

children and grandchildren, and may entertain others, as my recollections reach the eventful periods of our history, and the radical changes in the structure of society, at least in the Southern half of it, which to me was best known, for I was born in Queen Anne's County, Eastern Shore of Maryland, where at that time, negro slavery dominated. My father was a patriotic gentleman of good estate who served during the War of 1812 with good reputation as a Major of Calvary. His father was John Register Emory a Lieut. in the War of the Revolution and my maternal grandfather, William Hemsley, who died the year I was born, was a gentleman of very large landed estate and was Chairman of the Com. of Safety for the E. S. of Maryland in the War of Independence in 1776.

This last named, tho' he displayed his coat of arms on his coach and four, was a great patriot, and a frugal and enterprising citizen. He gained by inheritance and industry combined a large landed estate which his sons dissipated like a flash, during my lifetime, in fox hunting and kindred occupations, common amongst the country gentry of that day.

My father's estate, Poplar Grove, was first settled by his Grandfather who acquired it under a patent from the Lord Proprietor of Maryland, Leonard Calvert, and to this day remains in the family, being owned and occupied by my brother John Register Emory; a rare instance in that country of a piece of land remaining so long in our family. Except the Indians, they have been the only occupants.

Tradition and memory are so blended sometimes, you cannot separate them, but I believe I am correct in saying my first recollection is that of being carried into the garden by my nurse, to listen for the oars of the boats