

Poems and other writings of Mrs. C. Ladd,  
 who was the teacher of the Porter children's  
 grandmother, EMMA CANTY JONES; and her sisters,  
 Mary and Sarah, in the early 1860s in South Carolina.

These writings were photocopied in August, 1980 by our distant cousin, Sara Mason Bolick, Mrs. Sam P., R.1, Box 215, Blair, S.C. 29015 and mailed to Virginia Porter Fiser, who had requested the search of Mrs. C. Ladd's scrapbooks in the hope of finding more data about our South Carolina ancestors. The scrapbook is all that remains. "Thirty years of Mrs. Ladd's writings, etc. were destroyed by Sherman." Mrs. Ladd's granddaughter, Catherine Fee, who belongs to the same church as Sara Bolick, said that no school photos survived Sherman's 1865 march through South Carolina, nor does she know of any photographs which exist of that era. Mrs. Fee "is an old lady and spends a great deal of her time in Columbia with her daughter." The scrapbook "is in such bad shape. Its really not a book any more, but Mrs. Fee was very gracious in sharing them." Mrs. Ladd was indeed "A Remarkable Woman" who made a lifelong impression on her students, despite the suffering all withstood during and after The War Between The States (Civil War). VLPF

**Poetry.**  
**SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.**  
**THE VILLAGE WHERE I WAS BORN.**  
 BY MRS. C. LADD.

The pleasant village where I was born,  
 And the wide spread grassy shaded lawn,  
 Are there;  
 But the friends who met at the ringing call,  
 Away to the lawn. Now boys for the ball;  
 Are not there.

I have been again to the little mill,  
 And the lumbering wheel, it is moving still;  
 They are there;  
 But the friends who met me there to play,  
 In the mill-dam, till the close of day,  
 Are not there.

The old sign swings by the tavern door,  
 The cake-shop looks as it did of yore,  
 They are there;  
 But the smiles of old jolly Boniface,  
 And the little bald head, at the Cakeman  
 place,  
 Are not there.

The village well with its waters clear,  
 And the stones we fashioned to form a chair,  
 Are there;  
 But the old brown gourd and the merry cry,  
 Of the happy boys as the sweep rose high,  
 Are not there.

The Church with its walls, and its blithely  
 gray,  
 And the pew where I knelt each Sabbath  
 day,  
 Are there;  
 But those who knelt by my side to pray,  
 And taught me God's holy word to say,  
 Are not there.

The bell that oft peal'd the wedding note,  
 Or solemnly toll'd with its deep stung  
 throat,  
 Are there;  
 But the sexton who rang it for many a day,  
 Or toll'd it when loved ones had passed  
 away,  
 Is not there.

The cottage whose memory is sweet to me,  
 And the tufted seat 'neath the apple tree,  
 Are there;  
 But the father, the mother, the sisters dear,  
 The brothers, whose smiles could the cot-  
 tage cheer,  
 Are not there.

I have wandered the village, been up and  
 down,  
 Not to see, but to find the friends  
 I love;  
 They are gone;  
 But my tottering steps and my locks of gray,  
 Tell of the years that have passed away,  
 Since there,  
 I roamed with those, shall meet no more,  
 Till I pass Eternity's dark waves o'er,  
 There we'll meet;  
 Shall we clasp the hands that were once so  
 dear,  
 Shall we see the faces we loved so here,  
 In that land,  
 In the misty light of the coming day.

By 1868, the Jones children were not there either. With their parents both now dead, they were taken, along with their brother, Robert Winfield Jones, to Florida to live with their grandmother, Sarah Meredith Jones. After she died two years later, they were moved once again to live with their other grandmother, Mollie Ross Durham in Louisiana. They never returned to South Carolina which they loved, and were reunited with their loved ones only in death.



August 21, 1897.

For the N. and Herald.  
MEMORIES.

BY MRS. C. LADD.

The beautiful view from the mountain  
height,  
Where we've watched the sun as his  
rosy light  
Arose 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

Near 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,  
While 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  
glean

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 ever eighty years ago

We prambled up old Church Hill  
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 they spoken  
Is fresh in memory still.

I remember

Buck head, S. C.

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 witnessed all that occurred during the time that the Marquis de Lafayette and suite were guests of the city in 1824. My maiden name was Catherine Stratton. I married George W. Ladd in September, 1829, 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 Winnebago News that Lafayette was holding my hand as he uttered the prediction 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 republic on the globe, both in size and strength.

I have a great desire to know if any person is yet living in Richmond who remembered this historic visit and the joyous greetings accorded to the distinguished visitor. I have been blind for nearly seven years, and, if God spares me to see the 25th instant, I shall be 90 years old. I have never lost interest in the city of my birth, and often find myself indulging in "glances at retrospection."

Respectfully,  
Mrs. C. LADD.

A REMINISCENCE.

Seventy-four years ago I heard a prophecy 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 General and his suite, surrounded by the cavalry; 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 procession. 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 before. Next day the Capitol Square was crowded again, everybody wanted to shake hands with the General. The Union Sunday-school pupils (not many in number) 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 republic—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 passed, 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.

Poetry.

AUGUST 1, 1868.

I LOVE GOD'S BEAUTEOUS WORLD.

BY MRS. C. LADD.

Earth is the home of time; Heaven of eternity;

When earth is sleeping on the breast of night

I love to roam; When not a footstep save my own Falls on the ear, I love to wander in the silent vale, Beside the babbling brook, and gase Upon the broad bright vault above And mark the change; that tell Of Coming day—

In the gray tints of morn I love to watch The starry host, as one by one, they fade away,

Like some dissolving scene. Melting from view,

Hiding their far-off golden eyes Behind the ethereal blue.

