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Chapter XVIII.

The Ambuscade.

Immediately after the battle of Stone River I left for the home of my uncle in Clarksville, Tennessee. He was at that time one of the Confederate senators at Richmond, Virginia, and his sons were in the Rebel army. I hoped that from Clarksville I might be able to get a letter through the lines to my husband and receive a reply, telling me where to come. In that I was disappointed + left Clarksville for Memphis. *not of my home* *My husband* *left Clarksville for Memphis* *Birmingham* *Again*

On my way from Murfreesboro and Nashville, from an elevated position, coming down the hill on the pike, we saw the sun glancing through the trees on thousands of bayonets in the valley below us.

"Lawd God, mistis," said the old negro who was driving, "look yonder!" What does dat mean? Dem's Secesh soldiers layin' dar behin' dem long cedar hedges on bof sides of de road."

"It is an ambush," I said.

"Am who? You say, it am who?"

"An ambush," I said, explaining the meaning of the word.

"Drive on, Uncle Phil; we must not let them know that we have seen them."

"I thinks we better turn back."

"We can't. We must go on."

"Den I spects when we gits right squar' betwee dem, dat I better whistle as I drives by, makin' like we don't see 'em."

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"No, don't whistle; just drive on naturally. They don't know that we have seen them through the trees."

So we passed them by, talking quietly. <sup>not</sup> About a mile from there, coming from Nashville, we met a squadron of Federals who belonged to Rosecrans' brigade, and my brothers and brother-in-law were probably with them, marching into the very jaws of death. Even if my brothers were not, somebody's brothers, fathers and husbands would soon be swept into Eternity from that pike if they kept on. They must be saved. *else I would be party to the crime*

Standing up in front of the carriage, I waved my handkerchief to an officer on horseback, beckoning to him. He came over <sup>to my carriage</sup> in a gallop.

"Go no further, sir, on this pike, I implore you. For God's sake, turn your men around the other way as quickly as possible. You must not go a yard farther on this pike."

"What, madam, an ambush?"

"I can't say. <sup>Sir</sup> My husband is a Rebel officer, and I am traveling on a pass from General Bragg, but my father and brothers are on your side; I implore you, turn your men from this pike."

The officer wheeled his horse and signalled to the others. The troops were halted and a hurried consultation held. Then two or three soldiers separated from the command, and spurred their horses down the road in the direction from which we came. *Returning to me*  
*The officer said* "We will take another route, dear madam. We have sent those horsemen forward to reconnoitre; you have saved us. What is your name?"

Sir

"Under the circumstances, I cannot, dare not tell you."

"Yes, dear madam, do, and we will give you a letter to General Rosecrans, ~~that will make you rich and famous the rest of your life~~ <sup>He</sup> will do anything for one who has saved ~~the~~ <sup>the whole Regt</sup> many of his men."

"I have not asked your name, sir, and dare not tell you mine. Asking and answering questions are forbidden to people traveling on passes through the lines. You have no time to write a letter; and I, in this proximity to bombshell and bullet, with my baby in the carriage, certainly have no time to wait for one."

Danger is all around us. Sharpshooters are in the trees, and we must hurry on. Goodby, and may God have mercy on you all, and especially on the dear men ~~who are at the other end of the Pike...~~ <sup>who are at the other end of this Pike.</sup>

Why madam are you a Rebel? he said  
~~No said I am not but my dear hus-~~  
 band is. My father and brothers are  
~~on your side~~ Union men, so they  
 come, belong to both sides - but  
 I must hurry now. I am sorry  
 you won't give us your name he said  
 for you will regret some day that  
 you did not. Perhaps so.  
 Well - goodbye and God bless you  
 dear madam - we can never tell you how  
 grateful we are for the service you  
 have done us ~~all~~ this day.

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Chapter XIX.

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~~Perhaps~~ More Sinned Against than Sinning.

*one finding*  
On reaching Clarksville, ~~I was disappointed to find that~~  
my aunt was in Richmond with her husband. *I went* ~~Going~~ to the hotel,  
*many of my* I notified friends that I was there and intended to make another  
desperate effort ~~in a few days~~, to get on down to the Confederacy;  
that I would go via Franklin, Tennessee; and that if any of them or  
their friends desired to send letters to their husbands, sons or  
brothers in the Rebel army, I would be most happy to take them—  
provided their contents were merely love and affection, without  
one line of contraband information. Knowing how I had watched,  
longed and prayed for a chance to send a letter through the lines,  
it seemed really a duty, on my part, to take as many letters as  
possible for the ladies of Clarksville to <sup>their</sup> sons and husbands. *in the CSA*

Early the next morning, when I was ready to start, the  
hack which was to take us to Franklin (our trunks having gone on an  
hour or two before in a wagon) was completely surrounded by friends.  
Each of them handed me one or more letters, some of them giving me  
a dozen, at least. As I packed the piles of letters down into  
every available place in the satchel, I said:

"I hope you all remembered what I told you about these  
letters, that they must be only of love and affection, news of  
home and friends; and not one line about the war, one way or the  
other--nothing that could possibly come under the head of contra-  
band news, for though I am glad to be able to carry home letters



to the boys down South, I would not carry a letter or a line that might be compromising to you or to me."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Western," said many of them; "all of the letters that we have given you are just home letters with only home news in them; and we have left them open as you requested, so that you may see for yourself that they are all right."

*The river men*  
We arrived at Franklin ~~just~~ *about* dark, having met on the road dozens of people coming back, who told us that we could not possibly get past the pickets, ~~and~~ that the pickets had made them, and were making everybody *else* turn back. "Besides, madam," these strangers said, "even if the pickets let you by--which they will not--you couldn't get over to Franklin, because the bridge is burned down."

*I am sorry to hear that*  
"That's all right," I replied; *though* "I am almost sure the pickets will let me pass; and I believe that we can get across the river without any bridge." *Some way or other.*

Bidding goodbye to these kindly disposed strangers, we drove on. When we reached the river, the pickets having let us through as soon as they read my pass, we found, sure enough, that the bridge had been burned. The man on the wagon with my trunks said:

"Well, Mrs. Western, I have gotten along this far all right, even if we did meet dozens of wagons coming back. When I told the pickets these trunks belonged to a white lady coming on right behind me, with passes from General Rosecrans, they said:

'All right, but you jes' <sup>wait</sup> stand thar till the white lady comes up;'  
and so that's what I'se done, and now here we is at the river,  
and the bridge is burned so we can't go no further."

"It does look that way," I said. "I must get out and  
see what is the chance to get across <sup>this river</sup> without any bridge. There  
is no place to inquire, for we have not come across a house in the  
last twelve miles. Everything seems to have been burned up in  
this part of the country. I hope the town of Franklin still  
stands, for that is the only place where we could stay all night,  
and we will have to leave there early in the morning, for Huntsville!"

I saw a number of Union soldiers, on the opposite side  
of the river. A little boat, or raft, was lying on the water  
near them. I halloed across the river, which was not very wide, <sup>at that point</sup>  
and stated the case. Although I found that the Federals had the  
town, I felt perfectly safe because of my passes from General Rose-  
crans.

"We will come right over, madam, and take you across,"  
said one of the soldiers.

"Well, what's I gwine to do," said the driver of the  
wagon; "my wagon and horses couldn't get across on that thing;  
you all and the trunks can go over, as the soldiers say; but, in  
de name of Gawd, what's I gwine to do?"

"Perhays they can tell us of a <sup>set</sup> ford up or down the river  
on which you can cross."

We were mistaken about this, though; so I had to let  
him return to Clarksville. Cinthy, the baby and I got safely over

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with the assistance of the soldiers  
in the little skiff; and the trunks arrived in good time on the  
raft.

The question now is -

"What can I do about my nurse <sup>and baby</sup> and these trunks?" as <sup>great big</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>seem to be no houses</sup> ~~around~~ <sup>here</sup>  
I said, after thanking the soldiers for their assistance. "I must  
go up <sup>to the</sup> town to rent some kind of conveyance."

"There is a house, right <sup>up the</sup> there," said a soldier, pointing  
to a large rickety looking frame building, "just up the river bank."  
We could take your trunks <sup>up</sup> and the colored lady" (at which word  
both Cinthy and I smiled, as she had never heard that term applied  
to herself, before), "and the little baby can sit in there until  
you come back, as it aint so very far up town."

"Thank you, sir, for the suggestion. You are very kind  
and if you and your comrades will bring my trunks up the hill, I <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>pay you</sup>  
<sup>then</sup> ~~will~~ go on and see the woman of the house, and pay her to keep <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>in a carriage</sup> ~~my~~  
baby and Cinthy until I come for them."

When I knocked at the door, a hard-faced woman about  
thirty-five years of age, appeared. Standing around her were  
five rather gaily dressed young girls. I thought:

"This woman has lots of daughters; some of them are  
quite pretty, but not one of them looks like her. Their clothes  
<sup>and jewelry</sup> are loud, but I suppose they are the best that can be gotten down  
here in war times."

If I had thought of the woman's age I might have known  
that all of those girls could not be her children. I told her  
what I wished; and charging her <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ please look carefully after my  
baby and <sup>nurse</sup> ~~Cinthy~~ and not let them fall over the high bluff near the  
door, I went to the town.

to try & get a hack to take us  
up to the home of a - ~~Colonel's~~ <sup>Colonel's</sup> ~~or some~~ <sup>or some</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup>

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Seeing a very old man in an ancient, four-seated, worn-out carriage, I ran across the street and said:

"Mister, will you please <sup>hire</sup> ~~rent~~ this carriage to me for about an hour, to drive down <sup>a house on</sup> the river bank for my baby and nurse--if you think it is strong enough to hold us? I will pay you well for it."

"Certainly, madam," said the old man, "I will hire you the whole turnout, jest as it stands, and me in the bargain, for one dollar <sup>an hour</sup> ~~a day~~ in greenbacks or twenty-five dollars in Confederate money. It is strong enough to hold a dozen like you."

"Very well," I said, getting in with him; "it is five o'clock now, at least; but I will give you fifteen dollars in Confederate money if you will drive me down, quickly." *I will show you the*

Almost before the old man stopped his carriage in front of the house, I was over the wheels and inside the door. Taking <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ child, I said:

"Ladies, I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in keeping my baby and nurse;" and taking out my purse, turned to the ~~elder~~ <sup>older</sup> woman and said:

"How much do I owe you, madam?"

"Oh, nothing at all," she replied, "the girls haint had sich a treat since Hecster was a pup. I thought they would plum eat that youngster up."

"Yes," I said, hugging the poor little bekissed baby closer to me, "everybody loves this boy. Come Cinthy, we must go at once."

Cinthy said: *when we were in the carriage*

"Miss Jupe, I has been in many places, but if them wasn't  
the beatenest ladies I ever saw! They ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> strange kind of folks,  
sho'. That pretty, light-haired woman with the big blue eyes, <sup>took little Willie</sup>  
<sup>and hugged him up to her and</sup>  
just cried <sup>fit</sup> to kill herself about somethin', I don't know what;  
and when one of them soldiers tried to kiss her, she slapped him  
in the face, and cussed him wus'n than we-all's black Aleck ever  
did cuss; and all that time she had little Willie in her arms.  
The man tried to take him away from her. She pulled him, and the  
man pulled him. I was plum scared to death. Willie began to  
cry and the curly-headed woman cussed some more, and told <sup>the man</sup> ~~him~~ she  
would shoot him <sup>dead</sup> if he tetches that child again."

"Hush, Cinthy, don't tell me anything <sup>more</sup> about those mis-  
erable creatures; . Don't mention them again,--to me or to anyone  
else. <sup>I had no idea it was such</sup>  
<sup>^</sup> It ~~was~~ a dreadful place; and if it had not been the only  
house in sight, we never would have gone there."

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Chapter XX.

The Spy's Retreat.

On reaching the town, I asked the driver if he knew where Colonel Benton, of the Rebel army, lived.

"Why, yes, ma'am, it was that big brick house that we just now passed on the corner down yonder."

"Well, please turn around and drive back there; his wife is a cousin of mine and it is to her house ~~that~~ I am going."

My cousin was there and <sup>was very</sup> ~~seemed~~ glad to see me, but appeared unusually agitated.

"What's the matter, cousin <sup>Anna?</sup> You seem excited."

"Well, I am," she replied. "Get your nurse and baby in here quickly, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Then it will not be inconvenient for us to stay all night with you, will it?"

"Inconvenient? <sup>cousin Anna</sup> Why, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life. I have something awful to tell you, but don't even hint at it before your nurse."

<sup>Why is cousin not sitting at a seat</sup>  
~~"I will wait until after supper, as it is~~  
~~it is nearly that time, now, isn't it?"~~

<sup>now she said</sup>  
~~"I will be ready in a few minutes."~~

After we had finished our evening meal, and baby was in his little bed up stairs with Cinthy beside him, I came down to <sup>my cousin</sup> ~~Ellen's~~ room; and taking a seat near her, said:

"Well, now for your awful secret. What is it?"

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She went to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"Is it as bad as that?" *I said!*

"Yes, indeed, it is--for you must remember that in those days the very walls have ears," ~~she said~~, pulling her chair close to mine. *she hesitated & looked all around the room*

"Go ahead; tell it all." *Don't smile have no fear of me*

*11 of Emma* "Well, you know Mr. ~~Patton~~ *Benton* is one of our best scouts; he has been in the Union lines three times since the Federals have had this town."

"He stayed here each time, of course?"

"Yes, and they came within an ace of catching him the last time. Somebody saw him and reported on him; and the Federals said if he was caught in their lines <sup>again</sup> he was to be shot like a dog; and yet--and yet--"

She stopped, looking all around her in a stealthy way; then putting her mouth close to my ear, she whispered:

"He is here again, hidden in this very house. The Federals have been passing around here all day long, and it seemed to me they were especially watching ~~this~~ *the* house. When you rang the bell it frightened me nearly to death, for I was sure it was some of them."

"That accounts for your agitation on seeing me."

"Yes, indeed," ~~she said~~, "every sound on the porch, at the door or anywhere *opposite* me."

"It is your own imagination, I ~~hope~~ *am sure*, that makes you think they are watching this house. They do not know he is here, or

*most assuredly*

they would have hauled him out of his hiding-place hours ago."

She seemed to feel less anxious after that remark; and we spent a pleasant evening. After starting to leave her several times, I said:

*say good night - & go*  
"I certainly must go, on your own account, on mine and most especially on account of--"

"Sh!—Don't go yet, Jupe."

"Oh, I must; I have to get up very early in the morning to find some kind of a conveyance to take us to Columbia. *my husband*  
cousin, Frank *Wills* ~~Dumont~~, is the president of a bank, there, you know, and from him I can get all of the greenback money I want. I have *only* ~~nothing, now~~, but Confederate *money now*, which is worth nothing at all in the Federal lines; besides, I am sure I will find letters there. So goodnight," I said, kissing her; "I hope and believe everything will be all right for you this time."

*5/11/78*  
I went to my room; the baby was asleep, but Cinthy *was* ~~said~~ by the fire, crying. *as usual*  
"What is the matter, *now* Cinthy? I thought you were asleep hours ago."

"No, I aint, Miss Jupe; and I don't never specs to sleep no mo'."

"What have you done, pray, to make you talk that way?"

"Taint nothin' I's done; its them old letters what you took when we started from Clarksville, that's done scared me plum to death. You don't know what's in 'em, Miss Jupe, and I



spects they'll hang us to a sour apple tree for' we gits done with 'em. Sumpin's dun told me so; I'll never see my marry and daddy no mo', I jest knows."

