

Red from Gussie Pope

8/28/78 4:35 P

Mrs. Ladd's poems are characterized by strong religious feeling and love of Nature. Her occasional letters of reminiscence and her later poems which appeared in the Winnsboro press are signed "Mrs. G. LADD", but her earlier poems used other names and appeared in the second volume of "the Southern Literary Messenger". Her articles on art and education as tales, essays, plays and news were well received. It is said she was a regular contributor to the News and Courier for years.

Today well-preserved printed programs of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and a finely executed piece of crochet in 100 thread, and several lovely lovely oil landscapes painted by her are treasured by her descendants. Until very recent years in the Thespian Hall there remained in moderately good physical condition backdrop scenery painted and used by Mrs. Ladd's students and painted by Mrs. Ladd.

Among the fine large oil portraits executed by George Williamson Livermore Ladd in the possession of Fairfield County folk are these of the Honorable Osmond Woodward and Martha Alice Williamson Woodward, his wife, in the home of Miss Alice A. B. Walker of Winnsboro and two portraits of the ancestors of Misses Julia and Mary Faucette of the Feasterville community of the county.

During some early part of her stay in the county she spent a short time in the Feasterville community, of Fairfield.

She retired there at beautiful Buena Vista Plantation in 1880, in her 91st year passing away. She is interred in the Salem Presbyterian Church cemetery although she had been a member of the Episcopal Church her lifetime. Mr. Ladd rests in a Winnsboro church-yard having passed away April 1864.

See below copy of records in books of the office of Clerk of Court of Fairfield County, South Carolina, showing ownership of the Ladd school in Winnsboro.

1829-Deed from Richard Cathcart Lot #53 on Congress Street, Winnsboro, S.C., to John Mc Master. Consideration \$200.

March 29, 1852 - Deed from John Mc Master Lot #53 and house on Congress Street, Winnsboro, S.C. to George W. Ladd. Consideration \$3,500.

December 2, 1862. Deed from George W. Ladd. Lot #53 plus other lots and house on Congress Street, Winnsboro, S.C. to Philip Forcher (Trustee for Mattie Eggleston, wife of George Eggleston) of Charleston) Consideration \$3,000.

November 2, 1874. Deed from Maria Forcher of lots and residence on Congress Street Winnsboro, S.C. to Priscilla Ketchin. Consideration \$3,000.

November 29, 1938. Deed to John Cathcart by Bank of Fairfield by Priscilla Ketchin and heirs. Consideration \$3,000.

Her son Elbert was wounded in battle of Seven Pines

in 1818
he was
15 yrs
old
born
1803
1864
1803
61

MRS. CATHARINE STRATTON LADD (MRS. GEORGE WILLIAMSON LIVERMORE LADD) Taken mostly from the Dictionary of American Biography. Written by Mrs. Ladd.

Mrs. Catharine Stratton Ladd, Mrs. George Williamson Livermore Ladd, school mistress, writer of fugitive prose, poems, verse, and artist was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 18, 1808; died in Fairfield County, South Carolina, January 10, 1899. Her father, James Stratton, arrived in Richmond from Ireland 1806, and a year later after this date married Martha Ann Collins. Six months after Catharine Ladd was born he fell ~~off~~ from a vessel off the coast and drowned.

Mrs. Catharine Ladd was educated in the schools of Richmond and was said to have been a playmate of Edgar Allen Poe. One of the most treasured recollections of Richmond was her meeting Lafayette at a public reception there in 1824. In 1828 she married George Williamson Livermore Ladd, who was born in Plymouth, New Hampshire, and who had been a seaman for ten years before; but who was then in the South as a portrait painter having studied under the famous ^{Samuel} G.F.B. Morse of Boston.

Accompanied by his mother, she went to Charleston, South Carolina, where they arrived in time to witness the jubilee of the election of Andrew Jackson. From Charleston they went to Augusta, Georgia. Here they remained until burned out by the great fire of 1829. Then they returned to South Carolina but later removed to Macon, Georgia, where for three years Mrs. Ladd was principal of Vineville Academy. Next she opened a school for girls in York, South Carolina. In 1839 she learned there was a large brick building on the main street of Winnsboro, South Carolina, that would be ideal for an academy. Previous to this time she had had as pupils for several years the daughters of the Honorable Osmond Woodward of Winnsboro. Mr. Woodward through his interest in getting her school in the town had the Ladd possessions moved by his teams to the large building, and on January 1, 1840, the Winnsboro Female Institute was opened in style.

In 1850 it was said there were 100 young lady pupils, some from as great a distance as Charleston, along with nine excellent teachers; and Mrs. Ladd remained principal until the school was closed by the Civil War.

