

was to end on a foreign battlefield in the cause of South American liberty; young Fontaine, dying too young to know more of life than the bitter-sweet of first love's disappointment; William Robinson, and all those others, each with his story in embryo! And how would the faces flash upon us of the graceful girls who "made the 'yea' or 'nay' of existence" to many of the noble lives we remember! What visions would rise of happy groups straying beneath the shades or gathered in hall or porch, listening to the silvery voice in song of Susan Hedgman or gifted Frances Lewis—what glimpses of bright eyes and blushing cheeks, of pretty Sally Washington or stately Margaret Daniel, of young Holladays from Prospect Hill, Albert, Alexander and Lewis, graceful Marian Scott, with her brothers, James and John; of lively Elizabeth Lewis and Sarah, with her flower-like face—and the picture would grow richer with the beauty of "Uncle Doctor's" courtly form, with Aunt Jean's kind look and Aunt Greenhow's slender figure, neat and precise, her presence giving a flavor of earnestness and gravity to the talk that flowed so richly, while Travers Daniel's sparkling humor upset the dignity of the assembly, and little Richmond, crouching absorbed over a volume on the floor, looked up to smile. What flash of classic epigram, of polished jest and sparkling repartee—what flow of fine thought in happy verse—what lights and shades of graceful sentiment!

The oaks that looked on them and listened look down on us, and, listening, are silent. But the old letters speak. "In the faded ink, on the yellow paper, that may have been buried for years under piles of family archives, while friends have been dying and hair growing white, who has not found memorials like these from which the past looks