"Oh, nonsense, ~~Cinthy~~. Didn't you hear those people tell me that the letters were all right, and that I could read them, myself?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did hear them say so and that's whar they cotched you, ~~Miss Jupe~~; 'cause they knowed when they said that, you'd b'lieve 'em; and when them folks give you-all the letters, I said to myself, 'thar, now, Miss Jupe's done done it'."

"Well, Cinthy, I'll read the letters myself, right before you; and if there's anything wrong in any of them, I will burn them all. So hand me the satchel <sup>over there -</sup> and you go to bed."

I pulled the table with the lamp on it close to the fire and began to read the letters. Many of them were so beautiful and sad that I could not help crying as I read them; but others were contraband to the last degree,--not only telling the numbers of the regiments around Clarksville and Bowling Green, <sup>by</sup> but even giving drawings of the forts and the situation of troops. I almost smelled gunpowder as I read them.

"Well, well!" I exclaimed. "Who would have thought it?"

Cinthy was instantly at my side.

"Thar!" said she, "what I done told you? Pitch 'em in the fire, Miss Jupe, and let's burn the <sup>lowers and lights out of 'em.</sup> ~~last one~~ of them."

"What an outrage! I ought to do just as you say, and yet I hate to burn the good ones."

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"Has you done forgot that tale yo' pa told us all one night, 'bout old dog Tray? <sup>who was a good dog but</sup> 'Cause he was in such bad company <sup>he</sup> had to go too, don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes, Cinthy; you are right; we must burn them all."

"I'll help you."

She piled the letters high in the middle of the fire; and as they blazed up, she clapped her hands with fiendish delight.

"We are all right, now. There is not one left, so go on to bed, Cinthy. Say your prayers; ask God to take care of us." <sup>then sin</sup> <sup>he will</sup>

Drinking that this cruel war may soon  
be over & would perhaps be a better  
heading for this chapter - or rather I would  
as there is another chapter called The Search.

## Chapter XXI

### The Search

*Cinthy*

Long after ~~she~~ <sup>Cinthy</sup> was asleep I sat by the flickering fire,  
which was throwing queer-looking shadows on the wall and the floor;  
the ~~light~~ <sup>lamp</sup> was burning so low that I put it out when I finished  
reading the letters. <sup>There sitting there</sup> I was startled by a hurried step in the hall.  
Listening, <sup>my cousin</sup> ~~Allen's~~ <sup>in a surprised voice</sup> voice said at my door:

"Let me in, for God's sake! The house is surrounded  
by Yankee soldiers! I know they will find and kill my poor hus-  
band!"

I opened the door quickly; she stood there, trembling,  
in her night-clothes, with a lighted candle in her hand.

"Give me the light," I said, "and compose yourself. Per-  
haps it is <sup>me</sup> ~~they~~ they are after."

"Good Lord!" shrieked Cinthy, jumping out over the foot  
of her bed; and throwing her arms around my neck, she began to  
scream.

*This incident*

"Hush!" I said, "you will bring all the Yankees in the  
town up here, if you keep that up." <sup>go sit by my baby & be quiet as</sup>  
<sup>you can be.</sup>

Like cousin <sup>Allen</sup> ~~Allen's~~ Cinthy had a horror of the Yankees;  
she had often asked me if it were true that they had long tails - <sup>club part</sup>  
and horns; so, at suggestion of their coming up stairs, she stopped  
crying. She ran over to where baby was sleeping and knelt down by  
him; and taking his little hand in hers, began to pray as loudly

as she could: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

6 "Stop that nigger's mouth," said <sup>Emma</sup> ~~Anna~~ *for the Lord's sake*

*Be quiet* "Don't pray so loudly, Cinthy; I will go downstairs and see what is the matter. Cousin ~~Anna~~ *Emma*, you had better stay up here."

"No, indeed." I would not stay up here without you for the world."

"Well, come with me, then; <sup>give me the light and</sup> ~~but~~ don't look so frightened; they will think we have the whole Confederate army hidden under the house, if you look that way."

She followed me down and lighted the hall lamp, then went to her room for some clothes, while I stepped to the front door and demanded:

"Who's there?"

"Federal soldiers, madam," was the answer. Opening the door, I said:

Good evening, gentlemen."

There were five of them; <sup>4 minutes &</sup> a big colonel <sup>was</sup> said:

"Is there a lady by the name of Mrs. William Wallace Western, in this house?"

"That is my name, sir."

6 "We are sent here, madam, to search your trunks, hearing that you are carrying letters of a contraband nature. If so, we will must confiscate the trunks and arrest you."

"Indeed, sir? That sounds rather unpleasant. <sup>at the hour of the night,</sup> But when I tell you who I am, I know you will believe me when I say I have

not a single written line in my possession, much less a letter,  
 except these two from my husband; <sup>taken from my program</sup> and you are ~~at~~ at liberty  
 to read them."

I did not tell them of my recent bonfire, but continued:  
 "My father and brothers are Union men; though devoted  
 Southerners; my husband, alas! is a captain in the Rebel army.  
 I, of course, know how disagreeable it is for gentlemen like you to  
 come at this hour of the night on such an errand. Still, in time  
 of war, all things are fair. I have no objection to your search-  
 ing my trunks, but they are not here."

"That excuse, madam, cannot serve you," said the colonel;  
 "we will send for ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> trunks."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I was going to say  
 you could take my keys and search them where they are, but, of  
 course, I would be very grateful if you would bring them here and  
 go through them in my presence." *I have tried in vain to get them up here*

"Certainly, we will, madam; tell us where they are.  
 I will stay with you, and these four men will go for the trunks."

I told them exactly where to find <sup>them</sup> the trunks; and they <sup>left</sup>,  
 went to bring them. Cousin ~~Anna~~ <sup>again</sup> appeared, clothed, but not exactly  
 in her right mind. I said:

"Take a seat, Colonel, and we will talk over the situa-  
 tion. In the first place, <sup>I want to ask</sup> don't you feel sorry for a poor woman  
 whose father <sup>is on one side</sup> and whose husband is in the other?" *in this*  
 "And how?"

"Indeed, I do," said he.

We talked pleasantly until the four men returned with  
 the trunks and put them down before us.

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"Now," said I, "with the Colonel's leave, we will begin <sup>on with</sup> the search. I will open this trunk first. If you all tell the truth, and no doubt you do, the Rebels are half naked and nearly starved to death. <sup>so like any good wife going to see her husband</sup> I am taking <sup>nothing of peace with</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> and something <sup>nice</sup> to wear and something good to eat, as I am sure you will say when I cut one of <sup>his</sup> best cakes for you. And we will open a bottle of the finest champagne, so that we may <sup>all</sup> take a drink and wish that <sup>this cruel</sup> the war may soon be over."

As I took the bottle from the trunk, I continued:

"Being a Kentuckian, I, of course, have a corkscrew to open the bottle; and here is a knife to cut the cake. Cousin <sup>Ann</sup>, will you be <sup>enough</sup> kind ~~to~~ to get us some glasses?" <sup>& plates.</sup>

The little woman almost flew out of the room, and soon returned with goblets instead of wine glasses; thinking, no doubt, that my idea was to make them drunk. I had in one of the trunks a handsome gray uniform for my husband, and big cavalry boots, a hat, underclothing of all sorts, a cake of soap, a new toothbrush and fine tooth comb, besides other things for the boys who left our town to join the Southern army. <sup>one bit</sup> Notwithstanding that, I was not afraid of these big Union soldiers. I handed the cake and wine around as pleasantly as if we were at a party. The Colonel, however, surprised me not a little by refusing to touch the wine.

The four others partook most freely, and several times said: <sup>turning up the eyes</sup>

"You see, madam, we are still drinking that this cruel war may soon be over."

"Yes, I see;" and I thought, as I set out another bottle:

To my help



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"If they keep that up much longer, they will soon be in love with the whole world, and my Rebel captain in particular. Now I must turn my attention to the man who does not drink."

So, taking out another tray of the trunk, I came to the baby's clothes; and holding some of the pretty little garments toward him, I said:

"These may remind some of you of the dear babies left behind." The big colonel started as he saw them, and reaching over me, he took a pair of small red shoes from the tray, and the tears came to his eyes, as he said:

"These remind me of my baby boy who died three weeks ago tonight; and I not there!"

Oh! Oh! "I am so sorry," I said, extending my hand in sympathy. "My little boy is upstairs asleep, thank God."

indeed I did feel sorry for him, and the tears were in my own eyes; yet, such is human nature, that at that very moment, I thought: with a thrill of elation:

"I think I have these men--four of them are drunk and the other one is crying."

"Shut your trunks, dear madam," said the colonel, "and pardon us for coming here tonight. We are perfectly convinced that the charges against you are false. If you are going South immediately, and will accept an ambulance, we will call for you as we are going twenty miles in your direction early in the morning."

"You are very good, indeed, sir, and while I would be most happy to avail myself of your kind offer, I shall be compelled to remain here a few days longer."

"Well, then, madam, thanking you for the pleasant evening you have given us, we will bid you goodnight."

The others followed him, shaking hands with me as they left the house; and one of them said:

"We haven't tasted wine and cake like that of yours, *Madam*, since we left Boston."

With many bows and another good night, they left the house. Cinthy, who had been peeping over the banisters, came flying down the steps in her red flannel nightgown and threw her arms around me, saying:

*The Yankee*  
"We won't have to go to jail tonight, will we, Miss Jupe?"

*Not this evening, some other evening perhaps.*  
"No, indeed, Cinthy. I told you if you asked God to take care of us, that He would."

"Hurrah for God and the Yankees!" said grateful Cinthy;

"I done heard all what you-all said, Miss Jupe; and them Yankees looks zactly like sure enough white *men* folks, and I didn't see no long tails and big horns about 'em. I specks the Secesh got up that story to scare our men an' make 'em fight harder, don't you?"

*reckon* "Yes, I think so; but you go *back* to bed now, it's very late!"

After Cinthy went up stairs, cousin *Anna* who was sitting on the steps, said:

"Well, I never dreamed that Yankees could be so nice and kind as those men were."

*Can't* "Have you not traveled enough to know that one half of our country is as good as the other?"

*Why my dear*  
"Scuse me, Miss Jupe," said Cinthy from the top of the steps, "but don't you specks you-all had better shet up, and come on



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to bed, so we can get a little sleep 'fore we goes ridin' in the mornin' with the Yankees in the big ambulance?"

Yes - "I think we had better go to bed, though we are not going riding with the Yankees in the morning."

Bidding <sup>Adrian</sup> goodnight, I joined Cinthy, who was waiting at the head of the steps. *for me*

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Chapter XXII.

An Extensive Turnout.

Cousin *Anna* said, next morning at breakfast:

"Those Yankees who were here last night to search your trunks were very nice men; but, really, cousin Jupe, I would not have had you go a mile with them in their ambulance, for the world. Everybody in our army would have looked at you with suspicion after that, and even your own husband would have been afraid to trust you."

"You are greatly mistaken about that. He knows exactly how I feel toward both parties." *armies*

"Well, no matter how you feel on the subject, you had better not go with them anywhere. I am sure Will would not like it at all."

"You are right about that, and that is the reason I didn't go. I would rather go in something I can hire here; but the question is, what sort of a conveyance could I possibly secure, large enough to take us and our trunks?"

"That will be a difficulty," *indeed* as both armies have been through here so many times that they have stolen, confiscated and pressed, as they call it, every conveyance that is worth having, around here; and there is not a mule or a horse that could possibly raise a trot, in this end of the county. The Yankees have *stolen* them all."

"Then how am I to get away from here?" *in any?*

Don't go stale - just stay here with me.  
 Oh, thank you, but I must get on to my husband.

"Well, if you want to go anywhere, why are you traveling with such large trunks in times like these?"

"Because the wives of all Confederate officers were ordered to leave Bowling Green, and not return until the war is over; so, not knowing when I would be allowed to go back there, I laid in a supply of clothes, -- enough to last years."

"For years? You don't suppose it will take our side men a year longer to whip the last Yankee that ever came out of Yan-~~dom~~ town, and drive them back where they belong, do you? And then, for ever after, they will know better than to fool with us."

"It sounds very nice for our people to talk that way; but if you had been on both sides of the line as much as I have, you would know better than to think as you do. They have the men, and the money; we have the grit, I know, but like the little dog that tackled a locomotive with the steam up, we will find that something else is necessary, besides grit and pluck. Judgment is a tremendous quality; and if our poor men had had enough of it, to have been advised in time by older heads, we would have avoided this war. It is too late, now, to say any more about it, for what you and I think will make no difference one way or the other. You had better go back to your husband in his hiding-place, while I go out in the town and see what is the prospect of getting a conveyance to take us down South."

"I can tell you, Miss Jule," said Harriet, the house girl, "they aint no danger of you finding no teams about here; both sides have done been through here too often to leave anything in these parts. ~~they could see~~ but I ~~do~~ know some poor old

white trash, who lives not far from here; they's got an old raggety buggy and an old white mule, blind as a bat in both eyes; and they's got an old spring wagon most eat up by the hungry horses, befo' the Yankees stole 'em. It's fairly scalloped on the edges whar they done gnawed it out. They works an old bay *Mare* ~~mare~~ in the wagon what can't hardly stand up, she is so po'. Maybe you could get one or bof of them, if you pays enuf for the use of 'em."

"Oh, Harriet, we wanted something strong enough to take us to Columbia."

"I tell you, Miss Jupe, they is the onlyest things in this town what is to hire out at all." *for any price.*

I found, on investigation, that this was so. Therefore, miserable as they were, it was our only chance to get out of that town. Consequently, I engaged the man to come after us with the aforesaid turnouts early the next morning. Even after I had made arrangements with him, I went to see *him again* ~~Mr. Rex, the owner of~~ ~~the teams~~ and inquired if he couldn't find something better for us.

"No, ma'am," he said, "I cannot. When the Rebels passed through here last they took every horse and mule they could lay hands on. They hated to take them, poor fellows, but the Yankees were so hot after them, they just had to do it."

"Very well, then," I said, "come around for us in the morning about seven o'clock, and we will try to make out the best we can with what you have. Mrs. *Lobb* ~~Wills~~, a friend of mine, wants to

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*Cinthy  
Carry my mule & the 4 trunks?*

accompany us. Do you think your wagon would be strong enough to

~~hold the~~

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know it will. The lady can sit in the buggy with you and hold your baby, while you drive the mule; and the nigger (alluding to Cinthy) can sit on top of one of the trunks in the wagon with me."

"That's a very good arrangement. This lady is the wife of a Confederate officer. She will pay her proportion of our expenses. That reminds me, what are you going to charge us for the conveyance, you driving the wagon with the trunks?"

"Well," he said, rubbing his hands together, *a looking wife*, "being as you are going to rent both of my teams, I won't charge you but eight hundred dollars in Confederate money."

"Eight hundred dollars, for these two old things, in which we are ashamed to ride, and your horse and mule that look as if you had picked them up in a boneyard!"

"Why, Lord, yes, lady, that's so; 'cause there aint nothin' down here hardly for the poor things to eat; but all the same I have been getting five hundred dollars a piece, right along, for each of ~~them~~ *my turnouts*. They are all that's here; and you see you save two hundred dollars by taking them both; but, lady, I'll tell you (looking stealthily all around him and lowering his voice), if you happen to have about twenty-five dollars in Greenback money I had a little rather have that, than so much Confederate money."

"Alas! I have not a dollar in greenbacks, so I'll have to pay you the eight hundred dollars in Confederate money. *to take in to get the* Come around in the morning at seven." *then*

## Chapter XXIII.

## Eight Hundred Dollars a Day!

*The driver*

Old Rex and his vehicles were drawn up in good time next morning in front of <sup>*my comings fine*</sup> the house; and never before nor since have I seen two such conveyances as were waiting for us on the morning of that perfect day. The leather from the top of the buggy was entirely gone, leaving nothing but the frame, around which hung in <sup>*& a little of the leather*</sup> strips the lining of the miserable craft.