Mrs. Ladd took a keen interest in public affairs, and it is said as early as 1831 she published an article entitled THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MANUFACTURING IN SOUTH CAROLINA. It is also said she submitted a design for the Confederate flag as permanent president of the Ladies' Relief Association of Fairfield County she did much for the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. Her son, Albert Washington Ladd, was wounded at the Battle of Seven Pines; her husband died July 14, 1864. She lost everything in 1865 when Sherman's troops burned her home which with wooden dining-hall sat south of the brick school building. After this she resided sometime in the building-dwelling-immediately north of the three-story school house.

She later added to her instruction courses dancing, acting, art and music. She supervised and instigated various types of operettas, plays in what was said to have been a hall built for these actions- this hall was called the Thespian Hall and it was said these dramas were the second ones originated with their own building, in the state. As late as 1873 students and local talent amused thus the village and...

My Grandfather Stratton lived in Ireland; my father, James Stratton lived in Ireland & was brought to the United States in 1806 by his Uncle, Mr. Davidson - he and my mother, who was Ann Collins, of Richmond, were married in 1807, and I was born Oct. 28th, 1808. He heard that 2 of his brothers had come to this country, but where they settled he never knew, as he was drowned about 6 months after my birth. James Davidson had died leaving two children, J. W. Davidson and Agnes, the former lived in Pittsburg & married a Miss Borts; Agnes married a Mr. Rast, and remained in Richmond. My mother depended on my father to trace his brothers and he spoke of going to N. York to search, but as already stated he was drowned before his intention could be carried out. He also heard that his sister was to marry and come out and settle in Penn. in 1810. He had to go to Norfolk to take a vessel. It was dark when they got out of Elizabeth river into rough water, he was standing talking when he suddenly exclaimed "I am getting sea-sick", he rushed to the side of the vessel, lost his balance and was pitched into the sea, every effort was made to recover him, but he was never seen again.

My mother lost trace of the family after this except Mr. J. W. Davidson, of Petersburg. She inquired of him as to the whereabouts of the brothers, but he knew nothing of them.

My husband, George Williamson, Ladd, was born at Exeter, New Hampshire; was reared in Mass., was a Portrait Painter; studied under Mogse in Boston; his father was Daniel Ladd, he had four sons, G. W., William, Obela and Charles Henry Ladd.

William settled in Delaware; Obela died, and Charles Henry settled in Delaware Co., Ohio, and George came South to repair some portraits when we met & were married, in September. He had engaged work in Charleston, S. C., and was to begin it Oct. 7th, 1828. He with my mother (Mrs. Stratton) came on in 1827. We left Charleston & settled in Augusta, Ga. where we remained until we were burned out by the big fire in 1829, when half of the City was destroyed. We then returned to S. C. where I have been ever since with the exception of 3 years I spent at Macon, Ga. as the Principal of Vineville Academy. In 1840 I was offered a large school in Wonnboro, S. C., so we moved there where I was principal of the school until 1865, when I lost everything by Sherman's Raiders. My mother died in 1856; my husband 14th July, 1864.

This was written by Mrs. Catherine Ladd in her 90th year to a cousin, Mrs. Mabel Ladd Stratton, 818 Grace St., Richmond, Va.

no. 225/

No 225/

PROTECTION.

United States

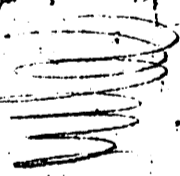


of America.

District and Port of Savannah—State of Georgia.

I *Archibald A. Sullivan* Collector of the District of Savannah, hereby certify, That *George W. Ladd* an American man, aged *55* years, or thereabouts, of the height of *5.5* feet *on half* inches,

Was born in Plymouth, in the State of New Hampshire
has a crooked nose, dark eyes, dark hair



has this day produced to me proof, in the manner directed in the Act, entitled "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen;" and, pursuant to the said Act, I do hereby certify, That the said *George W. Ladd* is a Citizen of the United States of America.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal of Office, this *fourteenth* day of *December* One Thousand Eight *hundred and eighty*

pro Collector
Alex. Irvine
Notary

5/5

Phine. South
Notary

History of How the
 the Masonic Jewels, Which
 Own Home Was Going up in Smoke—
 The Selfish Deed of a True
 Heroine.

(By her daughter, Mrs. K. L. Cureton,
 in Memorial Edition of The State.)

My mother, Mrs. Catherine
 [unclear], whose name may be re-
 called by hundreds of her own
 pupils throughout the South as
 one of the most noted and suc-
 cessful teachers of her day, gave
 up her loved vocation in the be-
 ginning of the struggle between
 the States and devoted herself
 wholly to the cause of the Con-
 federacy. She had lived in
 Winoosboro for 20 years, where
 she had established a large and
 prominent institution of learning.
 Her literary talent was recognized
 as that among the best. Of her
 poems one noted said: "They
 are sweet, smooth and flowing,
 particularly so, but, like Scotch
 music, their gayest notes are sad."
 In her childhood days she had
 been, at one time, a playmate of
 Edgar Allen Poe. Perhaps she
 caught some inspiration for her
 poems from these early associa-
 tions.

