at home. One son went to Ohio. Oh! Let me tell you about the

Sampson family.

Mr. James Sampson had sons and daughters, all handsome men and beautiful women. They were all cultured. Now I knew them as a girl. Miss Susie Dudley was a teacher in the public school and also Miss Fannie, Susie married Jimmie Dudley, and A & T College at Greensboro was founded by them and there is a street in Greensboro, N.C. named Dudley Street. Mr. Jos. was a politician and they called him "whispering Jo. as he could only talk in a whisper.

I used to wonder how they could be so cultured and they were all born in slavery days. They were not slaves. Old man Sampson owned slaves.

My mother told me when she was a girl about fourteen, her young mistress had company from Washington and she gave her a note to take to Master John Sampson. Mother showed me the very house. It was called "Moon light on the lake". As I remember, it was a light green and mother said it had a silver door knob that shone like everything, and before she lifted the kitchen she made faces in the door knob as if it was a mirror. When the slave girl answered the bell she told her she wanted to see Master John Sampson. The maid said my master is up stairs. What do you want with him. I have a note for him. The maid said I will take it to him. No, mother told her she was to give it to him and get an answer. The young master came down stairs and took the note and said there is no answer for you to take back but tell her I'll be there. Mother said to her young eyes he was the handsomest man she ever saw. Tall, brown with straight hair and he had on a dressing gown with a silk cord and tassel just like my own master.

Now boys when I knew him, he was just as handsome but a middle aged man and he was called J. P. Sampson. The Rev. J. P. Sampson of the Methodist Church. He preached in our Presbyterian Church once and I sang in the choir. He seemed very proud of my voice and said I got it from Cousin Fred. In some way my grandmother Sadgwar was related to grandmother Sampson. You know my middle name is Sampson.

Mr. Joseph Sampson married Miss Carrie DeReath of Charleston, S.C. and I was told that her father owned slaves. They were both wealthy families. I remember Mrs. Carrie Sampson from Charleston, S.C. She had a little dog named Pete. I dare say they lost their money when they lost their slaves. How a man who was a Negro could buy and sell his own people is a mystery to me. Even after Slavery, they lived fine. They are all gone now, lived their lives as they knew how and God loved them and still has "His mysteries of grace and ways that we know not why." They were a cultured family. All the women were like queens and the men were like prince's, and so "goodly to look upon." I'll leave them now with their Saviour. All this was in the days of long ago. Good night now Lovingly Mother