"Mr. Rex," said I, "why do you not cut off some of these strings and straps that are hanging here? Or you might tack them up."

"Oh, no, lady; I couldn't afford to do that because, in the first place, I aint got no tacks; and in the second place, the Secesh has to have them strings, for hamstrings, shoestrings and the like of that; there aint no use in tacking them up, 'cause the first time they comes through here again, they'll tear them all loose; and when they is just hanging they is easier to get at!"

"Let him alone, June," said Mrs. <sup>*Look*</sup> ~~Watts~~, "what do we care, <sup>*to Columbia*</sup> ~~So~~ we get them safely?"

"But, really, I do not believe we can <sup>*got there*</sup> travel safely, in such a thing as this. Look at the harness. It is a perfect mass ~~of~~ <sup>*to miss*</sup> mass of strings, ropes and even hickory bark, twisted around occasional <sup>*& this safe*</sup> pieces of wire. It makes it so very heavy that I'm afraid we



cannot drive at all."

*the lame girl*  
As Harriet had told us, the mule was blind in both eyes.

He looked at least thirty years old—*or*, as Mrs. *Lobb* said, as if he had been dead, buried and dug up. A big hickory pole, to be used as a whip, lay across the foot of the buggy.

"Why don't you get into the chariot?" *Jupe* said *Mrs. Lobb*

"Lord bless your souls, ladies, do you think, after both armies have been through here three times, they've left anything that was worth having for us poor devils? Not they. Our soldiers had to take everything they could get, for they needed it; but the Yankees, every time they came, stole everything in sight for pure cussedness. I am lame in my leg, or they would have taken me, too."

To the tow-headed lad sitting on the seat of the spring wagon, Mr. Rex called from where he stood near us:

"Say, Tom, drive up that bay nag close, here, for the ladies to see; nebby they would rather ride behind her."

Tom obeyed, but the rickety old wagon was worse, if possible, than the buggy.

*"rotten apples"*  
"There is small choice," I said; "so we will sit where we are. Is it possible, Mr. Rex, that these two animals are all there are in this town?"

"It is, for a fact, madam." *we got in the buggy very hastily*

"You take the reins, Jupe, as you claim the privilege of handling them, and give me the baby;" said Mrs. *Lobb* *White*

Cinthy was perched on the top of one of the trunks in

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the middle of the old wagon. Mr. Rex sat on another in the front, to drive.

*My cousin who was standing out on the pavement*  
*by me, said* "I wish you could overtake a state fair, somewhere, and drive into the ring; you certainly would take the prize for the worst turnout;" ~~as he said~~.

Just before we turned out of the street in front of ~~her~~ *her* house, I looked back and there she stood, laughing and waving her handkerchief. ~~We~~ *at us* returned the salute, and passed out of sight.

Mr. Rex drove up by the side of our buggy, and said:

"Now, Mrs. Western, don't you feel noways uneasy. I will get you ~~where you want to go~~ *to Columbia*, in good style." *by dark any how.*

"Good style!" remarked Mrs. ~~me~~ *Lobb*, "Think of it, with this rig."

"That old mule, when he does get started; is powerful hard to hold back; and this here nag, though she looks like a pile of bones, has got bottom. I tell you she has, and there aint no defalcation about you gittin where yu're going, if she is blind in one eye, and can't see much out of the ~~to~~ other."

"It is consoling, Mr. Rex, to see that you have such faith in these animals. I hope, sincerely, that we may reach Columbia, for when I pay you the eight hundred dollars tonight for taking us there, it will leave us almost without a dollar."

Before Mr. Rex had consented to rent us his teams, at all, he had asked me to sign a paper, saying ~~that~~ *and* I would be responsible for ~~the~~ *their* full value, ~~and the teams~~, should they never return.

*but right at the word* ~~valued~~ *valued*, and said "Very well," ~~I~~ *and* said, "hand me your paper; I don't

*I laughed*



mind signing it because I regard these two rigs ~~as~~ worth so little.

~~it~~ it wouldn't hurt me much, if I did have to pay for them." *When we*

*started Mr. Rex said* "I expect I'd better take the lead," ~~he said~~, "as I know the way the best."

"I wish you would."

As he passed us, Cinthy looked forlorn, sitting on the trunk, crying, as usual. So I said:

"Cheer up, Cinthy, we are going to have lots of fun. Just look at this old buggy. Your wagon is a great deal the finer."

My efforts were all lost on her. She replied in a doleful voice:

"If you-all ever expects to get to Columbia, its no' 'an 'hat I does."

On we went in a regular dead march, Mr. Rex keeping some distance in advance. I found it almost impossible to make the mule go along, though I had a small hickory tree for a switch, and frizzled it all to pieces on his <sup>how</sup> back. He paid no more attention <sup>to it</sup> than if I had touched him with a feather.

Stopping the buggy, I got out on the pike and filled my lap with small ~~fragments of rock~~. *macadamized rocks*

"Why, Jube, what are you going to do with those stones?"

"You surely are not going to make the mule eat them, are you, to give him strength?"

"Not exactly," I said, emptying the contents of my lap into the bottom of the buggy. Now, when I tell him to go on, if he doesn't do so, I will knock him in the head with a <sup>rock</sup> stone."

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Getting in the buggy and

Gathering up the reins again, and a good-sized stone at the same time, I threw it with full force at the mule's head. He jumped about six feet, and then started in a run that one of Kentucky's thoroughbreds might have envied. I held him back as much as I dared; which was not very much, for there was <sup>great</sup> danger of breaking the old reins into a dozen pieces; so there was nothing left but to get him into the middle of the pike, and literally give him rope.

"Whoa!" cried Mrs. <sup>Lobb</sup> ~~White~~; but he paid no more attention to her than he had done to all my requests to stop. I quite agreed with Mr. Rex that when the mule did get started, it was "powerful hard" to hold him back. On he went, until he overtook the spring wagon and knocked his head with such force against the big trunk in the back of it, that he fell <sup>yeast</sup> in the middle of the pike. The poor thing's legs seemed to go in every direction at once. Unfortunate as it was, it made us laugh most heartily. He was too small and too thin to look at all dangerous. Mr. Rex came from his perch on the wagon, and with one or two vigorous kicks

brought the mule to his feet, persuading him to gather up his legs <sup>to his own pike</sup> again, as it seemed, all over the road.

"Does this mule perform in that style, often?" <sup>said Mrs. Lobb</sup>

Mrs. ~~White~~ with a sort of mirthful indignation on her face.

"No," said the old man, "I never saw him carry on so before. Something must have stung him."

We could not help laughing, though we, of course, said nothing of the stone. On the contrary, Mrs. <sup>Lobb</sup> ~~White~~ spread her

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capacious skirts very carefully over the pile in the bottom of the buggy, and said:

"What kind of a varment was it, ~~as~~ you reckon, that stung the mule?"

"I have no idee," said Mr. Rex.

As we started on again, Mrs. ~~White~~ <sup>Lobb</sup> said:

*Now Infr* "This mule has tried to show you with every muscle in his body, that he does not enjoy or appreciate knock-down arguments, <sup>snah</sup> so you will have to try a softer method with him, or, at least, something smaller in the way of a <sup>as you have just given him</sup> ~~stone~~ <sup>rock</sup>"

<sup>24</sup> "You are right.. I will throw out all the rest except three small ones, which I think will be sufficient to take up into Columbia with flying colors." *in the style as Mr. Rex said.*

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Chapter XXIV.

Accidents by Flood and Field.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, we came to the banks of the famous Duck River. There we met an unexpected obstacle. The bridge across <sup>also</sup> the river had been burned a few nights before. We had passed the ruins of dozens of houses, which seemed recently to have met the same fate; in fact, there was not a house left standing for <sup>10 ~ 12</sup> miles back of us.

It had been raining for the last ~~half~~ hour, and we felt that we must hurry on to Columbia, which was not very far from the other side of the river. Calling to some men standing on the opposite bank, near a wagon which had evidently forded the river, I said:

"Will you please tell us how we can cross the ford? We are compelled to get to Columbia. It is nearly night, now, and we have to <sup>get there</sup> ~~go~~, so we must cross." *This river*

"Well, madam," an old man on the other side of the river called to me, "there is a ford, but it is a powerful dangerous one on account of the suckholes and shelving rocks close on each side of it. This wagon has just come across, and it came near sinking. If you was my daughters, I would hate to see you try it."

"But, sir," I said, "we have to try it; we have not passed a house for the last twelve miles, it is raining, it is nearly night, and we have no money. There is nothing for us to do

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but to cross the river. Tell us, please, loudly, slowly and exactly, just how to come, and I believe we can make it."

Cinthy looked frightened; and old Rex's face was ashy, as he said:

"I tell you, <sup>right now</sup> madam, I never agreed to drown myself and my two teams for no eight hundred dollars; and if you listen to <sup>my racket,</sup> you will keep square out of that muddy, dangerous river."

"Mr. Rex, you agreed to take us to Columbia <sup>tonight</sup> ~~tonight~~ <sup>tonight</sup> I am very sorry the bridge is burned; but we must get across ~~tonight~~ <sup>tonight</sup>, or you don't get one dollar of the eight hundred I have agreed to pay you. I want you to listen to that man's directions carefully, ~~and~~ then tell them to me, so I can see whether you understand them fully or not. If you do not, then the man can tell <sup>you</sup> ~~them~~ again; if you do, I am sure we can cross. Unless we reach <sup>Columbia</sup> ~~there~~ tonight, you forfeit your money, remember, according to our agreement."

Now, then, will you do it?"

"Well, " he said, rubbing his head in a meditative way, "I reckon I'm in for it, and will have to try to cross the ford; but you must remember, if the wust comes to wust, I can swim, and you-all can't."

"Yes, the advantage is all on your side. Our only hope is to follow that man's directions to the letter."

"I must say, madam, " looking at her in a queer way, "that you are the beatenest woman about taking risks I ever seed in all my born days."

"Don't you think, Jupe, that we had better wait until tomorrow?" said Mrs. <sup>Lobb</sup> ~~White~~

"No, I do not. Pray, where could we wait? It has been raining for the last hour, and there's not a house within twelve miles of us. This old buggy is wide open at the top, the leather and the lining overhead are both gone; it is no shelter to us. I am anxious about <sup>my</sup> the baby; he is so wet and cold; so we must cross this river. There is no other way. Mr. Rex, ask that man again just how we must cross. Let him tell you two or three times; then, when you are sure you understand it, tell it to me. If you are right, I will say to you, 'Go ahead', which you must do at once. After you get out into the river, if you think for a moment you have forgotten his directions, stop, and let him tell you again, so there can be no possible mistake."

Then I called across the water to the old man, and explained to him my directions to Mr. Rex, saying:

"Now, sir, when we start in, watch us, if you please; and the moment you see we are going wrong, halloo to us to stop, and we will obey you immediately. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madam, " he said; "but I tell you that if I was in your place, I wouldn't try it for the world with that baby along."

"I know it is dangerous, sir; but it is for this baby's sake, that I am determined to cross this river tonight. We must and will try it. One more time, tell us the way."

"Well, then, madam, if you will come, listen carefully to what I say: Come right straight from the foot of the road,

where you are now standing, into the river. Keep straight ahead for about five or six yards out, then turn sharp up stream to where you see that old poplar tree blown down over the water; keep straight on till you get opposite that big limb floating on the river. When you get there, make another sharp turn down to the middle of the river, facing where you started in; then come in a bee line out here to where I am standing."

"I understand the way, now, don't you, Mr. Rex?"

"Well, I aint so almighty, confounded <sup>Dam</sup> sure that I do," said he, with <sup>quite a</sup> ~~some~~ little show of temper; and calling across to the old man, he repeated the directions.

Cinthy was pallid with fear.

"Get off ~~from~~ <sup>sitting</sup> that trunk, and <sup>seat</sup> sit down on the floor of the wagon," I cried to her; "I am afraid you will be jostled off."

Then, into the river we went, plowing through the dark, muddy water. It became deeper and deeper, and soon began to run over the bottom of our buggy. The mule was striving along, <sup>behind the wagon</sup> and stepping as high as only a poor blind creature could, when all of a sudden Mr. Rex stopped short, just as we had reached the middle of the river, and cried out:

"Now which way must we come?"

I could not <sup>possibly</sup> hold the mule back. On he plunged; the water was then running over our knees high into our laps.

<sup>my</sup> "Hold ~~the~~ baby up out of the water, and hold him tightly, Mollie;" I said. <sup>for Pops sake</sup> <sup>To Mrs. Lobb</sup>

"I will, I will, Jupe. Trust him to me. Look where



you are going. The mule looks as if he had lost the last grain of sense he ever had. Hold him back, or he will strike that wagon again."

In vain did I pull on the reins and call Whoa! Whoa! on he plunged; then bang, went his head against the trunk in the back of the wagon. He was already trembling with fear, for a mule is afraid of water. *as a ship is* The sudden shock sent him sprawling to the bottom of the river. His performance on the bike, when he was knocked down before, was nothing as compared to this water scene, in the middle of Duck River. He fell first on his knees, then on his stomach, with his legs in four different directions. As the water rushed over him, he gave a masterly plunge, a "rare-up", and a snort that an inmate of the wildest menagerie could not have rivalled. Again he reared in a manner so frantic that I thought he would fall back on the old buggy and *smash* ~~throw~~ us to the bottom of the river; but he didn't; he only broke the right rein short off, not over three or four inches from his mouth. The weight of the other and lower rein, tied up as it was with every imaginable kind of string, swayed him after he did get on his feet, straight down the stream. I had no way to guide him in his struggles in the water. We were already five or six yards below where Mr. Rex and his wagon were standing, and were then going *straight* down stream as fast as the current and the staggering mule could take us. The water was rushing over us--above our waists--and getting higher and higher *every moment*.

Oh God--"We are lost!" cried Mrs. *Lobb*



*me are not*  
 "No, no! Stand up in the buggy!"

*On allie*

*Hold my baby tight for*

*Gods sake*

She did so, and her head came through the top where the leather was stripped from it.

*For Gods sake then*  
 "Hold my baby high above the water, and keep his little head up." Springing over the dashboard, astride the mule's back,

almost under water, I reached down and catching the short nubbin of a rein, pulled him square around with his head up stream. He was still on high rock, *Thank God* as we came up again behind Mr. Rex's wagon.

"Come on, now, right straight from where you are," said the old man on the other side."

We did so, and without further trouble drove out on the Columbia side of the river.

*The closest call*

"Well," said one of the men, "if that wasn't the narrowest escape that ever two poor women and a little baby got in this wide world."

"Yes, indeed, it was a miraculous escape; and had not Mrs. *Stark* stood up in the buggy with the baby in her arms, he certainly would have drowned."

As soon as we were on dry land, I slipped down from the back of the mule, and ran, with my clothing *is* all dripping, *with water* to my little frightened *boy*, hardly six months old, and clasping him to my heart kissed him again and again. *Can own to* Citty jumped out of the wagon *Baby & me* and threw her arms around both of us, saying:

"Kiss me too, Miss Jupe, for I never did 'spect to see You and this dear *chick* baby alive no mo'."

I threw my other arm around her neck, and most heartily  
did I kiss her, saying:

"Thank God, Cinthy, for bringing us up out of that  
deep water."

"Oh, I does thank Him, inside and out, Miss Jupe, for  
saving us all from drowning."

