

AUNT EVE INTERVIEWED.



AUNT EVE.

AUNT EVE was a superannuated negress, whose daily perambulations brought her to the kitchens of many families in Baltimore whose sires she had known in their childhood, and whom she had long outlived. The recipient of unconsidered trifles, she acknowledged these favors by the performance of small services, which rendered her welcome to the domestics of the households, among whom she was a historical oracle. As a link between the past and the present, let her speak for herself as she sits sipping her morning coffee by the fireside:

"Your sarvant, Sir. How's you and your wife, and all de children, maaster? I hopes you're all well. Bless de Lord! I'm broke, sonny—poor as a snake; pick up a bone here to-day and dere to-morrow.

"Near as I can come, I'm a hundred and four year old. I was born and bred 'fore Washington's war here in Baltimore, near Henshaw's church, in Sharp Street. My ole maaster's been dead fifty year, but I can 'member very well, for all dat. Ole maaster's father was English captain; ole mistuss's father was sea-captain too. My own father was a Guinea man. Lordeer was my father's name, but maaster changed it to

Nero when he bought him.

"Ye see, Guinea's a big place. Niggers dere allers a-fightin'. Dey ketch one another, and sells 'em to de ships for guns and powder, beads, check and calico, and red flannel—de French great for red flannel—and dat's de reason so many's come in dis country. Dey used to come in ship-loads, like de Irish do now, till ole Tyson*—he was a Quaker, mind ye, and did a heap for de colored people—till he said dere should never no more come here. Dat was after de Resolutionary war. When he died all de niggers went to de burial. Ole mistuss said he was de niggers' god.

"In Guinea—'spects it's like Californy is now—dey digs gold all day, and when dey finds a big lump—so

de Guinea niggers told me—dey go home and kill a chicken or a goat, and puts de blood on de lump of gold. Dat's deir way of giving God thanks. Den dey makes rings and bracelets of it. Maaster bought ten head—some from Mandingo, some from Soso; Father Jack and Sampson come from Missmygwongea—dat's another place. Paragratter, Vando, and Goombo was Gonah women.

"My own father was Guinea man. I'm good breed, caise I'm de royal blood; tell you for why—grandfather was de king's son; he come from de Wombo country; dat's what dey called it. It was a Gonah man taught me dis Guinea talk:

'Wullah, wullah, wuttoongah,
Se bungah looyah,
Coozen mooten lemba,
Hooden mat'na singa.'

I don't know what it means, but ef I'd kep in de sperit of it den I might 'e learnt. Worst of it is, I never could learn to read. Ye see, I was young, and so foolish! Dere was a lady wrote to ole maaster to know if

* Nathan Tyson, an eminent philanthropist and early abolitionist.



"TOTED WOOD AND WATER."

she might teach me to read, but he sent word to know if she wanted to teach his niggers to run away. I might 'e learnt unbeknowns to him, but I was so young and foolish like.

"I don't 'member much of de Resolutionary war, but I knowed when it was. I was small den, but I had a good head. I toted wood and water, and warmed de chile's vitels."

The town of Baltimore was laid off by the county surveyor January 12, 1730. In 1752 there were twenty-five houses, four of which were of brick, nearly all having "hipped" roofs. The present population is 300,000.

"Baltimore was very open place den; streets was nothin' but mud and mire; ladies always wore clogs. Most all de houses was frame, Dutch roofs, hipped roofs; some was brick, but no touch to what it is now! Market Street was all mud an' mire. De quality lived in Gay Street. Dere was old Congress

Hall, where dey had balls and dancin'. I b'lieve it's standin' yet, if dey hain't torn it down. I could show ye where it was, in Liberty Street, though I ain't got but one eye now."

