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"Betwixt"
or
A story of the war,
By

A Kentucky woman.

"BETWIXT."

OR

A STORY OF THE WAR

BY

A KENTUCKY WOMAN.

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I dedicate this book to my only daughter, who has been to me all her life, an unalloyed joy. It is a truthful narration of the trials and tribulations of her mother, during the late Civil War.

Juliette Western Long.

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The Blue And The Gray.

By Francis Miles Finch.

(Suggested by the fact that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, on their Decoration day, strewed flowers, with impartial hands, upon the graves of the Northern and Southern soldiers.)

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurels, the Blue,
Under the willows, the Gray.

"These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray."

INTRODUCTION.

No event of the nineteenth century has proven of such great importance, certainly none of such over-powering interest, as the late Civil War, at once, the most terrible conflict of modern times and the most far-reaching in its effects upon every inhabitant. It was a thousand fold more impressive and more heart-rending, because the sacred bonds of friendship, family ties and brotherly love, were burst asunder, brushed aside, and utterly overwhelmed, by the sublime tide of patriotism, which swept from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and entered, as the well-spring of life, into every heart, as the moving emotion of every soul.

It was true patriotism which fired the hearts of the Grey; it was true patriotism which sustained the struggle of the Blue. It was my lot--good or evil--as you may hereafter determine, to occupy a most trying position in this internecine strife.

My father, Honorable Warner L. Underwood, whom I most dearly loved, was one of Kentucky's staunchest Union men, and held, at that time, the position of United States Consul to Glasgow, Scotland, by appointment of President Lincoln. He was a Southern man and large slaveholder, but opposed secession. Though he loved the South and all its institutions, he was in favor of upholding the Union at any cost. My brother, Warner Underwood, Junior, a graduate of West Point, was a Lieutenant on the staff of

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my brother-in-law, Colonel Benjamin C. Grider, of the 9th Kentucky Regiment of Infantry in the Union army. Another brother-in-law, Captain C. A. Nagro, was Adjutant on the staff of General Schuyler Hamilton, of New York; while my ~~dear~~ husband, ~~Captain~~ William Wallace Western, was captain of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, in the Rebel, or Confederate army, and was firmly convinced that his side was right and determined to defend with his last drop of blood, what he considered the sacred right of self government by the states.

I did not know to which side I belonged--that of my father or of my husband. How could I choose between the two, both so dear to me and yet differing so widely in what they thought was right and best for their country?

While thus "torn between two contending emotions", it was my privilege to shelter the refugee, feed the hungry, aid the wounded and give tears of solace to the dying on both sides. During the four years of this awful conflict, I was often amid scenes and events most thrilling, ~~most trying~~, scenes, many times, that would have struck terror to the soul of the stoutest.

It has occurred to me that a simple recital of these events, though for the most part of a personal nature, might be of interest to the general reader, and I am sure the impartial portrayal of those times, which, from my peculiar position, I am enabled to give, will assist the student in properly understanding the true history of the late Civil War, which, though it settled

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forever the vexed question of slavery and also the question of the right of states to secede from the Union, was, nevertheless, a most unfortunate war.

It is not my desire to enter into the historical details of the Civil War, nor to say anything of the cause of the war or its political aspect. Side-lights, however, sometimes show profiles so distinctly as to add much to the truth of portraiture, and the telling of the experiences of a Kentucky woman who passed the four years of the Civil War upon the border, will help to fill the picture.

~~Put this in or leave it out as you think best~~

~~This book was written for my daughter ^{only},
my only child, with no thought of ever
offering it to the public. Since its completion
however, I have been so importuned by friends
and acquaintances to have it published, that I
have consented to do so - hoping that the reader
will bear in mind, from the first page to the
last, if he or she, thinks it of too personal
a nature - that it was written by a mother -
for her child.~~

omit

I thought I bent to tell something about my
child life, though I am afraid this chapter
would make my book very unpopular in the
Southern states, and
perhaps had better
be kept out.

Chapter I.

Childhood.

This chapter had better be kept out

Which leaves the more vivid and lasting impression, joy
or grief? ~~Sorrow?~~

I cannot tell. Two classes of events stand out most
distinctly in my recollections of childhood -- grief over the
wrongs of a downtrodden and oppressed race, and the joys of a rol-
licking, tomboyish girlhood, full of wild pranks and adventures.
Even as a child, I could never tolerate the slightest injustice
to a negro. I was constantly on the lookout for slights or un-
kindness to them, and though cruelty to negroes in Kentucky was
most unusual, it sometimes occurred. I remember one or two
scenes on my father's farm, while he, one of the kindest and best
of men, was in Washington. ^{city} He was Congressman from the district
in which we lived, and was compelled to leave the control of his
negroes to an overseer by the name of Dasher. Mr. Dasher was
^{at times} severe, and even cruel, which distressed me greatly; and
in my anger and grief I determined, child as I was, to make that
overseer treat the negroes properly. On one occasion, when, for
some offense, he was whipping a middle-aged colored woman whom we
called "Aunt Nancy", I was revengeful on him. He had her stripped
to the waist and tied to a stout young maple tree in the back
yard; he was striking her with the big pole of a switch he was
using, slashing and cutting over her bare neck and shoulders with
all his might. I was standing by a pile of old broken bricks.

Mr. Dasher was a Northern man. I did not like him. He had no children. After my father's death, he was the only one of the family who was not a slaveholder. He was a very good man, but he was not a Christian.

The Harbinger

Tom, the dining-room boy, and Polly, both children of Aunt Nancy, were crying as if their hearts would break. Polly said:

"Please, Miss Jupe, see if you can't stop him from whipping po' mammy so; he's cuttin' the very blood out of her."

My own little heart was ready to burst at the terrible sight.

"I will stop him or kill him," I said.

Picking up the jagged half of a brickbat and rushing up to him, ~~I said~~:

"If you hit ^{my} Aunt Nancy again, sir, I will knock your head off with this brickbat."

He slashed and cut on regardless of me; whereupon, with all my tiny might, I threw the brickbat at him and accidentally struck him in the eye, almost putting it out. The blood flew, and dropping the big switch he was using, he rushed at me like a very demon, jerking me up in his arms and holding me like a vice, for I was kicking and scratching to the best of my ability, ^{he} carried me into the house to my mother. Passing Tom and Polly, I said:

"Cut the rope, Tom, that holds your mother to that tree. I will stand by you." He did so, as old Dashman carried me into the room of my mother who was ~~very~~ ill at the time. The blood was streaming down Mr. Dashman's face, as he said:

"This child has blinded me for life."

"I wish I had killed you," I cried.

On

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Mr. Dashman?"

He told the story to suit himself, of course. I was ordered to take a seat in the library; and mother assured Mr. Dashman that, as soon as she was able to do so, she would punish me for ~~my~~ ^{his} interference with his business--a promise she kept only too well.

About a week from that time, I had another pitched battle with the overseer. Two rather wild negro boys, Joe and Alock, eighteen and twenty years old, respectively, were in the habit of taking the carriage horses out every few nights and riding them almost to death--at least so Mr. Dashman said. Returning home about daybreak on one occasion, they put the horses in the barn in a perfect lather of foam from fast riding. This, of course, was wrong and needed some kind of correction; but the unmerciful beating Mr. Dashman gave those boys made me furious, as I listened to their screaming and begging for mercy. He had them tied together and stripped naked. I ran into the kitchen and picked up a carving knife; then rushing out, cried:

"You have whipped those boys long enough, sir, no matter what they have done. If you hit them another time on their poor, bare backs, I will stick this knife through you, you miserable old wretch."

He continued the thrashing. I ran up to him with the long, sharp knife, and gave him two or three digs that very soon stopped him.

"You little devil," he said, "if you were not white, I would kill you this very minute."

"I wish I could kill you", I said, "because you are white, and ought to know better than to beat these poor niggers to death while father is away. The very next time you strip a darkey on this place and tie him to a tree to beat him, I'll kill you as sure as you live."

Small as I was, it dazed the man to see how like a little fury I attacked him. The negroes on our place almost worshipped me, in consequence of my unceasing interference in their behalf. Often, at supper, I filled my pockets and the lap of my apron with hot buttered biscuits, many of them spread with sugar or preserves, to take to different negroes. Our darkies in Kentucky, always had plenty to eat, of course; but they seldom had the delicacies that filled our own table. When strawberries would first appear ~~on the table~~, my little brothers would call for two or three saucers with rich cream in proportion. I would ask them to leave some for the servants who were waiting on the ~~table~~; and oftentimes put half of my own plate of berries on a dish, that I might divide them with my little colored playmates after supper.

I felt from my earliest childhood that slavery was a cruel institution inasmuch as it could be so abused. ^{My} Father was of the same opinion, and often when there was anything especially nice for a meal, I have heard him say to the ^{dining room boy} ~~boy waiting on the~~ ~~table~~

"Get me two large plates."

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"What do you want with them?" ^{my} mother would sometimes say.

^{why} "My ^{wife} he said, "there are so many little children at the table that I want the servants who are waiting on them to know that a part of everything is saved for them; and the best way to have them know it, is to fill their plates first, and set them on the sideboard."

On one or two occasions, mother laughingly said:

"If I were in your place, I would get up and give my seat to the servant, and stand behind his back, wait on him and fan him until he finished eating; then ask him ~~to~~ please give ^{to} me a crumb or two, if any should be left."

At this father would laugh and say:

"Well, my dear wife, you know I am always a little foolish on the negro question."

So, you see, I inherited my weakness for the race.

Imagine a rollicking little girl, bubbling over with fun and life, a stranger to the dignity, reason and discretion which governed her elder sister ^{while} ~~who~~ always looked on the dark side of life; ^{while she may saw the bright side of everything} ~~I on the bright side~~ never dreaming of failure or defeat. ^{and} was ready at all times to attempt anything suggested by impulse or affection, without a thought of the consequences or of danger to ^{her} ~~myself~~.

I used to frighten my good sister Fannie by standing up in the saddle as we rode from our country home, to school in town, a distance of a mile and a half, Accompanied by ^{several} ~~the~~ or-

then ~~we went~~ in every morning on horse-

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named Luke

back, and a negro boy rode behind one of us each day, took the horses home, and came for us again in the evening. I once said to him:

Luke

"You'd better ride behind some of the ladies, for any of them would be safer than I am for you to tie to; besides, I need all the room on the back of my horse, for I'm going to join the circus some day, and want to get my hand, or, rather, my feet, *now* in. I will hang my satchel of books on the pommel of the saddle, and show you all how I can dance on the horse as he trots along.

This is the way I am going to do when I join the circus. Rising to my feet, I danced in the saddle and whirled on the back of the horse in every imaginable way, alarming the rest of the girls.

In Heaven sake

"Sit down, Jupe," Fannie said, with amazement and distress in her face.

"Oh, well; if you are going to take it so hard, I reckon I will have to sit down. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. This horse is perfectly safe, though, and I am as true-footed as a goat."

In school it seemed impossible to get through a day without being called up for some little innocent prank or trick played on the teacher or the girls, *being ordered* to stand on one foot in the corner behind the teacher. *which of course I did only when she was looking at me* Taking advantage of this, *the girls*

I invariably cut capers that caused great merriment. Sometimes, the teacher saw me and gave me a slap or kept me in until dark, all the other girls waiting on their horses outside, *for one*

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"I wish you would stop looking so sorry about me," I said to Fannie, one day; "it worries me, and besides, rather than keep you all waiting again, I'll just ask Mrs. Jones to pick up a ^{switch} ~~stick, a rule, a shovel or a poker~~, and give me a good whipping, if she thinks it would make her feel any better, and not keep you all waiting so long."

Accordingly, I said to the teacher, one evening:

"Please, Mrs. Jones, whip me and let me go. If you don't, I am going ^{how} ~~anyway~~, because I can't afford to keep all those girls and horses waiting for me, out yonder."

She went to get a switch to comply with this request, but on her return, I was not there. The pleasure I had more than compensated for the consequences of ^{my} wild behavior. I was a favorite with Mr. Jones, though not with his wife; for, when he started to whip me, he could hardly keep from laughing; and on one occasion, after a few light blows, he said:

"What makes you such a reckless, ~~will~~ little rump? Why ^{can't} you be good, like your sister Fannie?"

"Oh, because," I said, "she never has any fun; and you know you like me, ^{best} for I heard you tell your wife so the other day when she was mad at me for driving the calves into the recitation room. ^{To ride them at the Indian shows that low on 3 girls of my own type would have after school was out.}

The feathers which we wore on our heads in imitation of Indians, were pulled from the tail of one of the neighbors' turkeys. This seemed to be the crowning offense; because our

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teacher was called upon to build a close fence between the school and the neighbors' yard. If it were not done, they threatened to report the conduct of some of his bad girls. The reference was evidently to me, as it was I who deprived their big turkey gobbler of the larger part of his tail; he had never strutted since, the old lady said, which, of course, made me feel very sorry, for I had no idea at the time of curtailing his pleasure, nor dreamed that he would take it so seriously.

*But it was literally a star
in the eye of an
as well as
the first
golden*

Another thing I used to do which mortified our cavalry company, as ~~we~~ called the cavalcade of girls who went to school together each morning, was to carry my books in my lap and fill my satchel with corn. This I threw right and left to the poor old cattle, turned out on the commons near ^{the} town to pick up a precarious living or die of starvation. It was too sad a sight ^{for} one to behold quietly, without trying to scatter a few grains of comfort and corn as we passed by. The overseer complained to my father that I was feeding all of the old starved cattle in that end of the county, and I was made to stop it; but the cattle never ceased following after us, and came in droves behind us through the public square of the town, much to my amusement, and to the utter disgust of all the dignified girls who were compelled to stay with me.

Childhood days passed rapidly; and were followed by a few pleasant years at the Convent of the Visitation, in Georgetown, District of Columbia. After graduation, I returned to our

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near Bowling Green Ky.

old Kentucky home, called Mount Air; and one of the sweetest, & proudest moments of my life was when the family gathered in the parlor ^{the the night of my return to hear me sing my 1st selection was} and I sang "Then You'll Remember Me", that dear old song-- old now, but new at that time. Patti, before her grandest audience, never felt half the desire to please that I did. The tears rolled down my mother's cheeks; and father came ^{over} to me, put his arms around my neck and kissed me, saying;

"My child, that is the prettiest song I ever heard. Your father's heart is filled with pride and joy." ^{The manner in which you sing that beautiful song}
 "Dear father, if I please you and mother, I am indeed satisfied and richly repaid for all my labors at school."