She was also greatly gifted as
 a playwriter, and her papers on
 education, home manufactures
 and the encouragement of white
 labor showed that she realized
 long before the war that the
 prosperity of the South would
 depend ultimately upon the latter.

When the dark war-cloud arose
 in its fury in 1861 this grand
 woman closed her school, laid
 aside her pen and took up her
 needle, and flung her doors ajar
 for the soldiers to enter.

She was president of the
 Soldiers' Aid association all dur-
 ing the war and by her untiring
 exertions kept it well supplied
 with clothes.

Once when a gentleman friend
 said to her: "The first time I
 ever saw you, you were under
 my father's kitchen looking for
 old iron vessels to send off to
 make shells to kill Yankees with,"
 the old lady seemed to warm up
 to the old war-spirit, and replied:
 "Oh, yes; and I also sent my full
 set of German tableware to be
 melted into bullets and my
 telescope to the officers. It was
 one with which you could see 30
 miles."

She was one of the originators
 of the Confederate flag.

Those were busy days and
 nights for her, but her energy
 never grew weary, and she never
 was too tired to lend her personal
 supervision to any benevolent
 work.

At the last, when we lived in
 dire dread of the Yankees "com-
 ing through," she still showed
 her noble patriotism. Although
 but a mere girl at the time, I
 can distinctly recall those dark,
 miserable days when we listened
 anxiously for the unwelcome in-
 truders—how, with almost bated
 breath, we watched each night
 the burning fires of our beautiful
 city of country

Oh! was it not enough that our
 fathers, brothers and all near
 and dear to us should be laid on
 the sacrificial altar? No, this
 could not satiate the unrelenting
 fury of the terrible warfiend.

The torch of the barbarians
 from the North, as we viewed
 Sherman and his brand-bearing
 fellows, must come with their
 destructive work, leaving in their
 tracks only standing chimneys,
 grim sentinels over blackened
 ruins where once were the com-
 fortable homes and happy fire-
 side of a brave, generous people—
 monuments to Sherman's relent-
 less pursuit of war, in which a
 Nero might have glorified, but
 from which a Washington or a
 Lee would have shrunk in horror.

Rumors were afloat that they
 had orders not to burn our town,
 and as they swooped down upon
 us like wild Indians, we had this
 for a hope—a hope also! too soon
 to fade into an echoless past.

My mother's house was ordered
 to be guarded. My father had
 painted a large, handsome Maso-
 nic chart, which stood on an
 easel in the parlor.

When the crack and snap of
 fire was first heard and we could
 see the red flames leaping up-
 ward and house after house suc-
 cumb, suddenly we noticed a
 Federal officer ride up to our
 gate, quickly dismounting, dash
 into the house, and, securing this
 chart, hurriedly give orders to
 some of his men to dig a hole in
 the garden, place it between

mattresses and bury it.

Recognizing in this man a
 member of the Masonic fraternity,
 mother asked him to follow her,
 and together they rushed into
 the already blazing Masonic hall
 and saved the Masonic jewels.
 She anxiously and frantically
 sought the charter, but was
 prevented from securing it by the
 smoke and flames, knowing as
 she did that leaving her own
 home for only these few moments
 meant the loss of all her own
 property, including the literary
 works of 30 years. We can but
 say it was only one instance of
 her entire unselfishness.

The flames roared and crackled
 and spread with desperate rapid-
 ity, devouring everything within
 reach. Only too vividly can I
 now recall those terrible scenes.
 I can still see the blowing blaze
 which seemed to reach the firmid
 heavens, hear the cries of terror-
 stricken women, shrieking child-
 ern, groans of slaves, all com-
 mingled with the taunts and curses
 of a relentless enemy, who, filled
 with liquor, acted more like
 demons than human beings.
 Swiftly as her feet could carry
 her my brave little mother put
 the box containing the jewels in
 a place of safety and returned to
 her own house, which was by
 this time burning. The officer
 ordered his men to carry out our
 piano, which they did with the
 loss of one of its legs. She
 to say, the

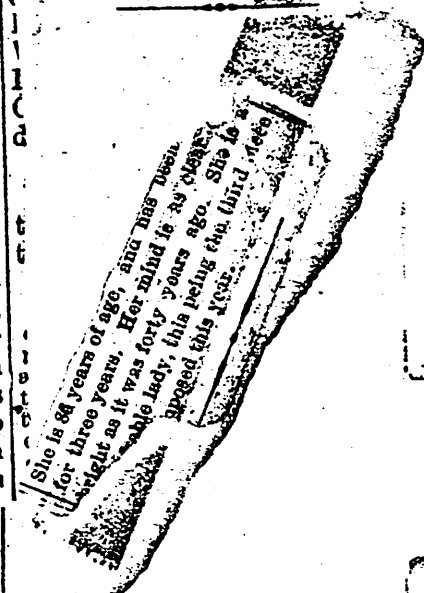
as one of the
 and defiled its virgin
 ing some uncouth
 bers leaped and danced
 when savages—danced
 while our women cried for hope-
 less mercy.