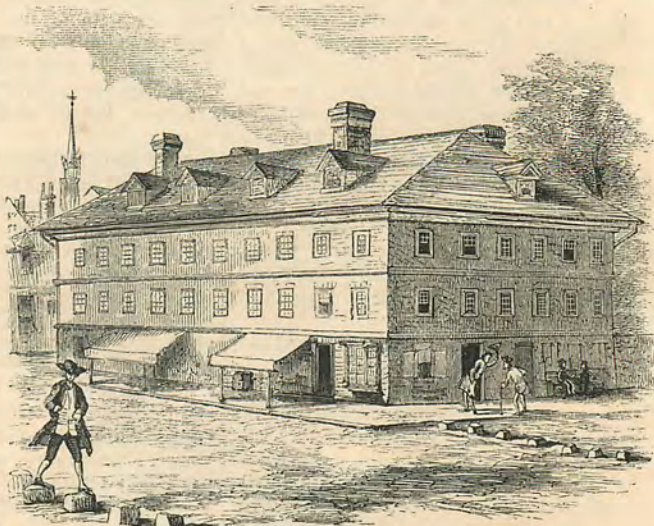
Congress assembled in Baltimore on the 26th December, 1776, and occupied Mr. Jacob Fite's house, being then the farthest west, and one of the largest in the town, and was a long time called "Congress Hall." None of the streets of "Baltimore Town," except here and there on the side ways, were paved until 1782.

"Dey don't have no fairs now, as dey used to. All dere by Congress Hall every Thursday in October, when de races was, dey was sellin' cakes and liquor, and eatin' and drinkin'; dey couldn't get dem all cleared off 'fore Sunday mornin'. De race-course was in de ole fields near dere, so thick of houses now I can't tell ye 'xactly where it is.

"Ye didn't see wagons and carts, as ye do now. Every Friday night all de country people come in with deir butter and radishes and greens, and so forth—cayed dem all a-horseback—twenty, thirty pounds o' butter in de boxes, slung across de horse's back. Dey used to cay dem dis way till it got so bad with robbin' de women and takin' all dey had. Ridgely's women was robbed; and dey took horses and butter and every thing as dey was comin' down to market. Dey never ketched de robbers! Arter dat dey had wagons and carts.

"It was great times in town when de court set. Maaster was great man 'bout de court; he was County Justiss; he always wore a scarlet vest, sometimes scarlet cassimere coat too, and had a tall cane.

"And den when de ships come in from



"IT WAS GREAT TIMES IN TOWN WHEN DE COURT SET."

England, dere was great rejoicin' and feast-in' over it. Dey brought de elegantest English goods. Town's monsus full o' goods now, maaster! Ef de British was to come dey'd ruin many a one, but dey wouldn't ruin me, for I ain't got any! De ships brought a great many English sarvants to be sold here: six-year, seven-year sarvants. But when dey worked deir time out dey had to go free, and ye was obleeged to give 'em a gun, a good suit of clothes, and a mattock."

Besides negroes, there was another species of servant in the colony of Maryland, of whom frequent mention is made, and who in time became a large portion of the population. White emigrants, who were unable to bear the expenses of a voyage to the New World, or to maintain themselves upon their arrival, bound themselves to serve for a limited number of years any one who would advance them the necessary funds. In time this grew to a considerable trade. The indentures were made to the captain of the ship, or some other person, and upon their arrival in the colony their unexpired time was sold to the highest bidder, to whom their indentures were then transferred. In the early ages of the colony they were called *indentured apprentices*; afterward the general term of *redemptioners* was applied to them. These, upon the expiration of their term of service, became useful citizens, and enjoyed the same franchises as their more fortunate masters.

"Ye know, the laws must 'a been good for somethin' *then*! Never had sich laws sence old Sam Chase and lawyer M'Mechin and Martin. Dey daasent strike a gentleman's sarvant den but dey had to go to de court and answer for it! If ye was right, dey'd see ye righted! Since dey took de beggars up, and druv de gentlemen off de streets, de laws ain't been worth a chaw tobacker! Now dese shoe-makers and bridle-makers has de upper hand—it's jest played de old boy and Tom Walker.

"Den dere was allers somethin' lively in town. De Indians dey was a straight, proper people—a very neat, genteel people; dey come in every fall from de back places with buckskin, moccasins, baskets, and so forth, and tomahawks and scalpin'-knives too. Dey used to be all over dis settlement once. Many a time I've been hoein' corn, and I find arrow-heads and stone pots; dey fit with one and dey cooked in t'other. Now dey're all gone: I hope de Lord 'll take care of me!

"Dere was a fine den on tea. Once mistuss seen a man comin', and she took de caddy off de table and hid it under her gown tail. Den dere was a man used to come along every now and den and take a list of all de silver and every thing of de nigger kind; ye paid so much for it—if ye let him see it."

If the tea-party at Boston has been thought worthy of renown, the tea-burning at Annapolis, open and undisguised, should not be forgotten.

