

former master, and asked father to stand as master to her. His pride in the children of the family was very touching—he had none of his own. To his “young masters” he left a reversionary right in his property at his death.

Another case like his was one of a servant holding a yet more dignified position in the family—my mother’s trusted assistant and friend—our “mammy,” whose memory deserves to be kept green forever. She, too, was childless, and seemed to pour out on her foster children the strong affection that might have gone to her own, if she had had them.

She took entire charge of them at times--their health, the formation of their character and manners being trusted to her, as they were as gravely cared for by her almost as if she were their mother.

Mammy’s cabin was a favorite place of resort for the children, and it was one where they were sure of being carefully kept reminded of a high standard of behavior, as well as petted in her own characteristic way, with a certain gravity approaching severity, which was adopted, I suppose, as a safeguard against spoiling them with fondness. Severity of manner, seasoned with substantial kindness, however, did not much weigh upon them, but acted only as a wholesome flavoring to their enjoyment of her society, and a reminder to hold her in due awe and reverence.

My mother’s respect for Mammy’s Christian goodness and sincerity was very great, as well as for that of another old negress, Aunt Cilla, who used generally to take turns with mother in going to church, one of them staying to take care of the children, the carriage being ordered as much for one as the other. I have heard mother say that