

family Bible with all the records in it, but it went into the hands of her brother, Dr. D. P. Phillips, who carried it to Mississippi, where it was lost or destroyed.

A letter written by John Speed to his son, Captain James Speed, and addressed to him in Kentucky, Lincoln county, has been preserved. It is dated September 12, 1784. It is as follows :

"MY DEAR SON: I do a little expect that this will be the last scrape of my pen you will ever see in the land of Kentucky. I have been very unwell for a long time. I think I am going the down-hill road very fast. I am far advanced in the seventieth year of my age, which is an age but few survive.

"I have had a very bad cold and cough for about twelve months. I am now much troubled with fever, which has brought me very weak and low. And, above all, I have a wounded spirit. Oh, a wounded spirit who can bear? Perhaps you will say, why is my spirit wounded? Why, my son, I know I am going to leave this country, and where am I going? Not to Kentucky. God only knows; I do not! This is my grief.

"I have, at present, a very fine prospect for crops of corn. Tobacco is middling. We have a little bug of some kind which has hurt our wheat very much. Billy Bilbo will give you a detail of them.

"I have had the misfortune to lose my best barn, about half full of tobacco, by the carelessness of Mr. Combe. I suppose you will hear from Hal by Billy Bilbo (the bearer of this letter). Sally writes by him. I heard from Joseph about two months ago; he was well then. Matt and family were well about a month ago. Lucy is about setting out for North Carolina. Poor Lucy, I shall never see her again, I expect. Sally, widow, is well, I believe. Johnny and little Sally are living with Joe. Little Joe is at school with Mr. Pettit, Betsy with Mr. Bell.

"I am glad to have you say you have good decorum in your country. I heartily wish it may last. You may depend upon it we are very poorly ruled here. For my part I endeavor to make myself easy, knowing I must soon leave this land. My eyesight falls me so much I can't see to read my great Bible, and it is with difficulty that I can see to write. I am, with parental love and esteem, your aged and very much distressed and disconsolate father,

"JOHN SPEED.

"P. S. Howdy old Mollie, howdy young Mollie, howdy Tommy, howdy Johnny, howdy Hal, howdy all my babies. God Almighty bless you and all my children. God Almighty's blessing and mine