In August, 1774, the brigantine *Mary and Jane*, Captain George Chapman, master, arrived in St. Mary's River with several packages of tea on board consigned to merchants in Georgetown and Bladensburg. The Committee of Safety of Charles County immediately summoned the master and consignees before them. The explanations and submission of these gentlemen were declared satisfactory; and as the duty had not been paid, they were discharged on the pledge that the teas should not be landed, but should be sent back in the brig to London.

On the 14th October the brig *Peggy Stewart* arrived in Annapolis, having in its cargo a few packages of tea. The duty was paid by Mr. Antony Stewart, the owner of the vessel. This submission to the oppressive enactment of Parliament called forth the deepest feeling. A public meeting was held; the owner of the vessel and the consignees in the most humble manner apologized for their offense, and consented to the burning of the tea. But the people were determined to exact a more signal vindication of their rights. The easy compliance of Mr. Stewart with the act had aroused his anger, and threats were poured out against his vessel and himself. Mr. Stewart, to soothe the violence of the people, and to make amends for his fault, offered to destroy the vessel with his own hand. The proposition was accepted; and while the people gathered in crowds upon the shore to witness its consummation, Mr. Stewart, accompanied by the consignees, went on board the brig, ran her aground on Windmill Point, and set fire to her in presence of the multitude. So obnoxious had tea become that wherever it was discovered its owners were forced to destroy it. Two months later the people of Frederick, having met at Hagerstown, compelled one John Parks to walk bare-headed, holding lighted torches in his hands, and set fire to a chest of tea which he had delivered up, and "which was consumed amidst the acclamations of a numerous body of people."

"When de tea and sugar and salt was throwed overboard, maaster said dere would be war. So we moved to Green Spring Valley, to ole Maaster Robert's place. Mistuss wanted to go furdre, to Fredericktown, but maaster wouldn't. Warn't dat a stylish place though? I worked twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. Things was cayed up de country—some things never got back. When we got dere dey had no other house but dat one room in de old tiny house, 'hind de parlor now, kivered with oak shingles, and so forth. So maaster got a house from Dr. Walker, and



"GENTLEMEN DRESSED ELEGANT TOO."

put ole Mother Grace and Phebe and us to stay dere till de new house was built. I picked wool, and de ole woman spun. Me and another gal fotched all de water dat made de mortar for dat house. I've been through a good deal of hardship, but never got no beatin' about work; only when I was mischeevous and saasy, and dat was for want of puttin' to other practices. I had to be at somethin'!

"Once Uncle Tom told me ef I got some black rags and things, and fixed 'em on like wings, I could fly like a turkey-buzzard. I tried it, and I had a sweet fall, mind I tell ye! 'Nother time I clum up on de roof to 'tend to dryin' some water-million seed, and maaster like to have 'tended to me, only I talked him out of it. He said he wasn't goin' to let me teach de chil'n to break deir necks, and told me to come down and let him whip me.

"'Lor, maaster!' sez I, 'I gwine up here to comb my head, and den I'll clean de knives and keep myself neat and tidy, and not let de meat get burnt;' and I talked to him most as long as I been talking to ye here—but I didn't come down! De carpenters was workin' dere, and dey began to laugh, and den he laughed, and went into de house, and when I was sure he was gone I come down, and kep' out of his way. Den I used to get de scissors, and go into de garret and cut holes in de gowns; and once—den, ye

mind, de saddles was all fringed—I cut all de fringes off de saddles. I was young, wild, and wicked! I didn't know no better! Mistuss told mother to whip me for dat. She did whip me, 'deed she did, heap harder dan mistuss! Mistuss never let any body tetch me but her and mother. Miss Betsy, she was housekeeper—a very tough woman, a rale yaller-jacket, I'll tell ye—she never let her tetch me!

"Great times den among de quality! Dressin' ain't quite so touchy now as it was den: silk, satin, brocade, lutestring, polaneese—yes! long polaneese and short polaneese and cassatees. O Lor', chile, dey did dress beautiful! De elegantest, beautifullest things come from England. Mistuss, when she took de dresses out de chist, dey stood up stiff as a table, or a piece of plank stuff. Great ostriar feathers, some red and some blue, and all colors; de ladies wore dem in deir rolls. Rolls—cushions dey was, with deir hair combed over dem—slick and powdered; den de ostriar feathers atop o' dat, and rows of beads acrost 'em, goin' through de rooms like little air castles! Ladies, and gentlemen too, powdered. De ladies wore long sacques and hoops—sich full dresses, flounced and tapered off; side hoops and round hoops, and high-heeled shoes, and sich little heels! Dey come from de ole countries—from England. Mistuss had great trunkful fotched home. Good calicoes for common, and *chinch*es, and silk and fur cloaks for winter.

