

I was born in England, of English parents. My birth was in the June time of 1755, which makes me now but a few months this side of my twentieth year. A veritable old maid at a period in which maids are wooed, won and wedded to matronly duties long before they are eighteen. My mother was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. She ran away from her home at sixteen to wed my father. Father is a gentleman's son. His name is Charles Lee. His father was Colonel John Lee of Dernhall in Cheshire. My father's mother was a baronet's daughter, and her name was Dorothy Burnbury, and her father was Sir Henry Burnbury.

My father was gazetted into his father's regiment—as ensign—when he was scarce eleven years of age, and he was a mere lad when as lieutenant he went with the "44" to America with Braddock.

Oh, to hear father tell of that disastrous expedition, makes one's flesh go all of a shiver! Father was one of the few officers that escaped with life, no bodily hurt and no smirch upon his military reputation. And, I suppose, it was for these reasons that he was enabled to purchase a company, for which he paid nine hundred pounds. Father remained in America under General Amherst, with the exception of the year 1754, when he paid a visit to England and ran away with mother. Then back he came to the Colonies and there he tarried until after the campaign of 1760.

Of course father's people were angry at his marriage, yet they were not half so angry as mother's people were, for they disowned their daughter, and she told me once (with a piteous quiver of the lips) "that she did not believe that they ever again mentioned her in their prayers." You see, they were Covenanters, and so must needs be stern, hard and unrelenting to one that had broken the commandment which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Father, being a soldier, was little at home, and when he came he seemed more like a stranger guest than one of our kin. He was kind and courteous to my mother and a good father to us children—that is, he gave us a pleasant house to live in, suitable garments to wear, and such manner of education as he deemed proper. My mother, when she gave her heart into father's keeping, seemed to banish self, and meek, gentle and to all outward appearance, unemotional, she has fitted herself into the place father prepared for her, and makes an

There came in time to be other children in the home nest, but it chanced that my lady grandmother (the Baronet's daughter) cared alone for me. Perhaps this was because I bore her name—Dorothy—or mayhap she fancied I had more of the looks and manners of the Burnburys or the Lees than I had of my mother's race. But whatever it might chance to be, I alone of all the children was bidden to "Leecroft." I well recall that on my first visit Grannie told me how "my father had stooped low to wed my mother," and then related "what might have been my station in life (impossible now) had father taken a gentlewoman to wife." They say that a devil possessed me; that I beat my grandmother with my little fists and kicked at her with my sturdy legs until she was fain to cry for help. I have often wondered since whether what I *did* to my grandmother when she abused my mother was attributed to my good or to my bad blood. At all events she never again referred to mother, save to ask "if she were well" when I began a visit, and to send back "her compliments" to Mistress Lee when I was returning home.

For the most part I enjoyed these visits to my grandfather's beautiful house, but when they were over I rejoiced to go back to mother and the children.

I was neither sad nor glad when grandfather wrote a letter to my mother somewhat like this: "Charles' oldest child (called after my wife, Dorothy) has the grave misfortune to have been born with a boy's brain, which is quite out of keeping

with the moderate commodity of mind necessary for a woman; but as she is devoid of all sweetness, grace and gentleness she had best get some solid learning—though only God wots what she can do with it when she gets it." Then he went on to say, that "I was to be forthwith sent, bag and baggage, to a collegemate of his, a clergyman, that had a living in a remote part of the Kingdom. I must do grandmother the credit to say she was "properly scandalized by the general's action," but she wrote that, "being an humble and obedient wife, she could do nothing in the matter but submit to the monstrous nonsense."

So to the Clergyman I—a small, over-slender bit of a lass—was sent, and as it happened that I was just the age that my father had been when he entered the army. With this tutor I remained until after my seventeenth year. As I look back, I think that I must have come like a blessing into his lonely life. He had a poor, straggling flock of yokels, and the Earl, whose place was hard by, and the Squire, our nearest neighbor, were little better. The wife of my master was a weak, simpering creature, that all treated like a puppet. It must have been her lack of even the simplest rudiments of knowledge (for all that she could do was to read her prayer book and write her name) that made him so almost daft on the subject of a higher education for women. He was a deeply learned man, and he brought his richest mind treasures for my acceptance. His joy in my progress (now that it is but a memory) has much of pathos in it, for it was all so lovingly given.

It may seem strange to you that are to read this, when I say that in all those years of separation from my family, I never once saw my mother, my sisters or my brothers. As has been before set down, my tutor lived at a great distance from my home—a good seventy miles I should say—and the post roads were poorly kept (abounding much in holes and ruts). And then there was always the chance of encountering those highwaymen that naturally frightened innocent women and children out of their wits. Then the expense of so long a journey as seventy odd miles was no small item, when a body had a large family and but a moderate purse.