In 1891 mother was stricken
 totally blind, but even thereafter
 she could not fold her hands in
 idleness. Her pen has even since
 brought forth many sweet poems.

The following is one among
 her last, written in 1898:

Through our way be dark and dreary,
 Through life's trials press us sore,
 Thou hast mansions for us ready,
 Homes where troubles come no more,
 O my Saviour, guide me, watch me,
 Lead me by Thy loving hand;
 Let me feel that Thou art near me,
 Until I reach the Promised Land.

When the shades of eve are closing,
 And the hour of death draws near,
 Let me feel Thy arms around me,
 I will cross without a fear.
 By faith I'll see my home of rest
 In that glorious land afar;
 I will hear the angels singing,
 "Come! the gates of Heaven



As and Herald.
MEMORIES.

BY MRS. C. LADD.

Beautiful view from the mountain
light,
We've watched the sun as his
light
the earth and the coming day,
the dark shadows of light
day,
I remember.

Strayed to the valley below
a hill,
A trail that led to the old brown
mill

A broken bridge where oft we stood
Under the shade of that grand old
oak
The oak and their thousand arms,
The scene around new charms,
A bower where the sunbeams
played,
To pierce the dark leaf shade,
I remember.

The elms where I loved to stay;
Watching the close of day,
The sun as he sunk to his nightly
rest
The crimson clouds of the glow-
ing west,
I remember.

I read the tales then of other
times,
The shepherd's songs and the
evening chimes

They sweetly mingle at close of day,
Whilst the rippling waves of some
lovely bay,
Come with their music soft and low,
Breaking against the pebbly shore,
As the wild, wild notes of the fisher's
glee

Was wafted afar o'er the dark blue
sea,
And the boats like fairies were skim-
ming the deep,
As the sun in his grandeur went down
to sleep,
Bathing the world in the golden light
That makes all things so fair and
bright,
I remember.

I remember all our girlhood days
When we parted without a tear or sigh,
Thinking we soon would meet again,
So we kissed and said good-bye, good-
bye,
I remember.

Not one of that crowd is left to say,
That over eighty years ago
We scrambled up old Church Hill
solpe,
To roll down in the snow,
Not one.

None of that gay and joyous crowd,
Memory recalls them at my will,
Every look, every word then spoken,
Fresh in memory still.
I remember.

Buckhead, S. C.

THE ROD OF LIFE.

BY MRS. C. LADD.

A wise man's saying, that "he who
could sit all day by a stream angling
was a fool at one end of the rod and a
fish hook at the other." He did not
merely mean the act of fishing. Time
is the capital that God gives to all,
then the lives of all depend upon how
that capital is used. Time is the rod
of every man's life; his future all
depends upon what he holds that rod
by.

He sat beneath a wide spread tree,
Beside a babbling brook,
With his lunch and fishing tackle,
And a newly published book.
His rod he held and nothing caught,
Fishing is nothing but a bother;
'Tis when idleness and indolence
Hold on to one end of the rod
And a hook swings from the other.

For better luck I crossed the stream
With my tackle and my book;
Soon I got weary, hungry, sick,
My lunch I never took.
Day was gone, nothing caught.
Why is fishing such a bother?
Because a thoughtless, idle man
Swings to one end of his rod,
Empty hooks swing from the other.

That day two notes I should have paid,
Due notice had been sent;
The whole thing was forgotten,
To a picnic off I went.
Note protested, money lost,
Why is business such a bother?
Because lost time and idle pleasures
Hold fast to one end of your rod,
All you had slipped from the other.

Boys, listen, mind your studies;
Be punctual at your school,
The days you lose in playing ball
You'll find you have played the fool.
Grown up you are fit for nothing,
Life will always be a bother,
Because lost days, lost weeks and years
Was swung from one end of life's rod,
Empty heads swing from the other.

With no excuse mules must be stopped,
Farmers and their dimes must go;
The wheels of time roll swiftly on,
The farmer's wheel moves slow.
Fall is come, debts are due,
Why is farming such a bother?
Because big liens, then mortgages,
Hold fast to one end of your rod,
Your farm slips off the other.

But cloths are high, provisions high,
Whiskey and tobacco too;
Two curses, yet without them
Very few men would do.
Fall has come, but not a cent,
Farming is nothing but a bother,
'Tis when time enough will do
Swings from one end of your rod,
Want soon swings from the other.

Now, to-day the time's your own,
Not one moment of to-morrow;
Days of sunshine thrown away
Will bring you nights of sorrow.
When time is idly thrown away,
It brings us naught but sorrow,
We own each moment of to-day,
Not one moment of to-morrow.

