heard that the old building was used as a hospital during the Civil War; that was a good while before the Passionists came to Louisville. One or two rooms to the left of the front hall the Passionist Fathers converted into a small chapel, which one entered directly from the porch, through a door that had originally been a window. I should love to bring before you a picture of that chapel on Christmas morning, with oh, the sweet, sweet smell of the cedar and pine gathered from the trees around. And the congregation had such a happy, spiritually-washed look! I remember that one year when we lived on Midland Avenue and went as usual to the first Mass of Christmas Day, there had been rain during the night and we walked the mile over the muddy roads in blackness so inky we could hardly see our hands before us. It was comical to hear our cries of dismay as we stepped into puddle after puddle of muddy water. O my dears, if you could have seen us when we reached the chapel! But I hope that tribulation so stoutly borne only added to our spiritually washed look. Strange to say, as soon as we had passed a puddle and glanced back, we could see it distinctly. I might pause here to draw a comparison with the pitfalls of life, but I won't.

There was an old Swiss gardener at the monastery when we moved to the Newburg Road. On Sundays we delighted to gather round him, and we shouted with laughter at his funny English, and his funnier gestures as he finally broke the bounds of language and waved his arms up and down in a frantic attempt to show us how the mountains 'went' in his beloved Switzerland. The more we laughed, the better pleased he was. Another man employed at the monastery, Mr. Pat

McDonnell, lived nearby with his wife and lovely little children, of whom we were fond. The six children all died young, leaving the poor father and mother childless in their old age. James, the eldest, became a Passionist, and his sister, Bessie, a Sister of Mercy; both died of tuberculosis. In 1927, the third child, John, was caught in machinery at his work and fatally injured, and during World War I the next child, Pat, died of flu. Two younger children died of scarlet fever.

In 1893 your dear father graduated from St. Xavier's, where he had started three years before. He was popular at school, won many medals, and was valedictorian of his class. He deserved all the more credit for these honors because his school life had been much interrupted and, prior to the years at St. Xavier's, he had studied mostly at home. At St. Xavier's he took the four-year course in three.

In the fall of 1893, Mother Sebastian's gardener took care of our animals while Mother and Brother and Sister and I went to Chicago for a week to visit the World's Fair. We roomed and had breakfast at Cousin Ki Barr's, and had a delightful time, in spite of the fact that the weather was rainy and windy. Perhaps you will be interested in this quotation from the May 29, 1928 issue of the Chicago Journal of Commerce:

The service performed by the 1893 fair was the awakening of the American people, and to some extent the world, as a whole, to the newer state of affairs in the world. The progress of science and the arts was so dramatized as to awaken a people which mentally had been living in the times of pioneer America. . . . In a twinkling it brought America out of the post-Civil War mentality into the modern age. From the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 dates the decline of red flannel underwear, the bright upward march of electricity, and the fine progress of American architecture.

A STRATAGEM

William H. McCabe, S. J., 1923

God's House is always restful. At any time of day  
I love its living silences, where hidden cherubs play.

I kneel me down in any spot; but one I favor more,  
That views both Lady Altar and His tabernacle door.

When Christ's dear feet this rough earth trod,  
for love of willful me,  
'Twas Lady Mary followed Him, even unto Calvary.

Where Christ's sweet wounds in glory shine, there  
by His pierced side  
My Lady Mary pleads for me, and will not be denied.

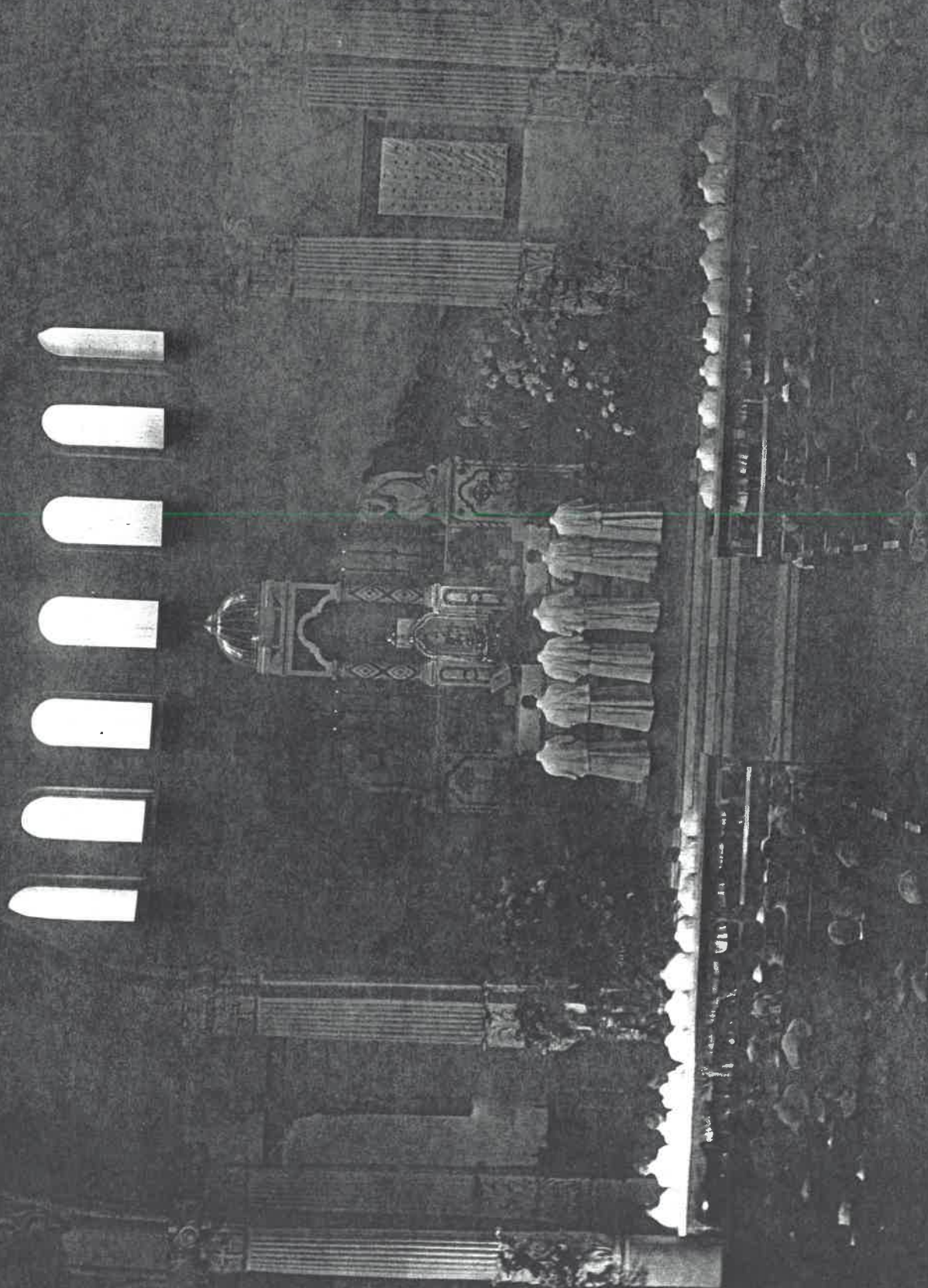
Now here His heart awaits me, and I like to take my  
place  
So a love-lit ray from Mary's eyes falls full upon  
my face.

My sinful self thus must He spy - thanks to my subtle  
art -  
In the winsome light of Mary-love reflected from my  
heart.