The next winter I made my debut in the city of Washington. When Congress was convening, as I sat in the gallery, a man in front of me pointed out my father to several ladies, saying: ^{with him}

"The gentleman standing next to the speaker's desk is Underwood, of Kentucky. He is considered the finest conversationalist in the city, and is another one of Kentucky's silver-tongued Ciceros. It is a treat to hear him speak; and in conversation the elegance of his style and the suavity of his manner are simply charming."

How proud I was, and how eagerly I listened to his further remarks. He continued:

"His brother, Judge Joseph R. Underwood, United States Senator from Kentucky, is a man of more solidity of character, perhaps, but not nearly as brilliant as ^{his younger brother} Warner L. Underwood." Then another man said something of a complimentary character, and they praised my father and uncle until my silly little head was

ready to burst with pride.

Perhaps, a recital of life in Washington at that time, with descriptions of the famous lawyers, eminent jurists, high government officials, statesmen and ambassadors, whom my father's position enabled me to meet in social and diplomatic circles, would prove interesting, but I have ~~been~~ *carried too long*

"With reluctant feet,

Where the brook and river meet."

Imagine me, then, though still more girl than woman, newly married to the handsome young Southerner, William Wallace eastern. The war had already begun; Sumter had been fired upon; armed hosts were hurrying to their gathering places; armies were rushing to battle, anxious to slaughter their brothers. On which side was I?

If the publisher thinks I had better leave out what I have said of my child's hand on if I have said too much about the cruelty to the negro by an occasional overseer, he is at liberty to cut the book to suit himself, any evening when I want my book to be as succinct as the Bible is better than I do, what I have said is true.

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Perhaps it would be best
to let the book begin
here.

Chapter II.

Which Side?

All the day long would I wonder, and ask myself the question: "On which side am I?" Which is right, my father or my husband? Who is in the wrong? My father? No, Oh, no! My husband? No, a thousand times no!"

I was proud of my father, and equally so of my husband, who greatly resembled him in noble traits of head and heart. I could not, dare not, choose between the two. My husband was devoted to my parents and they loved him as their own; ^{Son} yet, he would tell me one thing in regard to the country and the war, while they told me something directly opposite. Whom should I believe? They were equally good, intelligent and true, and each thought he was right. When asked:

"On which side are you?" I replied:

"I am for both, and against neither."

"But how can that be when they are against ~~one another~~?" ^{each other}

The Northern army as well as the Southern, was full of brave, good men. Both sides thought they were right and fought with ^a courage so engendered. At last, the puzzle was solved. It was my heart ~~and~~ not my head that ~~was~~ ^{answered}:

"I belong to both sides, and both sides belong to me."

To many that would have been impossible; but to me, with a father on one side and a husband on the other, not to have decided

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thus would have been equally impossible.

Ever after that day when my heart made answer for me, I was at rest on the subject. Others might choose for the North or the South; but as for me, I was against neither. Perhaps I was the only one in the whole United States who honestly belonged to both sides. Especially was my heart loyal and true to the side which was suffering defeat at ~~that~~ time. The verse which said:

"I know not whether I'm wrong or I'm right,
But my heart will beat, if it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight",

defined my position, exactly. Our Southern boys were the younger, as a general thing, the poorer as a certain thing, and the weaker side in the fight. Consequently, though I believed the North to be right in upholding the Union, my heart, my tears and my love were for the most part with our own poor boys. Humanity could not have it otherwise. In conversation with Federal sympathizers, I would not allow them, if I could help it, to speak a word against the Rebels.

"My husband is a Rebel. How dare you speak so of them, in my presence?" I have often said, and the very next day, when the Rebels were abusing the Federals:

"My noble father and brothers are Union men. I will hear no word against them."

Upon my leaving the room, one day, with a face flushed with indignation at the abuse of the Unionists, a dear little Rebel friend ran after me and putting her arm around my waist, said:

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"Why, Jupe, we did not mean to hurt your feelings; we thought you were a Rebel. Which side are you on?"

"My father is on one side and my husband on the other, so, of course, I belong to both sides, and will hear no word against either! ^{Certainly} My Country 'tis of thee I sing. The North is my country and the South is mine also. ^{both} Brave and good men are fighting on each side. God bless them all, I am against neither."

"They'll not ask there, where yonder Heaven ^{Smiles} Smiles with Eternal Day,

Why one man wore the loyal blue,
The other wore the gray."

"Womanlike, when talking to father, I championed the cause of the South; but I used ^{my father's} arguments in talking to my husband, whose father had been murdered by a Northern man; ^{at the beginning of the war} and I remember saying:

"Since your dear father is gone, you should be governed by mine. He loves you as his own son, and in all things I am sure would direct you ^{right} right."

"Yes, my dear, your father is a good man, but my father was equally good and wise, and perhaps of greater experience, and he was in favor of secession. The wrongs of the South must be righted." Then I said: ^(using my father's arguments)

"Secession, if successful, would be the utter ruin of the South, which father loves as dearly as we do. By it, he says, she would lose all she wants to keep. She would pull down all she wants to build up, and would eventually whet the ~~cutting~~ knife

that would cut her own throat. You know, dear Will, that father is a man of great wisdom, and, of course, you are not old enough to know as well as he does what is best for the country. Don't you think his age and experience make him the better judge of the course to be pursued in this all-important question? You are the dearest one in the ^{wide} world to me, but I am sure that father knows best. He says ~~that~~ in the halls of Congress is the place to settle grievances and difficulties between the North and South, and not on the battle-field. To think of American men going to war against ~~one another~~ ^{each other}, brother against brother, like bad boys fighting! Americans should settle their troubles, like level-headed men, by arbitration. ^{But even says} "Rash, brutal war is only splendid murder. Put up the sword, states can be saved without it." >

"Yes, that is true, dear, and I wish they would, but if they will not, what can I do but go with my people? I am in the South, of the South, and, right or wrong, I will stand by the South to the death."

"Father loves the South as much as any man can, but he says the war will end by ruining the institutions we most prize; and that when all is over and everything is lost, ^{when} ~~and~~ devastation and desolation are on every side and in every heart, then we of the ruined South will find ourselves where we started, in the Union still, with nothing left but a scrap of paper, and on it will be written the oath of allegiance, which we will all have to take. If we succeed in establishing secession, our success would be our everlasting ruin; for then, there would be no end to war. Each poor little state would be in bloody array against the one next to

it, until, like a pack of Kilkenny cats, they would whip one another *each other* ~~er~~ from the very face of the earth. *I there would be none left even to tell the tale of war.* Secession would be a remedy

for nothing; the North ~~se-~~^{as} out match^{us} in men and money; they have all the best forts, all the best guns and ammunition, and fifty men to our one."

"I know, my dear, the contest is outrageously unequal."

"Yes, indeed, Will, like a gnat struggling with a lion; or like a crazy man jumping from the ship of state into the deep waters below, that will soon close over him, all because he has fallen out with some of the crew."

"That may be, my dear wife; but, right or wrong, I am with the South. We are in the South; it is our section!"

"What is our section, Will, ~~as~~ compared to our country, our whole country, North, South, East and West?"

"Your father is a wise man, far-seeing, and his words may be prophetic; but when we think of my dear father, who thought secession was right, and lost his life in defense of his principles, shot down like a dog by a Federal bully, would it not be treason, the blackest, cruellest treason to him and to his memory, for me, his only son, whom he loved better than his life, to enlist and join hands with his foes and murderer, against all that he thought sacred and right, against all that he held most dear, the Constitution of the United States, for which our forefathers fought, bled and died? The North is trying to destroy it all."

you have got it all wrong.

"Oh, Will, you have everything reversed. Father says it is the South-- though he, born and reared in old Virginia, of

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course loves the South a thousand times better than the North-- *he says*
 that it is the South, his best love and yours, that has done and
 is still trying to do, the unconstitutional things of which you ac-
 cuse the North. The South fired the first gun; she started the
 war. We may have been grievously wronged by the North; but a
 little more fussing in Congress and a little more time, would have
 set it all right. We would surely get our rights if we would be
 patient a little longer. 'All things come to him who waits'."

Fathers "You argue your case pretty well, *my dear* for a little girl,"
 he said, "but after a few more weeks, I must join the Southern
 army. Would you have your husband pointed out as a coward? I
 know you would not. Troubles and trials will soon be upon us,
 and then--and then--"

"No, no, I will not listen to that kind of talk any
 more. We must go back to Bowling Green and talk it all over with
 father, *He leaves for Scotland soon & you must see him soon*
our father. *He is cool and levelheaded.* He is forty-
 five years old, dear. Just think, how old that is, and how long
 he has been in the world, learning what was best under all cir-
 cumstances. *while you are only 21* Be guided by him, I implore you."

"In this matter, I cannot. I must not see your father
 again until I have joined the *Confederate* army. The South needs the
 strong right arm of all her sons, to resist *this* Yankee invasion.
 While I am playing the part of a very Antony, staying here with
all ~~you~~ and you, our brave men are in the field."

*We were then living in a beautiful home in
 Memphis Tenn, that my husband's father had given her*

Chapter III.

A Few Happy Months.

Mr. Western was the only child of a wealthy father, and, having been born just before the death of his fair young mother, was, of course, the idol of his father's heart. Mr. Western, Senior, owned large tracts of land in Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Texas and Louisiana. In the last-named state, he had a plantation of several thousand acres on which he worked ~~four~~ ^{four} hundred and eighty-seven negroes. An overseer supervised and directed them during their owner's residence, at the beginning of the war, ~~in Memphis~~ ^{in Memphis} Tennessee.

Proud as I was of my father, I was equally so of my husband, who had graduated with honor from Harvard University, ^{he was the best friend I} and ^{was the best friend I} was most witty and charming in conversation. After our marriage and return from our bridal trip, we paid a visit to ^{our} Gold Mount Air, ^{home} near Bowling Green, ^{Ky.} destined to be made famous by the events of the war; and while there, were informed by letter that Mr. Western, Senior, had purchased for us as a bridal present, a beautiful home in Memphis, Tennessee, and was coming to see us, hoping to accompany us to our new home. ^{Brother & father gave us a grand} ^{reception on our return from our bride} ^{trip.} We were holding a reception, all the young people of

town were at Mount Air to welcome us back. The gay crowd had scarcely dispersed when a man came galloping up the carriage drive and handed the servant a dispatch to my husband. It read:

Hopkinsville Kentucky

"Your father was killed today in a political difficulty by
with James F. Jackson. Come at once. Your cousin, Ben. Landon."

We learned later that Mr. Western had ^{been} ~~visited~~ ^{at} Hop-
kinsville to attend to some business, and during a heated discussion,
Jackson drew a pistol from his hip-pocket and shot him through
the heart. He lived but a few moments, saying, only:

"Send for my son".

My husband, who was but twenty-~~two~~ years of age, was frantic with grief, and left at once for Hopkinsville to avenge his father's murder. He was accompanied by my brother-in-law, Colonel Ben C. Grider, ^{a distinguished lawyer}, who finally prevailed upon him to allow the law to take its course. Jackson was arrested and placed in jail. He was soon bailed out, and, to save himself from the penalty of the law, joined the Federal army. Knowing that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose, he did indeed, "seek the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth", and performed some of the most desperately daring deeds of the war. He was promoted several times on the battle-field, and finally, became a general. He deserved the gallows, but his reckless daring won for him a better fate--death on the battle-field.

On my husband's return from Hopkinsville, we proceeded
to Memphis to take possession of the handsome home his poor father
had given us. How sad we were, on reaching it to think that the
loving heart that had planned it was silent ^{all yr in} forever in the grave!
But we were young and as the weeks and months passed, ~~forget our~~ ^{our sorrow abated}
^{we} ^{again} ~~again~~ and were happy. Often as we sat in the moonlight on the

galleries of our ~~beautiful~~ home. ~~Western said, as did Claude~~

~~Guillette to Fannie:~~

"Let us gaze up at the breathless heavens,

And guess which star shall be our home;

When love becomes immortal."

And sitting there, saying sweet ~~nothing~~ ^{little nothing to each other}, I used to tell him we were so happy that I feared something dreadful might happen. ^{perfectly} ~~to us~~

"Don't cross the bridge, little wife, till you get to it, troubles come soon enough to us all, so don't let us spoil our pretty now by looking forward to trials that may never come. The present is ours. Let us enjoy it."

He had a large amount of business on his young shoulders, looking after all of the money, ^{the bank & the} land and negroes of his late father's estate, to which he was sole heir. The bank was carried on as before, with the word "Senior" erased, his father's name having been the same as his own, William Wallace Western. He became general director of the bank and also its attorney. — The only

cloud that lowered upon our house was the war, ^{the talk of} ~~his father's~~

^{we had been married a little over five months when}
^{some one day} "My darling wife, I will have to leave you soon, if they

don't stop this fighting and skirmishing. I have already made arrangements to do so, and though it is hard ^{part from} to leave you, especially now, when you so much need the care of your husband, I must trust you to ^{your dear sister} Fannie, who has said you must come back to her in your hour of trial. Though her husband is a colonel in the Federal army, it will make no difference with her toward us. She

loves us both, and I know she will do for you, all that a sister
can.

will "What do you mean by saying you have *already* made arrangements?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, dear," ~~he said~~, drawing me
down in his lap. "When I went to Hopkinsville to see my father *for the last time*, hundreds of his friends and mine gathered a-
round me and wanted me to join the Confederate army at once, and
be the captain of the company they were forming. I told them I
could not possibly leave my wife, *just* then; that my heart was bleeding

and sore over my father's *death*; that his affairs, now mine, were
all unsettled; but that just as soon as I could arrange the bus-
iness that had to be attended to, and prepare a suitable place for
my wife in my absence, I would answer my country's call and would
be proud to lead such gallant men as they, into the thickest of the
fight."

Why the idea "did you think for a moment that I *would allow*
~~of allowing~~ you to join either army?" I said, throwing my arms
around his neck, "it would kill me, you know it would, to have you
leave me now. You must not--shall not go. Stay here with me,
where we are *so* happy. Tell me, quickly, that you were only joking
when you said you had already made arrangements to join the Rebel
army."

He pressed me close to his heart and the tears *filled his*
handsome eyes my face ~~as he~~ as he leaned over me.