You say the merchants they grow rich,
Do they ever close their doors
For picnics, parties, circus,
Or any daylight shows?
They are always at their stand,
Their business is no bother,
Attention holds one end the rod,
Prosperity swings on the other.

Lafayette's Visit to Richmond in 1824

Buckhead, Fairfield county, S. C.
To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I was born in Richmond in 1808. I wit-
nessed all that occurred during the time
that the Marquis de Lafayette and suite
were guests of the city in 1824. My maid-
en name was Catherine Stratton. I mar-
ried George W. Ladd in September, 1828,
and came immediately to South Carolina.
My occupation has always been that of
a teacher and writer. You will see by
reference to the enclosed clipping from
the Winneboro' News that Lafayette was
holding my hand as he uttered the pre-
diction about our republic. Seventy-four
years have gone by, and I have lived to
see that prediction fulfilled, for the
United States is now the greatest repub-
lic on the globe, both in size and strength!
I have a great desire to know if any
person is yet living in Richmond who re-
membered this historic visit and the joy-
ous greetings accorded to the distinguis-
hed visitor. I have been blind for nearly
seven years, and, if God spares me to
see the 28th instant, I shall be 90 years
old. I have never lost interest in the city
of my birth, and often find myself in-
dulging in "glances of retrospection."
Respectfully,
Mrs. C. LADD.

A REMINISCENCE.

Seventy-four years ago I heard a pro-
phesy or a prediction made by Marquis
de Lafayette, when he visited Richmond,
Va., in 1824. He had to land at Yorkville,
and I will not attempt to describe the
splendid military display in sending to
meet him; the splendid barouche and four
magnificent horses glittering with silver.
At the edge of town they formed the
grand procession. First came the Gene-
ral and his suite, surrounded by the caval-
ry; next came the Richmond Blues
Company and a brass band of twenty-
three pieces; then the artillery, and then
every prominent citizen joined in the pro-
cession. The main street of Richmond
had a gradual rise, so that you could see
plainly from Market street up as high as
the Virginia Bank on one side and the
penitentiary store on the other. This
street led to the Capitol Square. Every
door and window was crowded; nothing
was heard but "Welcome, Lafayette!
Welcome, Lafayette!" The General was
soon landed at the Eagle Hotel. That
night they had a magnificent ball at the
Eagle in his honor, and fireworks on the
Capitol Square such as I never saw be-
fore. Next day the Capitol Square was
crowded again, everybody wanted to
shake hands with the General. The Union
Sunday-school pupils (not many in num-
ber) were drawn up on one side; I was in
the line standing about eighth from head,
the General was announced, making some
pleasant remark; as he shook hands with
each one, he started, saying that we
should never forget those who had
fought and bled to give us such a repub-
lic—a republic that is destined to be one
of the grandest in the world. He was
holding my hand at the last expression—
one of the grandest in the world.
Seventy-four years of my life have pass-
ed, and I have lived to see the prediction
fulfilled; for the United States now stands
unrivaled in the world in size, strength,
and power.
Mrs. C. LADD,
Buckhead, S. C.

August 21, - 1897.

For the News and Herald.
MEMORIES.

BY MRS. C. LADD.

The beautiful view from the mountain
height,
Where we've watched the sun as his
rosy light
Awoke the earth and the coming day,
Chased the dark shadows of light
away,

I remember.

Then we strayed to the valley below
the hill,
By the stream that led to the old brown
mill
And broken bridge where oft we stood
Beneath the shade of that grand old
wood

Of noble oak and their thousand arms,
Lent to the scene around new charms,
Forming a bower where the sunbeams
played,
Striving to pierce the dark leaf shade,
I remember.

The noble elms where I loved to stay;
Dreamily watching the close of day,
And the sun as he sunk to his nightly
rest
'Neath the crimson clouds of the glow-
ing west,

I remember.

I would read the tales then of other
climes,
Where the shepherd's songs and the
evening chimes

Would sweetly mingle at close of day,
Whilst the rippling waves of some
lovely bay,
Come with their music soft and low,
Breaking against the pebbly shore,
As the wild, wild notes of the fisher's
glee

Was wafted afar o'er the dark blue
sea,

And the boats like fairies were skim-
ming the deep,
As the sun in his grandeur went down
to sleep,
Bathing the world in the golden light
That makes all things so fair and
bright,

I remember.

I remember all our girlhood days
When we parted without a tear or sigh,
Thinking we soon would meet again,
So we kissed and said good-bye, good-
bye,

I remember.

Not one of that crowd is left to say,
That cover eighty years ago
We scrambled up old Church Hill
solps,

To roll down in the snow,
Not one.

All of that gay and joyous crowd,
Memory recalls them at my will,
Every look, every word then spoken,
Is fresh in memory still.