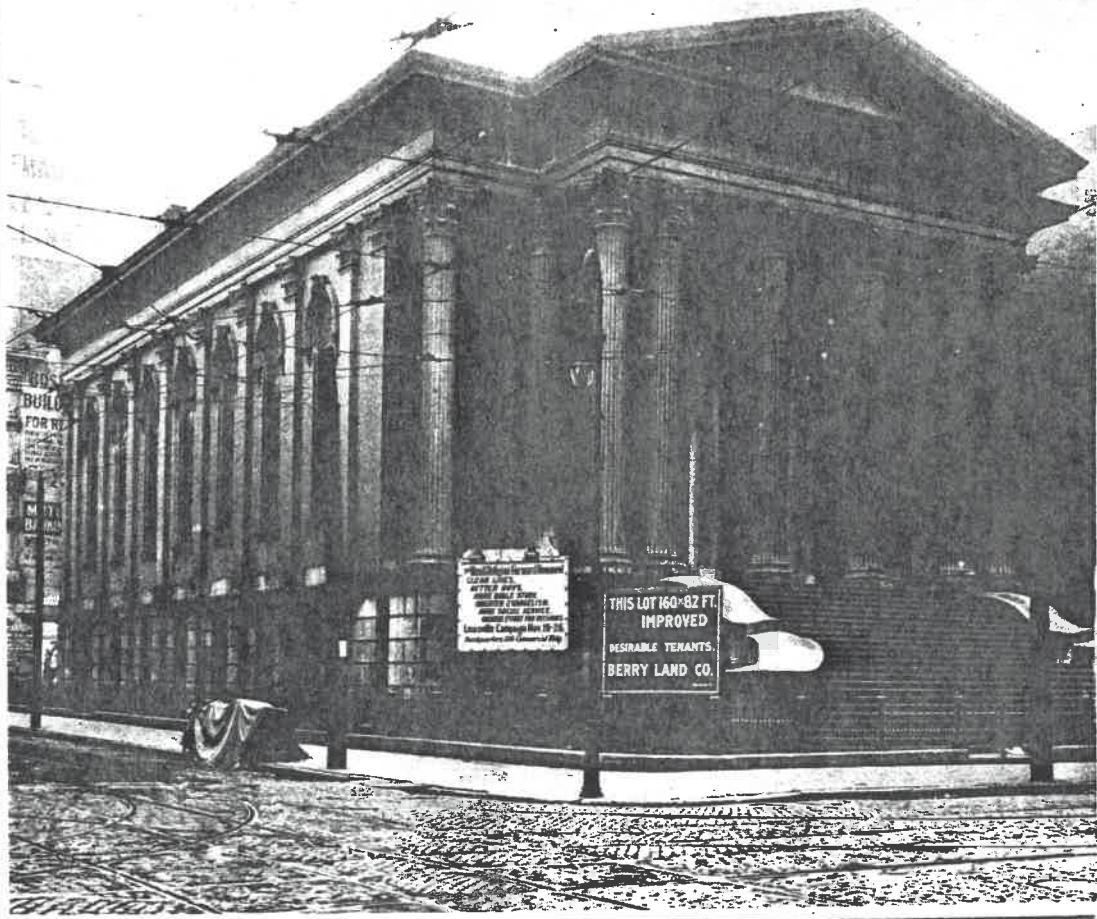
In God's House all is restful, but one spot I favor  
more,  
That views both Lady Altar and His tabernacle  
door.



View of First Communicants in St. James Church, Louisville,  
June 1919. The Service Flag in the sanctuary was in honor of the  
men of the parish who served in army or navy during the World War.

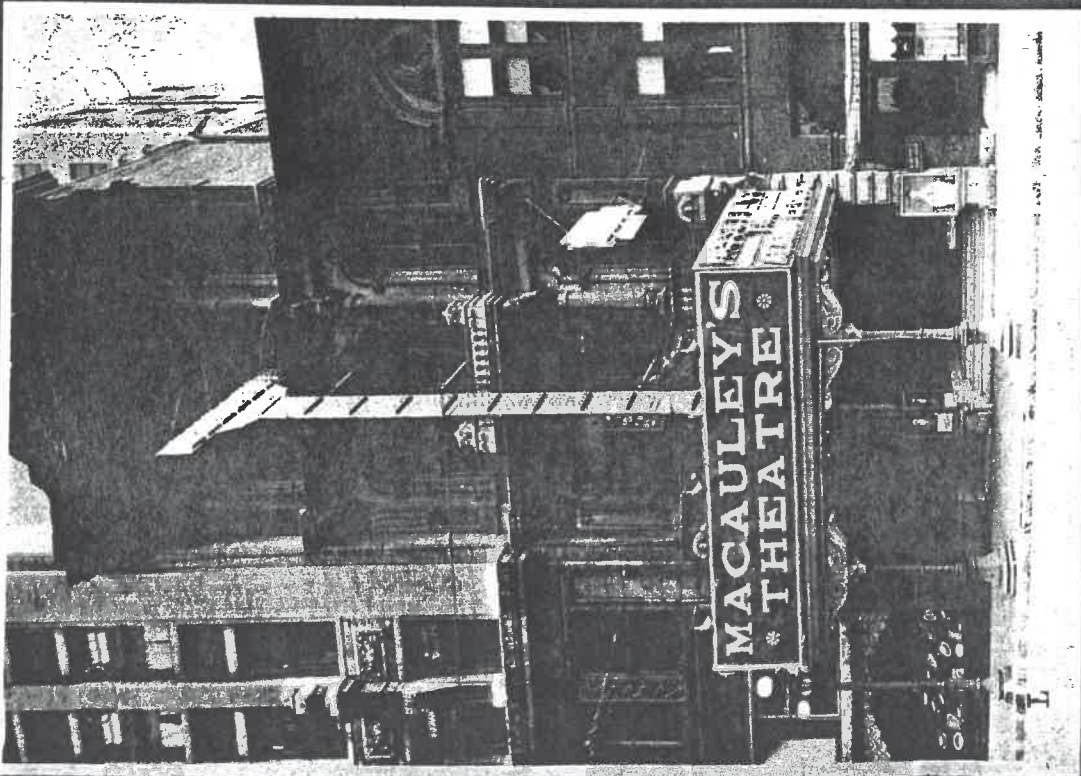






When Fourth and Walnut was a church and theater center.  
Louisville, Ky.

1st Christian Church, northeast corner, about 1911



Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Kentucky, about 1924. Torn down when Starks Building was enlarged



In the fall of 1891 Mother Sebastian made a change and started a small class for neighborhood boys and girls in a separate room as day pupils. Your Aunt Martha and I went for a half-year, but did not like the transfer to the very small group of widely different ages, and with Mother's consent we left and began studying at home. And study we really did quite well, the rest of our stay in the country.

In February 1894 Brother took a position as clerk at the Price & Lucas Cider & Vinegar Company, at 15th & Portland Avenue. It was so hard on him to go the long distance to and fro that in August 1894 Mother moved to a house on Midland Avenue, at the end of what is now Cherokee Road.

#### CHAPTER X

We lived on Midland Avenue for a year and then moved down to the West End - first to 1931 Duncan Street, then to 2014 Duncan Street, at a rent of \$11 a month, and in 1898 to 20th and Duncan Streets, to a brick cottage Mother built that year on a lot owned by her and her sister, Aunt Sallie (Nannie). The insurance money gave out at the time we moved to the West End, and again we had a hard struggle to get along, with nothing to live on except Brother's salary, which when we left Midland Avenue was only \$10.00 a week. We paid \$16.00 a month rent at 1931 Duncan, but less at 2014.

Miss M. K. Keating, Mrs. Thomas Malone and her mother and sisters, Mrs. Frank Clerget, Mrs. Walter B. Grubbs, Mrs. James P. Helm, Father Andrew J. Brady, our pastor at St. Cecelia's Church, Bishop McCloskey and his sister, Miss Mary McCloskey, Mrs. Alfred T. Pope (Mother's sister-in-law) and others were kind and attentive friends during those years.

I started to the public high school, on First Street, in the fall of 1894 and was graduated June 14, 1898. Goodness knows what kind of graduation dress I'd have had if it hadn't been for

the kindness of Cousin Sallie Wright, then Sallie Owens; she gave me a lovely muslin trimmed with hards of baby ribbon and lace. I wore this dress in December 1898 when Brother and I attended a dance given at the Galt House by Mr. and Mrs. James P. Helm for their debutante daughter Inda. Though neither of us knew how to dance, we enjoyed looking on, for it was the only large party we had ever attended.

Graduated from the Normal School in 1900, I expected to make teaching a profession, but public-school positions were mixed considerably with politics at that time; and in addition, I was no great success as a teacher. The work was so utterly exhausting to me that some nights I'd have been glad to die before morning and not have to go back to my class! After substituting a year at the public school with a class of 65 Third Grade children, at 5th and York Streets, teaching a year at St. William's Catholic School, and a few months at night school at 17th and Duncan, I grew place at a salary of less than \$40 a month, discouraged over not getting a permanent day-appointment and took a course at the Spencerian Business College. In 1904, through the kindness of Miss Mary Kirley, I obtained a position with the Citizen's Life Insurance Company, then at 6th and Main Streets.