Old Rex shook his head, and said:

"I tell you what, Mrs. Western, I thought you <sup>all</sup> was gone  
for good. I wanted to jump out after you, but this blamed nigger  
kept up such a howling that I was afraid to leave her with my horse."

"That's all right, Mr. Rex. I'm glad you staid with her!"

"What you done certainly took the cake," said old Rex,  
and now that we are on terra cotta one more time, I'm powerful  
glad we crossed that darned old <sup>water</sup> river; but you don't catch me

in that <sup>River</sup> no more. If there aint no way to get across except  
that one, I will stay on this side till <sup>judgment day, late in the evening</sup> the bridge is built again."

And so they talked, while the men were fixing the harness,  
until I said:

"Now that these horses have had a little time to breathe,  
and you all have kindly mended our reins, we must go on as fast  
as possible. I owe you a great deal, gentlemen, for mending our  
harness, but I can pay you only in thanks."

"Why, madam, you owe us nothing," replied the old man;  
<sup>in earth</sup>  
"but you owe everything to your own courage. Where were you born  
and raised?"

"In Kentucky, sir, I am proud to say."

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*I could have sworn that was where  
you came from.*

"Ah, that accounts for it. Her whisky, her tobacco,  
her horses and her women, beat the world. I am a Kentuckian,  
myself."

"If you will include her brave men, also, I will agree *most heartily*  
with you. Thank you for the compliment to our state; and since  
you are one of us, I must shake hands with you. Goodby, and I  
hope we may meet again. Drive on fast now, Mr. Rex, it is getting  
very late."

"We are almost there, thank God."

## Chapter XXV.

Rest.

*(Father in law of Senator Corman)*  
*Montbank Dring*

We soon reached the town, and drove to the house of my cousin. At the front gate, I paid Mr. Rex the eight hundred dollars I owed him, and dismissed him with many thanks. Reaching the door, I rang the bell. An old family servant admitted us, and was rejoiced to see us.

"Oh, Miss Jupe, I'm so glad you ~~will~~ have come," she said, "because I have got something here for you that Miss Ellen told me to send on to you as soon as I could, and now here you are yourself."

"I am glad, too, Emma, for I expected what you have for me, and that was one of the reasons I was so anxious to get

here. This is Mrs. <sup>Lobb</sup> ~~Wright~~, one of my dearest friends; and here is <sup>my baby</sup> ~~Cinthy~~ <sup>Willie</sup> ~~and my baby~~ <sup>Willie</sup> ~~Willie~~."

Then in explanation of our wet clothes and dishevelled appearance, I told her how near we came to drowning in the river. Taking <sup>my</sup> baby from Cinthy, she said:

"These wet clothes must come off ~~from~~ this child, right away. I will get some of the baby clothes Miss Ellen left here, and put them on him; they will just fit."

"Is it possible that <sup>Cinthy</sup> Ellen is not home?"

"Why, don't you know <sup>Miss Jupe</sup> that Miss Ellen <sup>and</sup> Marse Frank,

with the children, have been down to Huntsville, Alabama, for over four weeks? Marse Frank had to go 'cause he is president of

the bank; and as the Yankees came so near taking this place, he moved all the money down there, the next week, for fear the yankees would steal it."

"Oh, dear! I am so sorry they are not here, for I wanted to see cousin Frank, especially, to get some money from him, as mine is all gone."

"Oh, that don't make no difference, ~~Miss June~~, I can tell you how to ~~get~~ <sup>make</sup> all the money you want." *easy*

"Indeed! Can you? Well, then, the next thing is to take off these wet clothes and get into some dry ones. I wish you would let Dick <sup>(her husband)</sup> and another strong man bring in our trunks from the front gate where the driver set them down."

"Yes, I forgot about your trunks; I will tell them right now to bring them in. If you and this other lady will come up stairs, I will show you into your rooms."

*Anna* "If you will get my letters and bring <sup>some</sup> ~~some~~ supper <sup>up</sup> here, *after taking a hot bath* we will retire as soon as possible;" ~~I said~~ "and in the morning, you may tell us how to make all that money."

*She* "Give me the baby, Cinthy." + *get <sup>my</sup> bath ready for him*

She did so and helped me to bathe the dear little fellow and put a soft white linen gown on him; he gave a sigh of relief as he nestled his pretty curly head down on the soft <sup>white</sup> pillow.

Emma came into the room bringing my letters and said:

"When you read them, you'll feel a heap better; and in the morning I will tell you how to make dead-loads of money, and without no trouble, either. Miss Ellen says I have got lots of <sup>about 5 or 6 things</sup> sense, and Dick says so too. Dick and me got married about six

months ago and everything is in our name."

In one of the letters Emma gave me my husband  
 Ala -

Mr. Western told me to come at once to Huntsville; that

he would meet me there, and would count the moments until we came.

Now that Mrs. Lobb had <sup>room</sup> gone to her own room, & Emily was asleep in a cot in my room, I got out of bed

and on my knees, thanked God ~~again~~ for all His goodness. As I

lay down again by my baby, and took his little hands in mine, the

lines of that dear old hymn came into my head:

"What can I render ~~to~~ to my God for all His good to me?"

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Chapter XXVI.

"Put Money in Thy Purse."

*Next morning*  
After breakfast was over, I said:

"Now, Emma, tell us how we can make all that money; have you any to loan us? If you have, we will pay you the biggest kind of interest."

"No, Miss Jupe, I wish I did have some to loan you; but me and Dick spent the last dime we had a week ago, giving a candy pulling to the niggers around here. The moon was in the full and the night as bright as day. We had a fine time out under the trees in the back yard, having what you white folks calls a lawn party. Then, out in the wood-shed we had an old-fashioned break down dance. Cinthy, you ought to have been here."

"Emma, you don't mean to say, that you and Dick really did spend your last dime giving a candy pull<sup>ing</sup> do you?"

*worse than that*  
"Yes, ma'am, we spent our very last cent on it. We aint got no use for money. Marse Frank and Miss Ellen gives us what we has to have; and all the use we have for money, is to get something we don't have to have, like that candy pulling."

"Oh, yes, I know; I was thinking of you as if you were white."

"Well, I aint, thank God; for poor white folks *is havin a* mighty hard time *just now* with so much to think about; besides taking care of and working for so many niggers, that wastes more than



their heads is worth. Marse Frank and Miss Ellen will be back.

as soon as our side whips out the half-starved, half-clothed Yankee trash and drives them back where they come from."

~~Emma was ready to tell us how to fill our purses with~~

*I thought myself if they don't come before that it will be late when they get here?*

*how is it possible that we who have never done anything?*

but spend money, can make any, especially, in times like these?"

"Well, I'll tell you. *You see Miss Jane* After both armies have passed

through here so often, there aint nothing left for anybody to buy

in the stores here; and there are lots of women in this town--

I don't say they are ~~meretrices~~ *Saints* -- but they have been up here twice,

since Miss Ellen and Marse Frank has been gone, and they just

begged me to sell them some of Miss Ellen's fine clothes. They

don't care how much you charge, and they will pay you all cash for

any of the fine things that you have got in these great big trunks,

that you're willing to sell. Miss Ellen took all of her finery

with her, so there wasn't nothing to sell them, not saying that I

would have done it, if there had been; but I'm just telling you,

these women is most dying to buy some fine dresses and underclothes.

They *got* lots of money, too, Dick said. I don't know how it is,

now that our side has got the town, *but* maybe they's got some left-- *over*

"I mean Yankee money, or graybacks."

"Greenbacks, you mean, Emma."

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"That's the kind we want;" said Mrs. *Hubb*

"And that's the kind you will get if you sell your clothes to these women. If you could get rid of the most you have, <sup>got</sup> and the big trunks, too, you could get along down South a heap better than with so much baggage."

"You are right <sup>about that so go and</sup> bring a large sheet and spread it down on the floor and we will fill it with all sorts of things that we can spare. I hate to sell our clothes to those women, though."

<sup>Kind of</sup> "Why what difference does it make, Jupe? <sup>to whom we sell them?</sup> Surely, after all the trouble we have had to secure anything large enough to carry us and <sup>those great</sup> the trunks too, you cannot object to selling <sup>the trunks &</sup> and the most of their contents, <sup>to the Diekers himself if he would</sup> Molly (Mrs Lobo name) <sup>hang us Green back</sup> "But you know General Juda's order was that the wife <sup>money.</sup>

of a Confederate officer should not come again into the Union lines until the war is over; so I have a little of everything in my trunks. In fact, I am prepared to stay down South for years, without buying anything in the meantime."

"Pack this sheet full, and tie it up in a bundle", said Emma, "and I will carry it on my head. I can step high under all that finery, and the niggers will all think it is a big washing of my own, that I'm taking down to some other nigger to do up for me. So you all get out everything you can do without, and I will

<sup>dead loads</sup> bring you back <sup>of money.</sup> They don't care what they says; they aint got no fine clothes, now. <sup>& they are just crazy to buy some.</sup>

We marked and pinned on each article the <sup>price</sup> ~~value~~ in plain figures, so that Emma could read it.

As she lifted <sup>the</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>the sheet</sup> to her head, I said:

"I'm afraid it is too heavy for you."

"Oh, no, it aint; its big, but it aint heavy." Balancing the bundle on her head she left the house in the finest humor. *imagineable* she was a magnificent specimen of the women of her race, tall, and large in proportion. Her complexion was a rich, soft olive, *large &* her eyes lustrous, with long curling lashes. Her hair, ~~that~~ waved prettily around her handsome face, was silky and black as a raven's wing. Not much of the African about her, ~~one could see~~ at a glance. *Said Mrs Lubbo after Emma had gone*

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Chapter XXVII.

Mars Routed.

Hours had passed since Emma left. I began to feel *quite* anxious about her, thinking it was time she was returning. At *same* *she took away* last, she came into the front gate with the bundle on her head; and a stern-looking, black-haired man, with a long beard, was following close behind her. *entering the front door up the steps &* She came slowly into our room, and setting the bundle down on the floor, raised toward us her dark, indignant face, flushed to the very temples.

"What is the matter?" *I said.*

"Oh! Oh! Miss Jube," *The very devil is to pay.* *Said* in a suppressed voice, looking behind her; "that man down stairs, who followed after me through the streets like a bloodhound, is the town constable, and he says it is against the rules of the town, for anybody to sell anything without a license, or a permit; and he says that you-all's clothes is too fine, for you to be Secesh women; that the word *wait* 'New York' is writ on the satin bands of your dresses, which shows that you is Yankee spies; and that as you have broken the laws of this town, he has come,"--here her deep-toned voice faltered, and the tears came into her handsome eyes--"he has come--has come--to--to--"

"To do what?" *I said.*

"To confiscate all of your pretty clothes; to charge you a fine of fifty dollars apiece, and to--to--"

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"To what?" *for goodness sake?*

"To put you both in jail; and he is downstairs to take you there *right now.*"

"What can we do ~~but~~ *do*?" said Mrs. *Lobb* White; "I had rather have drowned in the river, yesterday, than go to jail, tonight."

"You and Emma and Cinthy stay *right* up here and watch *my* baby, while I go down to see that man."

I had on a white dress. The lace on the front was fastened with bows--fortunately for me-- of red, white and red, the Rebel colors. *also.* My handkerchief had two little bands of red around it, with a white stripe between. *As I went down the steps,*

Mr. Constable stood in the center of the hall, looking like a very thunder cloud. I had heard of vinegar aspects, countenances that would break a looking glass, or stop the town clock; but this man's face could have done *three* all at once. *him* I approached with all the composure I *barber* could summon; and said with a smile:

"Good afternoon, sir. The servant *the* tells *me* that you say it is contrary to the laws of your city to sell anything without a license; and that you have kindly come up here yourself, to tell us so. Of course, we didn't know it, and but for your *one* gallantry and consideration for two women, we might have gotten into some little trouble; though I reckon not, either, for many of the good people here know that our husbands are Rebel officers; and would appreciate our desperate efforts to get the money to go South to see them, where we want to remain until the war is over. Southern chivalry is proverbial, *the world over* but really, sir, I hardly know how



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to thank you for the kindness you have done us."

He was soon smiling, himself, thinking, no doubt, how I had mistaken his object in coming there; and when I stopped for breath he was quite beaming, and said:

"Oh, not at all, not at all, madam. It always affords me the greatest pleasure to do anything for the ladies, and I was very glad of an opportunity to serve you."

"I am so grateful to you, sir, for the favor you have extended to us, strangers to you, as we are, that I can hardly *find words to* thank you enough. We live in Memphis; *however* and after the war is over, we may, perhaps, have the pleasure of meeting you again, and of expressing our gratitude in a more substantial *way* than by idle thanks."

"Indeed, madam," he said, smiling *most* genially, "I hope we shall meet again; and if you stay here any length of time, it would afford me the greatest pleasure, if you will permit it, to call again; and if I can be of service to you in any way, you have but to command me. This is my card;" and he made a courtly bow as he *presented* ~~handed~~ it to me.

"Thank you, dear sir," I said, taking *the card* it. "You quite overcome me, making me indeed your debtor; but I feel I must trespass no further on your *good nature* kindness. *See Madam*"

"Do not hesitate to call on me," he said, "if I can serve you."

"Rest assured, sir, I shall ever remember your kindness to us."

"I hope you will have no trouble in reaching your husband; and since I can be of no more service to you, I will say good<sup>day</sup>

"Goodby, sir," I said, ~~extending my hand~~, and he bowed with the grace of a courtier and walked down the pavement with an air, that contrasted most favorably with the manner in which he walked up it a short time before. *I tried but recall the lines. The one & after taking as*

As soon as quiet was restored to the household, I said:

"Now, Emma, I want you to tell us <sup>all</sup> about your trip down town and how you came across that man."

"Well, you see, Miss Jupe, I took the things to the house of the richest <sup>of them</sup> old woman in the town. She wasn't at home when I got ther, but three or four girls who were, begged me to stay until she came back, and said they knew she would buy everything I had in the sheet. After a while she came bowing and scraping along home, with that very same black-eyed rascal what's just left here. He was standing in the door, about to leave, when I began to spread out the things on the woman's bed. *He walked back to the bed & said* 'Hello! What's all this?' And where the devil did all this finery come from? *he said* Surely not from any place this side of Mason and Dixon's line. 'It came from the ladies that I'm selling these fine clothes for; *I said* they has lots of <sup>& cards</sup> fine things. 'They have?' says he; 'well, that is more than any Southern woman has in these war times. Who are your fine ladies, and where did they come from?' and he picked up a gown that I had laid on the bed. *he said to the old woman* 'Look here! Red, <sup>on the paper</sup> white and blue bunches of ribbon! regular Yankee colors. And look





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hot. You will reach the town about ten or eleven o'clock, and will have the rest of the day to sell your things. You can keep him as long as you want him--or, maybe, you had better send him right back home, for fear somebody might steal his wagon and mules; and you could tell him when to come back after you."

business. Tell Dick all about our plans. Let us have breakfast in the morning by five, at least; and as we have to pack everything over again, we will bid you goodnight now. Be sure to wake us in time, so as not to keep Dick waiting at the door."

15-2 The home little town that this & the next 3 chapters tells about was not Pleasanton - but I thought best to call it Hillville for years years ago making some body mad.

Chapter XXVIII.

Invading New Territory.

The first rays of the morning sun found us ready for our journey. <sup>The wagon</sup> The ~~two~~ mules, fresh, black and sleek as satin, were waiting before the front gate. Dick reined them up and called out: "All aboard for Charleston!" Emma helped us into the wagon, and handed us a lunch which she had prepared.

We reached Hillville at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and drove up to the best looking house in view. It was a large, old-fashioned, white frame building, with green shutters at the windows. I walked up to the front door and knocked, as there was no bell. A kind-looking woman responded.