I remember.

Buckhead, S. C.

Thursday, June 17, - - - 1897.

THE ROD OF LIFE.

BY MRS. C. LADD.

A wise man's saying, that "he who
could sit all day by a stream angling
was a fool at one end of the rod and a
fish hook at the other." He did not
merely mean the act of fishing. Time
is the capital that God gives to all,
then the lives of all depend upon how
that capital is used. Time is the rod
of every man's life; his future all
depends upon what he holds that rod
by.

He sat beneath a wide spread tree,
Beside a babbling brook,
With his lunch and fishing tackle,
And a newly published book.
His rod he held and nothing caught,
Fishing is nothing but a bother;
'Tis when idleness and indolence
Hold on to one end of the rod
And a hook swings from the other.

For better luck I crossed the stream
With my tackle and my book;
Soon I got weary, hungry, sick,
My lunch I never took.

Day was gone, nothing caught,
Why is fishing such a bother?
Because a thoughtless, idle man
Swings to one end of his rod,
Empty hooks swing from the other.

That day two notes I should have paid,
Due notice had been sent;
The whole thing was forgotten,
To a picnic off I went.
Note protested, money lost,
Why is business such a bother?
Because lost time and idle pleasures
Hold fast to one end of your rod,
All you had slipped from the other.

Boys, listen, mind your studies;
Be punctual at your school,
The days you lose in playing ball
You'll find you have played the fool.
Grown up you are fit for nothing,
Life will always be a bother,
Because lost days, lost weeks and years
Was swung from one end of life's rod,
Empty heads swing from the other.

With no excuse mules must be stopped,
Farmers and their dimes must go;
The wheels of time roll swiftly on,
The farmer's wheel moves slow.
Fall is come, debts are due,
Why is farming such a bother?
Because big liens, then mortgages,
Hold fast to one end of your rod,
Your farm slips off the other.

But cloths are high, provisions high,
Whiskey and tobacco too;
Two curses, yet without them
Very few men would do.
Fall has come, but not a cent,
Farming is nothing but a bother,
'Tis when time enough will do
Swings from one end of your rod,
Want soon swings from the other.

Now, to-day the time's your own,
Not one moment of to-morrow;
Days of sunshine thrown away
Will bring you nights of sorrow.
When time is idly thrown away,
It brings us naught but sorrow,
We own each moment of to-day,
Not one moment of to-morrow.

You say the merchants they grow rich,
Do they ever close their doors
For picnics, parties, circus,
Or any daylight shows?
They are always at their stand,
Their business is no bother,
Attention holds one end the rod,
Prosperity swings on the other.

SUNDAY.....OCTOBER 30, 1898.

Lafayette's Visit to Richmond in 1824

Buckhead, Fairfield county, S. C.
To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I was born in Richmond in 1828. I wit-
nessed all that occurred during the time
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holding my hand as he uttered the pre-
diction about our republic. Seventy-four
years have gone by, and I have lived to
see that prediction fulfilled; for the
United States is now the greatest repub-
lic on the globe, both in size and strength!
I have a great desire to know if any
person is yet living in Richmond who re-
membered this historic visit and the joy-
ous greetings accorded to the distinguis-
hed visitor. I have been blind for nearly
seven years, and, if God spares me to
see the 28th instant, I shall be 90 years
old. I have never lost interest in the city
of my birth, and often find myself in-
dulging in "glances of retrospection."

Respectfully,
Mrs. C. LADD.

(Enclosure.)

A REMINISCENCE.

Seventy-four years ago I heard a pro-
phesy or a prediction made by Marquis
de Lafayette, when he visited Richmond,
Va., in 1824. He had to land at Yorkville,
and I will not attempt to describe the
splendid military display in sending to
meet him, the splendid barouche and four
magnificent horses glittering with silver.
At the edge of town they formed the
grand procession. First came the Gen-
eral and his suite, surrounded by the cav-
alry; next came the Richmond Blues
Company and a brass band of twenty-
three pieces; then the artillery, and then
every prominent citizen joined in the pro-
cession. The main street of Richmond
had a gradual rise, so that you could see
plainly from Market street up as high as
the Virginia Bank on one side and the
penitentiary store on the other. This
street led to the Capitol Square. Every
door and window was crowded; nothing
was heard but "Welcome, Lafayette!
Welcome, Lafayette!" The General was
soon landed at the Eagle Hotel. That
night they had a magnificent ball at the
Eagle in his honor, and fireworks on the
Capitol Square such as I never saw be-
fore. Next day the Capitol Square was
crowded again, everybody wanted to
shake hands with the General. The Union
Sunday-school pupils (not many in num-
ber) were drawn up on one side; I was in
the line standing about eighth from head,
the General was announced, making some
pleasant remark; as he shook hands with
each one, he started, saying that we
should never forget those who had
fought and bled to give us such a repub-
lic—a republic that is destined to be one
of the grandest in the world. He was
holding my hand at the last expres-
sion of the grandest in the world.