"Gentlemen dressed elegant too. Beautiful silver-set buckles, glass and stone in 'em; golden on de coats and waistcoats, flowered like ladies' dresses; and three-cocked hats, bound round with gold-lace; and long boots or gaiters when dey was a-horseback. Dey wore wigs, long wigs with queues, and short wigs without 'em. Tom C— wore a long wig. Deir coats was mostly blue, black, and drab, and nankeen for summer. Tell ye, chile, dey was fine! I was so took up with dem many a time I couldn't eat my vittels. Mother licked me often for not comin' to my dinner!

"People lived high—first chop! Grand dinner-parties dey raly had; danced till day in dat ole room dere. What! yah! yah! Hear de silks come rattlin' through de rooms dere like a passell of ole dry leaves. Dance till day! All dem people's dead and gone now!

"Dere was Captain L—, as pretty a dancer as need to be of mankind! He's taken many a drink of water out of de bucket on my head when he was haulin' in his wheat to mill. He used to drive de team hisself. He's dead now, ye know. And ole Stephen Shamydine! Sure God makes every body, but I do think he was de homeliest white man I ever saw. With his hairy bear-skin cap and rigimentals and



THE DANCE.

sword. It's God's truth! And when his house was done, dey sent him a present of a big brass knocker fur de front-door, de elegantest knocker ever ye see; dat's for why dey named dat place Pomona, arter de imidge on de knocker, so dey tells me. Tom C—, as good a man as ever stepped de land, he lived with Dr. H—, little man, but like a piece of fire; elegant doctor, but as cross a man as ever drawed de bref of life; as impident a piece of goods as ever I see for a little man! And Major Howard! He went to de war arter, and got wounded. Ladies was very sorry for it, for he was de very apple of deir eye. I heard dem talk of it. He was at our house many a time. And Crack-brained Davy T—, a coarse-lookin' fellow, a hot-blood, fox-huntin', racin', sportin' character. It was so his mother nicknamed all dem chil'en—Crack-brained Davy, Gentleman Mordecai, Blackguard John, Extravagant Joshua, Miser Tom; and de girls was Whip-poor-will Betty and Butterfly Rachel. Mordecai was a pale, thin, blue-lookin' man, and Tom was as beautiful a dancer as could be, he was. You seen his pictur', with de murroon velvet and gilt buttons, and de sea compass in his hand? And Sam W—, he could beat any body dere a-makin' a bow, though he did dress in homespun. Den dere was Cornelius H—, the *surveor*. He was a Methodist, but he was a very good man to his people; he didn't dance neither jigs, nor reels, nor

court-lil-yows, nor minuets, nor fisher's hornpipes, nor nothin'! He was raly good to his people, and used to pay for any harm dey did, rather than whip dem. But L—'s was a whippin' house, G—'s was a whippin' house, K—'s was a whippin' house—whippin' and cuttin' every Monday mornin' all over de neighborhood. Some had got deir maaster's horse and gone 'way out to Elk Ridge to a nigger dance; some for one thing, some for another, but generally whip anyhow! Den dere was ole K—, a fox-huntin', racin' character. Didn't you never read his history on de tombstone at de church? I don't know from A to Izzard, but dey tells me dat somebody's wrote it so as it reads he was a darned rascal.

"Dat fox-huntin' made gay old times. Be up at two o'clock in de mornin': sich runnin', racin', ridin'! Maaster kep' deir company, but he didn't keep hounds. We niggers had our time too. Every Saturday night we had leave to go dance at de quarter, or at de barn in warm weather, and at Christmas and Whitsuntide and Easter we had a great frolic, we had. Sich dancin'! My Lord! plenty to eat and drink—meat, cabbage, turnips! Same thing at de huskin' matches—till dey got to fightin' and stobbin'."