"Oh, the bitterness of this hour! How can I tell you
all? And yet I must, for the time is fast approaching when I *have to go*
~~leave you~~

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"You shall never go. Would you kill your poor wife?

• You know you would not. Then, don't talk of going away from me."

"My precious wife," he said, covering my face with kisses,

"the time has come--this very night I leave for Corinth. My Compa-

ny, is there ^{already} before me. Three times have I tried to tell you, but could not. ^{now} The time has come. I leave tonight." — *To-morrow?*

"If, indeed, dear Will, you have made up your mind to join the Rebel army, please, please let me go with you."

"No, no, my sweet wife, that cannot be. You are far from well, and must stay where you can have every care and attention that money can give you. I could not let you encounter the hardships of camp life or the horrors of war. I have written to your sister and she is ready to receive you. Emily and Ed, our two most faithful servants, will accompany you there, and ^{your sister} Fannie assures me that everything a loving sister can do for your comfort shall be done. I will write you every time I have a chance. So, be a brave little wife; put your arms around my neck, kiss me once more, and tell me to go and fight for my country's cause."

"No, no, I cannot hear any more. I will not let you go. The South can never succeed against such mighty odds."

• "Whether we succeed ~~or not~~, is not the question. Everything we love is in the South. It is my home and yours. We are alien to the North. The South may have done wrong, but, with all her faults, I love her still, and with my right arm and ^{my} the last drop of blood I am ready to defend her. God be with you, darling, and bless and protect you when our child is born."

His lip trembled as he spoke, and after a momentary silence, he continued:

"And if our child should be a boy, call him for his father, whose name is but one step from oblivion. I am the last of my race."

Sitting beside me, he leaned his head on mine and wept bitter tears. Then, in a firmer voice, he said:

"I have sent all of the negroes we had hired out around here in Memphis, ninety-three in all, down to our Louisiana plantation. The house servants must be sent, also, when you are ready to leave, except Emily and Ed, who must go with you. Ed was the son of my old black mammy. All of his stock are faithful, kind and true. I want you to keep him always near you. He will be a great comfort and protection. I cannot bear to think of you here without me, so I pray you make all possible haste to go home to your sister at once. ^{in Bowling Green} Mr. Toriann, my partner, will attend to the shipping of the negroes to the plantation as soon as you leave.

Now, everything is ready, ^{it is growing late} the hack will soon be here. "So good bye & God bless & protect you my precious wife"

Clinging to him in a perfect agony of grief, I could not let him go. He loosened my arms from around him and rushed from the room. I heard the hack coming into the gate, and fell in a faint to the floor.

"Harse William! Harse William! Come back, she's dead!" screamed Emily, my maid, from the door. ^{from}

He came running back to the house, and picking me up tenderly laid me on the bed--so they told me a few days later--and sent the hackman as fast as his horses could go for our family ^{who was at the door}

us
physician, who was with in less than twenty minutes.

She is in a dear

I said "she is coming to," said the doctor. *we must get her out of this*
her condition dangerous Dr. Not at all I think - person is possible
"Doctor, you must stay all night, all day tomorrow,

all the week and all the month, if necessary," said *my husband* "and write
me every day of her. *the back is at the don't we have barely time to*
I must go, now. It will be easier for us *catch the*
both, if I leave while she is still unconscious."

The doctor assured him that the case was not so dangerous
as it seemed. Then, they told me, my husband kissed *me* *again*
again, and turning to the weeping servants, said:

Goodbye all
"Goodby, and for God's sake, all of you, do the best you
can for her. I leave her to you. *all* The servants answered with
one accord: *we will do our best for her*
we will, Marse William, we will. *sholy do our best.*

Chapter 1 V.

The Burden of Life.

My husband

For the first three days after ~~Mr. Western's~~ departure, I lay in a semi-conscious state. I heard Aunt Easter, the cook, say to Emily: *My own special milk,*

"If dat doctor don't quit givin' her dem little white powders, she never will wake up no mo'. He ought to give her some draps of some sort, 'stead of so much ^{powder} white stuff. Didn't you and Phoebe see how dead white she turned, soon as she took de fust dose?"

"If we could just get her to wake up a little while and eat something, then I wouldn't mind her sleeping," said Emily; "I have got a big trouble on my heart, too, and I know people like ^{when we} me and her ^{are} ~~saw~~, is happy only when we sleeps." *we can't be happy no more never again - forever again*

"What you talkin' 'bout, nigger? That trouble you got on han'?" said Aunt Easter.

"Oh, never mind me now. When Miss Jupe gets well, ^{if she can} I've dun made up my mind to tell her. She feels sorry for everybody in trouble, the bad as well as the good."

"Who's been bad, now?"

"Hush, hush, you will wake her up;" said Emily.

I heard every word they said, though they talked low.

I was too much under the influence of the opiate, ^{my drug} though, to talk. The words, "Never again, never again," were sounding and

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resounding in my ears all the time.

Said Emily
"Wouldn't it almost kill Marse Will if he could see her,
now, lying there almost dead, for the love of him? Po' Miss Jupe."

From their talk, the idea that Emily was in trouble of some kind impressed itself on my mind; and dazed as I was, I wished then I could arouse myself, find out what it was, and settle it for her; but the drowsiness was too great to be easily shaken off. I slept again the whole night through; and waking the third morning, looking slowly and hopelessly around the room, I saw Aunt Easter bending tenderly over me, saying:

"Do you want de doctor, honey?"

dairling
"No, indeed, I want my husband."

"Well, it aint convenient for him to come, jest now; but bimeby he'll be back. Soon as he dun help whip dat little handful of Yankces, he'll come back, and he won't never lef' you no mo'."

All four of the faithful darkies were sitting there around me, in a partially darkened room, and their appearance made me ask:

"Where are you all going?"

"Why, honey, we aint gwine nowhar."

"Well, what are you all so dressed up, for?"

L "'Cause, chile, you dun been nos' head for the las' tree days and nights; and de doctor--^{NO-15} he sleep up stairs--he tole us niggers to set right by you till he cum down agin; and dat's cause why we's dressed up, settin' here wid you."

Will do
"You ar e kind and good to me, and I am much oblig-

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ed to you."

"Hush, honey, hush! what you, but good to everybody?

We niggers can't do too much for our little mistis; 'sides, Marse Will dun lef' you to us, and for three nights we all fotch~~ed~~ our bed close in here, and made a bag pallet on de flo', close a- longside you, so if one of us didn't hear you when you moved, tother would, sho'."

"Did you all sleep in here by me?"

"Yes, me and Phoebe and Emily; and po' Ed, he dun cried hisself most to death over you and Marse William. He fotch~~ed~~ his bed close in, too, an' made his pallet out dar in de hall, right 'cross yo' do'."

God bless you all

"Did he? ~~You are all so good~~, but now you must go. Put up the windows and leave me alone with Emily. Don't bother about cooking anything for me, Aunt Easter, I never care to eat, again."

"Lard bless your soul, honey, we hasn't had to cook nothin' since you tooken sick. All de white folks in de town mos' has been here in the last three days to see how you is, and de doctor wouldn't let de fust one in here. He said yo' lif' 'pended 'pon bein' quiet, so de white folks went home an' has been jest sendin' dead loads of nice things here for you to eat, every single meal; an' you layin' dar asleep all de time. When we wakes you up, an' shows 'em to you, you turn yo' back and say you don't want nothin', so de doctor and us niggers been eatin' what de white folks sends, to keep 'em from spillin'."

take it away

"That's all right. I hope you thanked the neighbors, ~~the~~ for what they sent. Ed must tell them to send me nothing more."

"No, ohile! You'll hurt de white folks' feelin's. Let em keep on sendin'. We niggers kin git away wid it."

"No, no, I don't want them to trouble themselves to send me anything else. If only dear Will could come back again!" The tears came streaming down my face at the bare thought.

"Dar now, dar now, honey, don' cry no mo'. De doctor said it was powerful bad on you, grievin' so all de time, and he said if you didn't quit it, dat--well, I can't tell you now, befo' Phoebe and Emily."

"Ah, never mind telling me. I know I must try to be more composed and reconciled."

"Yes, honey, yes; hit's your duty to try and forgit yourself, and think of somebody else."

"You are right, Aunt Easter, I'll do my best."

"Mrs. Pickett sent you some chocolate and warfuls an' some little birds. I b'lieve my soul, dey's hummin' birds, dey's so little and so fat. If you could jes' eat de hin' leg of one of dem, 'twould do you good." *beside helping you*

"I ought to eat some breakfast, I reckon, so bring me the ^a birds, some toast and the chocolate."

"Now you talkin', honey," and old Aunt Easter leaned over and whispered to me in a very ominous way and ended by saying, aloud:

Dat's so, Miss Jupe, dat's so."

I ~~was~~ ^{certainly} illness ~~of~~ [^] some weeks, but a sick baby was never

watched more tenderly, or attended with greater love and care,

than was I. Old Aunt Easter, the cook, would often say:

"Now you see, chile, Marse Will's dun left you to we all,

and we's gwine to nuss you like you was we-all's own baby." And

so I was a baby to them, for the three weeks I was ~~sick~~ ^{sick} No

Northern person can realize how one of the old South, loved the

darkies, Good-hearted, careless, and sometimes thoroughly trifling

though they were, we were all used to them in the dear old South;

darkies who would have ham for breakfast three mornings in suc-

cession, because the cat had eaten up the steak and chops; dar-

kies whose biscuits were sometimes burned to charcoal because "Fore

de Lawd, Miss Jupe, I plum forgot to took 'em out ob de uben in

time;" and who would have milk ^{sometimes} for your coffee instead of cream,

"'cause why, dat hateful old cow dun kicked over de bucket, agin";

~~until~~ a Northerner could not and would not have endured it; and

yet, we all loved the darkies--perhaps because when they did get

things right, we enjoyed them so much. The novelty and ingenuity

of their never-~~satisfying~~ ^{ending} excuses ^{was sometimes} ~~was~~ [^] always better than the break-

fast we had lost.

Chapter V...

Emily.

The day after my partial recovery, Emily said:

"You look so much better, Miss Jupe. You have some color in your face. I wish Marse Will could see you now, with your pretty wedding nightgown on."

"Wedding nightgown? Is this my wedding nightgown?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is. Just look at the pretty frills of lace on the neck and sleeves and all down the front, with the little bunches of blue ribbon in it."

"Yes, yes, I see. Oh! Oh! Oh!" *Richerter*

"Don't you remember Miss Agatha told you the night you were married that if you would have good luck you must wear

'Something old and something new,

Something borrowed and something blue?'

That's why yo' ma wanted yo' pretty garters with the silver buckles to be blue, and the same lucky color on the neck and sleeves of your wedding nightgown. Maybe that's the reason you've always been so lucky, Miss Jupe."

Lucky, indeed. Why, Emily, of all women in the world, I am the most cast down and utterly miserable."

Emily was an intelligent girl, the child of my own black nanny, and was given me by father at my marriage, to be my

own special maid.

"Yes, Miss Jupe; but when Marse Will comes back again you will be happier than ever. I've heard you tell him, when you-all were billin' and cooin' aroun' here, that you was so happy you were afraid something would happen to you. It's dun happened now."

"Alas, it has. He has gone. What could possibly be worse? He has gone--it may be for years and it may be forever; and I am ready to die."

"Don't cry, Miss Jupe," she said, smoothing my hair, tenderly; "you will see him again. Look at your pretty nightgown."

"How came you to put this gown on me? It was at the very bottom of the pile."

"Yes, ma'am, and I thought I never would find it; but when Marse Will left you the other night, he picked you up off the floor where you fell, and laid you on the bed, and you came to, a little, but you fainted dead away again. After he was gone you were looking so still and white that we-all thought you surely was dead, and we were scared to death. We got your clo's off soon as we could. Then I jest flew to the bureau drawer where you kept your nightgowns, and got out this one. Says I, 'Aunt Master, if she is goin' to die for the love of Marse Will, let's put the same pretty gown on her she wore the night she married him.' As I rooted 'mongst all the gowns in the drawer looking for this one, my tears were fallin' so I could hardly see to find it, and never would but for the lucky little bunches of blue rib-

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 bon on the neck and sleeves."

"God bless you, dear, faithful Emily. How can I ever repay you for your kindness?"

"We have done nothing more for you than you have done for us; but when you get well and strong again, Miss Jupe, I have got something awful on my mind, that, bad as it is, I must tell you."

oh yes - now I remember to have heard you say so
 "What is it, Emily? Tell me now."

"No, ma'am, you are not well enough, and besides, I haven't got it fixed up yet, fit to tell you."

"You need fix up nothing to tell me. Just go ahead; tell it straight, as it happened, whatever it is. Hide nothing from me, and trust in my love for you to help you if I can."

"I am afraid when you hears it, Miss Jupe, you'll never care for poor Emily again." *No more.*

"Indeed, you are mistaken. Nothing that you ever did do, or could do, would make me love you *less*. So, tell me now; what is it?"

Poor Emily! she knelt down by my bed and told me a pitiable tale--the same old story of woman's trust and man's betrayal.

awfully
 "I am distressed to hear this, Emily."

"I knew you would be, Miss Jupe; but please don't tell Marse Will. He knows how well I was raised; and he has so much faith in me. I would hate for him to think that I am not fit to be trusted again;" and the big tears gushed through her fingers, as she held her hands to her face.

de ar
 "You are fit to be trusted, Emily. Don't cry so, and let me hear the rest. Does this Sam Wells, whom you say you

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love so devotedly, love you?"

"He says he does, Miss Jupe, with all his heart; and when his old marster said he was going to send all his niggers down below Vicksburg to his plantation the very next day--which he did, ⁵four months ago--poor Sam came out here that last night, and staid--and staid--all night--with me. We talked and cried until it was almost day, and then he had to go. It was awful to have him go--it nearly broke my heart. That hard trial to him and me, makes me know how hard it was for you and poor Marse Will to part. I know just how you felt, but--I am a nigger, and--"

"You are not a nigger. Your mother's father was a white man; a United States senator, I have often heard my mother say; *he was* a snowflake in one sense of the word, and a tar-bucket in the other. Your father's father was also a white man, so you are more than two-thirds white, yourself; and this bad Sam Wells, whom you love, is as nearly white as you are. If you love him and think he truly loves you, we will buy him at any cost; and instead of returning with me to Bowling Green, you shall go down to the plantation when Phoebe and Aunt Edster go, and I, myself, will see that Sam Wells ^{*if you want to*} goes with you." *Mumps you & falling on her knees beside me, &*

Said—"Oh, Miss Jupe, if you only would, there is nothing in this world I won't do for you. It would kill ^{*me*} away to see me now. I would rather die than go home, ^{*to Bowling Green*} ~~Said~~. I hope Sam loves me as well as I love him; but do you think, ~~He says~~, people who have negro blood in their veins ever love as true and faithfully as white folks do?"

