AN AUTHENTIC GOLDEN HORSE-SHOE?

Obverse of the original, owned by Mrs. James B. Stone, of Richmond, Virginia

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN HORSE-SHOE

A TRADITIONARY TALE OF THE COCKED HAT GENTRY IN THE OLD DOMINION

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER CARUTHERS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

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THE KNIGHTS OF THE HORSESHOE

We do not know why it is, and always have been, that winter is described in gloomy colors. It was raining, the trees were leafless, and the snow clung to the branches of the trees and to the ground, and the breath of the winter winds filled the air. The cold and the snow were not so much in evidence as the fact that the earth was covered with snow, and the trees were without leaves. The ground was white and the sky was gray. The whole landscape was so dreary that it seemed as if the world had come to an end.

The day was dreary, and the air was cold. The wind was blowing in gusts, and the snow was falling in flakes. The sky was overcast, and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. The world was a ghostly place, and the only sound was the murmur of the wind and the distant cry of the birds.

At nightfall, the wind died down, and the snow fell in gentle flakes. The sky cleared, and the stars came out. The world was as cold and gray as ever, but there was a sense of peace that came with the fall of the snow and the setting of the sun.

The world was as it had always been, and ever would be, a place of cold and gloom. The earth was covered with snow, and the trees were without leaves. The wind was blowing in gusts, and the snow was falling in flakes. The sky was overcast, and the sun was hidden behind the clouds.

The world was a ghostly place, and the only sound was the murmur of the wind and the distant cry of the birds. The wind died down, and the snow fell in gentle flakes. The sky cleared, and the stars came out. The world was as cold and gray as ever, but there was a sense of peace that came with the fall of the snow and the setting of the sun.