Sister went through the 8th grade at Seventeenth & Madison Sts. school but stopped school before she finished her first year at the high school. For some years she suffered periodically with violent headaches, but she became our unselfish and efficient mainstay about the housekeeping, and headache or no headache she never failed to have an appetizing meal ready for Brother and me when we came home. And she was a beautiful girl, with fair skin, regular features, and exquisite blue eyes, and made friends wherever she went. I feel sorry for only children: words cannot tell what my brother and sister have meant to me. Brother almost took a father's place in his unselfish devotion. It must have been hard on him not to have any man relative to turn to as he went through life.

Copy of certified copy

State of Kentucky)  
Jefferson County ) SCT.

1122

BE IT REMEMBERED

That heretofore, to-wit: on the 5th day of Jan'y 1869, Edward J. Pope obtained from the Clerk of the County Court, within and for the State and County aforesaid, a license to marry Cora Owens and that they were married by James Craik at Louisville, Ky. on the 6th day of Jan'y 1869 in the presence of Alfred Pope and James Lyman, all of which appears upon the Marriage Register on file in my office as Clerk of said Court.

In Testimony whereof and that the foregoing is truly and completely copied from the Register aforesaid, I hereunto set my hand and affix the Seal of said Court, of which I am the custodian, at Louisville, Kentucky, this 20 day of January 1916.

(signed) P. S. Ray, Clerk,  
Jefferson County Court, Kentucky.

SEAL

State of Kentucky) SCT  
Jefferson County )

1123

BE IT REMEMBERED

That heretofore, to-wit: on the 13th day of July 1874 Wm. G. Hume obtained from the Clerk of the County Court, within and for the State and County aforesaid, a license to marry Cora O. Pope and that they were married by James Craik at Louisville, Ky. on the 14th day of July 1874, in the presence of Hamilton Pope and Stuart Robinson, all of which appears upon the Marriage Register on file in my office as Clerk of said Court.

In Testimony whereof, and that the foregoing is truly and completely copied from the Register aforesaid, I hereunto set my hand and affix the Seal of said Court, of which I am the custodian, at Louisville, Kentucky, this 20 day of January 1916.

(signed) P. S. Ray, Clerk,  
Jefferson Count Court, Kentucky.

A Birthday Prayer

Help of Christians, he is thine,  
Send today on pinions fleet  
Blessings his dear eyes to greet.  
(Well we know that at thy prayer  
God lays all gifts at thy feet.)

Lady, Help of Christians, lay  
On his head thy fingers fair;  
Soothing, softening every pain,  
Let them rest full gently there.  
Pluck for him thy lilies rare  
And strew them round his onward feet.  
Mary, Help of Christians, lay  
On his head thy fingers sweet.

Edith Hume to William, her brother, on his birthday, May 24, 1933,  
Feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians.

MARTHA  
SEPTEMBER'S CHILD  
A Legend

'Tis said that once upon a time -  
But not in days of old;  
Indeed, it was quite recently,  
In 'eighty, I am told -  
A babe from Heaven was sent down  
To live upon this earth,  
And Louisville, Kentucky, was  
To be its place of birth.  
It was in early autumn that  
This tiny cherub came:  
October and September each  
The little one did claim

. . . . .

While standing on a mountain top,  
The last day of her reign,  
September saw the infant fair,  
With all its Heavenly train.  
Then straightway from her shining locks  
September took her crown,  
Gave it unto the lovely babe  
And bore it to the town.  
So thus it was that Martha came  
September's child to be;  
Was crowned a "ruler of the house,"  
A maiden fair to see;  
A maiden full of Summer's warmth,  
And bright as morning dew,  
With just enough of Autumn's gold,  
And Autumn's sadness, too,  
To make a sister sweet and fair -  
A daughter fond and true.

Birthday poem to Martha Owens Hume by her brother, William  
Garvin Hume (Jr.), September 30, 1899, her 19th birthday.

To Mother Lamb

Though we should search the East and West  
For perfect mother lambs,  
We'd find she suited us the best -  
Our own dear Mother Lamb.

Though in far pastures we should roam,  
Though in near pastures we should seek,  
With hearts content we'd turn us home  
To our wee Mother Lamb.

(And yet if we the truth may dare  
About our Mother Lamb,  
We're not quite sure we'd find her there -  
Our little Mother Lamb!)

Oh, some day may we lie at rest  
Within our Shepherd's arms,  
And see, upon His heart close pressed,  
Our own loved Mother Lamb.

Edith Hume to Cora, her mother, on her 85th birthday, June 21, 1933.

Before Her Eyes

Dear God,  
Set before her wistful eyes  
Thy brightest star.  
Let no lurid clouds dismay  
No tempests fright her from  
the way  
That upward  
Lies.

Dear God,  
Fasten to her earth-bound feet  
Bright wings of hope;  
So that neither rocks that tear  
Nor lurking quicksands that  
ensnare  
May force  
Retreat.

Dear God,  
Pour into her thirsting heart  
Thy love's sweet stream;  
And if she go through arid  
lands  
Let her delve there amid the  
sands  
And see beneath astonished  
hands  
Thy roses  
Start.

Edith Hume to Martha, her sister. In ST ANTHONY MESSENGER, March 1938

During the thirteen years we spent in the West End our grandmother visited us three or four times, and each time she was sweeter than the last. Part of that time we wore shabby clothes and had scanty means, but we loved one another dearly and God gave much brightness to our lives. Most of our neighbors were upright and kind, and if some of them were unlettered they helped to give us, I hope, more love for all classes of people. For six or seven years before leaving the West End we had a more comfortable time financially - enough to send small cash presents occasionally to Grandma and Aunt Sallie; for your father was getting a larger salary and I, too, was earning money. We'd have tried to send more money to Salem hadn't it been that we knew Aunt Sallie would spend it on the land. A hard, hard struggle our dear aunt had. The mortgage grew and grew until the acres were lost to the family after Grandma's death.

In 1901, your Great-Grandfather William Owens' only sister, Mrs. Lucius D. Gilbert, who had been blind for some years, came and boarded with us until her death in December 1904, at the age of eighty-seven. She was a sweet old lady, very patient under her great affliction. She took two papers, one from Russellville, Kentucky, and one from Springfield, Tennessee, in each of which towns she had lived for forty years; and she loved for us to read these papers to her, not only once but many times. Now by the third or fourth reading of such items as "Mrs. John Jones of Murfreesboro, formerly Miss Mary Smith of Russellville, is visiting her father and mother," we were ready, as you may guess, to take to the tall timber.

In the summer of 1901, shortly before Aunt Eliza came, Aunt Sadie Baldrige Emison (Mrs. George Emison) spent some weeks with us before going to Salem to spend a few days. Her daughter and granddaughter came with her.



From letter written from Salem, Illinois, Dec. 28, 1905, by Martha B. Owens to her grandson, William G. Hume.

I had much pleasure from anticipation, but when the time came and that box was opened, I could hardly realize what was before us. Never in my whole life of 79 years and more, had I seen a cook put up with such good judgment, excellent sense & beautiful taste. 'Twas not only dainty from start to finish, but the most Christmas-like affair imaginable. . . . When about half unpacked, your aunt remarked, "well this is the best they've ever sent"; I said no, this is perfect; but you must remember the one sent two years ago with such a great variety; nearly everything from fur-lined shoes, lovely outing-cloth, to the choicest of dainties. . . . Those warm shoes are very comfortable after supper when the house has been closed for the evening. Throughout the day I will not wear them, as they are cloth, & catch the dust.

To return to this box. When I saw the bananas, I made for them. I felt very nervous when I arose that morning, in fact the same sensation thro' the night when awake, rather peculiar and unusual. I hadn't tho't of bananas, but I soon found they were just what I needed. . . . I believe all came without moving an iota. Having boiled custard on hand, we have feasted on the pure, white cake which your aunt says is Angel-cake. 'Twill be a long time ere we get through with these delicious dainties, in which we rarely indulge. The lightbread has been already used and enjoyed. . . . We are looking forward to the "sliced Star Bacon"; new too, to us. . . . Appreciate all the letter-paper, envelopes, stamps, and variety of pens. . . . Am not unmindful of the "one" for each, which means more than 1/2 load of excellent coal. . . . Many, many heartfelt thanks for all. . . .

