

# Gentlefolk Leave Mark Upon Exquisite Eothan

## Home Of Miss Fanny Frazer Redd Bears Imprint Of Its Residents

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Artists, poets, dreamers—gentlefolk who for more than a century and a quarter have made it their abode—have left the imprint of their charms upon Eothan, the home of Miss Fanny Frazer Redd.

The inimitable fascination of the Irish gentry who loved and fought, dreamed and danced and rode to hounds, is mingled in tradition with the gentle graces of Virginia and the beauty and chivalry of Kentucky to form the romantic setting for a house as exquisite as a jewel—a jewel in the facets of which are reflected the changing delights of the seasons.

The house was built in 1798 by Rev. James Moore, first minister of Christ Church Cathedral and president of Transylvania College, and its walls once echoed to the notes of the flute and violin of that music master immortalized by James Lane Allen.

Afterward it became the home of Waller Redd and his bride, Rebecca Allen, who was a sister of Matthew Jouett's wife, and during the Civil War it was purchased by the artist, Oliver Frazer, pupil of Jouett, whose wife, Peggy Allen, was an aunt of Mrs. Frazer.

There in his studio gathered the great among his contemporaries. Facile of tongue and pen as he was of brush, Oliver Frazer was a brilliant and lovable personality—a true son of his father, Alexander Frazer, who, having fought with Emmet, the Irish patriot, escaped to America with only a miniature and a violin, and founded a family as distinguished as it was delightful. His only brother was never married, and Oliver Frazer's own four children were all girls, so with his death the family name in America passed, too. One of his daughters, Katherine, married Oliver Redd, a brother of Col. Richard Redd, who, with his horse, Major, is an endeared and familiar figure in central Kentucky, and indeed throughout the south where his rebel yells have been heard at many a reunion of confederate soldiers. And it is at Eothan that this picturesque old southern veteran makes his home with his niece, Miss Fanny Redd.

A gate opening at the Georgetown pike a mile or so from Lexington, gives access to a road winding back through a meadow to a wooded spot where the house, concealed from the road by trees and a hedge of hawthorn and roses, is revealed by a sudden turn of the driveway that forms a circle in front of the door.

### Where Flowers Bloom

In March and early April buttercups by the thousands push through the sod to welcome spring to Eothan. In May the iris and peonies, lilacs and cherry blossoms nod in the breeze, and wisteria clammers over the porch; and the nights of June are heavy with the perfume roses and mock orange. A quaint little garden fenced in at the right of the house is a riot of color with its summer blossoms, and with the first frost the maples and sumacs take on the brilliance of autumn. Even winter shares in the beauties of the changing seasons, when lights flicker from the windows, blue smoke curls up from the chimneys and a tea table, set with fragile old blue Staffordshire, is pulled up to the fireside and presided over by Eothan's lovely mistress.

The house, constructed of brick painted white with green shutters and a dormer roof above the small square porch, is but one story with rooms on either side of the central hallway. The hall, which runs across the front of the house, gives access to bedrooms at each end, and a door directly opposite the entrance opens into a large and high-ceilinged living room. The front door has particularly beautiful lines with a fan across the top, and at either side are charming arched windows. Dainty chairs of the Victorian era, rare French engravings, guns and sabres and an old-fashioned hatrack grace the hall, the walls of which are papered in a soft tone of buff. Red is the chief note in the old Brussels carpet, and the light falls from an ancient lantern.

The guest room at the left has walls of a warm rose tint, and the daintiest of pale pink organdy curtains are tied back at the windows. The French bed and dresser are of walnut, and on the mantel is a pair of Early American bottles.

At the other end of the hall is Col. Redd's room, with pieces of old mahogany, and walls hung with the pictures of southern generals and confederate flags.

A tiny hall beyond opens to a rose-tiled bath at the left, and another door opens into the yellow papered room of Miss Redd, with its mahogany spool bed, dainty dressing table with its gilt mirror, a lovely desk and a chaise longue with a Delphic blue cover. A shelf of books encircles the room, and the

walls are lined with colorful maps and water colors. There is an outside door opening to the front with a window at the side, and another window looking to the rear gives a view of the cherry orchard.

### Incomparable Atmosphere

The living room is a place of incomparable atmosphere. A marble fireplace is in the center of the wall opposite the front door, and windows at each side, with Venetian blinds, are hung with old Irish pointé lace. Over the mantel is a Dolly Madison mirror, above which hangs a portrait of Oliver Frazer painted by his friend and famous contemporary in American art, George Healey. A pair of small early Victorian sofas, covered in red velvet with Paisley shawls flung across them, are placed before the fire, and old card tables with lifted sides are at each side of the windows, holding candelabra, bits of wedgewood and cloisonné vases of ivory and silver. Over them are hung family portraits by Frazer and Jouett. An especially lovely one is that of Rebecca Allen Redd done by that famous master, Jouett, in the days when painting was done with quills. Over it hangs one of her husband, Waller Redd, by Frazer. Against the right wall is a square piano covered with antique French embroidery on gold satin, and above it hang three portraits, one of Mrs. Frazer painted by Healey, one of Oliver Frazer by Benona Irving, and an especially valuable painting by Frazer at the age of 21, done in Paris by Devoe.

On the opposite wall are three Jouetts, one of his sister-in-law, Betsy Allen Mitchell; her husband, Alexander Mitchell, and one of their two children.

A door at the right of the living room leads into the dainty bedroom of Miss Redd's pretty young niece, Elizabeth Redd. Down a step at the left of the living room is the dining room breathing an air of quaint informality.

Two windows and a door open to an intimate garden at the opposite side, and the walls are covered with a distinctive scenic paper. A fireplace at the back of the room is flanked by old sofas, and a door leads to pantries and kitchen beyond.

Two large Empire bookcases, filled with unusual and charming books, are on either side of the door that opens into the living room, and a sideboard laden with silver tea service, julep cups and coin silver mugs has a group of three portraits over it. A massive corner cupboard is filled with china from the famous kilns of Staffordshire and Dresden, and near the garden door hangs a board on which Jouett sketched in oil a likeness of the beautiful and sensitive face of that Irish gentleman, Alexander Frazer, whose wife was Nancy Oliver and whose son, Oliver Frazer, was one of the two Kentucky artists to whom the nation still pays homage.

A guest at Eothan, so charmed by the traditions of the place, wrote the following verses of delicate beauty in tribute to "The Old House":

Live on, old house, in thy appointed place,

Lovely at twilight as thou wert at dawn.

The firm foundations thou art laid upon

Defy the temporal laws of time and space.

The bouyant blood of a delightful race,

The spacious spirit of an age long gone

Still bear thy gracious, proud traditions on.

And set their hall-mark on thy kindly face.

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Within thy mellow walls there still abide

The phantoms of the race that peopled thee;

Frail, fragile spirits that have never died,

Shades that discerning eyes alone may see;

While lingers in thy quiet garden-side

The tender sense of immortality.