Seventy-four years of my life have pass-
ed, and I have lived to see the prediction
fulfilled; for the United States now stands
unrivaled in the world in size, strength,
and power.
Mrs. C. LADD.

Buckhead, S. C.

2016.029: Letter from Albert Washington ("Wash") Ladd, Charleston, S.C., to his sister (Josephine N., Catherine Lydia, or Annie B. Ladd), July 24, 1864

Dear Sister,

You mentioned in your last letter to mother that I had not written to you in some time. This ["is" inserted] true, but it occurred not from a non desire to spend a short time in corresponding with my wandering Sis, but on account of the many days that I have lost during the last six weeks, which loss has so far thrown me behind hand with my papers, that I have very little time to spend in the more pleasant relations of life.

I suppose you will have heard before this reaches you of our irrepressible loss. Our dear old Father died on the 16th of this month. It came very sudden on us all, more so I know on you, George and Charley as you had no intimation of his illness, and the first word you received of it was his death. This I know was very heavy on you and George, but, dear Sis, we should not complain at the wise dispensation that has called him home. It is a debt that all must soon or later inevitably settle. Father had been with us a long time. We could not pationally expect to keep him allways, and he had reached the ripe age of 63, and far distant from the "three score years and less," beyond which very far, was reached. it would have been great satisfaciton to the family could they have clustered around the bed of affliction, and shared each others grief; But a wiser power has willed it otherwise, and it is not well for us to criticise the justness of His acts. Kate and [illegible name] were the only ones present. I did not arrive at home until 11 o'clock at night, and he died about 12 M[eridian]. It would not have been any more satisfaction to him to have had us there, as he was almost continually unconcious from the time he was taken until his death. His resting place is side by side grandmother, in the old Methodist Church yard. Mother wrote me not to persuade you to come home. This, I certainly will not attempt to do if you are [illegible] in Florida, and your health continues to improve. Stay, by all means, and if you ever want any money, I will send it to you. I came very nearly sending you one hundred dollars some ten days since, but Mother would not let me.

I received a letter from George last evening. He was very well. We have not heard from Charley in the last seven days. He was a little unwell when we last heard. I am writing this at night after a very heavy days work & now feel very tired. So good night dear Sis and be a brave girl under your affliction.

With Love

Your Bro

Wash

2016.030: Letter from Emma, Lynchburg, to her cousin, Albert Washington ("Wash") Ladd, August 27, 1866

Lynchburg [Virginia] Aug 27th/[18]66

Dear Cousin,

Your letter came safely to hand about a week since, & it has been so very long since I have had the extreme pleasure of hearing ["from you" inserted] that I scarcely know how to go about answering your epistle, or indeed whether or not I ought to do so for you must know there is very little satisfaction in writing to any one, & feeling at the same time that your letter is to be received with perfect indifference & nonchalance & of course I can expect nothing else at your hands, for you know the old saying actions speak louder than words & judging from the former as regards yourself, I have no right to think that you would manifest any degree of pleasure at the reception of one of my insignificant epistles. You say you do not wish me to assume the robe of Nemesis, but I think I shall, & choose the most effective measure of doing so a speedy reply for I am sure it would please you too well for me to wait nearly a year before answering your letter, therefore I intend to inflict some punishment by thrusting myself upon your notice at an earlier date than you either [illegible] or expected & then I would not like to defer waiting so long, for fear you might be in Brazil or that time [expired" inserted] & I would like to be the recipient of one more letter from you before you take your departure from this country. A fare well epistle at any rate. I often think of you all & used to wonder [illegible word deleted] what could be the cause of your continued silence & comfort myself sometimes with the thought that probably any ["letter had" inserted] ever been received, & then again I imagined you had answered in the intervening time, & became entirely oblivious of the rest of mankind in the perfect happiness & bliss you enjoyed with the one you had chosen as your partner for life, who from thence forth was to have your joys & pleasures, & ["be near" inserted] to sustain & comfort you in the hour of adversity & afflictions. I thought however you might have written & let a body know some thing about it. I will not pursue the subject any farther ["however" inserted] but exonerate you from all blame, for if you did not feel disposed to write, I think you were perfectly justifiable in not doing so, & must willingly excuse you on that ground. I suppose you think an exchange of letters once a year is sufficient communication between the two families to keep the interest which they naturally feel in each other, from entirely subsiding, we can thereby give an annual account of each other & enumerate what important changes may have taken place during the time so you need not in future make any more excuses, but first remember, my gentle, forgiving disposition & write whenever the spirit moves you, for your letters are always a source of pleasure. I am sorry to hear you have had to struggle so hard & overcome so many difficulties to get along - but I suppose your success is ample compensation for all you have undergone, for we must expect to

meet with many hardships & trials in the present ["state" inserted] of our country & you have been blest above many others, for there are members who are out of employment, & have failed in every effort to obtain it & would willingly undergo almost any privation & hardship to obtain sustenance for themselves & family. The cry of hard times & scarcity of money is heard from every quarter. Papa speaks very

[one sheet of correspondence - four pages - missing; text picks up on page 9]

the presence of the dear departed one, but I must beg your forgiveness for dwelling so long upon a subject in which you can feel but little concern, but is of such deep interest to myself.