Oh, yes, indeed, I think so. Remember how your father loves your mother. The first verse I ever learned, and thought it so pretty that I wrote it all over my school books, was this:

Woolly heads and black complexion

Cannot alter nature's claim,

Skins may differ, but affection

Dwells in black and white the same."

Oh! "I hope so", she said, "I would love to see my mammy and daddy, but--but I am not fit to go back to them, now." ^{with you} ~~not now~~

"Strange, Emily, that I never noticed you more closely."

"No, ma'am, it isn't strange. You were so happy in your love for Marse Will and in his for you, that you had no time to notice that my eyes were often red from weeping."

"Dear Emily, I feel so reproached to know that what you say is so. I will not go to Kentucky immediately, but for your sake will stay ~~here~~ a few weeks longer. I will do my best to get Sam Wells back here. I will have you properly married in the back parlor, and I will have a sewing woman come and make the clothes of all sorts, big and little, which you ^{condition} requires. You shall not go to the plantation unprepared *for the trial that awaits you.*

"Lord, ~~God~~, how I'll pray, Miss Jupe, when Sam and I are happy, once more, together, that God will bring Marse William back to you without a pin scratch on his body."

"Amen to that! but I have a presentiment, Emily, that I will never see him again."

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"Oh, yes, you will; it won't take our side long to whip the Yankees. Everybody down here says they don't know how to fight."

"What a mistake our people make in talking that way. The cold climate of the North makes them four times as strong and hardy as our poor men."

"Yes; but secesh folks has got the mos' sense, everybody says."

again
"That is because they don't know what they are talking about. The opportunities of the Northern people for learning, and their free schools for the education of the masses, are far ahead of ours."

"Well, anyway, I know Marse Will will come back, for I dreamed last night that he was here."

Ah me! "Dreams always go by contraries. That is a sign, I fear, that he will never come again."

"Yes, he will, Miss Jane; I am sure he will, but I haven't got dun grievin' about his goin' off to the war that night, without any supper. You see, when he came home that evening, before he came in the house at all and told you he was going, he came into the kitchen where we all were, and told us that he was going off that very night to join the Rebel army; that he dreaded to tell you about it, and told Aunt Easter to hurry up supper. He was tellin' us all how good we must be to you when he was gone, how we must watch over you and take care of you, and not let anything worry you; he said if he got killed in the war, he left

his poor wife to us-all. The tears was just rollin' down his face when he said that, and all of us niggers were cryin', too. ✓
 Ed, he fairly howled. Even ole hard-hearted Mose was in there, and he cried, too. "Hush! hush!" Marse Will said, "don't let your Miss Jupe hear you. I would not distress her a moment before I had to, for the world." He called Ed close to him, and put his arms around ^{his} neck, and said, "If I am killed, ^{in the war} Ed, I look to you when you are grown, more than to anybody in the world, to take care of your dear Miss Jupe." "I will do it, Marse Will." ^{Said Ed} "I would die for you and Miss Jupe," but he was crying so he couldn't say any more. Then Marse Will hugged Ed up close, again, just ^{him to him} like he was his brother, and said 'goodby, dear Ed.' ^{he put his arms around his shoulder} and he said ^{with us} "goodby to all of us."

"What else did he say to you all?"

"Not much more, except that he had a great deal to do, and only a few hours ^{left a little} to do ⁱⁿ; so he told us all goodby in the kitchen, and made us promise to be good to you. Aunt Easter was cryin' so she could hardly see to get supper, but she said she was goin' to hold it back as long as she could, so as to keep him here a little longer with us-~~all~~. Then, when he came in the house and told you he had to go, ~~and all that~~, you were cryin' and then you fainted, and we were all so scared that nobody thought anything more about the supper until after Marse Will was gone, with his heart all broken, and no supper either. Aunt Easter was so mad at herself for holding it back instead of hurry-

ing it up as he asked her, that she hardly knew what to do." ^{she said} she wished she could go in the war, and

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Emily, the child of my black mammy, was a tall, handsome, bright mulatto girl, only a few years older than I was. Her mother was given to mine when she was a bride, and was always ^{my} mother's maid. Aunt Dams, or Mammy Dams as we called her, helped mother to raise all of her children, and took as deep and loving an interest as if we had been her own. Many a time has she switched me, ~~with the same love,~~ and shed tears afterward, as my mother often did, over me, her wayward, reckless, daring little girl.

I wrote a long letter to the master of Sam Wells, the morning after Emily told me her sad story; I told him ^{wished to buy Sam} we would ~~pay for the Sam~~ any price in reason; I asked him to telegraph me the price he wanted for him; and if I thought it right and fair, I would answer by telgraph, saying: "Send Sam up at once."

He wired me: "Sam is a professional barber; three thousand dollars will take him." I wired back:

"I accept your proposition; send Sam to Memphis, immediately."

He did so, the purchase was made, and Sam Wells was married to Emily three weeks after she told me her ~~trouble~~. ^{Sad story}

"Oh, Miss Jube, we are so happy and thankful to you," she said; and Sam, with a bright smile on his face fully endorsed her words.

"Niggers is just like white folks," he said; "they falls in love, too; and I am glad that you had so much feeling for me and Emily."

"That's all right, Sam. Phoebe can take your place in

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the *house for a while* ^{days}, Emily, and you and Sam ^{can} have a nice little holiday; ~~and~~ don't come in ~~the house~~ any more, until I send for you."

Before I left for Bowling Green, I saw them off, safely, on a New Orleans steamer, for our Louisiana plantation on the banks of the Mississippi river. They took with them everything to make them comfortable in their new home. Though Sam was a barber by trade, he said he had a thousand times rather pick cotton in the field, with Emily by his side, than shave Yankees in Memphis. *solomon*

Chapter VI.

Our Darkies.

My uncle, Judge Joseph R. Underwood, was an emancipationist, as was Henry Clay, ^{for many years} ~~at one time~~ his colleague in the United States Senate. ^{of them} Both sent large numbers of their slaves to Liberia long before Mr. Lincoln's day. My father tried his best to persuade our negroes to go with them, but they would not do so.

"We aint gwine to go at all"; said old Uncle Lewis, Uncle Bill, and others; "'cause, why, who'll we have over thar to take care of us and s'port us, if we cuts loose from our good Marse Warner and Miss Lucy. No, sir, ^{he said to my father} ~~to father~~, as he urged them to go, "if you was a mean marster, we might; but as it is, we never is gwine to lef you, sho' and sartin;" and they never did.

When my dear father was on his death bed, the most touching prayer ~~to which~~ ^{he} I ever listened, was read over him by old Uncle William, one of his colored playmates when a boy in Virginia. ^{and} When the funeral procession was ready to start to the cemetery, and the masons and all other friends were in line, old Uncle William came to ^{my} father and said:

"Mistis, won't you please let my walk right next to the hearse, so that I can keep my hand on the coffin of my dear ~~marster~~ marster? I played with him in old Ferginny, when he was a little bit of a boy. I fetched him to Kentucky---leastwise, I cum along with him and all the other niggers to this state. I have watched over him and loved him ever since; and so I don't want

nobody 'twixt him and me, this last day that his po' body is on top of the 'arth."

"Certainly, William", ^{my} mother said; "I know it would be his wish to have it so." And ahead of all the carriages and the Masons, old Uncle William walked, next to the hearse, with his hand on ^{resting} my father's coffin.

"He was the best master what ever lived," he said, as the tears streamed down his face. ^{— certainly} ~~as he was, it seemed to me,~~ the best master, the best friend, the best husband, and the best father. Many an orphan child who shared the hospitality of his heart and home could endorse the statement. ^{of his daughter}

^{my} Our negroes were all very musical; and the evening after father's death, they were sitting out in the moonlight in front of old Uncle William's cabin, singing in the most pathetic manner: ^{Never heard}

"Down in the corn-field, hear that mournful sound,
"All the darkies am a weeping, Massa's in the cold, cold ground!"

Mr. Lincoln's proclamation made no difference with ^{them} ~~negroes~~; they always loved us, and ^{many of them;} remained with us as long as we stayed where they were. The last time I was in Kentucky, the best dinner I ever ate, was in the cozy home of ^{my} old black Mammy Dams and Daddy Lewis. ^{given them by my father} In vain did I urge them to take a seat at their own table, with me; ^{but} they would not.

"No, honey, me an' Lewis loves to wait on you-all; but we don't want to scandalize you by sittin' down to de table wid our

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white folks."

They are dead, now, God bless and rest their souls, and one of the prettiest monuments in the colored folks' cemetery at Bowling Green, is erected to their memory, by the children of ~~their loved master and mistress~~ *my father & mother*.

Dresses, shoes, hats, cloaks, and other articles were generally claimed by some of the negroes as soon as they were bought ^{by us} and, while brushing a dress, hat or cloak, they sometimes said: *to me* -

"Miss Jupe, how much longer is you gwine to wear dis hat of mine, befo' yo' gives it to me, for you know I dun claimed it de fust time you put it on." *you head*!

"Yes, I know you did. I will give it to you before long. I just want to wear it a few more times."

"Well, I don' mind, if you will just be curful of it. Dat's all."

"All right, I'll be careful."

Kentucky farmers took great pride if it could be said that their slaves were the best fed and best dressed darkies in the neighborhood. When any of the colored girls on our place were going to a party or a ball, I used to tell them to come to the house after they had done the best they could in the way of dressing themselves, and let me see if I couldn't add something to make them look still more attractive. One night, when I had just put the finishing touches on five or six pretty mulatto girls who were dressed for a ball, ~~there came bounding into the room~~ *Xmas week* *my* Polly, the smartest girl on the whole farm. She was eighteen

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years of age, and black as the ace of spades; her figure was perfect; her teeth, not only by contrast but in truth, were white as the driven snow, and regular and beautiful as teeth could be. Her smile, and the way she ^{used} ~~managed~~ her eyes, naturally of course, were simply bewitching. She sprang into the room, saying:

"De bes' is always de las', Miss Jure, and here I is fur you to put de finishing touches on me."

"All right, Polly," ~~I said~~, "but it seems to me you look fine enough now, in that new white tarletan dress mother gave you for extra good behavior."

The dress was flounced nearly to the waist, it's short white sleeves were tied up with red ribbon, and she wore a red sash. Some of my old finery, in the way of ^{red} artificial roses, was in her hair, which was a mass of beautiful carded wool, soft and silky; and on the bosom of her dress, cut very low in the neck, was a profusion of red roses--a little passe, but they looked fresh and fine on Polly. Her plump and shapely arms and neck were most ingeniously entwined with long strings of little, hard, shiny roseberries, that ^{antrim} come in the ~~fall~~ when the rose-leaves have fallen.

"Why, Polly," ~~I said~~, "where did you get those beautiful little red things on your neck and arms? They look just like coral."

"I got 'em off de ole rose-bush what runs over mammy's cabin do'."

"Well, no matter where you got them, they look very pretty." The effect of the little, red, shiny berries on her ebony skin was ~~very~~ striking, indeed.

"Polly, you really look so ~~very~~ dazzling that I don't see anything else I can do for you." Let me see. "If you will take this piece of red ribbon which I have cut in half, and slip it through the string of your black slippers and tie a nice little jaunty bow on the top of each foot, I think you certainly will be ready for the 'shindig' as you call the dance."

as I told her
She ~~did so~~, tucking the ordinary shoestring snugly up under the little red bows.

"Your waist looks very small, Polly. I'm afraid you are laced *to death*."

"Dat's 'bout de fac', Miss Jupe. I tied de corset lacers to de bed-pos' an' pulled aginst it wid all my might, till I 'clare I dun mos' cut myself in half."

"Why, Polly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I have a good notion to call mother and tell her what a foolish thing you have done. She'll make you undress and take that corset right off. Why, it will kill you *some* to wear it so tight. Turn around here and let me see if there is any way to loosen it a little without your having to undress."

"Foy de Lawd's sake, Miss Jupe, don't tell yo' ma. I never would git dressed no mo' like I is now, and jest dis one time won't make no difference. De white ladies cuts deyselves in half 'most ev'ry day, and still dey lives."

"Now, Pelly, you know you never saw any of us laced

that way."

"No'um, not you-all; but where I was hired out las' year, dey all laced dat way, and dey say it makes 'em enjoy de party mo', 'cause dey felt when dey dun cut deyselves mos' plum in half, dey'd sholy dun de bes' dey could, and dey couldn't do no mo', ~~even~~ to ketch a bo."

"No man who had any sense would ever think well of such a silly women; and I'm sorry you've done such a foolish thing. You are all dressed, though, and it's so late I will not tell nother if you will promise faithfully that you'll never do so again."

"I swar I won't no mo', ^{if I lives thur 7 dis time} ~~sure~~. ~~I cross my heart~~ ~~right here for you, and~~ I wishes I may die if I ever does agin, fur de blood is jest reddy, now, to bust out roun' my waist. I's glad de sash is red, 'cause if de blood does fly when I gits to dancin', it won't sho' and dey'll all think it's some mo' ob de red sash."

"Well, upon my word, you shall not go that way."

Making her turn around, I unfastened the dress and loosened the corset to a living rate.

"Lawd, Lawd, Miss Jupe, dat is a help, to be sho',"

taking a long breath, "I feels a heap better erredy".

"You ought to have more sense than to do such a silly thing, and I hope you never will again. Now, look in that large glass, there, and see how nice and pretty you look; and remember that 'pretty is as pretty does'."

She gazed at her reflection in the mirror, most compla-

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cently, for a few minutes, ~~and~~ then taking a long breath, she said:

"I put on dis dress two hours ago, and I swear if dat aint de fust breath I dun been able to git, an' I wouldn't got dat if you hadn't untied de string dat's dun out me mos' in half."

"Well, get away from the glass ^{on} and go to the party *now* or you'll be too late."

"No'm, I's never in no hurry to git dar fust. Yo' ma never lets you-all get to de party too soon, and dat aint no way for quality niggers to do, neither."