"Good morning, madam," ~~I said~~, "I would like to engage rooms for my friend, my baby, nurse and myself. We would like room and board here until tomorrow at noon, if you will be kind enough to let us stay until then."

"Certainly, madam, you may stay," she said; "the men-folks in the family have all gone to the war and there's nobody in this big house but me, my daughter and the darkies."

"What will you charge us?"

<sup>6-</sup> "Three dollars apiece in Confederate money, and half price for your baby and nurse."

<sup>Lobb</sup> Mrs. ~~White~~ had twenty-~~two~~ dollars in Confederate money, and I had only ~~ten~~.

"We will pay you in advance," I said; and going to the

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door, I called the others in, and ~~asked~~ <sup>asked</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> to ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~money~~ <sup>money</sup>, which she did.

"I hope you will give us rooms on the first floor, on account of <sup>on large</sup> ~~the~~ trunks, and would like connecting rooms, if you can so arrange it."

"I have one very large room down here, which you can have, just opposite the parlor. It has two double beds and a single one in it."

That will suit us very well."

The negro man, whom she called Jack, helped Dick in with the trunks. When they brought <sup>in</sup> the last one, I followed Dick out to the wagon and told him, just before he got up in the driver's seat, that he had better go back home at once, for fear something might happen to his mules.

<sup>Now Dick</sup> I want you to listen, ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup>, ~~I want to tell you~~ <sup>I want to tell you</sup>, "to what I am going to ~~say~~ <sup>say</sup> and don't forget a word of it, I implore you."

"All right, Miss Jupe, <sup>tell</sup> ~~say~~ on; I won't forget nothing you say."

"If we can sell our clothes at all, we can certainly do so by three or four o'clock this afternoon. Then we will dispose of our great trunks, even if we have to give them away, and get little ones, just large enough to hold the things we are compelled to keep. If we get any kind of a price for our clothes, <sup>things</sup> we'll have money enough to hire a conveyance to come back to you and Emma by six or seven o'clock. We will leave here, if we get the money, by <sup>3 or 4 o'clock</sup> ~~that~~ time. If, by ten or eleven o'clock, we are not <sup>at night</sup> ~~not~~



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there, it will be because something dreadful has happened to us.

If by twelve o'clock we are not there, start after us and drive as fast as you can. Come to this house, and knock on the door until

you see me, no matter what anyone tells you or what hour you get here. I will be on the lookout for you, and everything will be

ready for us to return at once with you. Now, Dick, don't fail

to come for us, if we are not there by twelve o'clock. *Tonight.*

"I won't, Miss Jupe, I won't;" and with that he cracked his whip and he and the two black mules were soon out of sight.

*hats*  
~~coats~~ It was the eighteenth day of August. After removing our ~~coats~~ and bathing our faces and hands, we were ushered into the dining-room, and given a very good dinner for war times, though the coffee was made of parched ochreseed, as the lady told us, and we had neither milk nor butter. All the cows in that part of the country had been either sold or stolen for beef, by one or the other of the two armies.

As soon after dinner as possible, I proceeded to business, and told the good woman (as she seemed to be) that our husbands were officers in the Southern army; that we were trying to go to them; but had been detained so long on the road that nearly all our money was gone; that our trunks were *so heavy* ~~and~~ we found it utterly impossible to get any kind of a conveyance that would carry both them and ourselves, for which reason we had always to hire an extra team.

"We have therefore determined, madam, to sell all of ~~the~~ *our* clothes we can possibly do without; and to give away our big *fine trunks*

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trunks, if necessary, for smaller ones, to hold only the things we absolutely need. Most of our dresses are entirely new and we want to sell them so as to get money enough to go <sup>on</sup> south to our husbands. Perhaps you, or some of your friends, might want something; <sup>we have</sup> if so, we will let you have our finest dresses for one-third of what you would have to give for the raw material elsewhere. You see, madam, it will be a great accommodation to us to dispose of this extra baggage; and also an accommodation, I should think, to the ladies here, to buy pretty clothing so cheaply. Between the two armies, as you are, of course everything in the dry goods line must be exceedingly scarce. You may never have another such an opportunity. Some of our <sup>pretty</sup> dresses were made in New York."

Instantly, I saw that I had made a fatal mistake in mentioning the name of a place so far north as New York.

"New York!" Are you Yankees?" she said.

"No, indeed, we are not. I was born and <sup>reared</sup> in Kentucky; and my friend, Mrs. <sup>here</sup> ~~White~~ <sup>Yaba</sup>, came from Missouri."

"Well, even that is mighty high up, let alone New York. Folks down here are not hankering to see people and things from New York, or any other Yankee town; and the less they hear of them the better they like it."

"I quite agree with you, madam. I would rather, myself, hear of somebody in Huntsville, Alabama, just now. My dear husband is there. I had a letter from him the other day, telling me to meet him there as soon as I could, with our baby boy; whom he has never yet seen. Baby was born two months after his father joined the army; and is now nearly six months old."

*To you can imagine how anxious I am to take him to his father.*

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*My little boy*

This seemed to disarm her suspicions. She took ~~baby~~ in her arms, and said:

"Well, baby, if your father is as good looking as you are, he is entirely too handsome for Yankee bullets. How happy your husband will be when you get to him with this pretty baby. <sup>child</sup> I had a handsome, loving husband, too. He died just before the war began."

"I am sorry for your loss; <sup>dear Oradon</sup> but if he were living today, ~~you would~~ be like me--you could never pick up a newspaper without fearing to see in its pages a record of his death. He died, you say, quietly and peacefully at home; while our husbands are likely at any moment to be torn to pieces on the battle-field, by a bullet or <sup>a</sup> bombshell."

"Yes, that is so," said the woman; "I reckon it is all for the best, as it is."

I was glad to see that the misery I pictured for ourselves was comforting to her. So it is with poor humanity. Our ills are not half as bad, when we compare them with the woes of others. She seemed by that time to be quite pleased with us; and said:

"I will go now, and send my daughter all over the town to tell the ladies about the nice things you have to sell, and why you want to sell them." *If you please Madam*

She left the room, shutting the door behind her.

"Now," said Mrs. <sup>Lada</sup> White, "let us open our trunks and lay out on the bed five or six of the handsomest dresses we have, in a most taking way, with underclothes, slippers, shoes, stockings and handkerchiefs to correspond; but don't speak again of where



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anything was made; especially don't mention New York."

"No, indeed, we will tell it not in Gath nor whisper it in the streets of Askelon--isn't that what the bible says?"

"I think it is," said Mrs. <sup>Lark</sup> ~~Clark~~, "though I am not very good authority on that subject; but I know what I am talking about <sup>the</sup> when I tell you not to mention anything or anybody further north than Tennessee."

In a <sup>less than an hour</sup> ~~short time~~ the door opened, and in walked about twenty women, the most of them wearing sunbonnets. Each had,

~~in the corner of her mouth~~, a snuff brush or stick, about <sup>3 or 4</sup> ~~the length of a finger~~ <sup>inches long</sup>, chewed at the end into a mop or brush.

After being seated, every one produced a roll or wad of brown stuff called Scotch snuff, and soused the brush end of the stick in it, bringing up on the chewed <sup>part</sup> ~~end~~ about half a teaspoonful of snuff. This movement was almost military, in the regular manner in which, with one accord, they soused the brush back again into the far corners of their mouths.

"Won't you rest your bonnets?" said our polite landlady, as they all rocked back in their chairs with the utmost complacency.

Concluding that they were <sup>then</sup> ready for business, I said:

"Well, ladies, I will commence by telling you what I have already told Mrs. Clark, our landlady; and then if you want to buy any of the nice things we have here on the beds, we will be most happy to sell them to you. We are very anxious to get money enough to go to Huntsville, Alabama, to join our husbands, who are <sup>one</sup> ~~waiting~~ <sup>in the Rebel army</sup> for us there. Five or six of these elegant ~~silk~~ dresses

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50 to

dollars each.

have cost us, in greenback money, from seventy-five ~~to one hundred~~  
dollars each."

Some of the women came over to the bed on which lay most of the articles we were about to offer them. One of the women, after clawing in the most merciless manner over our clothes, rulled from the tangle into which she had gotten them, an elegant black silk dress, and said:

"See here, lady, I will give you five dollars for this here dress."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, it cost me seventy-five dollars, making and all, and you see it is perfectly new. I will let you have it, though, for ~~twenty~~ five dollars in greenback money, or for two hundred and fifty in Confederate."

A profound silence reigned. They looked at me strangely, then at Mrs. ~~White~~ <sup>Gabri</sup>, then at one another. I saw that I had made another mistake in mentioning greenback money. It aroused their suspicions; so, to allay their fears, I said as quickly as I could:

"I don't care anything for the greenback money, if we can get enough of the Confederate to take us south, for we may never leave there again. In that event, we would have no use for greenback money; but still, <sup>as</sup> it takes such piles of Confederate money to buy the least little thing, and eight or ten hundred dollars worth of it, to hire the most ordinary carriage and horses for a day, we will have to charge you for the clothes, if you pay for them in Confederate money, so much that it sounds extremely high. <sup>When</sup> ~~In reality~~ <sup>in fact</sup> ~~though~~ it is very cheap, since what we ask

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you three hundred dollars for, in Confederate money, would not be any higher than ten dollars in greenback money."

A tall, lank, bony, black-eyed woman, soused her brush again into the bottom of her box, and, bringing it up loaded, stuck it behind her rear molar; then stepped out in front of her companions, whom Mrs. Clark had seated in chairs around the room, with her arms on her hips, akimbo, and said, looking at me like a hawk, in the meantime:

"It appears to me, madam, that these are a powerful lot of fine clothes for the wives of Secesh soldiers to have; and the question is, where have you-uns been living all this time? Not inside of our lines, certain and sure;" and taking hold of the old, snuff-colored delaine dress she had on, she continued: "This coat and a purple calico is the onliest ones I have got to my back. We-uns are Secesh soldiers' wives sure enough," with a strong accent on the sure enough. I tried to make her think I had not noticed the accent on those words, and said:

"Yes, madam, I see, that dress and your purple calico are very nice, indeed; <sup>in some</sup> but we have been living for the last eight months in Bowling Green, Kentucky, where everything is quite plentiful yet--unlike the situation in Memphis, Tennessee, my former home. There both armies had been in control for a while, and we really had very little of anything, either to eat or to wear. In Southern Kentucky towns, however, it is not quite so bad yet; so, thinking that perhaps when we reached the South again we might not want to come back, or might not be allowed to come, we thought it

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best to lay in a good supply of everything; but our trunks are so large, and conveyances of any sort are so scarce, ~~that~~ we will have to dispose of the greater part of our clothes and ~~our~~ <sup>new</sup> trunks, ~~also~~. We are compelled to raise the money to go on south. We will make a present to any of you of these fine trunks, after we have sold the clothes, if you will give us in return two small ones; no matter how old <sup>I want not</sup> they may be, so they will hold the clothes we <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ compelled to keep until we get to Huntsville."

There was another deep pause; then a little thin spinster took up from the bed one of the finest nightgowns I had.

"I will give you a twenty-five cent shinplaster for this nightgown."

"Twenty-five cents! Why, madam, that gown cost me <sup>four</sup> ~~some~~ dollars in Federal money; but you can have it for twenty-five dollars in Confederate or <sup>five</sup> ~~five~~ dollars in greenback money. You see, we cannot afford to present our clothes to people whom we never saw nor heard of, before. Our object is to sell them for at least a tenth of their value. If we gave them to you, we would have to stay here for the balance of time; so please use some little judgment and ordinary kindness in your offers to us; and since you know, yourselves, that fifty cents in Federal money will buy more than fifty dollars in Confederate, I will take the greenbacks in payment for anything you want--though I had rather have the Confederate money down here, if you can get enough of it to pay us for our clothes."

*Confederate Money*

"No, madam, I don't think you would rather have it, for



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 you plainly show your preference for the greenbacks."

"Oh, yes, of course," I said, "they go so much further than the other. Ask yourself, madam, which you would rather have in your purse, a great pile of stuff called money, that would buy nothing, or a small amount of 'sure enough' money, as you say, that would buy anything. We will say no more on the subject, it is too silly a point to discuss. If any of you ladies want to buy anything we have here on the bed, and are willing to pay us anything for them, say so; if not, we will return them to our trunks. You will never have another such a chance, I am sure."

*to my racket*  
 "Well, now," said the black-eyed tartar, "you just listen! We don't want nothing you've got. We had all rather go barefooted, bareheaded and barebacked till the crack of doom, than to wear anything we had to buy from a Yankee woman as you show you are. We are Secesh to the backbone, we are, and I wouldn't be surprised if you-all ain't two Yankee spies come down here to pry into our affairs."

*Lobb*  
 At this, Mrs. ~~Wise~~ was alarmed, and said in a whisper:

"Oh, Jupe, do answer her on that point; assure her that we are not spies."

"No, I will not waste another word on her. I have told her that our husbands are in the Rebel army. She sees and hears that our accent is purely Southern. *she bet* ~~I would wager~~ a thousand dollars that she has no money of any kind."

All of this I said aloud, so that the vixen could hear every word of it; then turning to her with as pleasant a smile as I

*humbly assume*

could ~~summon~~, under the circumstances, I said:

"I have sized you up exactly right, haven't I? You are a sharp woman, and you know we are no more Yankee spies than you are; so now why don't you help us sell these things, so that we may go to our husbands. If you are, as you say, Secesh to the backbone, or even half-way to the backbone, I should think you would have some little pity for the wife <sup>us</sup> of ~~one~~ of your own soldiers, especially when ~~it~~ offer to almost give away our beautiful clothes, and to present you with these grand Saratoga trunks, for an old carpet-bag, even, if it will hold the clothes that you don't want to buy. I am very anxious to see my <sup>new</sup> husband."

Taking his last letter from my bosom, I <sup>dear</sup> continued:

*"I said I will read you apart of what he wrote to me."*

"See how he begs in his letter that I come to him at once, with <sup>I read out a part of the letter</sup> dear baby. Now, ladies," turning to the others, "won't you please buy some of these things and give us the money to go south? My husband has a furlough for two weeks, in order to be with us; ~~it is nearly half out, now;~~ so, before it is too late, <sup>please</sup> help me to get there. He is captain of the Eighth Kentucky

Cavalry; and he said (reading again from his dear letter): "Oh! won't it be joyful once more to meet you, and to clasp in a long, <sup>darling</sup> loving embrace my wife and child? Come as soon as you can; the time is so short that I am counting not only the hours, but the <sup>very</sup> ~~moments~~ minutes." *as they fly.*

Throwing pearls ~~before~~ <sup>to</sup> swine, was not half such an extravagant proceeding as reading love and sentiment to this snuff-brush brigade. I thought I might touch their hearts, but their

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hearts, if they had any, ~~at all~~. I tried in every way to arouse a little sympathy in them, but could not. I could hardly keep from crying outright, to think in what an humble way I was absolutely begging that hard-hearted group of twenty women to take our beautiful clothes for almost nothing, asking only enough Confederate money to get to Huntsville. <sup>Ala</sup> I could not keep back the tears. Only the landlady and a little blue-eyed woman seemed to feel the slightest touch of pity. *The hearts of the others, if they had any, would have rattled in a horse hide.*

"We had two women here not long ago," said the black-eyed virago, (whom I will call Polly Flint) "and we treated them just the very best we knowed how; and they turned out to be Federal spies, and got us into pecks of trouble. But we got even with them, you bet; for, when they came back here last week, we gave them a nice coat of tar and feathers--and that is about what I expect will happen to you-all before you get out of this town with your trunks of finery."

Turning to Cinthy, I said:

"Bring me the baby."

