

had become ^{utterly} uninhabitable. The corpse was that of a colored woman, a "free nigger", as those who were not owned by a white person were contemptuously known. Even now I can see that black face with the eyelids held down over the sightless eyes by two silver half dollars.

Our old house stood a good distance back from the main road, much nearer the fishing shore, known as "Muddy Shore", than did the more modern house built by my father, when I was about four years old. The log "quarters" with dirt floor, and ^{cupboards} built against the walls, and a great mud chimney and fireplace, at one end, stood back of the the

Mark and I were recalling, only a short while ago, how we used to enjoy lemon-flavored ice cream, made in a tin bucket, immersed in a tub of ice and salt. Labor was not as scarce as it is now, in this time of strikes and high prices, and one of the negro men always had time to whirl the bucket around in semicircles until the contents were frozen. — This was before the time of "ice cream cones" or even patent freezers.

Two Lombardy poplars stood guard at the the front gate, one by each gate post — These poplars are never seen now.

The grave yard was not far from the house. That is the only part of

simple marker to each grave or to remove some of the dust from these graves to a public cemetery (Spring Hill, in Easton, for instance) and ~~with~~ ^{on} one marker have the name, dates of birth and death of great grand father Aaron, his wife and of each of the others who lie buried in the old grave yard.