

effect, and how much to the amusement of the old ladies—"Come on, John. Let's go out of here. I don't want to stay with these ugly old women." This remark, it is said, marks a strong hereditary family trait, that of inability to be held in uncongenial society. Another picture of the genial old age of Lady Lewis shows her drawn over in her gig to Llangollen by the boys (with whom "Aunt Lewis" was very popular) because she was wanted over there at her son's, and was afraid, in her feebleness, of horses. A loyal old Episcopalian, she used to send for the parson and have communion here at Bel-air when she was in trouble. She draws upon herself some suspicion of a savour of the persecuting ways of her church, by a tradition handed down of her great annoyance at Addison's departure, and her sending for her oldest son, Richmond, to come over from Efecknock to deal with his case. Addison, poor boy, wanted religious sympathy and used to go to a pious old negro servant for it—Uncle Mowen, I think. Richmond came, I believe, but counselled letting Addison follow his own heart.

Think how familiar to the quaint old house must sound the names so long unheard—as we talk of them in our gathering—and what memories stir in the rooms of far off Aunt Anne and Chancellor Wytbe; of Dorothea Lewis and her handsome husband, Charles Smith, son of the Christopher to whom Bel-air was granted in 1728; of Aunt Meriwether; then of the children of the next generation—pretty Eliza, whose guitar used to tinkle in the bower out by the cedars, where also, I suspect, the overhanging boughs were conscious of sundry flirtations—of course of a most staid eighteenth century type—when the most impassioned flight of eloquence was to murmur some vague