Standing the dear little fellow up on the bed, with his *pretty* face toward the snuffy icebergs, I said:

"Have any of you a baby the age of this little boy?"

In every way possible I tried to divert their minds from the spy question, broached by the shrew. I thought I had succeeded in doing so, when some of them began <sup>again</sup> to offer me ten and fifteen cents for beautiful <sup>white</sup> underskirts, tucked and trimmed to the



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knees; and to make offers for the other things in proportion.

seeing that there was not the slightest hope or prospect of selling *them* anything, I said:

"Ladies, you misunderstand us entirely; *in thinking we came here to give our clothes to go* so, if you will *to go* not buy anything from us to give us the pitiful little amount of *from the* money we ask, I will put the things back into our trunks; and I *have me* shall ever remember with sorrow, that women who call themselves *seen by* Southern ladies, *would* will do nothing to help us *give to* to see our poor husbands who are fighting their battles for them."

"There it is again!" said shrewish Polly Flint; "Their battles! That proves what I said from the start, that our battles are not yours; so the sooner we part the better for all hands."

"I quite agree with you. *Madam.*"

*Then* I turned to the one little woman who had spoken kindly in my behalf to old Polly Flint, and to two others near her, who looked as if they would have done so, too, had they dared. Going up to the blue-eyed woman, I said:

"Before we part, I beg that you three will allow me to present you with a *handkerchief* and a pair of gloves, apiece, in evidence of the appreciation I feel, for even the kind looks you have bestowed upon us."

They were almost ready to cry as they accepted the articles with thanks; while old Polly Flint looked daggers at them; and I really believe they would have dropped them on the floor, had not the natural love of woman, for dainty things gotten the better of their fears. We all felt that our interview was ended; so,

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Island

with a stern, defiant look at me, Polly left the room with all of her sunbonneted sisters at her heels. The last one to leave was the little blue-eyed woman, who turned back at the door and said in a low, sweet voice:

"I am sorry for you, <sup>Lady</sup> ~~madam~~ and ashamed of the crowd I am with."

"Thank you, dear madam, for the kindness you have expressed toward us; and I pray you may never feel as hopeless, <sup>helpless</sup> and sad as I do now."

The tears came again into her eyes as she extended her hand in silence.

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Chapter XXIX.

Night and Danger.

"I was sorry, Jupe, you did not take more pains to convince that old <sup>fool</sup> ~~man~~ that we ~~was~~ not Federal spies. Why didn't you?" said Mrs. <sup>Ludlow</sup> ~~Smith~~.

"Because, Mollie, that was too serious a charge, in times like these to have given it the importance of a prolonged denial. I thought the best way was to pass it over quickly as a thing too ridiculous to be noticed; for the more we attempted to defend ourselves against the silly charge, the more would that old <sup>skin</sup> flint have been set in her first opinion."

Looking over to where Cinthy sat with a frightened expression on her face, I said:

"What do you think of the talk we have just had with those dreadful women, Cinthy?"

"I just thinks, Miss Jupe, that nary nother week ain't gwine to go over we-all's poor heads, 'fore the las' one of us is locked up tight in <sup>the</sup> jail--even me and little Willie, where we can't never see the daylight no mo'; put thar, too, by that old pile of poor white trash, that never had no mo' manners than to come here calling on quality folks with their sunbonnets on."

"Calling, indeed! They were not calling at all, Cinthy. I sent for them to come here <sup>to see</sup> and they came; that's all."

"And they went; that was the best <sup>part</sup> of it, me and Willie <sup>live</sup>."



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thinks, don't we, baby?"

Imaging to Mrs. Lobb I said,

o *Hollers* "I am really uneasy about that black-eyed woman, for there is no telling how much mischief *benom* there is in her. Get out the baby's gown and double wrapper *Cinthy* let's put him to bed; it is nearly night, now, and the child has been awake since six o'clock this morning. I kissed him and *pressed* him to sleep. Pressing the

huge feather bed down as firmly as I could, I *laid the dear child gently* pushed him *to sleep* quietly

There is no stimulant so potent as a mother's love.

A heart filled with that divine spark is prepared to do almost anything for the benefit of her child. What would I not have given that night, to have placed *my darling baby* in the strong loving arms of his father!

These, and other thoughts like unto them were running through my *mind* head, when Mrs. Clark knocked at the door, and said:

"Walk out to supper, ladies."

"Sit over there, Cinthy, where the baby is sleeping;

and, as soon as I have finished my supper, I will bring yours *here* here.

I do not want you to go out to that rickety old kitchen; I don't

exactly like the looks of things. *Mrs. Clark* The landlady seems troubled, *about some thing*

and very nervous, I think."

*where I told her* Cinthy sat down, and we went out to supper. My suspi-

cions were soon confirmed in regard to our landlady. She had been exceedingly chatty at dinner, but was now ominously silent and

nervous. I remembered, too, that she was in our room only a few moments when those other women were there. She had come in,

unfortunately, just as Mrs. *Lobb* was saying, "Tell them that we

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are not Federal spies." She turned and left, immediately, I now remembered; and we did not see her again until she announced supper. Her fidgety, anxious look at once attracted my attention, as she sat at the head of the table. I knew something was wrong. Mischief seemed to be in the <sup>very</sup> air. I felt certain of it, and consequently could eat no supper. However, I drank a cup of what she called coffee, feeling that I would soon need all the strength that I could summon. I filled my plate with the best of everything on the table, and called for another cup of coffee; when it came, I waited a few moments for Mrs. <sup>Lova</sup> White, who also seemed to have very little appetite, then rising, said:

"With your permission, madam, I will take this to my <sup>supper</sup> nurse, as I do not wish her to leave <sup>my</sup> baby."

Going to our room and setting the supper down on a little table, I said:

"Sit here, Cinthy, ~~and~~ <sup>eat</sup> your supper; I didn't want you to go out to the kitchen where there are so many strange negroes;" and noticing that she had been crying, I said: "Cheer up, now, I have brought you the best of everything on the table; we must all go to bed early tonight, for Dick will be here by daylight, you know."

My cheerfulness, assumed though it was, caused the girl to brighten up at once, and she said:

"I hope to the Lord, Miss Jure, <sup>Dick</sup> he won't forget us."

"Oh, no danger of that," trying to smile; "didn't you hear him say he never forgot what he was told to do?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did." <sup>but onians is such liars</sup>

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I'm sure Dick is not a liar.

~~Well, then,~~ <sup>now</sup> eat your supper, and leave the dishes on the table. I will take them back when you have finished. As we have to be up so early in the morning, I think it best that none of us should undress tonight; so when you are ready to go to sleep, lie down on the outside of that single bed with something thrown over you, without taking off your clothes, that we may be ready when Dick comes."

I knew that we were going to have trouble of some sort, and though I didn't wish to alarm Mrs. <sup>Latta</sup> White and Cinthy, I felt that we must be ready to meet it.

"The landlady told me, Miss Jupe, that when I got ready for bed I should go out to that cabin in the yard, and sleep with the other darkies there."

<sup>on a bed</sup> "Yes, I heard her, but I told her that my nurse always slept in the room with my baby and myself, unless there was an adjoining room for her. I promised your mother that I would take the best of care of you, so not for one night shall you sleep out of my sight. It is all arranged, so lie down on that single bed when you are ready, and go to sleep."

"Oh, I am so glad," said she, "for I would have been plum scared to death if I had had to sleep out there with these <sup>them</sup> strange niggers."

I was anxious to get her to sleep soon, for fear that in case of trouble, she might become frightened and unmanageable.



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Mrs. Clark came in, bringing a small candle, stuck in a glass bottle, saying it was the best she could do, as her candle sticks were all broken, and there was no one in town to mend them.

"That is all right; <sup>Madam</sup> we do not care what the candle is in, just so we can see."

"You may not need a light, anyway," she said, "because-- because--" and looking around the room, she stopped.

"What were you going to say, madam? And why do you stop in the middle of your sentence?"

"Oh," she said, "it's because I hate to tell you; and yet, for your sakes, I must, and the sooner the better."

"Certainly; what is it? Speak right out. Tell us at once."

"Well, then, I am very sorry, ladies; but the report has gone all over this town, that you all are Yankee spies, and your big fine trunks and your pretty clothes have just made our people most sure of it; though I have told dozens and dozens who have been here to see me about it that you are no more spies than I am; but they don't listen to me, for old Polly Flint has been talking it all over the town, and has told at least a hundred negro men; and she says they are all ready to do just what <sup>even</sup> she tells them when the time comes. I don't know what in the world they are going to do, whether they will tar and feather you-all like they did those other two women, or not; but this I do know, that you are not safe here in my house, and neither am I, for they

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How

sent me word that I would see to pick up pins in my back yard to-  
night, if I didn't get rid of those two Yankee spies; you know  
that means that they will burn my house if I don't; so, for your  
own sakes and mine, you had better leave this house as quickly as  
you can, and go into the woods and hide. The moon don't come up  
till so late, and it's so dark now, you could slip out of the back  
hall door, and nobody would see you. I know, from what I have  
heard, that the crowd will begin to gather around this house by  
nine or ten o'clock; so the sooner you-all go <sup>to the woods</sup> the better for you;  
I don't want them to catch you here."

"Madam," said I, "we rented this room from you until to-  
morrow at noon, and paid you the money for it, in advance. You  
took it; so, now, this room is ours, not yours, until then; and  
we will keep it. If you are afraid to stay here, you can take  
your own advice, and go to the woods, or elsewhere, for safety.  
This room is ours, and we will not leave it. My baby is undressed  
and asleep in that bed; and I would not go around in the dark  
with him, in your streets, or in the woods as you suggest, <sup>to save your life or the lives of</sup>  
~~any~~ <sup>child</sup> of any man or woman in this town. If you are afraid to stay  
here, 'stand not on the order of your going,' but go at once."

"Well, madam," said the landlady, "if this house is  
burned to the ground, as I know it will be, if you two ladies  
stay in it, and you are all killed that way, or any other way,  
your blood will be on your own heads. I have warned you, I can  
do no more."

"Thanks for your warning; I am willing to stand or fall

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on my own judgment, and shall blame no one for my fate; but we will not leave this house tonight. We have no where to go, so we must and will stay here; that is settled. If you think you would be safer elsewhere, go there."

"Jupe," said Mrs. <sup>Job</sup> White, with terror in her face, "upon reflection, are you sure that it is best for us to stay in this house tonight, with all these furies after us?"

"I am sure it is, and I defy them."

"Well, then, I am ready to do as you say."

"Go over yonder, <sup>Mollie</sup> then, and sit by my baby, and I will keep guard at this door, tonight."

"What must I do?" said Cinthy, crying.

"Get up in my bed, by little Willie. I will not want that place tonight."

"Pause, good madam," said the landlady; "and think what risks you are taking, before it is too late. Think of your baby, your husband, and all that you hold dear, and go while it is yet time. I will give you back your money and more, besides, if you will only go."

"I am thinking of my baby, and, for <sup>my husband's</sup> dear sake, I will not leave this <sup>house</sup> room tonight. I am fixed in my determination on that point, so, since this room is mine, and not yours, please leave it."

"Oh, madam, dear madam, for the last time, I tell you, You must go! Fly, fly to the woods while you can!"



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"Then let it be the last time I have to say to you most positively, that I will not go; and moreover, I tell you, madam, that General Buckner, General Johnson, General Bragg, General Lee, and Jefferson Davis, himself, are all near and dear friends of my <sup>Larry</sup> husband. <sup>Make</sup> haste to tell your people so; and say, besides, that if we are in any way maltreated or molested while we are here under your roof, or in this town, or if a single hair of our heads is touched, this place that you call Hillville, will be swept from the very face of the earth; so, as you value your life, your friends, and your town, see that we rest under your roof in peace tonight.

"Oh, madam," said she, almost in a whisper, "even now this house is surrounded by fifty or a hundred negro men; they will do almost anything they have been told to do, some from fear, some because the others do, and some for the fun of it. Many of them are as cruel as the grave. I hardly know what to do, myself; it is too late to go now. The yard is full of them."

*Yes* - "And so it was, ~~when~~, when you would have turned us out of your house." *in the midst of them, you cruel creature*

"Don't hate me," she said; "what else could I do but as I was told. Maybe you had better step out into the yard yourself, and speak to them before they get under <sup>your</sup> way with whatever it is they are going to do."

"I will," I said; "Come with me, Cinthy."

"Oh, Juke," said Mrs. <sup>Lobb</sup> White, "do you think you had

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better go out there in the dark, before that howling mob?"

"In the dark? No. Go at once, Mrs. Clark, and get ~~a~~ a dozen candles and set them around in the hall,--on the steps, or anywhere. Now, Mollie," turning to Mrs. <sup>Lob</sup>White, "promise me that you will sit close by baby, and not leave him an instant until I return. Will you promise?"

"I promise you, Jupe," she said, in a voice tremulous with fright. She crossed the room and seated herself on the bed. <sup>by my</sup>

I could hear the mob around the house, and even on the <sup>Baby</sup> porches at the front and back doors. We could hear them muttering among themselves; and one man, evidently the leader, was talking more loudly than the rest. He seemed to be giving orders to the crowd.

"Oh, they are coming!" said Mrs. Clark. "hear them pressing on the very doors! <sup>I put the lights as you told me</sup> ~~The lights are out~~ in the hall; poor woman, what can you do now?"

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Chapter XXX.

The Mob.

"Come with me, Cinthy, quickly," I said as we passed through into the hall, shutting the door behind me, locking it, and putting the key in my pocket. "Stand right here, close to me. Mrs. Clark, throw open the two hall doors, and let them in. I will stand here in the front door with Cinthy by my side."

All around the house, clear to the front gate, they were standing; negro men, old and young, big and little. They looked like demons as their torches glared high above them in the dark. My heart stood still within me. They crowded, scrambled and pushed one another up into the porch, and into the door where Cinthy and I were standing. They would have rushed right by us into the hall, had I not raised my hands in a commanding way, and said in a loud, clear voice, with all the composure I could possibly master:

"Stand back, gentlemen; lower your torches and listen."

I have something to tell you, that you will all be glad to hear; and when you do hear what I have to say, I am sure that your kind hearts will melt in pity for us, who have been so badly treated today by some of the white women of this town. We ask nothing of them, because we know that great, strong, brave men, like you, will not allow three innocent women to be badly treated, whether they be black or white."

Cinthy and I were standing in the middle of the doorway.



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 my hand was resting on her arm, because I wanted her also to address that mob; and I desired to start or stop her as I thought best.

"Yes, gentlemen," I said, "we ~~s~~ stand before you tonight, alone, without an acquaintance or a single friend in this whole town; with no kind word to cheer us, and with no strong arm to protect us against the wrongs the white women of this town would do us. We are honest women, going south to see our husbands who are in the Rebel army; and this good girl, Cinthy, came along with me, to <sup>help me</sup> take care of my baby, who is not quite six months old. The poor little fellow was born two months after his father joined the army."

The crowd pressed into the back door, past the middle of the hall; and many of them were standing up the full length of the stair steps to the story above us. Cinthy and I had a clear space of about three feet around us. I had not been speaking five minutes when all in the hall put out their torches and many ~~out~~ in the yard did the same.

"I am sure, gentlemen," I continued, "that all of you who have wives and children of your own, and every other man standing here tonight, <sup>before me</sup> will be kind enough and good enough to do anything and everything to help us get down South to see our husbands, who have waited so long for us to come."

I noticed, as I said the last, that many of the men were whispering among themselves.

