

As our house was rather small for two families, in April, the following year, it was planned to add another story. There we had an experience! All the necessary material was in the yard, and everything ready to begin work the next week. Bright and early the workmen came on the day appointed. The carpenter selected to do the work was named Leitner. John Smart must have been dead, as otherwise he would certainly have been given the job. By eleven o'clock they had torn off the roof from the four rooms, the main part of the house. The sky had become overcast, but it didn't look stormy, so I was surprised, when walking in the yard, to feel a few drops of rain. It continued to drizzle. The workmen put up their tools and departed. By night there was a steady downpour. We saw we must get busy to protect our possessions. With blankets, bedspreads and papers, we did what we could. That rain did not hold up for four days. By Thursday night, the kitchen was the only dry place in the house. Mother and Emmie had colds, so Helen Rion took them to her house. We took chairs into the kitchen and passed an uneasy night perched on them. It cleared the following day, but no further work could be done until the next week. Leitner's Flood, as we called it, was not quickly forgotten. In spite of our precautions, there were few things in the house that were not damaged. Several books were stained and a few lost their backs.

Colonel Benjamin Allston was our minister then. He was a military man, who had been ordained priest late in life. He showed this in many ways. He adhered strictly to the ritual of the church. For instance, one Christmas season he had service on that day, on St. Stephen's Day, on St. John's Day and on Holy Innocents' Day; four days in succession. Most of these days had never been observed by any of our ministers, but the

prayer book called for these services, therefore he gave them. He was blunt but honest. He did things of which some did not approve, but in his own mind he thought they were perfectly justifiable, therefore he took no pains at concealment.

Once I heard him read Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur." He read well, and I particularly remember the impressive manner in which he read the lines, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." His daughter, Charlotte, was a radiant creature. After being with us for two or three years, his heart became affected and nothing could be done to arrest the disease. His most ardent wish was to see Charlotte married to the man she had chosen before he died.<sup>2</sup> So one Sunday night, in the presence of their friends, Bishop Capers performed the ceremony.

Mrs. Sallie Martin, with whom they boarded, had so arranged the room that through the open door Colonel Allston, unable to sit up, could see them. At the close of the service, the couple went to him, knelt, and he gave the blessing. When they returned, her aunt, Mrs. Pringle,<sup>3</sup> to prevent tears—for it was affecting—sat down at the piano and played, "The Brook." It was a good selection, and as her fingers rippled over the keys, the company became reasonably cheerful. It was a lovely wedding. Snowflakes were falling as we walked home. Colonel Allston died a few weeks later. The minister from Trinity, Columbia, came to conduct the funeral. That afternoon in the church, Sarah DesPortes and her three children, Augusta, Ulysse and Fay Allen, were baptized. Em, Beckie and I were witnesses and godmothers for the children. I suppose others were present, but I have forgotten who they were.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Maurice Moore.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle (Patience Pennington), author of *A Woman Rice Planter* and *Chronicles of Chicora Wood*.