

spent in developing them than they ever yielded their owners.

Penman was a large, red-faced, typical Englishman, and was used to being waited upon. He brought his body servant with him, a man by the name of Goodluck. Every morning the servant would groom his master with as much care as our former slaves would our race horses; then saddle his master's horse and mount his own, riding a respectful distance behind, but near enough to take his master's horse the moment he would light. This was the usual programme. At any rate, this kind of service was kept up for several months. Wherever Penman would turn, Goodluck would have to be on hand to obey every behest.

Mr. David Henderson, a near neighbor, suggested to Goodluck that he was as free as Penman, and he was not obliged to wait on him; in fact, he advised him not to make himself a "nigger" for any man. Goodluck at once quit his employer. James P. Henderson—a distant relative of David Henderson—thought he knew a good thing when he saw it, immediately applied for the vacant place and was accepted, and was duly inducted into the office of 'Squire for the Knight of the Golden Dream around Charlotte. This was an era of gold hunting that has only been rivaled once in fifty years. James P. Henderson was not ashamed to work for money in a legitimate way. This service lasted but a short time. He married a woman of brilliant mental attainments—a daughter of Dr. Matthew Wallace—raised four children far above the average in mental acumen.