Taking one more look in the glass, she said:

"I thinks, Miss Jupe, dat I is a powerful good looking nigger; and I feels real sorry fur dem yeller niggers dat calls deyselves ^{mule} ~~mule~~ lattoes. I don't want no mule latto in mine."

Thank de Lawd, I's so black dat charcoal 'ud make a white mark on me--I am good an' black, I is, and I couldn't be no blacker; dat's what makes me so stuck up an' proud, 'cause I's de real African Nation, and dem po' yeller niggers aint no nation 't all. Dey's jus' nuthin." *Days Immediates - dat's all days*

I was glad she took such a comfortable view of the situation, for all the 'mule lattoes' as she called them, rather held themselves above R.R.

"Well, go on, Polly, I have done all I can for you."

"No'm, dar's one thing mo'--if you'll jus' tell me some great big words to take to de party wid me, I'll be regdy to start--somepin 'bout hallucination and disputation." *Amplification*

... Polly. It is so much better to use nice

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little words that you understand."

"Oh, ~~shucks~~, Miss Jupe, you don't know niggers like I does. Please, ma'am, tell me some big words to make de niggers star--dey don't know no better-- it's de soundin' what ketches dem ev'ry time. You jus' tell me de big words, and I can fetch 'em in to suit my own self. I don' ^{care} nothin' 'bout de meanin'; it's de soundin' what takes de niggers. I fetched in a whole lot er fine words at dat las' big ball I went to, but I dun said 'em too much, now, even if dey did make me de belle ob de ^{Ball} evenin'."

"What was it you said, that was so fine?"

^{mother} "Well, when Jim Crow, dat black nigger what belongs to Misteñ Barclay, ~~you know~~, cum makin' his graces to me, he says: 'Well, Miss Polly Underwood, how does yo' coprosity conjugate?' I says, says I: 'Oh, I thanks you; Misteñ Barclay, considerin' de idiotsinceracys ob de case, de babulitions ob de mornin', de hallucinations and sint^{le}tations ob de phosphate, and de oncertainty ob human expectations and confiscations, my health is improvin'. You jus' oughter seen dem niggers look at me when I got off dat. ~~But~~ what I heard de doctor say ^{at} to yo' ma one day."

"What a mess of nonsense! No wonder you wore lame ^{for a week} after that dance. I should think the darkies would have stared at you, sure enough; but you never heard the doctor say ^{any such a} thing as that; ^{to mother} and besides, there is no sense in it."

"Maybe I don't hitch de words togedder like he did, but ev'ry one ob dem big words I h-ard de doctor say to yo' ma, sho' and sartin. Tell me jus' two big words, please ma'am, and den ^{barley} I'll ~~jus'~~ fly to de party to flash 'em on de niggers 'fore I fergits!"

"All right: procrastination, infatuation and detestation. They are all I can think of, tonight, and more than you will use with any sense. Go, now."

"Now, Miss June," she said, catching up her skirts and making a graceful, low courtesy, "don't hallucinate me in the far distant West. Dat's what I heard you say one night to yo' bo."

"No you didn't, either. Don't you ever dare to quote what I say. If you do, I never will help you to dress, again."

"Well, don't you git mad at me, Miss June, an' I won't tell no mo' what you says, but I mus' ketch onto what yo' ma an' Miss Fannie says, for fine close and big words is de very life ob ~~poor~~ a nigger."

"Well, hurry up. ~~Go on to~~ the party. ~~It~~ will be over before you get there, if you don't ~~mind~~ go on."

She gave one more gratified look in the glass, and repeating to herself, "procratination, infatuation, detartaration", she departed for the long-talked-of party. "Poor creature! she has it ~~all~~ wrong, already," I said, "but I'll let her go on; it makes no difference to her or ~~to them~~ ^{the other ladies} what she says."

One of the truest friends we ever had was Ed, the boy whom Aunt Easter said had slept in the hallway, across my door. Ed's mother was ^{my husband's} ~~Mr. Western's~~ foster mother, after his own mother's death. ^{This} ~~She~~ black, mammy nursed the little white boy with her ^{own} son Bob, and often said she loved one as well as the other.

Ed possessed a lovely character; and was gentle, re-

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trained, and kind and considerate of everybody. He was remarkably handsome, tall and slight, with soft silken, curly hair, regular teeth and eyes magnificent in shape and color; the fine texture of his rich olive complexion proclaimed too truly that he had ^{of the South} some of the finest white blood in his veins. When he died, a few years later, with no other complaint than that he was tired, my heart was filled with grief.

"What can I do for you, Ed?" I said, ^{often} to him.

"Nothing, thank you, Miss Jupe. I am only tired; Oh, so tired."

A few days after that, he died, murmuring with his last breath:

"I am so tired."

God grant that in a better world than this, dear Ed, so faithful, good and true, has found eternal rest.

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Chapter VII.

Letters.

One afternoon I was ^{dressed} lying on the sofa, when Aunt Easter came in and said:

"Thank de Lawd, you se clothed, now, and in your right mind, as de preachers say. I wish you'd let me send fur all de neighbors to come over."

"No, you must not. I do not want to see any of them."

"Don't you want to read over what Marse Will wrote down for you to do while he was gone, Miss Jupe?" said Emily.

Oh, "yes, indeed, I do. Hand me ^{that long envelope lying in the jewelry} ~~his letter out of~~ the top ^{drawers} drawer. Ah, here comes Ed with some letters in his hand."

"I hope they are from Marse Will."

"Strange, I never dreamed of getting any letters. I never expected to hear from him again. Oh, thank God!" I said, "they are from him."

Seeing Ed with letters, the other darkies came quietly into the room and stood near the door. Emily said:

"After awhile, when you've read them all over to yourself, would you min' lettin' us hear a little of the news from the war?"

"I wonder how many Yankees Marse Will's dun killed, and has any ob dem tried to kill him. Dey wouldn't dare do dat, tho'", said Aunt Easter, "when ev'ry body says he is the bes'

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young lawyer in all dese parts. I don't know nuthin' about de
slaw, but he's de bes' man what ever lived. Aint he, Miss Jupe?"

"Yes, indeed, he is; but if he were an angel ^{from Heaven} it would
do him no good, now."

"Surely de yankees aint such ravenous hogs as dat, Miss
Jupe, to go gobbling up a pretty young man like him, dat never
dun harm to nobody; and dey aint none ob dem his ekal, for whar
is de young man what's got all de niggers and all de land, and all
de money dat he's got? Dey aint livin' nowhar; and de whole town
says dat we is de aristocratisist niggers in Mepphis; and we is,
too." *and dont you forget it.*

The ending of the letters, which I read to them, said:

"Remember me kindly to the darkies, and when I come home,
if I ever do, tell them they shall have all the pretty red dresses,
ribbons and bonnets they want; and Ed shall have a fine horse and
gun and everything else that suits him, if he will only be good
to you." When I read aloud:

"I ^{think} ~~think~~ the Yankees will soon take Memphis, and you
must go to Bowling Green at once," they were greatly frightened,
for they had queer ideas of the Yankees.

"What will become of this nice house," said Phoebe,

"and all of these ^{fine} ~~fine~~ things, when the Yankees come? Zip Pickett
says there never was a nigger as big a rogue as the Yankees is.
She says her old marster told his wife last night at the supper
table that when they cum they would steal everything in sight and

fisher

call it 'fisticating'. I hope they won't steal our red dresses and breast-pins, what Marse Will give us las' Christmas. Zip Pickett says they have got a face on bof sides ob der heads; dat dey sees behin' an' befo' at de same time, and dat dey's got two pairs of han's, an' steals wid all four ob dem at once."

"Good Lawd, Miss Jupe," said Emily, "wouldn't it be awful to meet one of 'em comin' down the road, in the night-time?"

"That is all nonsense, Emily. The Yankees are exactly like our own men. Old Mr. Pickett tells his darkies those stories to scare them and make them willing to go to his Louisiana plantation."

No the yankees arent like our men said out by the

"~~But~~ Zip says her ole marster tole her that Gawd didn't make de Yankees; that he didn't have nuthin' to do wid dem. He said dey was de debbil's own, and dey landed in dis country on a great big rock. Hit wuz de Plymouth Rock. I wish dat rock had landed on dem, don't you, Miss Jupe?"

Please

Go on out of here, ^{now} every one of you; I am nervous and don't want to hear any more talk. Before you go, though, I must tell you that your Marse Will sends his love to every one of you."

They left, reluctantly, all but Emily, who said, as I looked ^{up} at her:

"I'll just stay and be straightenin' around while you read to yourself, for the las' thing Marse Will said to me, was, to always stay around about you, and never leave you alone."

Mr Western's letters were so full of love ^{affection} that they did ^{me much} good in every respect. I put them in my bosom during the day and slept with them under my head at night, thinking and

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of him and his

dreaming the dear words over and over again.

all the day long.

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Chapter VIII.

Aunt Easter.

A few days later, Aunt Easter came into my room, saying:

"Look here, Miss Jupe, dis aint gwine to do at all; fub you to be layin' up dar in bed, starvin' yoursef plum to death. Ise got somethin' for you now, chile, dat will set yo' on yo' feet in no time. Set up here, an' eat it like a good gal."

"What is it, Aunt Easter?"

"Hit's pernado, like yo' ma used to make; an' de brandy in it is over twenty year^{snice} old. Marse Will tole me so; an' he took me down in de cellar, an' says he to me: 'Easter, do you see dat barrel ober dar in de corner at de end of de row? Dat is de finest brandy in de state; an' if yo' Miss Jupe gets sick or needs any kind of a stimulant, be sure to get what she needs out of dat barrel.' So, soon arfter he lef', I tapped dat barrel^{myself} for you; an' I've been tappin' it eber since to make sure it was de right kin'. We all knowed Marse Will was gwine, long befo' he tole you, 'cause he said he didn't want to 'stress you no sooner dan he had to."

"How kind and considerate of him."

"Set up dar, now, an' eat de pernado; it will give you strength to go all around, and be d e life ob de house. De neighbors all come ober two and three times a day to see how you is, and Emily comes out always with de same ole tale, an' says,

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"she don't want to see nobody." You'll hurt de white folks' feelin's if you don't mind."

"I hope not. Just say, when they come, that I am not well enough to see anyone at all."

"I don't care what de doctor says about seein' no comp'ny; I 'se dun had heep mo' children dan he ever did, and comp'ny was de main thing what saved me, wid all my fifteen children, case, you see, it tooken my min' offen mysef." Dere aint nuthin' like comp'ny to keep yo' spirits up, 'ceptin' 'tis brandy like what's in dat pernado. If it was me layin' up dar in all dat fine nightgown,

an' lace fluted pillow slips, I'd tell 'em to ax in de whole camp-meetin', not keerin what de doctor says."

But "Aunt Easter, I feel so listless and lifeless I don't care to see anybody."

"If you'd get up fum dar, you would feel better."

"I have nothing to get up for."

"Why, honey, ^{heres} dere's de house and we-all."

"Yes, yes, that is so; I will eat your pernado and try to get up."

"Now, yo' talkin'! Dress up fine and go down and hang on de front gate, like yo' used to do when yo' was waitin' fur Marse Will to come home. He aint comin' right now, but so many folks is passin' by, dat it takes yo' min' off yo' own sef, an' makes yo' furgit to be so sad an' grievin'."

"So much talk makes me nervous, Aunt Easter; though

You say you have had this children - well I should think you would want something to take up the mind off of you. Sleep enough.

for the sake of you all, I must - I try to be braver.

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there is a great deal of sense in what you say. I will try to get up, if you will only go *take a bath and drink myself* ~~out~~ now."

"Yo' see, honey, I knows what's de bes' fur yo' 'cause I'se de oldes' in de house, and in course I'se got de mos' *That's certainly* to say."

If I was you, I would put on de clo's widout no bath. Dat's what's de matter wid de white folks. Dey washes all de color out ob derselves. I tell my ole man I b'lieve you an Marse Will 's got duck blood in yo' yo' dabbles and splashes in de water so much. Ef yo' don' min' yo'll wake up dead in de baf tub some mornin'."

"Oh, no, *Danger*: you don't know how refreshing a bath is."

"Well, honey, yo' can just bet I aint in no hurry to find out. I never was wet all ober in my lif' but once, an' dat was when I fell in de river."

When supper was ready Emily came in and said:

"Miss June, Aunt Easter says instead of taking tea for your supper, which she says is old slim stuff and aint no 'count't all, you had better take a good swigger of that brandy; that it is the strengthenist thing in the world; and she says when she took some to see if it was the right kind for you, it tasted so powerful good she wished that her throat was as long as a fence rail and the size of a goose-quill."

"She did? Well, you go right now, if she is talking that way, and lock the cellar door and bring me the key, for fear she will feel worse than that before dark."

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"She has dun took a big jugful out of that barrel, and says she is going to keep it for cholera times; that she knows them Yankee soldiers ^{what's commin} is just the kind to bring cholera with 'em, or the smallpox, even worse than the circus did last summer. She says she wants her brandy right where she can put her hand on it in a minute, when they come."

"She will put her hand on it many a time before they get here, I fear; so you go lock the door at once and bring me the key; and then take my big ~~sun~~ camphor bottle to her, and tell her I say there is too much camphor and not enough brandy in it; tell her to fill it out of her jug for me."

"This bottle holds a fair quart. It will just kill the old nigger to make her give up that much of the brandy at once, especially if the cellar door is locked; and she will know that I told you, and misspicion me the balance of the time."

"All right, put the bottle down, then, and let her alone. I will speak to her about it, and make her lock the door and bring me the key, so that she will never know you told me anything about it. She is a good hearted creature, but like many of the white folks, she drinks too much whenever she has a chance. Now go, Emily, and in about an hour bring me a cup of tea and ^{a piece} of toast, and don't, I implore you, ^{bring} anything else."

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Chapter IX.

A Good Man's Peril.

Encouraging letters had given me new life, and I determined at once to make arrangements for our departure to Kentucky. In a very short time everything was ready; then came an order from headquarters that no one should leave the city of Memphis, and the streets were patrolled to see that instructions were ~~for~~^{obeyed} obeyed. In the meantime, party spirit ran higher and higher, until the Southern people hardly tolerated a Union man or woman in their midst.