In Oct. y'r aunt came near letting some cattle men have eight, two year old heifers, for a hundred and forty five dollars. They were to wait for two weeks, her answer. During that time she had the promise from a party to bring a stranger to see them, who would ship a car-load soon, and who he thought would pay more than she had been offered. She had several times sold to him very satisfactorily; but this time, he failed to come; & she has heard nothing more from the first offer - so missed the sale. . . . Says in Sp'g, if she doesn't make a sale before, will sell young calves here, & bunch them all & ship to St. L. Forty in all now, & more calves expected before very long.

---

From "Old Louisville," newspaper article in Courier-Journal, July 2, 1933, by W. C. Kendrick. The Pope house was torn down about 1950.

There stands today at the southwest corner of Fourth and York Streets doubtless one of the first houses built on that square. . . . It was the residence of one of Louisville's most outstanding lawyers, Hamilton Pope. . . . A nephew of whom he was very fond, Edward Johnson Pope, was married to Miss Cora Owen [s], who was considered one of the most popular, beautiful young women of that day. Her marriage to Mr. Pope was of short duration, as he died while on a visit to Florida. She later became the wife of a most estimable gentleman, W. G. Hume, cashier at the Bank of Kentucky. Since his death many years ago, she has remained a widow, and today makes her home with her daughters on Overlook Terrace. Although advanced in years, she retains her vigor of body and mind, walking several miles a day, and keeping informed as to the events of the times.

Written from 432 Twentieth Street, Louisville, Kentucky, June 14, 1904, while Sister and I were spending a week at Cousin Leland Hume's, in Nashville. Brother went down with us (Thursday night) but came back Sunday night. "Worder" was a colored student who helped sometimes with the pony.

---

My precious Daughter, Edith:

I am so thankful that you all were able to go together. Once more, I cannot thank your Cousins and their family for the joys they are giving you. . . Your Brother was home safely, cheerfully, had talked quite a little while, and was in bed here for four hours before going to office. Aunt Eliza had fallen asleep! . . .

Cousin Leland, and even the ladies, certainly have shown great generalship in the way they did so much during William's short stay, which will be ever a joyful remembrance. . . I am sincerely sorry, sweet Child, about your having to do anything to your white dress waist and that I should have added no more to your preparations. Slight as they were, however, I am sure you have plenty of clean changes, and as your Brother says all seemed to be well, I shall only hope that Cousins Leland and Lula and All, will feel as refreshed after this hospitality as my dear Boy does. He actually began tracing genealogy last evening, by front door, & when he thought of Cousin Leland's being beyond actual 1st degree, he said, as he arose to retire, & said it earnestly - "O he's my first cousin"! ! He had been greatly pleased with Everyone there, & at the other homes.

I arose early this morning, and as Worder is on duty with pony, and your Brother not ready for breakfast as early as I ("Mirabile dictu"! ) - I do some extras to-day. . .

I hope you and all the Cousins will keep well. I was so glad to hear of the pleasure Willie had in the music in the home! Cousin Leland's mother so at home at piano as well as the others - and of Cousin Leland's good singing. . .

Our dearest love to yourself, your sweet Sister, and all the Household.

Lovingly your mother,

Cora Owens Hume

---

Rev. William Hume married Rebecca Andrew.

Wm. Priestly Hume	Alfred Hume, married Louise Bradford
: Mar. Jeannette Garvin	:
: :	:
Wm. Garvin Hume, m. Cora Owens Pope	William Hume, mar. Mary Leland
: :	:
Wm. Garvin Hume, Jr., Edith, Martha O.	Leland Hume, m. Louise Trenholm

In 1904, Brother visited the St. Louis Exposition, stopping en route to visit Grandma and Aunt Sallie at Salem. The preceding summer Sister and I spent three happy weeks there. They would have been still happier, had we not grown to feel that the Salem property was an insatiable monster costing dear and giving almost nothing in return except anxiety and privation. At that time there was a comical-looking old bachelor living in Salem, of whom Grandma was fond, but who was a source of great amusement to her. This old bachelor, wearing a handkerchief around his neck in lieu of a collar, called to pay his neighborly respects to Sister and me. He squirmed in his chair and was so manifestly ill at ease that Grandma, setting in the rear, went off just as in youth into one of her silent paroxysms of laughter. Sister and I had them both in front of us, and between Grandma's restrained laughter and our own amusement, you can imagine the agony we suffered in trying to keep straight faces. Among the other people we met at Salem were Mrs. Anthony and her sons, Willis and Harry, who were the kindest of friends to Grandma and Aunt Sallie.

In the summer of 1907 Grandma paid us her last visit, leaving in July. Though she was nearly eighty-one years old and spoke of feeling the weakness of age, her mind was as clear as ever and she made the trip alone from Salem and back again. Sister and I took delight in waiting upon her (under protest from her) and in giving her leisure for reading. She was fond of romances, and one day when I brought her "Richard Carvel" and "To Have and To Hold," for her to take her choice, she looked up with a little laugh and a little blush and asked, "Edith, which has the most love-making in it?" During that last visit, Sister and I made her a beautiful white dress and a beautiful blue one. And how sweet she did look in them.

In 1907 Brother, your dear father, bought the lot at 2105 Douglass Boulevard, where he built the following spring. He brought Grandma out to see it, and she was glad to know we were going back to the Highlands we liked so well. In September 1907 she was taken ill with jaundice, and died on October 27, 1907. Mother went to Salem the early part of October, and she and Aunt Sallie brought Grandma's body to Louisville. The funeral took place from the chapel in Cave Hill Cemetery, the Reverend Charles Hemphill, a Presbyterian minister, officiating; and her body was laid to rest, as she had requested, by the side of her little Letitia.

#### CHAPTER XI

Mother and Brother and Sister and I moved to our new home on Douglass Boulevard in October 1908. The dear Bishop McCloskey, then past eighty, came and blessed the house. He died the following fall; in him we lost one who loved us with the "chastity and chivalry of perfect friendship."

Your friendship is a land-locked harbor fair  
To which the galleons of my thoughts repair.  
Safe from the stormy reaches of despair  
They fold their wind-stressed sails  
And rest them there.

Justin Gruelle

When we moved to the Boulevard it was outside the city limits, and the city cars stopped at Bonnycastle Avenue and were not extended until about two years later. The Bardstown Road from Bonnycastle out was a turnpike, with country cars at the side. We had electricity and river water, but no gas for about two years. Automobiles were just coming into common use in Louisville. It was a truly beautiful suburban neighborhood, but it gradually grew a little uncomfortably rich for our modest means! When we moved there ours was the fifth house, and there were no houses between us and the Bardstown Road.

Grandma's last letter - a birthday letter to Martha Owens Hume, her granddaughter. The pattern she mentions had been lent to her years before by her friend, Mary Baber, then Mrs. Henry Crutcher.

Salem Ill. September 27, 1907.

My dear little pet namesake -

I began to think or fear this time last week, that I'd not be able to send you any kind of a birthday letter; but while still feeble, am enabled during each day to employ myself in some way in my room, thus keeping off "ennui."

So far, your month has been a delightful one. Was charmed to learn of the success with your roses. They had a trying time and a hard fight for life; and only by your constant perseverance were they saved by frequent baths and at the right time during that warm, dry spell. Have two "corals" in this yard, which often I've wished you had. Too shady for them. . .

On my return from Louisville, I enjoyed working little at a time on my piece of fancy work of long ago. . . My heart was in it & twould have been accomplished had this unaccountable feeble spell not overtaken me. (You cannot conceive how thin I've grown in a short time.) This work is very slow & am now doubtful of finishing it; still am desirous of getting that much done, in order to send pattern to owner through you while she and I are in the land of the living. . . Mary Baber was a dear friend, and the only intimate one I ever had. Not beautiful but very fair, chaste and pure; and she had a lovely mother. We told each other all our secrets; and whenever we met, had some new conquest to tell of, and laugh over. Far more cheerful at my home than hers. One reason was, she lived five miles out; I, in walking distance from town. 'Twas rare that a young gentleman rode out to Glen Cottage. Then, too, my pa was very popular with both old & young; a lawyer in Gallatin & knew all the young ladies and gentlemen. This makes a great difference. Mr. Baber, regarded a rich farmer, and had an elegant home, on Nashville "Pike."