"Nathan Cromwell's Pepin and Philpot's Jack and Worthington's Mingo was de greatest fiddlers of de county. Dey used



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

to go 'way down to 'Noppolis" (Annapolis). "Our Starling was a great fiddler. Mistuss let him go any where he choosed—never took no money from him—till one time he went to Baltimore to learn play *Hail Columby*, and he didn't come back for twenty years—den he staid. Blind Johnny and Club-foot Davy was white men and great fiddlers for de quality; colored people ketched a great deal from 'em. De great tunes den was *Bob and Joan*, *Dusty Miller*, *Jack ma Green*, and so on. Den dere was card-playin' and black-gamblin' and horse-racin' twice a year in Gist's fields.

'If ye will bet thousands, my gentlemen all,
I will bet millions on de famous skew-ball.
Spare us a venture on de courses of all,
I'm sure of winning on de famous skew-ball.'

Dat was a song dey used to sing. I can't sing now; I's got no teeth.

'I was drunk last night,
I was a little hoddy—
Oh, plantation gals,
Can't ye look at a body!
Hi dompty, dompty,
Hi dompty, dompt!'

My! don't talk! Didn't we jump in dem days!

'Where did ye come from?
I come from Virginiy.
Who's in de long-boat?
Simon and Cæsar.'

Dem was de songs—sing and dance 'em too. Den dere was a great song of dem days my young missus used to sing:

'Dere's na luck about de house,
Dere's na luck at all;
Dis is de time to mind yer work,
While—'

Let's see—

'Dere's little pleasure in our house
While our goodman's awa.'

I can't 'xactly 'member it. Enoch Story used to sing it. He was de music-maaster, a little man, a furriner. He come up from town and used to teach mistuss's daughter to play de spinnet. No more spinnets now! Dey was made like a piano, with ivory teeth. I tell ye, I 'member it!"

The spinnet, or spinet, was a musical instrument of the harpsichord kind, but differing in shape and power; formerly much in use, though now entirely superseded by the piano-forte. The

tone was comparatively weak, but pleasing, and as the instrument was small in dimensions and cheap in price, it answered the purpose of those who did not find it convenient to purchase a harpsichord.

"For women of quality dere was Miss Betsy X—; she had a tongue equal to any lawyer; a clinking tongue! and Miss Hannah W—, a sickly woman; she died o' consumption; and Nelly R—, Nick O—'s wife; and Hannah J—; she was a big, stout lady, with a brown skin; and Betsy R—; she was a good fortune; and Polly W—, Passon W—'s daughter. Ole John Tilly, who come from Jamaica or some furrin parts, courted her; she had head-piece enough, but her Maaster above called for her, and she went home.

"Maaster's daughter, Miss Becky, was as pretty a woman as ever de sun shined on; counted de beautifullest woman in dem days for fair skin, pretty teeth. A genteel-made woman, of beautiful behavior—nuff to charn de heart of a stone! When she was married missus let me creep into de room, de back parlor dere. De gentlemen thought she was an angel from heaven, in a white satin dress, and white ostrian feathers in her rolls—feathers so tall she had to leave her shoes off till she come down stairs—and buckles with stones in her shoes! So busy, lookin' and cryin' together, nobody seed me; women a-cryin', and gentlemen tickled at it. It was de dreadfulest rainy night ever ye see. Passon Chase was fotched from town—a very handsome man; had some fringy thing on when he married dem; 'twas about seven or eight o'clock, by candle-light, in de old back parlor dere. De groom was in light clothes, and de grooms-men and all saluted de bride down de stairs.

Den dey went to dancin'; supped before de dance, and den handin' round between de dancin'. And at de supper dere was every thing ye could desire—roast pig, chicken, turkey, ham, cherry-tarts, apple-tarts—screamin' time dey had, mind I tell ye! Oho! ha, ha! 'deed dey did dance dat night! dreadfulest rainy night ever I see! Stormy weddin', I tell ye. Afterward it took three weeks to get round de visitin', dinin', and dancin'.

"Captain L— was dere; Captain L—'s mother—no, she wasn't dere; she'd gone home to glory: a little bit of a Scotchwoman, de least woman I ever see; she wanted to be carried home to Ireland to be buried—a pretty piece of business! She was buried somewhere in town here 'mong de Presbyterians.

"Den dere was Betsy B— was dere, and her brother; both had red heads. She had some misfortin'; dey fit a jewill about it, and she went away to England. And Dr. H— and Mistass H—; she was as de Lord made her, but she was a very homely woman; Wylet H—, a jolly big woman, brown skin, monsus big; and Beeky Plowman, she was raly a mere pictur', a very jolly-made lady, nice round-made lady, not so very tall. Most all dese people are buried in Garrison Forest church-yard.