Dr. Grundy, the minister of the Presbyterian church to which I then belonged, prayed one Sunday for "the President of these United States and all others in authority." He was immediately informed that his services were no longer needed in that pulpit. He was a man of about my father's age; their politics were exactly the same; both were Southern men, loving their own section far better than the North, but in favor of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws," because they did love the South. They knew if secession succeeded, it would be the death knell of all the hopes and institutions ^{we most prized} ~~of the~~ South. They knew, moreover, that there was not the slightest shadow of a chance for the South to succeed against such mighty odds in men and money, and that after thousands of our bravest and truest men were laid low, it would end, as it did, in "a lost cause".

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Dr Grundy knew that my heart, my soul and my very life were centered in my husband. He knew I was a Southern woman in every respect; but that I had been taught by my father to know the danger and certain ruin, that either the effort to succeed or successful secession would undoubtedly bring on our beloved South. He knew that I was not a secessionist; but that when the Rebels were defeated, my heart was filled with sorrow; and that when the Unionists sustained a loss I was equally sad; he knew that I would at any time aid the sick, the oppressed, the wounded or the dying of either party. *My*

One day the Doctor came to our house and told me that, sitting on the curbstone of Court Square, in a drenching rain, ~~were~~ a poor young Presbyterian preacher and his little wife, whose house had been burned over their heads in a Mississippi town, because they were Union people. They were on their way to New York, their native state, and could get no farther up the river on account of the ^{same} ~~order~~ that had detained me in the city. They had lost everything in the fire and were without money or clothes, except those ~~which~~ they wore.

"No one in the city will dare to give them shelter," said Dr. Grundy, "because they are evidently Northern people, consequently Unionists. To take them to my house, in the face of the late trouble I have had with my church, would be safe neither for them nor for my family; but I thought as your husband is a Rebel officer, possibly, in your house they might be ~~safe~~ *safe*. If you

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think there is no danger, you might keep them here until the Federals take the city--which I am sure will be in a few more weeks, at the latest. Although they might be safe, here, I do not advise you to take them, my child. I only state the case. It is one of the most pitiable I ever knew."

This is one of the times, my dear Doctor, that I neither ask nor want your advice. I will go, myself, and bring those *poor* people to my house, and keep them until they can depart in peace, if this house is burned over my head for it. Tell Mose, *(Emily)*, to put the horses to the carriage and drive to the front door as soon as he can."

"If you are going to be so kind as to bring them here," said the doctor, it would be safest to wait until it is dark."

"No, indeed, doctor; it has been raining all day, and think how cold and wet they must be. Besides, you say the ~~poor~~ little wife is not well. I will go at once. They shall not sit there another hour." *Very soon afterwards Emily can*

in saying "The carriage is ready, ~~Miss Jane~~, " ~~said Emily~~.

"Get my big blanket shawl to put around that poor, cold little woman, and bring me Mr. Western's overcoat for the man. I must make them warm and comfortable at once."

"Will you go with me, doctor? No, upon reflection, you had better not. You stay here until I come back with them. Please have more coal put on the fires so that the house will be warm when they arrive; and especially, see that there is a good fire made in the spare room, where we will put them."

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"You are laying up treasures in heaven, my child."

"No, doctor, my motives are not so high. Old Mount Air, the home of my father and mother, was burned to the ground by the Rebels. I was born and reared in that dear old house. ~~There I~~ ^{now} ~~met, loved and married;~~ and it is a desolate pile of ashes. I know how to feel for these people; and will bring them here and befriend and defend them to the best of my ability."

"I wish I could keep you here until dark," said the doctor.

"But you cannot, so goodbye."

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Chapter X.

To the Rescue.

"I will be back soon," I said, as the carriage rolled out of the gate. "Drive as fast as you can to Court Square, Mose!"

Arriving there in about twenty minutes, we drove close to the curbstone and stopped right in front of the most forlorn looking couple it was ever my misfortune to behold. They sat close together, in the rain, on the cold curbstone which surrounded the square.

"Oh, it was pitiful--in a whole city full,
Home *they had none*"

I opened not only the carriage door, but my very heart and advanced *towards them in the rain--for I wanted to get out too* with both hands extended, saying:

"I am your friend, and come to take you to my home. Our minister, Dr. Grundy, told me you were here."

I lead them to the carriage, and we entered, Mose having instructions to drive home as fast as he could. I put my soft, warm shawl around the wife, and tucked the folds of it tenderly over her shivering shoulders.

"This overcoat, I brought for you, sir; you had better put it on at once, as you are so wet and cold."

The tears were steaming down their faces. *as well as my own*

"There now, don't cry," I said, "these are terrible times, and we must ^{all} try to be as brave as we can."

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"Yes, yes," said the man, "God has been good to us, in sending you, like an angel of mercy, to us, in our woe. We can never thank you enough;" and their cold, wet, gloveless hands clasped mine.

"Don't thank me at all," I said, "but let me tell you what you can do for me, that will make me always your debtor."

"Oh, do tell us," they both said at once.

"Well, then, listen: My husband is an officer in the Rebel army. If you will only kneel down with me tonight in my lonely home, and every night and morning while you are under my roof, help me to pray that God in His mercy will watch over *him*, direct and protect him, and restore him soon to me, I shall account myself richly repaid for anything I may be able to do for you. Dr. Grundy tells me you are good, Christian people; and the bible says 'the prayers of the righteous availeth much'."

"Why, Mrs. Western, not only while we are in your house, but as long as we live, will we pray that God will bless you and all whom you love."

As the carriage drove into the yard, Dr. Grundy was standing on the front porch. There was a bright fire in the sitting-room, as we entered, but I said:

"Doctor, I am not going to let these ^{poor} people sit down until they come into their own room, which is warm and ready for them. *with one* and change their wet clothes for ~~some~~ *dry ones* dry ones. I know what it is to be burned out of house and home, and to lose all the things you have spent your whole life in getting together. My ~~own~~ *own* father and mother have just gone through that ordeal."

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Then I told them of dear old Mount Air having been burned by the Rebels; but that I was sure, that enmity toward father, whom everybody loved, did not light the torch which leveled it to the ground. It was occupied at the time by the Rebel generals, as headquarters; the troops were drilled and inspected in the large level meadows in front of it. One of the best and most extensive forts was on the top of that grand old hill, Mount Air, just in the rear of our house. The Federals were shelling the town at the time, from Baker's Hill, a kind of a twin peak to our own, on the opposite side of the river. Seeing they would be compelled to evacuate the town, it was natural that the Rebels would wish to prevent the Federals from ^{occupying} ~~having~~ so good a place.

On leaving the room of Mr. and Mrs. Beekman, I went to the parlor; and there, on his knees, was dear Dr. Grundy. I stopped at the door, bowing my head in reverence, until the good man had finished his prayer. When I entered, he rose and came toward me; and taking my hand, said:

"My dear child, I have just been praying for you and your husband. I hope that God will spare his life for your sake. 'Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to one of these in my name, giveth it unto me.' How literally you have fulfilled the words of the scripture, in taking these ^{from Union} people from the street, out of the rain and cold into the warmth of your own loving heart and home."

Remember, doctor, that I would have done the same, had they been Rebels and within the Union lines. Never forget, please, that I belong to both sides."

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We spent a pleasant evening together. Mr. and Mrs.

Seckman were cultured, charming people; and that night when I lay down to sleep, I thanked God for the opportunity to come to the rescue of two human beings. ^{in trouble & affliction} No matter who they were, or on which side they were, God made them and they needed help.

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Chapter XI.

D a n g e r .

The next morning, it was plain that there was something on Aunt Easter's mind, so I said:

"Well, what is it, Aunt Easter? Out with it."

"I'll tell you what it are, right now," *Miss Jupe* - she said; "last night when I put on a clean white apron and a high, fresh turban on my hade, and tooken it on mysef to come in dat dining-room to help you-all out wid de supper, an' handed de little brown, hot biscuits to dat white man an' woman, den fur dem to turn aroun' dar and say to me, a secesh nigger, No, thanks, I prefer de cold bread, right dat minute dere stock drapped wid me; an' says I, to mysef, 'dem folks what Miss Jupe's got dar in de house aint our kin'. I speks dey's Yankees, 'cause dey eats cold bread instead uv hot. I always heerd dat tale 'bout 'em, long befo' de war sot in. I aint got no mo' use fur dem folks. I's a secesh nigger to de backbone, an' I don't want no Yankees and po' white trash to be comin' whar I is, ~~at all.~~ *dat I dont.*"

"Why, Aunt Easter, a man certainly has a right to say whether he wants to eat hot bread or cold bread, without making you mad."

"Oh, Miss Jupe, I don't say I is mad, but I does say dem white folks you has in de house aint my kind, and I aint got no mo' use fur dem, sure and sartin."

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"That's nonsense; you ought to be more liberal in your ideas."

"Dat's all right, fur you, Miss Jupe, but I'se dun wid 'em."

Notwithstanding her dislike to them, we got along very nicely and quietly until the rumor went forth all over the town that I had, in the broad daylight, driven up to Court Square and taken into my carriage and brought to my house the Yankee preacher and his wife, who had been refused admittance to ^{the} hotels and boarding-houses; ^{by the city} that I was still harboring them; that they were Abolitionists and Union spies. These and a thousand other stories were circulated in regard to them and to me.

The neighbors came to tell me all they heard; and to entreat me to turn these people out of my house at once. I explained repeatedly that Mr. and Mrs. Beckman were not Abolitionists; that they were not Union spies at all; but only a good man and his wife who, like my own dear father, thought secession wrong and that the Union should be preserved for the benefit of the South as well as the North. I told those who thronged to see me that my guests were cultivated and refined to the highest degree; and were kind, gentle and good, trying simply to get to their home in New York.

"Bat," said a friend, "I am surprised that you, the wife of a Rebel officer, should take into your house this Yankee trash. You should be more loyal to your husband and your country."

"Yankee trash, indeed! These people, though they have not a dollar in the world, are socially equal to any of us. They

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belong to one of the finest old Knickerbocker families in the state of New York. Two streets in that city are named for their parents."

a fact I did not know of come, while after I brought the home with me

"I don't care, my dear Jupe, if all the streets in the New Jerusalem are named after both of them: they are Union people and you should have more sense than to keep them in your house in times like these. The paper says their house was burned over their heads, because they were Abolitionists. It served them right, too."

they are Union people.

"You are on dangerous ground, now. My father, mother, brothers, and all my family are Union people; *the devoted Southern* and they have as much right to their opinion as you have to yours, my dear *little* Rebel friend."

"Well, Jupe, you are doing what no one else in the city would dare to do."

"I know it; and it is because, ~~in many cases~~, they are afraid to do what they know is right."

"My dear friend, don't get angry at me for telling you; but I know from what I have heard, that if you don't turn these people out of your house and do it quickly, too, every friend you have in the city of Memphis will cut you, dead."

"Let them cut. What do you suppose I care for the friendship of people who are as cruel *as a man who would do* as you would have me be?"

"But my husband tells me the city authorities discussed your case last night, and said your conduct was unpardonable."

Amos Conable

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Some of them will probably call on you, today. My husband told them he knew you would not keep these strangers an hour when you learned they were Union people."

"He did! I'm grateful to your husband for his kind feeling toward me, but he is mistaken. I knew they were Union people and that is exactly the reason I brought them here."

"Then you mean to say you will not turn them out of your house? Is that your answer?"

"Most emphatically it is."

Oh me! I am sorry to hear you talk so and but I hope some one will be able to persuade you
"Goodby, dear Jupe, I don't know when I will ever see you, again, or what may happen to you. Something dreadful, though, I know." *if that's the way you feel & talk*

"You are very kind," I said, and with a faint smile, added: "If you don't see me again on the face of this earth, perhaps we may meet in heaven. I am trying, in my humble way, to lay up a little treasure there, and am making a regular bid for a mansion in the skies. If I am burned up in my house, as you seem to insinuate will be the case, then I know I'll read my title clear to that 'house not made with hands'."

After that day, my neighbors never came near me again. *I received*

Anonymous Anonymous letters came thick and fast, threatening arrest and imprisonment for my guests and myself; that the house would soon be burned over our heads; that we would be able to see *how* to pick up pills in the backyard at midnight by the blaze; that would surround us. To all of these and many more threats, I said no

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attention; but Mr. Beckman and his wife were greatly alarmed, not only on their own account, but for my sake. They proposed to leave, though they knew not where to go.

"No, indeed, God only knows what would become of you if you left this house. I brought you here, and at the risk of my life I will protect you, if I can."

A few days later I received a letter purporting to come from the city authorities, ordering me to turn those Union spies out of my house at once, or take the consequences.

"We charge you, madam," the letter read, "to beware!" They gave an address and asked an answer. I replied:

"The good man and his wife in my house are Union people *absolutely &* but they are not spies. They have written to their friends in New York for money. When it comes, they will leave here; but now they have *no money* no place to go. I refuse to turn them out of my house; *but they have a better place to go.* and I am ready to 'take the consequences', be they what they may. My husband is high in authority on your side, and my father is higher in authority on their side; so, in your own language, I charge you: Beware! —beware how you send insults and threats to me, else the time may come when you will have to take the consequences of your acts. *Yours truly* If you and your wives were in the Union lines in poverty and distress, and I had a home, *where* there, I would take you in as quickly as I have *these* *people*. As long as I have a roof over my head and a crust, I shall divide it with them. I am ready to stand the consequences."

Seeing that I was desperately in earnest, and perhaps *of all I have done* being convinced that there was really no harm in the minister and *the belief*

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his wife, they let us alone for a few days and did not call on me *at once*,
as they threatened to do in the letter.

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Chapter XII.

The Search.

About a week afterward one of my neighbors came running in breathless haste, saying:

"Get ~~that~~ man and his wife out of your house, quickly, *for God's sake*
Jupe! Four men are now on their way to search ~~the place~~ *your house*, and to arrest them and you, too."

Then "You go home as soon as you can," ~~said~~ *said* I, "I can attend to the men who are coming." As she went away, I said to Emily:

"Go out to the kitchen, at once, and stay there until I send for you, and be sure to keep Aunt Easter and P hoebe with you *out there* until I call you. Tell Ed to come to me immediately and bring the step-ladder."

Then I called Mr. and Mrs. Beekman, and they entered at one door as Ed came in the other with the step-ladder.

"Here is a ladder, Mr. Beekman; put your wife upon the top of that wardrobe as quickly as you possibly can. There is a *dark* *place* up there where she can lie down. Four men are coming to arrest you *both* if they can find you. *leave* Now, throw this piece of carpet over her."