"This girl, Cinthy, who stads here, is the child of my dear old, black Mammy Dams and Daddy Lewis. They love her, as

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all of you love your children; and when we were leaving our old Kentucky home, the last words they said to me were, to be sure and bring Cinthy back home, safe and sound. I promised, faithfully, that I would, pledging myself to stand by her at all times and protect her as far as I could. Now, gentlemen, I would not break that promise to my dear old black mammy for my right arm. I love Cinthy as if she were my sister, and my baby thinks as much, if not more, of her than he does of me. She loves us, too, I know."

With that I touched her arm, having whispered to her before that when I did so, she must say something, herself, just whatever she thought best, and that when I touched her arm two or three times in a hurry, it meant for her to stop. I could hardly have stood alone at the start, so greatly were my limbs trembling. Now, she was equal to the occasion, and said:

"Course I does. I just loves my good Miss Jupe like she was my own mammy; and I would fairly lay down my life for her and her pretty little baby, Willie. He loves me, too, he does, as well as I does him, I speck; and I ruther anybody would kill me and chuck me in a sink hole, than to tetch him, or hurt one single stran' of his pretty little curly head."

Just there, I pressed hurriedly on her arm several times and she stopped at once.

"Now, gentlemen, " I began again, "some of the women in this town have spread the report that we are Yankee spies. That is ~~untrue~~ <sup>false</sup> and they know it. They were angry because we would not give them our pretty clothes for nothing; and that too, when

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we told them we needed money to go south to see our husbands. We offered to sell everything <sup>we had for almost nothing</sup> cheaply, and yet they would not give us <sup>for all we had</sup> even enough money to get to Huntsville, Alabama. I know, gentlemen, that you will all believe me, when I tell you that what they have said against us is false."

"I believe so, myself", said a tall, bright fellow, who seemed to be an intelligent man, and was evidently the leader.

"And so does I," "and so does I," said many another.

"It is kind of you to say <sup>gentlemen</sup> so, and I am sure that strong fine looking men like you will not stand by and see innocent women <sup>lie on</sup> persecuted and mistreated <sup>in this way</sup> for nothing. Your faces are too kind, and your hearts are too good, I am sure, for you to tolerate any such a cruel thing." <sup>in your midst.</sup>

"That's a fac', mistis, that's a fac' mistis," said the tall mulatto leader, "and we will swear that no harm shall come to you ladies while you is in this town; so you can go to bed this night and sleep. I will make two or three dozen of our men guard this house, because you-all are in it. They shall sit like black <sup>around this home</sup> birds on the fence, <sup>on white woman</sup> and woe to the nigger <sup>any of</sup> that tries to harm you-all; but we was told as how you-all was spies, and had come down here to find out the situation and set the Yankees after us; but since <sup>out</sup> we finds out it is a lie, made of whole cloth, we shall take our gang now and punish the white folks that started it, as they would have punished you, by burning <sup>them down</sup> the houses down over their heads."

"Oh, no, good sir, I implore you, do not do that. Two wrongs never made a right. We forgive them for the harm, the death and destruction they would have meted out to us--We forgive them, and with all my heart, I beg you to do the same. There were two kind women with that hard-hearted crowd; and for their <sup>beg</sup>sakes, I ~~beg~~ that you will do no violence to any of them."

"Why, madam, they would have had us not only burn up this house, but burn you all alive in it. We came to do that very thing; and but for the truth you have told us, <sup>+ the kind pretty way you have talked to us</sup> it would have been done before this time. This is the hot month of August, and everything is so dry that this house would have burned up like a tinder box, with you-all in it; and you are begging us to spare the people who sent us here." <sup>hard</sup> *"It burn you alive."*

"Yes, I know, but I would not harm them, whether they be good or bad. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay'. So it is not my place to harm them."

"They ain't no good in old Polly Flint, sure and sartin," said one of the men.

"But, as we leave your town <sup>pass</sup> in the morning, don't spoil it by burning up its houses for such a miserable creature as she is. Protect us through this night, please, by allowing one or two of your brave men to watch over this house; but do no harm, I pray you, to any of the women here. We leave early tomorrow, and hope never to see them again; but ~~to you~~ <sup>to you</sup> gentlemen, as long as we live, we will be grateful for saving us from the terrible fate that might have befallen us, had some of the cruel women <sup>of this town</sup> had their way."

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"We will let them off," said the leader, "except that

black-eyed she-devil who sent us here to murder you-all."

"No, no. Save her house, too."

Madam *you won't let us burn her up*  
*we all hope she will make it had you her down garden.*  
"No harm shall come to you-all this night, or as long as you stay in Hillville."

"Dat dey shan't," said a thick-lipped old nigger, "dey will have to walk over de dead body of all we niggers, if dey gets to whar you-all is, sho' --cause we is gwine to set on de fence round dis house all night to watch it."

A spry young mulatto boy stepped to the front, and said:

"If anybody tries to hurt Miss Cinthy and that little white baby that she loves so much, I'll shoot them so high they'll never come down ~~again~~." *The buzzards can't grind em.*

"I touched Cinthy on the arm to speak again. As quick as a flash, she said, ~~turning toward~~ <sup>to</sup> the young fellow who had spoken so kindly of her and the white baby:

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Colored Genterman; I just knows we is safe in your hands."

Turning toward the men, I said:

"Now, gentlemen, before I bid you all good night, I want to thank you one more time for your kindness. You are brave, good men; and I knew when you heard the truth you would protect us. *from those bad women*  
Again I thank you, and so does Cinthy," bearing heavily on her arm, again.

"That I does, that I does," she said, "and you is gen-

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lemen, too, and the blacker you are, the whiter you is in the eyes of God in heaven. Miss Jure done said that, herself, when she teached me how to say my prayers; and when we-all gets to heaven, snowflakes won't be no whiter than you-all is and you will be glad, then, that you come here tonight and behaved yourselves so beautiful, instead of snorting and raring around here. *waking up the baby* God will let you-all in the his pearly gates for this, sure, when you climbs up the golden stairs; and I never is gwine to get done thanking you for keeping that old, poor white trash from setting us afire tonight."

"I touched her again, though her talk was quite effective. I was very thankful, for her presence that night, I am sure, was the saving clause. After she had made her last speech the negroes clapped their hands in applause. Ever so many of them came up and shook hands with her, and bade me goodnight. *also*

"Have no fears, madam," said the smart mulatto, "no harm shall come to any of you ~~this night~~; The negroes of Hillville are on guard tonight."

*as they were all leaving*  
 Bowing to them, I turned to go into our room. As I went to close the front door, I looked out; and there, sitting on the top of the fence around the house, were ~~ten or eleven~~ *at least 20* negro men with their torches re-lighted, watching over us. I closed and locked the door, and ~~was~~ *was* amused to see that our landlady Mrs. Clark, was standing right where I put her at the beginning of our reception. *torch light* Looking up with a *streak* expression, she said: "Mrs. Western, won't you promise me, please, before I go,



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at if the negroes should take another notion to rise against  
men who were here today and want to kill us all, that you  
ve me from them? When they get started, they are extremely  
and for some time past, we have been fearing an insurrection  
colored people. You know I told you three or four times how  
to give you-all up, or turn you out of my house in the

*well*  
"Yes, I remember how hard you tried to do that very thing.  
en promised me to do no harm to the women of this town,  
believe they will keep their word. We leave here early in  
ing. So, now good night; *Mrs Clark / very tired* I am *fatigued* Please have  
st about five o'clock in the morning, as our driver will be  
that time."

She took both of my hands in hers, and begged that we  
stay in her house at least two weeks longer; and said that  
d not only give us back the money we had paid her, but  
sides; in fact, would pay us to stay.

*No. Not in the world. Madam  
women stay here - I know I have  
than I had  
to let him  
had enough  
of you  
+ you know  
to let me  
the rest of  
my life*  
I raised the curtains, and there on that side of the  
like ten and twenty black birds sitting in a row, was our  
bodyguard. As I took hold of the shutters to close them,  
he men said:

"Mistis, tain't no use to shut no shutters, 'ceptin  
wants to, 'case we-all's here, and here we is gwine to  
l the broad daylight, 'case there's some more niggers on  
ide of town dat don't understand dis business, as its done  
ut, like we does; and they're still in, for a fire."

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"Thank you, ~~all~~ gentlemen, again and again," ~~said~~ I, "you are ~~very~~ good. We never can forget you, and we know we are safe if you will watch over us. Good night, and God bless you. *all* With that I closed and bolted the shutter.

*Labb* Mrs. ~~White~~ sat on the side of the bed as if riveted to the spot. I put my arm around her neck, *Saying,*

*dear* "I thank you, Hollie, a thousand times for watching over my baby."

"And Jupe, what can I say to you, or how can I thank you enough for saving our lives." *again*

"Cinthy," ~~I said~~, "is the one to thank; I think her presence, is what saved us tonight."

"I thank her, too," said Mrs. *Labb* ~~White~~, as she took Cinthy's hand.

"You see, they were told that we were spies; that we had come down here to pry into their business, to get the Yankees after them, and a world of other nonsense; didn't you hear the head man tell me so?" *I must of the negroes are dreadfully afraid of the Yankees*

"Well, that black-eyed ~~man~~ was, of course, at the bottom of all this mischief; and why did you ask those men not to bur n her house?" *To save her life*

*I will* *Why Mr. Labb,* "Because she is wicked is no reason we should be so; besides, *we* leave here in the morning, and I hope we may never see nor hear of this town *again*." *dear baby* had slept all through this novel entertainment.

As I prepared to lie down beside him, Cinthy came up and said:

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"Miss. Juke, did you say for me to get in here, too, and sleep with you and the baby?"

*Em'ly*

"Well, no, not now. You will sleep better in your own bed. It will soon be day, and there is no danger, now, to any of us."

*Now.*

I lay down by my child, but not to sleep, for I felt that I must still keep watch over *on colored guardians* the torchlight procession on the fence. ~~But, waking, I said: "Hallelujah, amen!"~~

~~"Yea, darling, amma is with her baby again, and all is safe once more, thank God!"~~

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Chapter XXXI.

John Gilpin Revised.

Notwithstanding my determination to stay awake, I remember no more until Cinthy called me, saying:

"Miss Jupe, I do believe I hear Dick coming over the s; its most day now; must I open the shutters?"

"Yes, Cinthy, throw open the shutters."

Though they had been bolted, the windows were still up, it was very warm. I listened: "Yes, that is Dick, I am

We were up and dressed in a very short time, and went to a miserable breakfast. Returning to the room, I did not see a baby, but, threw a light shawl around him, and took his arms in my arms while Cinthy picked up the satchels. Dick was waiting at the gate. He helped us in the wagon and some of the

men who had loitered around there all night, assisted him with our trunks. The wagon having no seats, Dick had brought some split bottom chairs for us to sit on. — *Emma* *Butler* *7* *seen as we were*

*again I said*  
"Dick, get out of this town as soon as possible. Don't stop at all, just drive ahead as fast as you can go, and I will tell you later what a terrible time we have had."

He started at once, in perfect silence. As we drove along the main street of the town, stones, pieces of stove wood, and everything else that the furies could lay their



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on, were hurled at our defenseless heads, from many doors  
 windows. I threw my body over <sup>my</sup> sleeping baby; and Mrs.  
 and Cinthy dropped to the bottom of the wagon for protection.  
 drove like a very Jenu. Cinthy was not hurt at all. Mrs.  
 hat was knocked off by the leg of an old chair; And a few  
 from different missiles were the extent of her injuries.  
 in for the brunt of the battle; and got four or five  
 blows from pieces of coal, stove wood, and the top of an old  
 The <sup>Baby</sup> little one was uninjured. None of us were seriously

My hair covered the most of my bruises, which were in the  
 of my head, as I leaned over <sup>my</sup> baby. Leaving the town behind us, we  
 As we were rushing on, Cinthy's chair fell over with  
 which made us laugh in spite of ourselves  
 when she got it on its legs again she said:

"Well, well! If this ain't the terriblest old town, and  
 dearest old, poor white folks, and the awfulest old ride  
 I ever has had."

"Yes, indeed, Cinthy, I must say that Hillville, Tennessee,  
 stand alone in my mind, like Adam's recollection of the fall.

Now, Dick, and let your mules rest under the shadow of this  
 tree. We are about <sup>1/2 a mile</sup> miles from the town, and now I will  
 you all about the trouble we had last night. You will see  
 our big trunks, that we were not able to get rid of a single  
 consequently, we have not a dollar more than we had when  
 left--less, in fact, as we had to pay our board. "out of the lot we did  
 have

"Well, Miss Jupe, " said he, "I don't speck it takes no  
 now  
 once, 'cause Marse Frank, he done come up from Huntsville

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sterday morning. He got to the house just about an hour after left, Emma said; he was powerful sorry not to have seen you, but had to go right straight back this morning. Me and Emma told him all about you all, and he said you needn't bother no more about money; that he had done opened his bank in Huntsville, and when you got there you could get all the money you wanted. He said you-all must come on down there as soon as you could, as your husband was waiting for you and the baby. <sup>that</sup> He brought a big letter for you, from Marse Will. <sup>that Emma has got to give you.</sup>

"Oh, I am so glad to hear all that! As soon as the girls are rested a little more, we must drive on as fast as we can."

How we enjoyed that drive in the early morning, back to Columbia! No coach and four could possibly have been more delightful to me than was that ~~four~~ mule wagon and split bottom chair. <sup>to sit in.</sup>

"Marse Frank told me and Emma that we must come to Huntsville with you-all; and he said he told Marse Will that he would see that you got his letter, and that he would leave word with me to put the two mules in the big carriage, and bring you-all down here at once. I can drive you two ladies and the baby, and Emma and Cinthy can follow along after us in the spring wagon with the trunks."

"Oh, Dick, what joy your coming has brought us in every way! Won't it be lovely to start early in the morning all together?"



"Yes, ma'am, it will, 'cause me and Emma is done tired  
 living without our white folks, and thinking for o'selves.  
 fairly makes my head ache; 'cause when they's at home, and  
 ma asks me sumpin' I don't know nothing about, I says: 'Go 'long  
 the house, nigger, and ax the white folks; I ain't gwine to  
 ke up my time with no thinking when the white folks is around.'  
 ma, she ain't got half the sense she had when they was here, and  
 she is all the time axin me what about this and what about that,  
 till I done most thunk my head off; and says I to her, yesterday:  
 'Put your mouth, Emma, for the Lord's sake, asking me questions;  
 I wait till the white folks come home.' And now we's gwine to  
 do, and I am that glad of it I don't know what to do."

So an I, Dick; I am perfectly delighted to think that  
 on we will all be together in Huntsville and that I will meet  
 husband there. Oh, I am so happy, so thankful, and so anxious  
 to go, that I feel like leaning ~~my~~ forward in my chair, as if that  
 would help me to get there sooner. Still, Dick, we must not for-  
 get the mules. Drive down into that little branch that crosses  
 the road, and now that they have had a rest, give them a cool  
 drink; then we will wait a little longer under the shade of that  
 tree on the other side, before we start. I want to bathe and  
 wash my baby by that pretty spring; not far from the road."

It was a beautiful spot, down under some low, hanging  
 mosses. The spring gushed out between two great moss covered  
 rocks and ran on over others, foaming and bubbling, in little  
 whirlpools, until it gave a grand, snowy flirt, and spread out into

ooth, wide stream, ~~not deep~~, but clear as a crystal; it was  
 a foot deep anywhere, as it rippled on so quietly, under the  
 arches of those wide spreading trees. I took off baby's clothes, *in a*  
*place that came not quite up to his knees*  
 stood him up in the water, after doubling a thick towel many  
 times and putting it under his feet. He was delighted, and splashed  
 kicked out his dimpled little feet and legs in every direction.  
 morning sun, shining through the drops of water caught in his  
 ly hair ~~and~~ made it look like a crown of diamonds set in gold.