Aunt Mary's health has greatly improved, & she is comparatively speaking well tho' as Winter approaches her disease may show itself again - warm weather being much more favorable for her. I am extremely obliged for your kind invitation to visit you this Winter & would like very much to do so, but fear it will be impossible. I have had a most pressing invitation ["extended" inserted] to spend this Winter in Alabama, which I would like to accept being exceedingly anxious to visit there, but ["will" inserted] be necessarily compelled to decline - we would be much pleased to have some of you to visit us. I would like very much to know & see the girls but Summer is the most pleasant time to visit Virginia. You can then go round to see all the places of note in our state - Natural Bridge Peaks of [illegible] &c... & spend a much more agreeable time, altogether.

I wrote to you last Summer, Cousin, & asked you please to send me your photograph which you promised to do & indeed said you ["could" inserted] send it the following week, but as it has never come to hand I think you must have failed to do so, so I again ask make the request. I had a very pretty album given me last christmas & am anxious to get the photographs of my friends & relations whom I wish to occupy a place there. I would so much like to have yours, & also Cousin Charlie if you will both confer the favor of sending them to me. I shall certainly expect them, & be sadly disappointed if they are not received in a very short time. I was the recipient of a letter a few days ago, & I wish very much you were near, to assist me in answering, for I really do not how to proceed one portion of it, completely non-pleasant one & I think probably you might have been able to enlighten me & [illegible] the best course to pursue, but not having you to consult I do not [have] anyone to apply to, & will have to rely upon my own judgment & answer to the best of my knowledge & ability but it will be quite an undertaking. Bert is indeed quite grown, has been on the [illegible] for a year or more. I think she is very pretty & is the acknowledged beauty of the family. She still spells her name Berta, but after she becomes more advanced in years, if she still remains single I think it probably she will change it to ie, thinking it will sound so much younger.

Well Cousin Wash I will tax your patience no longer, for I know you to be completely wearied out as you get [illegible] very thorough with reading, but I did not intend writing such a lengthy epistle when I commenced. I shall look anxiously forward this time next year if I am in

the land of the living, for one of your long, interesting letters to open not to be disappointed. All are well & unite with me in much love to yourself & each member of the family.

As ever your Cousin

Emma

2016.032: Letter from Josephine Stratton Cureton ("Josie") Wilkes, Blair, S.C., to her uncle George Ladd, April 12, 1911

Blair, S.C.

Apr. 12 - 1911

Dear Uncle George:

Georgia's letter reached us to day and as Aunt Joe has been in Pickens all winter with Ma, I put a special delivery stamp on her letter and forwarded it right on to Aunt Joe and Ma. I hope Aunt Lou is not as dangerously ill as you all think. I would come to you but have no one to stay with the children.

If I can be of any use let me know right away. I can certainly sympathize with any one in such trouble, as I've had my share. Please write or get the children to write if there is a change for the worse in Aunt Lou's condition. I will be anxious and worried 'till I hear again.

With love from Josie

2016.034: Letter from James Washington Ladd, Greenwood, S.C., to his cousin George Ladd, 30-32 Spring Street, Union, S.C., July 27, 1920

Greenwood, S.C.

July 27, 1920

Dear George,

Your letter just received and certainly was appreciated. I am getting along fine but I like wish the best.

I have intended writting you sooner but didn't know your address.

George I have turned my car over to a dealer here to sell for me which I don't think will be long. I will send you a check for the account as soon as he sells it.

I am sorry that I haven't been able to send it to you before now but don't worry it will be good when it gets there.

Let me hear from you again soon.

My best regards to all as ever your Cousin.

James W. Ladd

Greenwood, S.C.

Envelope postmarked Greenwood, SC July 27, 1920; 2¢ red George Washington stamp

2016.031: Personal letter from Thomas Albert ("Allie") Ladd, Dawkins, S.C., to his uncle George Douglas Ladd, July 11, 1908; written on stationery of T.A. Ladd, Agent, Dry Goods and Groceries, Dawkins, S.C.

Dawkins SC

July 11 08

Dear Uncle George,

Your letter came some time ago and was certainly sorry to hear that you all have been sick. I would have answered sooner but have been expecting to come up there. I enclose a little ch[ec]k hope it will help you out some. Can't you come down some time to see us.

Your Nephew

T. Allie Ladd