My grandparents came two or three times to see me, and my father once. I had a few letters ~~sent me~~ and what a delight they were to me! I read them over so often that I have most of what they contained in my memory to this day. I do not know what grandfather intended to do with me after he had made me learned—perhaps he did not know himself. At all events, he was spared solving the matter, for he died suddenly, just as I was rounding my seventeenth year, and grandmother lingered but a day after him. And no mention of me was made in my grandfather's will.

Perhaps the loss of both his father and mother decided father to emigrate to Virginia, but then father had been at odds with the Home Government for a long time.

I want to describe father a bit, for he is no every day man, and it is probable he will make a place for himself in the history of his time. As all the world knows, father is a brave soldier; but he is not popular because there runs through his actions and conversation a strain of childish petulance, an over-abundance of suspicion, and, saddest of all, a desire for revenge for supposed slights and insults. When it was decided as to the ship we were to take, and our time for sailing was set, I, like one in a dream, bade adieu to the vicarage and set out to rejoin my family in London. I do not think that I had any regret in going out of the life that had been mine so long. It occurs to me that good-byes are only hard for those who stay behind. But today I should be loth to part with the memory of the tears and caresses and blessings that were showered upon me then.

When I reached London I found father all engrossed in the preparations for embarking. Mother

seemed gentler and more peaceful (if that were possible) than when I had left her six years before. She had not—like father—grown older looking, for, in spite of some silver threads in her brown hair, she seemed *young* to me. I suppose the prattlers, always in her arms and about her knees, had kept her soul as clean swept of worldly things as that of a little child.

At last we set sail. It was a long and tedious voyage, ninety days of tossing on the Atlantic, days of storm and days upon days of calm.

My youngest sister—a babe—died. We buried her in mid-ocean and under a cloudless sunset. I never saw so fair an ending to a day. Mother said that "it seemed to her that she could see the gates of pearl through which her infant's soul had passed to be with God." On the same ship there journeyed with us a number of families, and many individuals intending to make homes for themselves in the New World. Among the passengers were Mister William Leytown and his man servant. Before we sailed the captain told father (in great confidence) that Mister Leytown was a cousin of My Lord H— (I will not write down the full name, lest some one should be like "Peeping Tom," and chance to look into my book before this generation of folk are all conveniently dead and buried); and father, not liking Lord H—, would at first pay no heed to Mister Leytown, so of a surety mother dared not be more than civil. But when I saw that he was crippled, helpless to move about, save when he had a pair of crutch sticks under his arms, I made bold to tell father that it evinced no broadness of mind to vent spite on a helpless cripple because the cripple's cousin and father were at odds. Father rated me soundly for what he called my "unfeminine presumption," but for all that he took wine with Mister Leytown at dinner, and from thence on until our voyage was ended, it seemed to fall to my lot to entertain the young man, and as he was no mean scholar, he was not only an interesting but an instructive companion.

Mother thought that Mister Leytown had a beautiful face. Ideals of beauty are individual, and what pleased mother's fancy might displease some other, so I had best describe his looks, as he is to play some part in this, my journal—and only God wots whether it shall be a sad or a merry one.

William Leytown is slight and of scarcely ~~me-~~ plexion. He has large blue eyes, with the child light still shining in them, and he has a fashion, when he is not holding up to them his gold quizzing glasses, to let his eyelids lower a trifle, thus giving to his broad, white brow the suggestion of a frown. His face is thin and his mouth delicately shaped. Mother says it is a handsome, cruel mouth, and that his smile, revealing as it does the even white teeth, has no warmth in it. After mother's comment I studied this feature, and I have long since come to the conclusion that some ancestor of William Leyton's—many generations back—was a wicked person and committed a crime—a crime so cruel in its plotting, so merciless in its execution, that a body would prefer *not* to be informed as to its details; but it seems to me that *since then* some woman (a woman only a little lower than the angels) has come into this strain of humanity, and by her worth and excellence has succeeded in nearly blotting out the stain of the race.

(To be concluded next week)

### A Cynic's Sayings

**A** LITTLE cynicism is not a dangerous thing—but much of it is. The following aphorisms are taken from "The Cynic's Calendar," which has given many a laugh to the fortunate optimists who know how to smile. They are reprinted in the hope that they may help to show us some of our own foibles.

Eat your steak or you'll have stew.  
Stays make waist.