Edith & you would have had more beaux than I had, if you had been similarly situated, because you have more composure of manner. Blushing & ill at ease from the time I entered parlor until I left it; and sometimes Pa had to speak right sharply or I s'dn't have put in an appearance. In a large city a girl needs help & a great deal of it. Unless she has money, has to do much pushing. You know some girls have a lot of "push ahead."

Trust your day will be a delightful one, without a flaw; that "Our Heavenly Father" may hold many blessings in store for you; for He promises to care for fatherless children.

From y'r loving Grandmother, Martha Baldrige Owens.

NOTE. She died October 27, 1907, one month to the day after this letter was written. Among the many blessings God gave her was the happiness of being loved and useful to the end.

One of the things that marred the pleasure we felt in moving into our new home was the fact that our dear grandmother was not there to enjoy it with us.

Still, it is a fact, unnoticed out true, that when we wish our loved ones back on earth, we are wishing them back into the battle, back again among the struggling masses of men and women who are not fortunate enough to have been made welcome in the Home of Christ. "So also you now indeed have sorrow; but I will see you again," said Our Lord, "and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you." Any desire or longing that would make us blush when Christ does see us again should be erased from our souls. Hopeless sorrow over the beloved dead is such a desire, since we want them for ourselves. The ones we love are seeing Him, their hearts are rejoicing as He promised, and their joy no man can take from them. Be content. They have gone home. Let them rest in His arms.

From "The Home World," by Francis X. Doyle, S. J.

Unfortunately, her early training and environment blinded her to the truth of the Catholic Church, which would have satisfied every longing of her soul and would have been her sweetest consolation. She was never thrown much with Catholics; there were few at Salem, and no resident priest. She suffered for years over our being Catholics, but towards the end - I think it was during her last visit - she said, "I wouldn't change you now, if I could." It seems to me that her outstanding virtue was purity. She read her Bible through every year and tried to serve God, and her loved ones feel the happy confidence that He Who understands all has given her the Crown of Life.

And now, after many generations, our family is back in the Fold. May God keep us there to the end. Do not forget that to your brave little grandmother, Cora (Mary) Owens Hume, was given the grace to lead the way.



In these pages, dear children, I've tried to give you a glimpse, not only of our family's background, out also of our beloved country's history, and to disprove to some extent what I heard Bishop Fulton J. Sheen say in one of his lectures - ~~that~~

"The Irish never forget history  
The English never remember it,  
And Americans never learn it."

Praise and thanksgiving to the good God, Who has loaded us with blessings.

Northwestern Hotel, Liverpool, Novr 21st, 1876

My dear wife

Our good ship arrived here safely this morning and I stand at last on British soil with British fog around me. The Britannic was too heavily loaded to come up to the dock, and the passengers were brought up here on steam tugs. We were notified last night that breakfast would be ready this morning at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock sharp, that the baggage would all be carried on deck, and that we must be up early to claim it and have it examined by the revenue officers. We were up early, but the custom house men did not come out until about eight o'clock, and there was confusion confounded on board for the space of two hours. Everything, however, must have an end and at last we were landed at the wharf and found our way to the hotel. I find it by no means difficult to realize that I am in a foreign land. All is different here from what it is at home.

The vehicles I was somewhat prepared for by our Canadian experience, but for the different appearance of the horses I was not. Some of the draught horses here are perfectly tremendous, great broad backs and legs that look more like elephants' than horses' legs, and, then, by way of contrast, there are some carts drawn by donkeys, the smallest you ever saw. Some of them seem no taller than Stewart. In many of the omnibuses they drive three horses, hitched abreast, in others three horses - one in front, two behind. A short time ago I saw a hearse and a carriage for mourners. Talk about woe! I have seen it on four wheels. After carefully observing that hearse and carriage I assure you that I would rather have been buried at sea than to be taken to the cemetery in such a gloomy looking wagon.

I have been walking a good deal to-day, looking at public buildings, in at shop windows, &c. The shops have adopt one plan that is exceedingly convenient and worthy of imitation. The large show windows are filled with articles each bearing a printed tag stating the price. This is very convenient when adopted so generally as it is here. Enables one to see at once whether the price is more or less than at neighbouring shops.

The weather is very disagreeable - fog and dampness everywhere. I intend leaving here to-morrow for London and do not expect to tarry in England now. Give my love to all at home. Kiss the dear baby for me and accept for yourself, my darling, the best love love of my fond heart. I feel very tired and for this time must say Goodbye.

Yours ever

W. G. Hume

From William G. Hume to his wife

Nice December 23d 1876.

My dear Cora

I have just received two letters from you, one postmarked 4th Decr, the other the 6th. I have written to you twice this week already, but you are so good about writing that I am commencing another letter in the hope that it is as much of a gratification to you as to me to receive letters.

The weather here for the last three days has been abominable, and the cold damp air has made me very uncomfortable to say the least of it. In fact there has been much unpleasant weather since my arrival and I have pretty well made up my mind to leave here for Egypt. There it is certainly warm and dry and I never in my life was so sick of wet weather.

This morning, weary of being confined in-doors, I took a walk notwithstanding the wet weather. The sea was quite rough and I stood on the quay for some time watching the great waves rolling in and dashing themselves with spray against the rocks. The horizon was black with clouds, the mountain ranges way off in the distance were covered with snow and altogether the view was rather a gloomy one, and I returned to the bright fire in the sitting room of the hotel thinking that the much boasted beauty and mildness of this climate was, like many other things in France, mere sham. I must say, however, in justice to Nice that every one here who has spoken to me of the weather declares this to be an almost unprecedented spell. Very little comfort is this to me, as it is not likely that I shall ever behold Nice again. But however bad the weather has been or may be Nice in sunshine has manifold beauties to please the eye and charm the heart.

I notice what you say about the Church and the Theatre, and will read the piece in the Courier, to which you refer, when it comes to hand. Had it not been for a shade of regret, I could have smiled at the mixture you made in your letter of the bible the pulpit and the stage. The latter from your own account had attracted you six times in about ten days, and you must pardon me my dear dear wife if I say that Prof Blackie will scarcely be able to convince me that such frequency was right however much his views and your own may coincide on the subject.

How I do love to read of such sweet home scenes as that described in your last letter! In reading your pleasant and well written description of the capers of the sweet baby boy, of his efforts to lisp my name and get my picture, I could scarcely keep my eyes from filling. Indeed I am not quite sure that there were not some unshed tears there as I thought of how many miles away you and my dear children are.

. . . I think I shall leave here next week for Alexandria. . . Some recommend starting from Genoa, some from Brindisi, while others argue that Marseilles is the best point. . From Genoa and from Marseilles the time by steamer is about six days, from Brindisa about three days. . . If I only had a fire place in my room, nothing would be easier than for me to spend an hour or two every night in writing to you, and nothing would be more pleasant. . .

Your devoted husband  
W. G. H.

From William C. Hume to Cora, his wife.

On the Mediterranean Steamer Erymanthe Jany 1st 1877.

Cora, dear wife: The last minutes of the old year and the first of the new I spent in prayer, thanking Our Father for his mercies to us during the one that has passed, and asking a continuance of them through the one upon which we have just entered. . .

. . . We found ourselves on the morning of the 30th ult. in the bay of Naples. As we were some distance from land we secured the services of a boatman to take us ashore. . . Having then an hour to spare we took a walk through the streets, through narrow dirty streets where peddlers shouted unceasingly, where donkeys brayed with persistency, where our nostrils were greeted by odors long and loud . . . and yet we went on through the streets, where poverty and wealth, where dirt and beauty, where hovels and palaces, where garlic and oranges were mixed in unutterable, indescribable confusion. I turned back. . . glad to get once more on board our dirty ship, which looked clean and bright compared with Naples. Naples! Naples! "See Naples and die." Yes, see Naples and die of suffocation. . . Another torrent from Vesuvius may flow over her, beneath ashes and mud and lava she may be hidden for ages from sight - But surely the odor of garlic wafted from that shore will ever mark where Naples stood.

