A Voice From The Old Home.

AT last, after many years, much coming and going, Bel-air welcomes an assembly of her children to her heart and to her memories of more than a hundred years—memories of their grandfathers and grandmothers and their generation, little children, playing beneath its stately oaks; and further back, of Colonel Zachary Lewis, telling campaign stories about the winter fire, of scenes of the Revolution or the French and Indian War, while great-grandmother, with the privilege of her sex, expresses her Tory and High Church views, and turns up her nose at General Washington and Patrick Henry. (Tradition says that spirited lady's notions were so out of tune with the patriotic fervor of 1775 that some of the neighborhood people, in spite of Colonel Lewis's public services, burned with indignation, and said among themselves that "Lady Lewis," as they called her, deserved a "touch of the ducking-stool.") Deserved or not, nobody laid finger on Lady Lewis, but that willful lady pursued her own way. In Revolutionary days, when abstinence from tea meant loyalty to anti-taxation principles, and defiance to King George, she quaffed her tea privately with some guest, in the room up stairs, which is still to be seen. Now, in much later life, she took a whiff of smoke from her pipe with as much nonchalance as marks the advanced society woman of this century, who puffs a wreath of fragrant smoke from her pretty lips, and holds her