"Every one of dem Y—s buried deir husbands. So much of dis eatin', drinkin', and feastin'! And when all's gone dese people turns round and says ye're so extravagant and wasteful. Dey be de very first people to talk! Ye may stand to it while ye live, but de chil'en come to want. Can't measure de snake till he's dead. Niggers and every thing else must go. Seen many a plantation lost so. Be neighborly, kind, and all dat; go to church; mind what I say, but mind what I do!

"A Sunday dey all went to Garrison Forest church, St. Thomas's, de great church of de county. Dey came from all around—



THE FRENCH CAMP.

Soldier's Delight, Chestnut Ridge, Randallstown. Most people come a-horseback. Ladies were good riders den; dey wore gypsy hats tied under de chin. De road was full of people, mostly a-horseback, some in coaches and chaises. Tom C—'s father, de pason, he come from England—de biggest, fattest man ever I hear tell of. Took two or three men to lift him into de pulpit, till at de last he broke de axle-tree of de carriage, and he couldn't go no more. Why, dey took de fat out of him by de pound, Dr. H— did (monsus skillful man, Dr. H—!), and dey presarved it in liquor, and I b'lieve dey got it kep' to dis day!

"When de war come—dat day, understand I tell ye—dere was a cannon (I's axed about dat cannon many a time) up at Captain L—'s store. I s'pec's it was advertised, but when dat cannon was fired, next day ye'd see de malishy, dey called dem, a-marchin' down from Pennsylvany and about and de Lord knows whar, all kivered with dust, and dressed in brown linen huntin'-shirts, pleated and fringed, mostly farmers. Dere was enough to go. Dey cayed cantens and knapsacks, and dey had

great hairy high caps—yes, dey had; s'pec's dey was bear-skin—and dey wore leggins. De officers was dressed in rigimentals, blue and red, with hairy caps, and a valise and canteen buckled behind deir saddles. Some wore linsey-woolsey gray bear-skin cloth. Dey used to sing,

'My cold feet! my cold hands!
My belly aches, but my pluck stands!'

"Never seed so many men, 'cept when de French army was here—as beautiful a sight as ever I see, so bloody-minded! De place was black with people when dey had deir review here. Dey come into town on a Sunday, and ye had to open yer house to take de head men in; de outskuffins went into tents in de fields. When de townspeople heerd dey was comin' dey thought it was de British, and sich runnin' and ridin' all day and night to get de wagons and horses to cay de goods out of de town! Dey liked Baltimore wonderful, de French did, and dey made a song dat dey would make New France of dis place. But deir was some of dem was very vulgar. Dey was de devil dat brought in dis eatin' of terrapins and frogs and snakes here. De Lord sent enough here, without eatin' sich devilment as dat! Dey riz de market with deir cookin' and eatin'. It was dem fatched in, too, dis callin' trowsers *pantaloons*, and stocks dey called *cravats*.

"In de time of de war dere was constant ridin' with papers, back and for'ard, night and day. See a gentleman ride up to de door, give de papers to maaster, and ride off; never get off de horse, never 'light!

'Now I'm a-comin' with all de week's news,
Some lies, and some true.'

Dat's what old John White used to sing when he come and used to chase us all over de place. When I hears him I runs under de platform, he after me, here, dere, every where. He was a monsus big man. Oh, my Lord! And mistuss—she was monsus big woman—used to most bust laughin'! Sich runnin' and hollerin' to try and skere us chil'en! Christmas he brought de Bell snuckle. Once he asked me for a drink of water, and while he was drinkin' I pitched de bucketful all over him. Didn't I put den!

"Mistuss and Miss Betsy and old Sally B—(she was a widow woman) and 'Good Liddy—she was a good crittur dat mistuss raised—dey helped to make huntin'-shirts for de army, and we sarvants was all kept busy a-sewin' and knittin' and spinnin'. Sence, bringin' in dem factories broke de spinnin'-wheels. We made one hundred shirts for Lafayette's army. Every thing went for de war. Dey used to go into yer fields and press de fattest cattle, and yer wagon, when dey wrote on it it was for de army,

and yer load of hay too! Dey cayed all along. De soldiers looked like de ruffins ye see on de streets. Dey used to take a man from his plow in de field, wife and chil'en a-cryin', de soldiers a-cussin' de women, and marchin' off de husband before 'em. Stephen Shamydine and Maaster David Poe used to press. Captain L— and Major Howard went, and even Tom C— had to go. Nuff had to go; heap of cryin' about it! Maaster gave a man a lot of money to go his *substitute*, dey called it: man never come back, and never was heard of no more!