But in spite of all that I have written, I shall return to Naples if nothing prevents. The Museum there is splendid, and that I must see.

. . . A run of ten hours brought us another interesting sight. We had reached the Lipari islands and there looming up before us was Stromboli sending up white wreaths of smoke and now and then flashes of light. . . Having had Vesuvius for breakfast and Stromboli for supper, we were satisfied for one day and tumbled into our bunks knowing that for breakfast next day we should have Aetna. And we did - And Aetna is the most respectable-looking mountain I have seen, as far superior to Vesuvius as Vesuvius is to Muldraugh Hill.

During the night we had passed through the Strait of Messina and so the Southern coast of Italy we had left far behind when morning dawned. Aetna was all that Sicily could show us. . . This afternoon we passed in sight of the island of Crete.

Tuesday Jany 2d 1877

To morrow I hope to have the pleasure of putting this letter in the post office at Alexandria. The ship carpenter, who is the only man on board from whom we can get any reliable information, says that in three hours from this time, 9 o'clock, we will be in sight of that city. . . Please give my love, hearty and sincere, to your Ma and Sallie, and my kind regards to Mr. & Mrs. Pope, Mr. & Mrs. Grant, Mr. & Mrs. Jacob and to Walker and Buchanan when you see them. Write to Stewart and tell him that papa sends much love to him and hopes that he is a good boy and that he learns fast. Kiss the dear baby for me. Accept for yourself the best love of my heart and try in return to think fondly of

Your husband  
W. C. Hume.

Remember me to the servants, and to Cary when you see him.

From William G. Hume to his wife

Cairo, Jan 12th, 1877

Cora, my dear wife. . . There is no use here in my writing to you more than once a week, because there is only one mail a week from here to England. It is the same from there here. . . I wrote a letter to your Uncle Hamilton a day or two ago, and would have written to your Ma and Sallie at the same time; but as you are all together my letters to you will do for all.

I went out to the Pyramids a few days ago . . . I went to the summit of Cheops, or rather I was carried up there by four Arabs who took all the "backsheesh" I had, for the job. . . Cairo is more Oriental in appearance than Alexandria, and is much larger. There are miles of such streets and such shops here as I described to you in my last letter. Streets not more than six feet wide, some of them indeed even less. The upper stories project over the lower ones until they touch at the top. That is the houses on opposite sides of the street touch each other about twenty feet from the ground. . .

The climate is delightful, or at any rate has been so during my stay here. Fleas are abundant and I carry about me generally from two to a dozen. I think that I shall remain here for several weeks, but your letter in answer to this will likely reach me in Italy. It will be at least forty days before I get an acknowledgement of this precious document. Please continue to write as you have done and tell me all about your dear self and the baby. I am very sorry to hear that you are not feeling well and hope to receive better news in your next letter. I shall feel uneasy until I hear that you are not sick. I cough less than when I left home, and have a better appetite. I think that this climate will do me good. Please give my kindest regards to Dr. Scott, and tell him to send people to Egypt who need dry bracing atmosphere. I regret very much to hear that the scarlet fever is so bad in Louisville. . . It seems strange to me here to read of the cold weather you are having. We are surrounded by roses, bananas, oranges etc.

I had an invitation from a lady staying at this hotel to go with her to the Opera this evening, but had to decline as I do not go out in the evening. She is a friend of Genl Loring, a Mrs. Porter from America, but now living in Paris. Love to all. Kiss baby.

Yr. husband.

William Carvin Hume to his wife

Corfu, Island of Corfu, Febr'y 27th 1877.

My dear Cora. On the evening of the 24th I left Athens, and on the morning of 25th inst sailed from Piraeus on a Greek Steamer to Kalamaki, from there by carriage rode over to Lutraki and went on board another Steamer in the Gulf of Corinth (or Lepanto as the gulf is sometimes called) which brought me to this place. From here I sail to Brindisi. A steamer left here to-day for that place but as the weather here seemed so delightful and the island is so pretty I concluded to rest here for a few days. I could have proceeded to Naples, or to Brindisi, if I had chosen by Steamer direct, but preferred coming through this way - partly because of my dread of another shaking up on the Mediterranean, on the way around the Southern Shore of Greece, and partly because there was much of historical interest and many charming views to be seen on the way home. This island is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. The climate is spoken of highly and the city of Corfu is much sought by invalids as a winter residence.

Shortly after crossing the Isthmus of Corinth we had a good view of the Citadel of that famous city. Of the city itself very little remains to attest its ancient grandeur. . . If you will turn to your bible you will find in Acts an account of Paul's stay there after his visit to Athens. It was in Corinth that he supported himself for many months as a sail-maker. After leaving New Corinth the steamer skirts the Coast of the Peloponnesus. To the left the summits of Erymanthus and those of Cyllene may be seen, covered with snow, to the right Parnassus and Helicon. The next point where the Steamer touches is Patras, which is quite a commercial town (25,000 inhabitants) whence currants are largely exported. The next place of interest passed by us was Missolonghi, where Byron died. . . Our next landing was at Zante. From there to Cephalonia. . thence past the island of St. Maura. . to Paxo, between which and the little island of Antipaxo we passed. Not far from here was Actium on the Coast of Epirus, where Antony's fleet 31 B. C. was destroyed. Do you remember the passage in a poem you have heard me repeat -

"Though my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore  
Though my scarred and veteran legions  
Bear their eagles high no more  
Though no glittering guard surrounds me  
Prompt to do their master's will  
I must perish like a Roman  
Die the great Triumvir still"

. . . This afternoon we drove out to the village of Gasturi where we went to an oil mill . . . Gasturi is noted for its beautiful women. They have handsome features and are far superior in appearance to the women we saw about Athens. I have a prettier wife at home than can be found at Gasturi. That, I can say without paying you much of a compliment. . The men of Greece as a class are handsome. . They are far superior in my estimation to the French or Italians. . They are said to be great swindlers and rogues, but I have seen less dishonesty among them than among the French, the Italians or the Arabs. Of course in speaking of these people I refer only to those with whom I have had dealings. . I have not seen three beggars in Greece. In one hour in Naples I saw five times that number and in Cairo, delightful Cairo! I have seen so many that I fear you would think any statement an exaggeration. When I reach home you must remind me to tell you of the costumes here. . .



Letter of William Garvin Hume to his wife

Naples, Mch 12, 1877

Cora dear: Away up on a hill side whose summit is crowned with a fort known as Saint Elmo, on a Street called Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, in a hotel named for the City - Hotel de Naples, and in a room whose windows overlook the bay of Naples. Far above the noise and commotion, the dirt and bad odors of the largest city in Italy I sit penning this message to an absent wife. The loveliness and the fertility of the shores of the Bay of Naples have been told in prose and rhyme for many centuries. We have read of the olive and vine the citron and cedar, the cloudless sky and placid sea. Alas for song and fable! Instead of olive and vine think of ice and snow, instead of citron and cedar - wind and rain, the azure sky hidden by heavy clouds, the "blue Parthenopean waves" changed into ugly billows. Such is Naples now. . . Old Vesuvius has snow enough upon its sides to cool the internal fires, and sufficient rain has fallen here to wash any place but Naples, clean. And this is Sunny Italy!!! . . .

. . . One day when it did not rain, I went to Pompeii. Other days I went in a close carriage to the Museum. At the former place I of course saw very much to interest me, but as you have heard perhaps as much of that resurrected city as I could tell you I shall defer for the present any account of my visit there. The Museum here is an exceedingly interesting one. It contains nearly all of the excavated treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii. . . Among the most wonderful things in the Museum are the papyrus rolls found at the above mentioned places. Hundreds of them are to be seen there, resembling more in appearance burnt potatoes (sweet potatoes) than anything to which I can liken them. Yet, wonderful to relate, they are succeeding not only in unrolling these thoroughly cooked documents - by an ingenious contrivance; but, are deciphering them and will be able in time to give to the world a very fair copy of their contents. As regards Pompeii, nothing has so impressed me with the horrors of the last day of that doomed city as some plaster casts now on exhibition. . . Fiorelli who is superintending the excavations conceived the idea, when coming to a cavity in digging, of filling it with a fluid mixture that would harden and preserve the form of what the cavity had contained. In this way was preserved for our inspection the perfect forms in their death agony of several persons who perished in that dreadful way.