In a short time, we returned, much refreshed, to the  
 on and started on toward Columbia. My heart was full of love  
 gratitude to the good Lord, who had brought us safely out  
 so much trouble one more time, with such bright prospects for  
 future.

*Oh! Dick, I am so happy once more,  
 & so thankful to you for coming to us!*  
 "Miss Jupe", ~~said Dick~~, "I don't like to have forgot to  
 tell you the most importantest thing yet; and I hates powerful  
 to tell you, too; 'sepecially when you is complainin' about  
 be so happy."

*Said*  
 "You ~~said~~ me, Dick. What is it?"  
 "I don't know zactly what it is, myself; and I hopes,  
 when you hears it, you will say it ain't nothing at all, and that  
 it is gwine to go with me and Emma in the morning to Huntsville,  
 now."

*& Emma!*  
 "Why, certainly, I am going with you. *Dick?* What is it?"  
 "I plum forgot all about it, till I saw you all wading  
 out so happy like, in the little branch down yonder; then I  
 ank about it all of a sudden, and says I to myself: 'What a  
 ly! It will most break her heart; and Lord, how I hates to tell

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! It will take all of the gladness out of her, but still I  
 kon I'll have to tell." *her*

*Dick* "Tell me at once, ~~Dick~~, the whole of it, no matter what  
 is."

"Well, Miss Juke, as I told you, Marse Frank cum home  
 stiddy, and he had to leave early this morning; so after he  
 ld me about bringing you-all down in the carriage, he went back  
 to the house to see some men on important business, so I didn't  
 ve no chance to tell him nothin' 'bout the two men what cum  
 yn here after you; and he didn't see them, neither, 'cause he  
 at down town with his friends, and wasn't there when they cum,  
*left* for you-all, at twelve o'clock last night, he don't  
 ow nothing about it."

*In goodness sake,*  
 "Tell me, Dick, what was it, and who was it?"

"It was two big soldier men, what cum last night to our  
 use, and said they heard that you was here and that you had  
 ee counterband letters; one of them left an order with *Ema* to  
 ve to you; it said for you to come right back to Franklin, and  
 port to the biggest man there, what's bossing the town. His  
 ne, I think he said, was Mr. Provo Marshal; and he said if you  
 dn't come right back thar, they would come after you. When I  
 ld him you couldn't come, 'cause you was gwine with me and *Ema*  
 the carriage to Huntsville in the morning, to see your husband  
 o was waiting there for you on a furlo', he said: 'You tell her  
 hat she must first come back to Fran klin and report to General  
 das.' (Lndak)

"General Judas! Who is he? General Judah, I suppose mean."

"I don't know, maybe I've got the name wrong, but anyhow did for you to come back, 'cause they could soon overtake marriage with you all in it," *if you did not* and take you *there* their own selves. 's 'bout what he said; and me and Emma said if we was you, wouldn't pay no attention to Mr. Provo Marshal, but just go with us in the morning, like he never had sent you no message at all."

"Oh, no, Dick, that wouldn't do. *I shall* have to go. of course, for they could easily overtake us. Was ever a *Contraband letters!* so hurled from happiness to despair? I have not a single from anybody in the world, except two or three letters from *my husband*, that I am perfectly willing they should read."

"I'm like Dick," said Mrs. *Little*, "I wouldn't go a step."

"I will have to obey this order, Mollie. You must go with Tena and Dick, and take the trunks, except one small one. ay, the baby and I will go back to Franklin. I can soon convince them that we are all right; then I will *hurry* to Huntsville, *as* as I possibly can. *Wickley*"

"Poor Miss Jupe!" said Dick. "I was powerful sorry to call your happiness in the head by telling you about that order from Franklin; but me and Emma thought a spunky little a like you would just up, and go with us anyhow, in spite of Soldier."

"No, Dick, I don't want anybody running after us to h and arrest me, as if we were doing anything wrong or had any

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ters we should not have. I have no money to go there, much  
s to come back."

"Dear Jupe," said Mrs. <sup>White</sup> *White*, "I'm so sorry for you, and  
I could do any good, I would certainly return with you; but  
it would be an extra expense for nothing; so I will go with  
K and Emma to Huntsville. I will see Mr. Western, who will be  
appointed and distressed, and will tell him all about it, and  
that you will soon return. You must take what little money I  
have left, which is only ten dollars in Confederate money. I  
will get what I need from your cousin, the banker."

"All right, Mollie; I will take your money; but I  
won't see how I can go to Franklin, for all we have would not hire  
a wheel-barrow, much less a conveyance of any sort."

"I think the best way, Miss Jupe," said Dick, "is for me  
to first take you back there, myself, in the big spring wagon  
with the mules. I know the ford so well in Duck River, that I  
can get across without any trouble; and in a day, anyhow, you can  
go through with the soldiers. Then we can drive back here an  
on to Huntsville, all together."

*That's a fine idea Dick*  
"Oh, Dick, I would be so thankful if you would take us!" *There.*



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Chapter XXXIII.

When a woman will, she will. *you may depend on it*

After an early breakfast, we started, and when we got to the banks of the river which a few days before had so nearly swallowed us up in its muddy waters, Cinthy and I were alarmed; the way Dick plunged right in with his great strong mules, showing that he, at least, had no fear. He knew the ford, perfectly, as he had said, and kept up on the high rock. Only once did the mule run in <sup>to</sup> the bed of the wagon, and it soon ran out again. It was a warm ride. Dick had two umbrellas in the wagon, and we held them up, going along as comfortably as possible, under the circumstances; and stopping at noon under the shade of a magnificent oak, to eat the nice lunch that thoughtful Emma had provided. Arriving in Franklin, we went to the house of a cousin mine, who was a doctor. I went to his house because Cinthy had been complaining of her head and back. <sup>all day</sup> Several times she began to cry as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Cinthy, Cinthy, please don't cry; stand it the best you can; we will soon be there and will go right to the house of my cousin, Dr. <sup>Perkins</sup> Perkins, who is considered one of the best physicians in the town. He will give you some medicine that will soon cure you, so try to be as cheerful and brave as <sup>you can</sup> possible."

A short time after our arrival, and as soon as the doctor had escorted us into the house, I told him of Cinthy's complaints. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and prescribed

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her. She took some tea and toast for supper and went to bed a cot in the room assigned to me. She was soon asleep.

Soldiers in the Confederate army sent letters through the es to their wives whenever they had an opportunity, to four or e different addresses, so that if one failed, the other might sibly be sent through; *thus* it was that when I reached the se of Dr. *Perkins*, he had two letters for me. In one of these Western told me that he had just received my letter telling that I was coming; that if I was not in Huntsville by the nty-first, he would leave there in a spring wagon, and meet at a little town called Summerville, about twenty miles south of arbia. "How happy we will be," he said, "in a nice country se near there, where I have secured rooms in which to spend my week's furlough with my dear wife and baby."

"Thank God! I exclaimed, "I can meet him there, yet, if *ret* through here in time."

"Cinthy and Willie *listen* were asleep. A short time after *A* er, the doctor said:

"Cousin, I know you must be very tired, so we will say d night; and tomorrow I will escort you to the Prove Marshal's ced. It is hardly necessary, though, for if I tell them you e all right, you will have no further trouble."

"I am glad to hear you say so, though I did not antic- ate any trouble, myself."

"I am not afraid that you will have any trouble; but fear Dick will, for those handsome mules of his master's will tainly be pressed into the service of Uncle Sam, if daylight

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on them tomorrow, in this town. The order you had from  
arters, and showed on your way, as you came here, is all  
aved them, thus far. These are war times, you know, and it  
order that those mules and that big strong wagon were not  
away from you on the road--especially as they belonged to  
reatest Rebel within sixty miles of here."

*Frank  
Dunnington*

"Then, doctor," said I, "we must get Dick out of town  
ay. tonight. I had hoped to go back with him, but I would  
e the cause of cousin Frank's losing his mules."

*for any price*

"Come with me to the kitchen, and say what you have to  
him, as he must leave town immediately. I know a private  
through the woods that will take him safely across our line."

The doctor was a staunch Union man. I went with him  
Dick in the kitchen. He explained fully how to get out  
n safely. While Dick was putting the mules into the wagon

*to him*

for the flight, I wrote a hurried letter to Mrs. Locher  
g her that Giaty was quite sick, and had gone to bed crying; as usual  
I could not say just when I could go back to Columbia; that  
ust go on to Huntsville with Dick and Emma. *not waiting for me*

"Cousin, you must stop that letter," said the doctor,  
cannot wait another minute." *he has had something to eat & must  
leave at once.*

"He shall not," <sup>wait</sup> I said; "my letter is done. I will  
it to him, myself."

I did so, and found him up on the wagon, whip in hand,  
y to start.

"Goodby, Miss Jupe; I'm powerful sorry to leave you-  
but I can't afford to lose Marse Frank's fine mules."

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it can't be helped.

I too am awfully sorry about it all, but

"You are right, Dick; <sup>1</sup> goodby--" He was gone.

I went into my cousins' room to say goodnight <sup>to him & his wife</sup> <sup>1</sup> As I  
laid with baby, I thought: "Now we will have a good night's  
after our tiresome journey and all the perplexities we have  
endure in the last three or four days."

A little before daylight, I heard a low moaning, which  
waked me; sitting up quickly, I said:

"Cinthy, is that you making that noise?"

"Oh, yes, it <sup>is</sup> <sup>1</sup> Miss Jupe; I believe I'm gwine to die  
someday."

"No, you are not; let me light the lamp; you are just  
dreaded."

I lighted the lamp as soon as possible and going over  
to <sup>to tell it</sup> <sup>1</sup> bed, was alarmed beyond words to see that she was covered  
over her dark brown skin with little white, round spots,  
the size of a silver five cent piece.

"My <sup>God</sup> <sup>1</sup> poor Cinthy! What can be the matter with you?"

I ran for the doctor, and he came in almost behind me;  
looking at her, said:

"Cousin, I do believe this girl has the leprosy; and  
alas, she will die; and all of the rest of us will be as  
sick and dead in twenty-four hours."

Cinthy gave a heart-rending shriek.

"No, doctor, I am sure it cannot be that, for we have  
been exposed to anything of the kind; but if you think

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have the horses put in your carriage at once, <sup>please</sup> and let me  
her to the train which leaves for Nashville early this morning."

"Nonsense," he said, "the bridge is down, and the train  
es from the other side of the river. There is nothing to cross  
xcept a thing they call a flotilla."

"Oh, doctor, as much as I want to see my dear <sup>husband</sup>  
is anxiously waiting for me not <sup>50</sup> miles away, if she is  
g to die, I must get her back to her mother and father in Bowl-  
Green, if I have to cross that river on a plank. If she must  
she shall die in their arms at home, if it is possible to  
her there. I promised to bring or send her back; and if I  
, I will. Quick! Have your carriage ready, please, while I  
s her and <sup>my</sup> baby."

"Now, cousin, this will never do. You must not risk  
life and your child's by going with her in this way. Besides,  
s all sentiment and nonsense. We will send her to the hospi-

"No, no, doctor, not for the world. She would surely  
there among strangers; but if I can only get her home, I  
she will live; <sup>for ends sake</sup> so help me to start as quickly as possible."

"I call all of this nonsense. I am opposed to your  
g back, and if you do, I want you to tell your husband that it  
against my wishes that you did so; but if you will go, my  
will dress the baby, while you get yourself and <sup>family</sup> ready.  
I'll give orders, in the meantime, for your breakfast. You  
I not go until you have had it."



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"Thank you, dear doctor, I am sorry to trouble you all so, Cinthy must have smething hot before we start. I could not now." *but she must drink some hot coffee. she did so*

The doctor gave Cinthy something to allay her fever. At seven o'clock, we arrived at the Provo Marshal's office, it was not yet open. Cinthy had just had a fainting spell, left the doctor with her and baby, *in the carriage* and jumping out of the carriage, ran up the steps to the office, and pounded on the door all my night. A man, half-dressed, opened it, saying:

"Who in *the devil* oh, I beg your pardon, madam, I thought body was trying to knock the house down."

"No, sir; you must excuse me, but my nurse is so very I want to get passes to go back to Nashville in time to catch eight o'clock train, which leaves from the other side of the river. It is now seven, and we have barely time to reach there. You be so good as to give us passes?"

"You are welcome to the passes, madam, but really, there is no way for a lady to cross the river. The bridge is bad, as you know, and there is only a flotilla on which to cross. It sinks a little and gets quite wet, with any kind of rain."

"That makes no difference, sir, if you will only give us passes. Just so it does not sink to the bottom of the river, sure we can cross on it."

"Get in your carriage, then, and I'll write the passes." I did so, bringing them to me, as I sat by the side of the doctor, he recognized. My cousin explained to him fully, in his own

my way, that I had returned there in answer to an order from  
that I was all right. The doctor also referred to my "hard-  
determination to get back to Nashville with a dead nigger."

We drove on, as fast as we could, to the edge of the river,  
the flotilla was tied to the bank. <sup>a few in the</sup> There were a number of

men standing there, one of whom had been sent <sup>by the Provost</sup>  
to instruct the others to assist us as best they could to  
the river. The doctor alighted from the carriage, and was  
to help us out, when he stopped suddenly, and said:

"Cousin, you shall not go; let me urge you to listen to  
<sup>my sense</sup> and send that girl to a hospital. Think of your husband's  
discontent when he hears that you have gone back to Nashville  
you know his furlough is so short, and he is waiting to see

<sup>not 35 miles from here</sup>

"Doctor, his disappointment can't equal mine; and yet  
it is given to Cinthy's mother. I promised to take her back;  
her only chance for life, and I must do it."

"Well, then, if you will, I can say no more. Tie a veil  
over that nigger's face, for the devil himself would run from her."

"Oh, doctor, don't speak so roughly, you hurt her feelings;  
me," <sup>also</sup>

"She must not get wet," he said, "and with a veil over  
her a soldier might carry her in his arms on the flotilla;  
else, he would refuse to touch her."

Taking the veil from <sup>my gown</sup> ~~around my~~ hat, I tied it loosely  
over Cinthy's face.

"Drive as close to the water's edge as you can," said doctor to his <sup>coachman</sup> ~~driver~~, "so that a soldier whom I will hire can up this girl in his arms, and walk right on to the raft with

"Just then an officer came walking by us, and said:

"Hello, doctor! What's the matter?"

"This lady is a hard-headed little cousin of mine, who is t to risk the life of herself and child to keep her promise <sup>to her black</sup> ~~to her~~ <sup>marrying</sup> negro woman, the mother of this sick girl. In vain have I ded that the girl be sent to a hospital." The lady insists aking her back to Nashville <sup>she can get</sup> where someone will take her <sup>by</sup> ~~at~~ mother in Bowling Green; but I predict they'll all die on <sup>that way</sup> way. "When a woman will, she will, you may depend on 't; and she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't." As much as I pposed to this nonsense, I will have to let them go."

To a soldier, he said: <sup>(handing him some money)</sup> ~~and across the river~~

"You take this girl to the raft. She must not get wet. her in your arms until you land her in that car over the <sup>on</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>side</sup> side

The man took Cinthy up and stepped on the raft. Two r soldiers carried my trunk; the doctor carried baby; and a ier assisted me aboard. <sup>then took my baby from the Dr</sup> Every now and then the water washed the flotilla, even before the trunk and our own weight sank. <sup>Carver still</sup> little under the water.

"Push off," said a man to the two oarsmen."

As we pushed out into the river, I said:

"Goodby, doctor. I am very sorry to have provoked <sup>Christman</sup> though I must do what I believe to be my duty. "

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y. did we cross the dark water.