He did so, in all haste.

the "That's all right. Take the step-ladder down into the *back of* garden, Ed, for fear *there over night* they may use it to look up there, and hurry back. Come with me, Mr. Beekman, to the cellar. Ed and I can

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hide you there. You need have no fear of Ed; we can trust him in all things." Opening the cellar door, I showed him a deep hole down behind the wine barrel, prepared for an especial brand of wine.

"The hole is nearly empty, now. Get down there, and Ed and I will put this moldy plank ^{loosely} over ^{again to give him air} the place. We will set one or two empty barrels over the plank; and as it looks like the ground, it will not be noticed. We will leave the cellar door open so you can get plenty of air."

"Yes, but I am anxious about you" he said, "for what may they not do to you?" *but I am not afraid of them at all*

"Well, I don't know; ^{but} I belong to both sides in this fight; and I think I can steer my way safely between them. Hand down that chair, Ed, for Mr. Beekman to sit on. Goodby, my friend, for a little while. Keep quiet as a mouse, and leave the rest to me. Ed, you had better lock the cellar door. Take the key out and follow me. Don't leave me a moment, for here come the men through the front gate."

"No, indeed, Miss Jule, I'll stand by you." *til I die.*

We went back into my room, which was opposite the front parlor. I picked up some sewing and took a seat by the window, trying to look as composed as possible. The bell rang.

"Go to the door, Ed," ~~I said~~ ^{he} said: "Invite them in".

He did so, and came back with four men following close behind him. I arose to meet them.

"Madam", said one of them, "we are sorry to trouble you,

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but we are informed that you are harboring here, in your house, two Yankee spies--a man and a woman claiming to be his wife."

"It is false, sir."

"Have you not a man and a woman here who are spies?"

That immediately not
no, sir, no such characters have ever been in my house.
~~are in the house.~~

"Pardon us, madam; but in times like these we will have to see for ourselves."

"All right, do so. See for yourselves."

They needed no second invitation, but proceeded at once from one room to another, down-stairs, up-stairs, looking into all the closets in the house. They even opened the doors of the very wardrobe upon the top of which poor Mrs. Beckman was lying, trembling like a little scared bird in a nest that bad boys were trying to rob. They felt all around under the dresses in there; and then, as if struck by a sudden inspiration, they closed the wardrobe doors and quickly went up stairs again, searching in closets and presses the same way. As they came down the steps, one of them said:

"Madam, is there a cellar under this house?"

"There is, sir." Ed, ~~but~~ *get* the gentleman the key to the cellar."
After a little pretended search he took it from his pocket & handed it to the man.

"Come, boy," said the spokesman of the crowd, "come with us and unlock the door."

Poor Ed looked wistfully at me.

"Go on, Ed. Unlock the door for the gentlemen, and then you come back here to me, immediately."

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I was afraid his agitation might betray him, so I repeated:

"Unlock the cellar door; then come back to me as quickly as you can, for I want you, especially."

That last speech, as I intended it should, drew their attention away from the cellar; and they returned to me almost as soon as Ed did. I knew they had found nobody there. They were all kind, nice looking men; and one of them, approaching me, said:

"We beg you a thousand pardons, Madam, but these are war times, you know, and we have, necessarily, to ^{obey orders & be} very particular."

"I understand that, sir, and know that people have to do a great many things these days, that they never dreamed of, before." *Indeed*

They do — "Good morning, Madam," said he; "we meant no harm to you. We were told to search this house, and have simply obeyed orders. We hope we have not offended you."

"Not at all, sir, Good morning," I said, closing the door behind them.

Ed and I had a hearty laugh over the game of hide-and-seek we had just gone through.

"Come, now, let's go to the cellar and get Mr. Beekman out of that hole."

Ed handed him down another chair, on which he stepped and was with us again.

"Now, run to the garden and bring back the step-ladder for Mrs. Beekman to descend."

When we went into the room where she was, I called out:

"Now, birdie, come down from your perch."

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She did so and with smiles and tears threw her arms
around my neck, saying:

"God bless you, my dear friend and sister."

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Chapter XIII.

The Stars and Stripes Float Once More Over Memphis."

For several weeks after the last episode, we were left severely alone. Not one of the neighbors came to see me, for which, under the circumstances, I was very much obliged to them. Mr. and Mrs. Beekman were my only companions. We read, talked, sang, and sewed together. There were four acres of ground around our house, which sat back in the middle of the tract. Large magnolia trees and handsome oaks and elms almost embowered the house, so we were not easily observed. Mrs. Beekman was not very well, and neither was I. In our sewing, I divided the materials in half, for all the pretty things I was making, so that she would have enough of the soft, fine linens, laces and flannels to duplicate the *very* ~~white~~ white garments. She used the scissors so much more skillfully than I did, that I used to say:

"Cut two alike of everything, and we will make them together."

We were almost happy as we sat there, sewing and chatting pleasantly. She was remarkably bright and highly educated. She was a pretty little thing, too, with the tenderest blue eyes I ever looked into. No wonder her husband loved her. He was an intellectual man, of commanding presence. At night, he read a chapter in the bible and we knelt down to pray before retiring. It was worth all the slights and insults I had been compelled to bear on their account to hear him asking God, fervently and ear-

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nestly, to watch over my dear husband--to guard, bless and protect him, and bring him home in safety to his devoted wife.

One morning, we were sitting sewing, as usual, when Ed ran in and said:

"Miss Jupe! Miss Jupe! The Federals are shelling the city! The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!"

"Thank God!" said Mr. Beekman.

"Just listen to that awful white man," said Aunt Easter, who, with Phoebe and Emily, came running into the house behind Ed as soon as they heard the news. "What in de world is we gwine to do? And here's dis white man thankin' God 'cause de Yankees is come. It's plum scandalous! I dun tole you, Miss Jupe, he wasn't our kind. I 'spised him from de start, when he dun took cold bread, instead of hot *brusint*."

"Go out of here, Aunt Easter, and don't talk so much;" I said. As she started to leave the room, she said: *turning to me,*

"Dese Yankees will steal everything in de world what we've got."

"Oh, no," I replied, "~~we~~ we haven't anything they would have."

Boom, boom, went the big cannons, and the shot hissed over the city.

"This is war, sure enough, Miss Jupe, isn't it?" said Ed.

"Yes, indeed, this is war."

"We will soon be free," said Mr. Beekman.

"Yes, but think of the brave, good men on both sides who

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must die, first."

Hose ran in, saying:

"Miss June, the Federals has got the city, and are taking down the Rebel flags everywhere and are putting up their own."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Beekman. "The stars and stripes are floating once more over Memphis. Now we are free."

"My husband! I can think of no one else, in this hour of defeat." *oh my darling husband!*

"Don't distress yourself, my dear Mrs. Western. He shall be saved on your account. I'm sure he will. ~~be~~ When it is known what you have done for Union people, everything will be right for you and him."

"I am not so sure about that," I said; "I would have done the same for any poor soul in distress, black or white; it was simply humanity, for which I neither ask nor expect a return."

The next day the city was quietly in possession of the Federals. General Sherman, my father's old friend, was in command. Mr. Beekman went to see him, and told of the insults, threats and indignities I had borne for their sakes; the risk of my very life, and at last, of my refusal to turn the Union people out of my house, *even if* ~~though~~ the Rebels burned it over my head.

brave woman
"Who is this ~~man~~?" said the General. *I*

hon
"The daughter of Warner L. Underwood, of Kentucky."

her father is
"Ah, indeed! *Wallace* A dear old friend of mine. I had a letter

from
from him this morning in regard to his daughter. She shall be protected to the utmost of our ability. Say to her, for me, that

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she shall be protected

though her husband were the president of the Confederacy, all

that she claims shall be exempt from confiscation."

He gave Mr. Beekman passes to New York; and wrote me saying he had a letter from my father in regard to my returning to Bowling Green; that I was at perfect liberty to go whenever I felt inclined, and added:

(I give an exact copy of his letter)
Here

Sincerely

"Before closing, I must thank you most kindly for your protection and brave defense of the good man and woman who were fortunate enough to fall into your hands. In the name of the Union, I thank you for all that you have done for them and our cause. Your father said in his letter to me that he was anxious about your property here. Have no fears for that, good madam. Send me a list of all you own, and I will give it my personal attention, as far as seeing that it is properly rented and looked after for you, by a good agent, whom I will have appointed; and the money from your rents shall be promptly remitted to you at Bowling Green. I enclose passes for you to go there whenever you feel inclined."

The agent General Sherman appointed to look after my property rented our home to an Englishman and his wife; they took good care of the place after the General's reproof. The following letter shows how carefully he looked after my interests:

Memphis, Aug. 9, 1862.

Col. Griden or Judge Underwood,
My dear Friend:-

I received last night your letter and hasten to assure you that I will most gladly recognize the services of Judge Underwood in our cause and the claims of his daughter to our protection. The moment I received your letter I sent word to

(an exact copy of Gen Sherman's letter)

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our Q. M. who has charge of our "vacant property" in Memphis and ordered him to see that the property is held sacred, and I also got a neighbor to look to it who has just written to me that it is occupied and that among other signs of carelessness observed fruit was lying on the carpets and hall floor. I have just written the occupant (unknown to me as yet) that I will hold him to strict account that no damage be done to the property. I am as usual very busy and have not gone to see to it myself but will do so. And Judge Underwood may rest assured that I will do all I can for his daughter. She had better write and indicate some faithful family or agent to hold her property till she returns.

I am always your friend,

W. T. Sherman,

Maj. Gen'l.

Mr. and Mrs. Beekman left for New York on the first boat that went up the river after the city was in the hands of the Federals. About two months after these good people left me, their little girl, ^{my name sake} Juliette Western Beekman, was born. Two weeks after the departure of my guests, I left Memphis, taking with me Ed, only. The other servants, including Emily and Sam Wells, were sent to our Louisiana plantation. *as before mentioned.*

Chapter XIV

Preparing to Enter the Rebel Lines.

It is needless to say that sister Fannie received me with open arms on my return to her house. The fact that her husband was a colonel in the Federal army and mine a captain in the Rebel army made no difference in our love for ~~each other~~ ^{each other}. She did everything possible to make me comfortable and happy. A month after my arrival, my ^{little} boy, William Underwood Western, was born. For his sake I took heart and courage again. How strong and brave motherhood makes a woman feel! The blood of youth tingled in my veins, and I felt that, without a thought of fear, I could compass heaven and earth for that dear child; I could go anywhere, endure anything, if I could only take my baby to his father. ^{sister} Fannie was ^{very} much interested in selecting the best route to the South, that I might go with the little "Secesh", as she called the baby, to his father. She secured passes through the Union lines, for she said:

"Will ^{Western} must see this child; and if anything should happen to him, which God forbid, I should ever be thankful to know that he had seen, loved and caressed his little boy."

Baby was four months old when I left for the South. ^{sister Fannie} Fannie had charge of all my father's negroes, while he was United States Consul to Glasgow, Scotland; and when she told me that, through the influence of her husband, she would try to get me a

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military escort to conduct me through the lines, I said:

"No, sister Fannie, I would rather have Uncle Lewis drive ^{us.}

He was ^{my} father's carriage driver, the husband of my old black mammy, and the father of Emily and Cinthy, whom Fannie thought I had better take South with me, as nurse.

"Uncle Lewis can drive us in the carriage to the Rebel lines. His horses are so gentle, and we would be safe with them. The Federals, of course, would protect him and his horses because they are father's. When we get to the border line, he can return. I will have no trouble then, I'm sure, in getting a conveyance. *+ full protection from our own soldiers*

It was agreed that Uncle Lewis should drive us. When I told him about it, he said:

"I'll be mighty glad to take you down thar to see Marse William, to show him his fine boy and to tell him all de news up here. Another thing, Miss Jupe; me an' Dassel can never do too much for you 'cause you have been so good to Emily; but you ought to have brung her back here to her mammy and me, ^{even if she did love} ~~whether she loved~~

^{that} yaller nigger barber in Memphis, better than she do me an' the mammy that borned her. So you is gwine to take Cinthy this

time to nurse for you, is you? I know you will be good to her; and ~~the~~ little boy, ~~thar~~, loves her almost as well as he does you.

All me an' her mammy axes is ~~that~~ you will bring her back wid you when you comes home again, 'cause she is de onlyest daughter ~~me~~

^{we} ~~me~~ Dassel has got now, of any size."

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Oh you need have no fears on her account —
Uncle Lewis — I marry you I will take the
very best care of her I know how, at all times
"She is a nice girl, ~~how is she~~ How old is she now?" Uncle Lewis

"Well, let me see. She was born jest 'bout the time
Marse Warner built his new tobacco barn."

"About how long ago was that?"

"I thinks 'bout sixteen years ago ~~this~~ comin' watermelon
time. She is a good lookin' girl, though she is slight for her

age. Be sure, Miss Jupe, and bring ^{her} Cinthy back to us when you
comes. If all ~~the~~ nigger barbers in the state gits after her, no
matter what she say, don't let her git 'round you like Emily did."

"No, Uncle Lewis; I'll promise you and Aunt Dams most
solemnly that I will bring her home with me; and if anything
should happen that I can't come, myself, I will send her back to
you and her mother." *Some way or other, as soon as I live.*

"I know you will, ~~Miss Jupe~~ — You was always the nigger's
friend. Don't you remember how you used to fight ~~the~~ overseer when
you was a little bit of a child? Every time he whipped a nigger

on your pa's place, your ma would have to whip you, too; don't
you remember how ~~the~~ old Dutch gardener whipped you in ~~the~~ top of

~~the~~ pear tree, once, 'cause you kep' throwin' all ~~the~~ best pears to
your little nigger playmates; ^{down under the tree} and when he tied Lucindy's Joe to ~~the~~
fence to whip him, how you flung rotten apples at ~~the~~ ^{the old} gardener?"

"I remember it all, Uncle Lewis; ~~and~~ I will be good
to Cinthy. Let us get an early start in the morning, ~~and~~ I am so
anxious to see my husband."