Enclosed you will find a photograph of one of these casts. A woman lying on her face. The picture does not give you a just idea of how dreadfully true a representation is presented of the despair and agony of this dying woman. The clenched fingers, the arm over the eyes as if to shut out some dreadful sight - All, all, is sadly shown.

My next letter to you will likely go from Rome. I hope to go there this week and have only remained here so long because I feared worse weather there. Give my love to your Ma and Sallie and to all at Clarksville. Kiss baby for me. Accept much love for yourself from  
Your husband.

I have had no letters from you, since I wrote before.

Letter of William Garvin Hume to his wife

Milan, April 11, 1877

My dear Cora. I left Venice this morning and arrived here at 4 o'clock this afternoon. . . The ride here to day was a very pleasant one and the scenery beautiful. Italy and France are very highly cultivated and it would surprise one accustomed only to our country, where so much ground is idle, to see how every available spot here is utilized. A crop of some sort they seem to be able to raise even on the rocky sides of the mountains away up where the clouds seem to touch, and from there on down to the rich and fertile valleys may be seen at this season the men, women and children hard at work getting in the seed or preparing the soil.

On our way here we travelled for many miles along the margin of the Lago di Garda, which is near to Lake Como and not very far distant from Lake Maggiore. The scenery about there was lovely . . particularly at one point where the town of Sermone, way out in the lake, is visible from the mainland. The water of the lake is singularly clear and beautiful, as that of all the Alpine lakes is said to be. . . Perhaps when you and I go to Egypt we can come back this way. On the way here we passed through Verona . . also Brescia which is one of the most picturesque looking places I have seen. Of Milan, I have not yet seen much. . . I have been to the Cathedral and expect to go there many more times to-morrow. . . I have never seen anything to equal it in the way of Gothic architecture. One decided advantage this church has over Saint Peter's - when you have looked at it inside and out, you feel as if you had seen it.

I was in Rome nearly three weeks and made it a point to go to St. Peters whenever I was in its vicinity which was very often. I was there on Easter Sunday when there were several thousand people present, was there on other days when sight seers like myself made up nearly the entire crowd. I have driven around the exterior several times, have walked around also, have been in it examining it in detail, with guide book in hand, and have loitered away hours there trying to realize its dimensions - and yet I do not feel that I have seen St. Peters. . . The length is  $613\frac{1}{2}$  feet, the width of the nave and side aisles is about 198 feet, of the transepts from end to end  $446\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The height of the nave is said to be  $152\frac{1}{2}$  feet, that of the dome, from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet. So . . there seems to be no reason why its size cannot be realized. . But so it is! I think easily and comprehensively of the exterior of St. Peters, of the interior I do not. But enough of this.

. . I long to see you my wife, and the children. I grow impatient as the time approaches and feel like hastening on. My health has not been quite so good recently but I am still in hopes of reaching home in better health than when I left. Much love to your Ma and Sallie, and a kiss for baby and yourself.

Yours affy

William

Letter from Bishop Wm. Geo. McCloskey

Battle's Wharf, near Mobile  
21 March 1881

Mrs. Cora O. Hume.  
Dear Madam,

Your kind & very welcome letter was forwarded to me here some days ago, &, but that I was too ill to do more than answer business letters which required immediate attention, I should have replied at once to your esteemed favour. The request you kindly conveyed in it shall be complied with. The receipt of your letter was peculiarly grateful to me, for I had feared that perhaps my silence might have been misunderstood.

And now for yourself. Shall I be frank with you & tell you, that to me your real difficulty appears to be, that you have lost faith in your own religious teaching, without having as yet been able conscientiously to accept anything else in their stead. As I told you once, you are at sea as regards religious convictions; & being in need of something to satisfy the cravings of a strong spiritual nature that longs earnestly for union with God, you are yet haunted by the thought that sin may bar the way to that union with its Creator which your soul yearns for. That you magnify your faults to yourself, I have no doubt; and that through a fine sense of the evil of wrongdoing; a nice delicacy of conscience that shrinks from contact with sin. To me, you appear scrupulous; unreasonably frightened by shadows of wrong that exists only in your imagination. Sin is a fearful evil; the only one in fact; but then, we are not to fancy that sin is, when it is not; for that were being scrupulous, & scrupulosity is a weakness, not true piety.

But you may tell me I am too mild in my judgments; that you are disturbed in mind, not by groundless fears, but by a clear knowledge of the fact, that you have offended God grievously, & need His forgiveness; and don't know that you have it; &, in fine, that you come to me as a minister of that same God, and ask me to tell you what you are to do that your soul may have peace. Well, my dear friend, if you will put it in this form, (and I pray you to pardon me if I tell you I still believe you are scared at shadows), I shall again be frank with you, & say, that there is a way to obtain pardon for sins that weigh heavily on the conscience, & thus regain the peace we have lost. Christ, in His infinite mercy & goodness, has left us a remedy. "Whose sins he shall forgive, they are forgiven them"; an "absolution" to be sought & obtained, not by joining in the "general Confession" of the service, in which those present acknowledge themselves sinners, (for the just man could do that), but by the special confession of them to God's authorized minister.

Did the second part of Christ's declaration never strike you? "Whose sins ye shall retain," (that is, whose sins ye shall not forgive), "they are retained" - they remain unforgiven. What else could the words mean? Don't you perceive, my good friend, that a judgment is implied here? for how is the minister to know what sins are to be forgiven, what retained, - whether the culprit is well or ill prepared to receive forgiveness or not, - unless he first hears what these sins are? Don't you see that confession, (in the Catholic sense), is implied in the very words of Christ? It is not agreeable to nature, I grant; it is a burden people would gladly be rid of if they could; and yet, for fifteen hundred years all Christendom believed

Bishop's letter of March 21, 1881, to Cora Owens Hume (continued)

& practised this doctrine, & it is, even yet, the belief & practice of the vast majority of Christians. The forgiving or retaining of sins then, implies the forming of a judgment about them, before binding or loosing the sinner. Fancy a judge, authorized to hear & decide criminal causes, going through a prison, pardoning or condemning the poor prisoners indiscriminately; saying to one man, you go free, to another, you stay where you are; you I dondemn; I absolve you; & soon, instead of hearing & deciding each case on its own merits. You would say it was absurd; but just so it would be were the minister of God to absolve or condemn a sinner without first hearing what the culprit had to say.

Now, my dear friend, if this be your case; if the fear of sin & its grave consequences in the life to come, if unforgiven in this, is what frightens you, you may well ask to know what you are to do to be saved; and yet, distressing as it is to a delicate conscience, the very fear that you may perhaps have never had the benefit of a real absolution, (& how could you) is a grace which God in his mercy sends you. Cherish it carefully; but go farther, and examine for yourself, and see if there be any truth in that doctrine of the Catholic Church, that for grave offences, committed after baptism, the sacrament of penance is the only channel of forgiveness. It is an unpalatable doctrine, I know, and people would gladly believe that it is not necessary to go to confession; but if it is, & Christ has pointed out the means of safety, by holding out to us this plank after the shipwreck of baptismal innocence, surely it were folly not to grasp it.

It seems to me, my dear friend, that for you the study of this question is one of peculiar urgency, for the forgiveness of sin would appear to be just now your great spiritual trouble; as indeed, it commonly is, of those finer natures & more delicately sensitive souls, who knowing the infinite purity & holiness of God, see how hateful sin is in His sight, & so fear to offend His divine Majesty.

But, as I said, examine for yourself. There is a little book called "the faith of Our Fathers". Get it and read the chapter on the Sacrament of Penance, & when I return home, I shall most cheerfully do all I can to clear up your difficulties. But pray earnestly to know the truth, & with a willing mind to accept it should God show it you, as He will, if you are sincere, as I know you are, in seeking for light. For two weeks my address will be: Care of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Quinlan, Mobile. And now, my dear friend, may God bless & guide you. Pray for me & Believe me very sincerely & respectfully,  
Yours in Christ,

Wm Geo. McCloskey, Bp. of Louisville.

Letter to Cora Cwens Hume

My Dear Mrs Hume,

I have arrived this moment from the train, & regret that you should have been disappointed in not receiving an answer sooner.

