

of the Storehouse to Laurel Street.

Many times has the writer ridden around this old garden, under the great trees, and driven his dogs harnessed to a wagon; to the great delight of his little friends who happened to be playing with him, or his brothers.

Usually the family carriage would be brought by the coachman to the marble-steps, at the garden entrance at the rear of the house; and then be driven around the garden, and out the porte-cochère to Laurel Street; when the ponderous doors of the archway would be closed behind it.

My father at that date was very fond of driving himself. This he generally did in "a curricle" with two horses. When the writer was a little child he frequently was taken to drive with his parents in this curricle seated in a little low-backed chair in front of them. This little wooden chair is yet extant, having been in his family and in use for years, by his two children, and is now in the possession of his daughter, and is