"Course you is, Miss Jupe; course you is; and I wants
to see Marse Will, myself, for he give me the finest suit of

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clothes I ever had in my life; and when I put ~~that~~ ^{that} on ~~that~~ ^{that} Sunday,
 in ~~the~~ pocket of ~~the~~ nice black velvet vest ~~thar~~ ^{thar} was a twenty dollar
 bill, spankin' fresh and new. I didn't know how much it was,
 till I axed ~~Marse Warrner~~ ^{your pa}; and he says, says he: 'It's twenty dollars;
 maybe he didn't know it was thar, so you had better take it back
 to him;' which I dun; but Marse Will says: 'Keep it for your
 honesty, Uncle Lewis, and because you ~~helped~~ ^{says he} me to catch your Miss
 Jure;' an' I did, too, 'cause I foted his letters to you all ~~the~~
 time, and tooken yourn back to him. So says I to Damsel, ~~the~~ night
 you-all was married: 'I dun made ~~that~~ match;' and I'se proud of
 it, too, 'cause he is ~~the~~ ^{we thinks} bes' son-in-law what your pa has got;
 and ~~that~~ baby in your arms is as much like him as two black-eyed
 peas." ^{Yes, he is - & I am so proud of his resemblance to her}
^{if I wouldn't have him I wouldn't have him - he had looked like you -}
~~he said~~ "Well, be ready in the morning, bright and early, with ^{him done yation}
 the carriage at the door; I said, as I turned from the kind, ^{thank ya}
 faithful old man and went into the house. He was honest and reli-
 able as any white man in our county, and was ^{liked} and trusted
 by all who knew him. ~~white & black~~

Uncle Lewis

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Chapter XV.

Before the Battle.

Next day we got the early start I so much desired, and three days later were in the Rebel lines. At parting, Uncle Lewis said:

"I would take you-all down to whar Marse Will is, but I's afeard ~~the~~ Rebels might steal Marse Warner's fine horses, and me, too, if ~~they~~ knowed who we belongs to; so I'd better shake hands wid you-all, and git away from ~~these~~ parts; but I must kiss ~~this~~ little Rebel 'fore I goes."

So saying, he kissed baby, shook hands with me, kissed Cinthy, and getting back into the carriage, drove hastily away toward Nashville and home. We went into a country tavern where he left us, at the dividing line, and engaged a conveyance to take us to Murfreesboro the next day. From that place we intended to proceed as rapidly as possible to Huntsville, Alabama, according to directions in ~~Mr~~ ^{my husband's} ~~Western's~~ last letter.

Upon arriving at Murfreesboro we found the town in the hands of the Rebels. No one was allowed to go any further, as they were every day expecting an engagement with the Federals, approaching from Nashville. ^{I met} Many of the Bowling Green boys, ^{three} all of whom ^{had} seen my husband lately, ^{and} ^{they} told me that he would soon be with them, as he was in General Bragg's division, which they were daily expecting. I also learned of the death of General James

(The man who killed my husband's father.)

F. Jackson. *My husband's* ~~Mr. Western's~~ company was composed principally of young men from his native town, Hopkinsville, Kentucky, which was also the home of General Jackson. Previous to the murder of Mr. Western, Senior, they had formed a company of volunteers, called the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, to enlist in the Confederate army.

All of the men were tall, handsome young fellows, with the finest blood of the South in their veins. *They mounted ~~also~~ on my husband's farm & became the Captain of the Co.* At the battle of Perryville, *which he promised them he would do as soon as possible* General Jackson was flourishing in all his new-made honors. The Eighth Kentucky Cavalry was in reserve. They got a special permit to join in the fight; and as they entered, Mr. Western said to his company:

Boys, if any of you love me
"Now, ~~all the love me~~ shoot at General Jackson if you have a chance. No Federal is so deserving of our bullets as he."

General Jackson fell that day ~~with~~ *with* it was said, twenty mortal wounds upon his head.

None knew, of course, whose shot it was that killed him. The boys from home also informed me that they were expecting a terrible fight with the Federals the next morning on the banks of Stone River; and that General Bragg's division, would be there that night or early in the morning to engage in the fight.

"Merciful God!" I said, "and on the other side are my brother and brother-in-law, who will surely be in the fight, for they are in Rosecrans' division coming from Nashville. If they fight tomorrow, they will meet in battle array,—my husband and brothers, face to face against ~~one another~~ *each other*. I dare not think

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what may happen."

I paid forty dollars ^{a day} in Confederate money for a little room in the hotel for baby, nurse and myself. I had a long, sad talk with my cousin, Captain George Todd, of the Rebel army, who said:

"Cousin Jube, you know I never did anything in all my life that exactly pleased my family; so when the war broke out, being way down in Alabama, I thought I would for once take a step that all my relatives would fully endorse. Imagine my surprise ^{then} after joining the Rebel army, to find that, as usual, I was at variance with every one of them, except your husband and ^{son} cousin John C. Underwood. All the rest of the family are in the Union army."

Yes, George, it is sad to see how we are divided; and if the South had been patient a little longer, these battles could have been bloodless ones in the halls of Congress, instead of on the battle-field. It is dreadful to think ^{my poor husband} that ~~that~~ ^{he} ~~he~~ ^{he} will be here tonight, without knowing his wife and baby are near him. George, if you could only see him and let him know we are here; if he could only see his pretty boy tonight or tomorrow before he goes to battle, how thankful I would be! Won't you please try to find him for me?"

"My dear cousin, I wish I could; but as I told you, Bragg's division will not be here until ~~very~~ late and possibly not before morning. He will be very tired when he does arrive; and really, it is best he should not know his wife and baby are

here. The danger of your position in this town at such a time would make him fearfully uneasy; it would completely unnerve him."

"You are right, George; ^{SA} don't tell him we are here, but if anything should happen to him tomorrow, and you are spared, fly to me, I implore you, that I may go to him."

"I will, cousin Juke; it may be the last night I will ever sleep on a bed, or rather a cot, for the biggest fight of the whole war will be *on* the edge of this town tomorrow. I will say my prayers tonight; for, Juke, wild and bad as the home folks think me, I never went to bed in my life without first saying my prayers."

"That's right, dear George; and this night, above all others, commend yourself to God."

"Goodby; if I am not killed, I will come back tomorrow night and let you know."

Poor fellow, he never came again. The wives, sisters and mothers of many other Rebel soldiers were at the hotel, and were almost frantic with grief and anxiety over the awful uncertainty of the dreaded tomorrow that would soon dawn upon us. Before retiring, I took baby in my arms, and gazing at his little face, wondered if the next night would find his father numbered *not back over* with the dead out on the battle-field, *hardly a mile distant. — Jim as*

Chapter XVI.

"Rash, brutal war is only splendid murder."

My slumbers, that night, were but a continuous nightmare of horrid dreams of bullets gone straight to the heart of my husband. Early the next morning, the big-mouthed cannons and musketry proclaimed too truly that the battle had begun.

"Bragg's whole division arrived in time!" shouted a courier who was bringing in the news every now and then, from the battle-field. Stone River was between the two contending forces, and on its banks was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the entire war. All through the morning the cannonading and bombard-
ing grew louder and louder, and seemed to be coming nearer and nearer the town. The whole of the battle-field was in plain sight from the top of our hotel, and with a spy-glass it seemed as if we were in it, ourselves. The roar of the cannons shook the ground around us, and rattled the windows of the house like an earthquake. I barricaded one corner of my room, on the battle side, with mattresses and the leaves of an extension table, lest some stray bombshell or bullet as it came whizzing through the town might strike baby or Cinthy.

"Now, Cinthy," I said, "here is a safe corner for you and little Willie. Sit there and hold him tight while I run down again to hear and find out the latest news from the battle-field."

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The women of the place (there were no men there, except the aged, the crippled and a few ^{little} boys) were perfectly wild with grief and fright, and were standing or running around in the streets, bare-headed, wringing their hands and listening for news. When the wounded men began to come in by the hundreds, on stretchers and shutters, bleeding and dying--some of them already dead--piteous wails went up from ~~some~~ ^{many} of those unhappy women, as they beheld the pale faces of their sons and their husbands. Some of the poor fellows were literally torn to pieces.

"My God!" I said, as I stood on the pavement in front of the hotel, bareheaded and almost riveted to the spot by the horror of the sight, "what if the next form that comes ^{own dear} should be that of my husband!"

I had heard from three different sources, from parties who had seen him, that he was in the fight. I could not possibly keep still, but walked the pavement and the long porch in front of the hotel, in an agony of mind. I ran down the street looking anxiously into the pale faces of the wounded soldiers, as they were brought back to town, trembling lest I might see my husband ^{or brother} among them.

The next morning the fight was still raging. It was Saturday when the Rebel troops fell back toward the town, driven by a terrible charge from Rosecrans' brigades. Fresh, rested men--fresh, well-fed horses--against our poor, tired, half-starved men and famished horses, who had held their own so gallantly for two long, terrible days in this bloody fight. When those fresh troops from Nashville came up, our men and boys could hold out no

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longer against such mighty odds.

"Our ^{Soldiers} ~~men~~ are retreating!" screamed the women and children of the town.

"God have mercy on our poor boys," said a woman standing near me, "the Federals ^{are} ~~have~~ driven them back."

I rushed up stairs to see if baby and Cinthy were safe in the corner; then, charging them to stay there, I fairly flew down the steps again, and saw the whole town and the fields beyond, literally filled with the retreating Rebels. Running up the steps once more, I snatched ^{my} ~~the~~ baby from Cinthy's arms, and said:

"Come with me, quickly, Cinthy, and I will stand out on the upper gallery and hold my darling baby up high, so that if his ^{own} dear father is still alive, and with these retreating men, he may, perchance, as he passes, get one glimpse, at least, of his baby boy and his distressed wife."

I stood there with the tears streaming down my face; but alas! there was no time for stopping and looking up, then. ^{Many} ~~Some~~ of the men left tracks of blood from undressed, bleeding wounds. ^{as they pass by.}

Oh! it was dreadful to see our poor Soldiers, pursued by such an overwhelming host of strong-well-fed, well-dressed-well-armed men & our poor boys - half-starved & worn to the last degree. God have mercy on them. O, the heart with

"These not ask there where you are smothered with eternal day,
Why one man wore the loyal blue, the other wore the gray?"

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Chapter XVII.

Bread upon the Waters.

The battle was over, the victory won. ^{by the Federals} The sun ^{was going to set} set; and what a sight his last rays fell upon, out there on the battle-field--that bloody, gory field of slaughter! The earth was red with human blood, and trampled and torn up as if a mighty cyclone had swept over it. Men in the blue and the gray, piled upon one another, clutched in their cold, dead hands, the weapons which, perhaps, had slain their ^{own} brothers. Dead men by the thousands, everywhere! Some were still, as if in sleep; others were frightfully mangled. Dead horses, and cannons and wagons helped to swell the terrible wreck. My heart stood still as I approached the bloody field. My very soul was filled with horror and agony as I looked around me into every upturned, ghastly face-- first for my husband, then for my brothers, cousins and friends. With me were three white and four negro women whom I had hired to carry buckets of strong tea, coffee and chicken soup--all of which with other luxuries in the way of canned and condensed meats, cakes and wine, I had brought in my trunks. ^{with} As soon as the Rebels had gone, ^{by} I had gotten out boxes of chicken, beef, tea and coffee and had hired some women standing around to help me make the coffee, tea and soup, as quickly as possible, that we might go to the battle-field before it became ^{too} entirely dark.

We walked fast, ~~but~~ gave tea or soup to many wounded

men of both armies, whom we met coming toward the town. As we *were returning* ~~we~~ handed the tea, coffee and soup to some men whom we found, wounded and bleeding, on the floor of an old cabin not far from the battle-field; a man in gray said: *to me,*

"Madam, those were Federals, out there, to whom you were giving that soup and tea, just now."

"All right, my friend," said I, "my father and brothers are on their side--my dear husband is on yours. My heart is with you all in times like these, and the things I have are as much for the one as the other. I belong to both sides; I know no North, *to eat or drink* no South; you are all my people."

"Hurrah for you, madam!" said a pale-faced man in blue, as he raised himself from the blanket on which he was lying. His arm was in a sling, and a bloody bandage was on his head. "Hurrah for you, madam," he said again, as he looked up into my face: "that cup of tea you gave me an hour ago *that will mark there where you don't know* as you met me, staggering *shines with eternal day* along from the loss of blood and trying to get to the town, has almost given me new life; it enabled me to get this far on my way."

His eyes filled with tears, and he dropped back on the blanket.

"Poor man!" I said, resting my hand *lightly* on his forehead, "this chicken broth will help you, I know. *bloody* The bandage on your head looks stiff and dry; let me take it off and put on a fresh one."

I have here in this bag a soft old lincnsheet that I brought with me, thinking I might tie up a wound for somebody."

Taking the *from the linen sheet* bloody handkerchief from his head, I tore a long, soft strip, and *a Mother* poured water on it from a bucket near the door. With a *larger*

with the boy and before the other were the only

washed the wound the best I could,
 piece, made quite wet, I wiped his face, and smoothed back his
 hair, matted with dust and blood, then put a clean *cool linen* bandage on his
 head. The tears rolled down his face as he caught my hand and
 kissed it, saying:

"God bless you, madam."

"Take this *clean* square of linen for a handkerchief," I said,
 as I tore another piece from the sheet on my arm; "keep it until
 you can get a better one."

"My right arm is terribly torn," said the sweet Southern
 voice of a poor Rebel, sitting on the floor, as he pushed back his
 sleeve to show me. "Do you reckon you could do anything for this?" *oh my*

dear boy, for you are not much more than a child, I am
 "Yes, indeed," and I took from my pocket a little jar

of cold cream I had placed there when I started, "I know I can, *help it along*
 though it is a terrible looking gash. I am ^{so} sorry for you all."

I wish you had some one more skillful to dress these ugly wounds;
 but I'll do the best I can; and after I bathe this poor arm with
 cold water, I am sure the cream will soothe this dreadful wound,
 until it can be properly attended to by a surgeon." I wet the
 cloths repeatedly, wiping around the ugly place as carefully *+ tenderly* as
 possible.

"Oh," said the grateful boy (~~for he was not much more~~),

"it is a thousand times better, already; and I am so thankful
 to you."

"I would be much obliged to you for a piece of that *nice* soft
 old sheet," said a soldier.

"And so would I," repeated several others.

I tore it into large squares and handed them around. - *to them all*

"Madam," said *the* soldier in blue, *whose head I had bandaged* "I shall never forget

your kindness to those in the blue as well as those in the gray;
and if the time ever comes when I can be of service to you, I
will prove my gratitude."

Little did I dream that the cup of tea I gave that Union
soldier and the linen bandage I placed upon his *wounded* head, would re-

turn to me ~~not many days later~~ like bread cast upon the waters. *only a few*
months there after