Come to the church, directly, & dressed just as you are ordinarily when you come to see me. There is no need of a veil. As for the children, dress them just as you will, but the simpler the better. Any that wish to come to witness the ceremony are quite welcome to do so. May God bless & strengthen you. Pray for me & Believe me

Sincerely & most respectfully yours

Tuesday

Wm Geo McCloskey  
Bp

Cathedral of the Assumption,  
Louisville, Ky. 20 April, 1881

My Dear God-Child,

What a joy to my heart to be able to call you by that blessed name, and to feel that you are now safe in the bosom of dear old Mother-Church. May God give you all the courage it implies.

I went down to Rogers to select you a prayer-book. There was not much choice, but I trust it will suit you. One of its best features is, that it has the Canon of the Mass, and the Epistles & Gospels for every Sunday in the year.

The Roman Missal you will find useful & instructive, especially as you become more familiar with the History of the Mass. The Following of Christ you are familiar with already. It is one of those books one likes to have near one. Pray do me the favour to accept these books on this the day of your entrance into the Catholic Church. They will also remind you of your God-Father, and lead you to pray for him. You have long had a memento in his Mass, & while I live, neither you nor your dear household will be forgotten by me in the Holy Sacrifice.

- May God bless you, my Dear Child, & all who are near & dear to you. Pray for me &

Believe me

Ever sincerely & affectionately yours in J. C.

Wm Geo. McCloskey  
Bishop of Louisville

Letter to Cora Owens Hume

Louisville 24 Sept. 1882

My Dear Mrs. Hume,

When I received your note you were already gone, and since my return to the city, I have been confined to my room, with my foot resting on a stool, & a fine pair of crutches near to help me to get about.

Today I sent Nathan to ask your address, of the family next door to your residence, & I now write to tell you how much I regretted not seeing you before you left. And you may fancy how busy I was for some days after my return home from Cleveland.

I am glad you have taken a little recreation, for your health needed the change, and I trust it will benefit little Edith too.

Do you know when Mrs. Pope intends returning home? I send her several letters for Roman friends, who will make her stay in the Eternal City agreeable, if only she doesn't get there in October; for then, everybody that can get out of town, leaves. It is the vacation month of Rome. The galleries are all closed, the Pope gives few audiences, & to a stranger the place looks forsaken.

If you wish it, I will give you a letter to Bishop Ryan. You will find him a charming man, & as great a favourite with Protestants as Catholics. I try to run on to St. Louis occasionally to see my friends, but this year I have lost so much time by sickness, and stumbling over railway benches, that I will have to go to work as soon as I am able; which, I trust, will be in a few days. But if I do visit St. Louis this Fall, you may rest assured I will give myself the pleasure of calling on you.

Little Willie no doubt enjoys the change & finds St. Louis larger than Louisville. Tell me how they are all doing, not forgetting little Martha. Pray, present my kind regards to your Mother & Miss Owens when you see them.

Remember me in your prayers: I shall not forget you in mine.

Ever sincerely your friend

Wm Geo. McCloskey

Bp Louisville



When Lucy, Mary and Billy Gray Hume were little:

"I'm Capper Jinks a horser areens,  
I feed my horse on corner beans." (Lucy's version of "I'm Captain Jinks of  
the Horse Marines.")

Lucy and Mary breathlessly, when new furnace was being put in: "O Mother,  
one of the men has his thumb out off right here" (pointing half-way down  
their thumbs). Caroline, their mother, rushes for bandages, etc. Lucy  
and Mary: "Oh, he didn't do it today. It was a long time ago."

"Mary, please lend me your stick. Oh, please. I'll let you hold my June-  
bug." (Lucy)

Billy Gray, on hearing that he was not to be taken to church when his sis-  
ters were confirmed, protested: "I don't want to be firmed, but I want to  
see Mary-Lucy firmed; and I know Father Willett'd be charmed to see my  
new suit."

Billy Gray took a violent dislike to a picture of St. Michael and Satan  
which was hanging in his room. His mother talked to him about how beau-  
tiful, etc. Saint Michael is. "Well," said Billy Gray finally, "I'll  
keep the angel; and you take the devil."

We used to try to interest baby Lucy by showing her the portraits, telling  
her that one was a picture of her great-great-grandfather and one was a  
picture of a cousin of her great-grandmother's. One evening when we  
were carrying her to bed and thought she was almost asleep, she looked  
up at Cousin Mary's portrait, raised a little hand, and said, "Gwate,  
gwate."

Billy Gray talks Cockney English. He told his mother: "Stannie took my  
'at and I 'it 'im on the 'ed."

Lucy and Mary were taking dinner with us on Bonnycastle Avenue when Mary  
announced quite cheerfully that their dog, Katie, had recently died. On  
Mother's commencing to ask the particulars, Lucy suddenly got up and  
whispered in Mother's ear: "Don't talk about Katie, or Mary will cry."  
Neither Mother nor Mary heard. Then Lucy repeated the warning in a  
louder whisper. At that, Mary, seeing what was expected of her sensitive  
nature, broke into a blood-curdling shriek and had to be soothed for about  
ten minutes.

After Baby Lucy had been crying hard about anything, she would say pre-  
emptorily: "Wipe er tear; wipe er tear."

Caroline told Billy Gray that she, too, was once a baby. "Oh," he said  
in astonishment, "you were? Who took care of me then?"

The street railway company had been getting out a little pamphlet giving,  
among other items, a list of articles recently found by employes on the  
street cars. Mary was reading the list aloud and announced the losses  
as 60 umbrellas, 1 dirty temper," etc. On looking at the list her father  
found that the "dirty temper" was a dirt tamper.

Billy Gray's mother showed him a devil's race-horse. "Why isn't the devil  
riding him?" inquired Billy Gray. He had been thinking earnestly. Then  
he said reflectively: "Deedie and Marpa and Grandmother. That's all there  
are in their house. There ought to be a man." The electric light  
suspended from a cord at the back door was swinging to and fro. He was  
asked to go out there for something, but demurred. "No, I'm afraid,"  
he said. "The light and dark is moving."

## When Lucy and Mary and Billy Gray were little

Caroline took Lucy to the oculist's, and had to take Billy Gray, aged four, with her, because she had no one to leave him with. They were there from 10 o'clock to 1, and Billy Gray naturally grew restless. Finally, as a diversion, he turned a somersault on the floor. The laugh that brought forth from the numerous people in the reception room made him quite pleased with himself, and he proceeded to turn somersaults all over the office, and enjoyed himself so much that when 1 o'clock came he lay down on the floor and refused to leave until his mother told him goodbye and went out into the hall.

Billy Gray learned to write "Billy Gray." "Why don't you write your full name, 'Billy Gray Hume?'" asked his father. Billy Gray said he didn't know how to write his last name; so his father wrote it on the home blackboard and Billy Gray started on the new word, "Hume." As he commenced the ups and downs of the "m" he said, "Tell me when to stop."

He had been trying to sew. "Muvver," he said after a while, in a pleading voice, "needle my thread for me."

Lucy and Mary delighted in teasing Billy Gray with remarks over his head. "He's in love with Cleopatra," they said to us one day in his presence. Billy Gray tried his best to look nonchalant. "I don't even know her," he protested. Mother told the little story to our sexton, and he added to the hilarity by asking, "Does she live around here?"

From essay written before the close of school year 1934 by Frank D. Burke, one of the 8th grade boys at St. James School. It is supposed to give a glimpse of the future regarding the class.

I enter a very exclusive club for a bit of refreshment after the past scenes of strife, and there I overhear this conversation: "Why, Lucy, I have not seen you at the track for ages." "Yes, Marea, the life of the legal profession is indeed trying."

Here I may check two more off my list. Marea Burke owns some of the country's finest race horses and Lucy Hume is the foremost judge in Illinois. . . .

Back to the city again and into the store of Hoffman, Michael and Treitz, Inc. The three owners of this department store have just received a complaint from Mary Ann Nofsinger, head of the book department, that those last books by the author, Mary Hume, are not selling so well.



REV. DR. WILLIAM HUME

1770 — 1833

Wedderburn Castle, Scotland

*Presbyterian Minister and Educator at  
Nashville, Tennessee. 1801-1833*

*Executed at the request of delaware Hume*