

## A RECOLLECTION

I enjoy the distinction of having heard my grandmother tell of various events which she witnessed in the War of the Revolution. Often times in my childhood days I sat at her feet completely lost in the delight of her charming and entertaining account of the days of the Red Coats and the gallant men of the Revolution.

She lived in Louisa County, Virginia, and when General Washington's army was on its way to Yorktown to show Lord Cornwallis "where to get off", some of the soldiers passed through the County where my grandmother lived. She was then a young girl. The sun was fast sinking in the west and it was almost time to go into camp when the tired soldiers passed along the country road. Seeing a young girl milking several cows in a pen near the road, many of the soldiers stopped and begged that they might have a canteen of milk. The patriotic young women filled every canteen until the last drop was gone. Then with a sweet smile saying, "That's all, I wish there was more," she bade them goodbye. One of the soldiers approached her and said, "I don't wish to be impertinent, but I swear you are the prettiest girl I have ever seen in my life. Will you tell me your name?" "Of course, not," she said. "It is none of your business. You asked for milk and I have given it to you. Now run along and get with your Company." Nothing daunted and with the courage of a soldier he advanced a step and with his cap under his arm and bowing politely, he said: "Miss, I may be killed in the next battle and if you hear of it I know you will be sorry that you did not tell me your name. Will you not reconsider my request and just let me know your name as I know the place where you live?" "Lilly Hutchinson!" she said. "Now I hope you are satisfied." As he turned to go, he said: "Well, Miss Hutchinson if I am not killed and live until this War is over, I will see you again." He was my grandfather.

H. M. Wharton.