I love to mount Up, up, to the mountain brow, As morn with roseate flood of light Illumes the distant eastern sky, Spreading out golden arms to lift The canopy of night.

The veil that o'er the sleeping, dreaming, world,

Night sung, that she might weep Dew drops. With no eyes to see Save the bright morning stars, That once together sweetly sang In all their melody,

Striking their harps till Heaven's high arch Rang with the joyous strain that ushered in The natal morn of earth, God's gift, Time's child was born, And in its young rich beauty lay Fresh from the hands of Him, Heaven's great architect.

Then as now night silent stole away, Before the tints of purple light Usheing in the day.

In hours like those the heart can hold Communion with the spirit world, Raming in realms, far, far, beyond the sight,

Where soul meets soul, and the soft melting strain,

Mysterious spell, sweet music of the heart Cashes in wild delight.

Earth is so beautiful. When the day's last lingering ray Kisses the clouds, then fades away.

Earth is beautiful. As evening twilight fades, and night With stealthy steps steals o'er the world Bringing the watch stars out to keep Their vigils. Sweet noiseless sentinals Guarding our mother earth While she through their long watches sleeps

Then to make beauty, still more beautiful.

The full round moon in all her majesty Comes o'er the Eastern hill, as queen,

Of all that wondrous starry galaxy, Bathing the earth, in her soft silvery light

Making the shadowy forms light as a Fay With noiseless feet, dance o'er the plain

Coming, receding, melting far away, Assuming wild fantastic shapes

Till fancy gives them life. The Irish harp, amidst such scenes

That earth, and earthly passions die No sound awakes the soul entranced

From its sweet dreams of bliss. Bliss, only known beyond the skies

It is the hour, when incensed pure From the heart's deep fountain rise,

In silent adoration, to the throne of God.

No human passions mar the breast

No clouds the arch above, The purest homage of the heart,

Goes to the God of love.

Why is the earth so beautiful?

Why are the heavens so bright?

Why, why was the sun made for the day

The moon made for the night?

In beauty, The mountains high, the valleys low,

The brooks, the babbling rills, The hills, the plains, the rolling seas

With beauty nature fills.

Why so beautiful?

Why was earth made so beautiful?

Why does God's special care, Bring round the seasons in their turn,

With gifts so rich and rare?

And a voice answered,

'Twas made for man, for man alone,

And filled with gifts of love,

'Twas made for him, who'll scarcely raise The voice of praise above.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

Tuesday, July 27, 1897.

MRS. C. LADD WRITES A LETTER. In which she tells something of her long life, which will be of interest to her many friends. Mr. Editor Will you allow me a small space in your paper to correct the statement that there would be a picnic at Mrs. C. Ladd's. It is an entire mistake. I have been in this state 60 years. In '39 I heard of the building in Winnsboro that had been erected for a female school, they had never been able to get the school started. I determined to give it a trial and commenced teaching in the Bore January 1st, '41. There is no one in Winnsboro can tell the prosperity of my school as well as the Hon. G. H. McMaster. I have not seen a ray of light since the first day of July '91. This last spring I had a severe spell of la grippe. I lay for two months not able to move without help. I have become so deaf that I cannot hear unless the person speaking is very near me, neither can I walk without a strong arm for support. I have pupils scattered all through the Confederate states and a reunion with any of them would be very pleasant to me. I had the strength to hear it. I will be 88 next October. I know I can't be far from from eternity. The remembrance of the years I was teaching is very pleasant and if all passes before me like a beautiful panorama. I have been in this county 57 years, and my peace and prosperity ever rest on it is the fervent wish of Mrs. C. Ladd.

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, circs,  
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.

## MRS. C. LADD DEAD.

A Remarkable Woman Passes Away.  
Buckhead, Jan. 30.

Mrs. C. Ladd died this evening at Buena Vista about five o'clock. For the last week she has been quite sick and the end was not unexpected. Mrs. R. L. Wilks and Dr. J. D. Cureton of her immediate family were with her. Miss Josephine is yet quite ill with pneumonia, but hope of her recovery is now entertained. I suppose Mrs. Ladd will be laid to rest beside her son Dr. C. H. Ladd in Salem Presbyterian cemetery.

## BEYOND THE NIGHT.

"The lark-like voice that sang so long,  
Through bitter days or bright,  
Has found the source of deathless song  
Beyond the night.

The loyal heart that beat so true,  
Unchanged by earthly ills,  
Has reached the everlasting blue  
Of God's own hills.

The poet soul that clearly saw  
In every mortal thing,  
Twin miracles of love and law  
Has taken wing.

The eyes by stress of time made dim  
Death's mystic border passed  
Beyond the far horizon's rim  
See light at last."

This beautiful poem was written by W. M. Hayne, Esq., and as it is so applicable to our friend Mrs. C. Ladd I have copied it as a tribute to her memory and hope that you will give it space in your columns.

Nimpoite.

FAIRFIELD'S HILLS

In Fairfield's hills  
Arbutus grow,  
Beneath the leaves,  
Neath the snow.

In Fairfield's hills  
The goldenrod  
Lifts its burnished  
Face to God.

In Fairfield's hills  
Wild violets bring  
The first glad message  
Of the spring.

To Fairfield's hills  
My Forebears came,  
Carved on the wilderness  
A name.

In Fairfield's hills  
My sires sleep,  
Where birds and flowers  
A vigil Keep.

By Etta Allen Rosson

Note: My Forebears in Fairfield's hills, and those of my sisters and brothers, 8 of us in all, were named JONES, DURHAM, MEREDITH, ROSS, and possibly CANTY and HARRISON.

Virginia Porter Fiser, Mrs. Van E.  
1139 N. Ridgewood, Wichita, KS 67208

*I love this poem, and wish I knew something about the author!*  
A