"Well, dere was dis everlastin' flyin' of papers until dey 'claim peace; and we was glad enough when it come. And soon arter dat old maaster died wid de gout. He was dat cross nobody could come near him 'cept me and another boy. Maaster was 'dustrious man, and used to stand up to de huskin' pile like any one of us.

"I lived twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. When ole mistuss died she left me to go clear for myself—Aunt Liddy, cook Liddy, Henry, me, and Carlos; left all my chil'en free 'cept two—I had fifteen chil'en, but don't ye see I look gamesome yet? De last was born time of Ross's war. We were up at Green Spring den; hear de guns roarin' at Fort M'Henry, mistuss and young mistuss a-frettin' and cryin'. Soon arter mistuss took sick and died.

"I staid a year and two or three months arter I was free, caise I knowed nothin' of hirin'. But now I'd got de string off my neck, I thought it was time for me to leave to do somethin' for myself, so I comes down to Baltimore once, all unbeknowns to my mistuss; and caise I didn't go to tell her she was mad, and said she didn't care if I staid or no. Dat 'fronted me, and I says to myself, I'll change my name to 'Peter' and put out; so I called myself 'Peter Put-out.' Eve was my name.

"When mistuss heard I was raly goin', she comes out of de house, and says she, 'Eve, yer maaster says he'll build ye a house if ye'll stay.' But it was too late. I'd asked him before, and he wouldn't, so now I was bound to go. I was so choked up and so full, I couldn't say nothin'; it was like life and death was partin'. Home is de best place, be it ever so homely. I was faithful to 'em. I was allers ready, never was afraid to work. I'd go out any hour of de night, when I heerd de rain and de storm, and take de lantern and go 'way down to de milk-house all by myself, and take de milk out and put de pans under de big oak-tree, and fotch rocks to put on 'em; water a-risin', and de great black water-snakes a-lyin' dere glisterin' in de dark; sometimes I had to take a horse to go to 'em, de water riz so high often.

"Mistuss cried after I went away: hasty and passionate, but clever woman. Never been dere but once or twice sence.

"Lamps was lit when I got to town, and next day I hired myself to a man named Jimmy French, 'way up de country. I went one Saturday and staid till Thursday. He said he never seed any body do as much work as I did; but dere was no black people dere, and it was monsus lonesome—no body to speak to—and I didn't like it. So when I heerd dere was to be a launch in Baltimore I told him I was goin' down to see it, and I raly did mean to go back; but as I was gwine along a man let me ride in his cart, and arter I'd rid a while I see so many blue rocks and high grass, says I, 'Here is rocks and here is grass; must be great many snakes about here.' Says he, 'We throws 'em out twenty foot long with our scythes in de spring.' 'My God!' says I, 'I never come out here no more!' and I've never been dere no more from dat day to dis. When I got to town I forgot all about de launch, a-thinkin' of de snakes and de

wildernesses. But I called myself Peter, and I soon got work. Washin' and cookin', cleanin' and scourin', dat was my trade. Nice woman took me and gave me four dollars a month, every Christmas five dollars. I worked hard, and I put all de money I saved in de bank, till I got my chil'en all free—Ben and his wife and child, and my daughter Fanny. I gave seventy dollars for Ben and Fanny, and one hundred and fifty dollars for wife and child. My husband Bill, if he'd 'a had pluck, might 'a bought Ben for twenty dollars before he left de (Garrison) Forest, but he was married to de whisky-bottle. Sonny, you got very pretty foot, mighty pretty features. I'm a poor old crittur, but I must talk lively to keep my sperits up. If I jest had some-thin' to buy my tobaccky.

"Yes, Sir, I did see Washington once walkin' with his black sarvant. He was a good-lookin' man in black clothes. Can't hold up to him in dis day. He protected de land and made it all stanch. Dat's his imidge on his ornamant dere."



WASHINGTON AND HIS SERVANT.