

The name that reads this article will call a thrill of pleasure to the hearts of some few that are living today for this lady is one of the most noted and successful of the teachers of the state of South Carolina.

Mrs. Gadd was a native of Richmond, Virginia. She was born October, 1808. and also educated in Richmond, ~~too~~. She was a <sup>neighbor</sup> schoolmate of Edgar Allen Poe. One of her most treasured recollections of Richmond was her meeting with Lafayette at the public reception given for him in 1824.

In 1828 she married George Williamson Gadd. He was a portrait painter who had studied in Boston under Morse. He painted many portraits which now are in some of the families in Feastville, S.C.

Mrs Gadd and her mother came to

Charleston, South Carolina where she witnessed the jubilee for the election of Andrew Jackson. From Charleston they went to Augusta, Georgia, where they remained until they were burned out in the great fire of 1829. They then returned to South Carolina, but later removed to Mason, Georgia, where for three years Mrs. Gadd was principal of Vineville Academy.

On 1837, she heard of the building in Winnsboro that had been erected for a female school, but had never been opened, and she was determined to give it a trial. On Jan. 1, 1840, she opened a girls' boarding school and remained principal until 1865. She held her concerts in the Thompson Hall

A versatile woman, she not only taught music, drawing and dancing, but also contributed to periodicals, articles on art and

education, as well as tales, essays, news-letters, and poems. She also took a keen interest in public affairs; it is said, that the competition of the Gulf States made cotton culture unprofitable in South Carolina, she began as early as 1851 advocating in the press the encouragement of manufacturing industries, and white labor. Her school was very successful until interrupted by the War for Southern Independence.

After the beginning of the war, Mrs. Ladd gave up everything to devote herself to the cause of the South. She lived for the soldiers and was elected President of the "Soldiers Aid Association," which office she retained until the close of the war, and by her untiring exertions kept the society well supplied with clothing.

she gathered all penton & tank her own utensils to be melted into ~~bullets~~ - she gave her telescope to the South which you could see thru for 30 miles

Her pen was unused during the war, the needle and her personal supervision being constantly in demand. In Windsor, no church was built, no charity solicited, no ball, concert, or banquet, or fair - nothing goes on without her cheerful and ever-ready aid.

The Confederate flag is said to have originated with Mrs. Ladd the first one, we allude to. The fire of February 21, 1865, destroyed her ~~the~~ literary labor of thirty years. With the assistance of a Federal officer, Mrs. Ladd saved the jewels of the Masonic Lodge in the next house to hers but the flame and smoke prevented her finding the charter. By this time the fire had gotten so much ahead on her own premises, and the confusion was so great, that she lost everything.

With the return of peace, she resumed teaching. Probably she

cause of failures for eyesight, she retired in  
 1880 after fifty years of teach-  
 ing, and went to live on Buena  
 Vista Plantation, about nineteen  
 miles from Wimslow. There  
 she spent most of her time out  
 of doors and in her garden. On  
 July 1, 1891, she became totally blind  
 but she continued to contribute  
 to the local press poems, completed  
 to the last detail before dictation,  
 and letters of reminiscence. Some  
 of these poems have considerable  
 beauty of form as well as of thought,  
 all expressing deep love of nature and  
 of God. They are signed "Mrs. C. G. G." but  
 her earlier pen-names  
 are said to have been Minnie  
 Mayflower, Arcturus, Alida, and  
 Norma. She wrote a poem the night she died but it

was lost during the confusion

It is said that outside of the  
 walls of her school, Mrs. Gadd  
 was the gay, social companion  
 of every young lady under her charge  
 following her to the school-room,

you instantly felt the change, though not perhaps a word was spoken, every young lady felt it. She had a powerful will and habit of centering every thought and feeling instantly on the occupation of the moment. The confusion of voices or passing objects never seemed to disturb her when writing.

Mrs. Hall is said to be "homely" and dressed to suit herself, never caring about the latest fashions, ignored hoops, and always wore her hair short. Her manner was abrupt and decided but one instinctively feels it to be kind.

Her picture in old age showed regular features and the patient serenity of the blind and one of her former pupils describes her as a little bit of a woman, very jolly, with pretty curly hair. Ten years before she passed.

away she composed poetry. Here is  
one of her poems

## Sweet Whispering Winds

"There is no speech nor language  
where their voice is not heard"

Sweet whispering winds, sweet whispering  
winds,

What are you whispering to me?

Are you telling of all I have lost and lost?

And the friends I never again shall see?

Sweet whispering winds  
Not a word that we spoke in the happy days  
past

But was wafted away by some  
passing breeze,

At ebb I hear sweet voices still

Among the flowers and lofty trees

Sweet whispering winds  
Sometimes your voice has a sweet, sad  
sound,

Solemn and sad like a piteous sigh,  
That might burst from the weary  
broken heart

As it leaves to find peace and rest on high  
 Sweet whispering winds  
 No words that are spoken in hatred or love,  
 Bitter or sweet, words never can die.  
 They are floating for ever on the whispering winds  
 Around the earth 'neath the blue vaulted  
 sky

Sweet whispering winds  
 ye are the same winds that encircle the earth  
 The day it sprang from its maker's hand.  
 Not one word has been spoken from that time  
 But is floating still over sea and land  
 Carried by the whispering winds.  
 There's not a flower, tree, bush or shrub,  
 Or bright star in the vault above  
 But speaks, their voice is loud.  
 Sweet whispering winds

When in her ninety-first year she  
 died at Buena Vista and although a  
 member of the Episcopal Church, she  
 was interred in the neighboring Salem  
 Presbyterian Churchyard.



Tina Bowman

Excerpts copied from  
the old scrap book of  
Mrs Catherine Ladd  
by her Great, Great, Great  
Granddaughters

Tina Bowman

MRS. Catherine Ladd