

203

Chapter XXXIII.

Nashville.

As we neared the middle of the river, the wind blew the oil from Cinthy's face. With an oath, the man who was carrying her exclaimed:

"What, in the name of the Lord, is the matter with thisigger? Take her, somebody, take her, for God's sake, before I drop her in the river. I wouldn't hold her another minute for a old horse."

"Hand her to me," I said, stepping to the middle of the float, and stretching out my arms; "she must not get wet."

Fortunately, she was only seventeen and very ^{Small for her age} light. The water was over our ankles, and it was all I could do to hold her.

As we stepped off from the flotilla on the other side, I fell with a crash to the ground, from sheer exhaustion.

"Poor lady," said the soldier who had refused to carry her; "I am very sorry for you, and I will take that girl ^{again} up the hill to the cars, if I die for it."

Picking her up from where she lay, unconscious, he walked ^{with her} up the steep hill. One of the soldiers carried ^{my} baby, while two ^{the} others assisted me to brush the ^{will be grand} dirt from my wet, bedraggled skirts. ^{and helped me up the hill} I thanked them as they helped us ^{but} on to the cars. Cinthy, who revived as we reached the top of the hill, said:

Poor "Miss Jupe, I've most done killed you."

204

son, no, Cinthy, I'm not sick, only tired. I'll be all
 ht soon, and you will feel better ^{now that} ~~when~~ we are on the cars.
 are going home, now. You will soon be with your father and
 her. Keep up your courage. ^{like a good girl}

~~Arriving at the cars, we climbed into them with the help~~
~~the soldiers who had come from the float.~~ It was only a con-
 uction train, going back to Nashville. There were no seats, so
 I spread a large shawl, which I always carried to throw over ^{my} baby,
 the floor; and seating myself, said to the Union soldier who
 carrying Cinthy:

"Lay her down here, please, sir, on this shawl, so her
 can rest in my lap."

In that position I sat all the way to Nashville, while
 soldiers ^{projected} ~~held~~ baby, playing with and amusing him as if they had ^{all}
 n paid to do so; but the poor little fellow, of course, wanted
 come to me.

"Stay with me, sonny," said the kind soldier who had
 ught him across the river so carefully, (he was also going to
 hville), "your poor mother has her heart and her hands already ^{two}
 1."

He succeeded in quieting the child, for which I was ex-
 dingly thankful.

"Madam," said a soldier, "I never felt so sorry for any-
 y in my life, as I do for you. We are all willing to serve
 in any way; so pray command us. When we get into the city,
 ambulance will be at the train and ^{we} will take you, your baby,

205-

se and trunk, wherever you desire to go."

"Thank you, sir; if you will take us to the St. Cloud
el. I will be very grateful. I hope to meet some one there
n Bowling Green ^{My} with whom I can send my nurse back to her mother,
case her uncle, who used to be porter there, is out of town."

Fortunately for us, when the ambulance backed up to the
el door, it was no other ^{than Cinthys} Uncle Jake, as we used to call
at home, who came down the steps to take our baggage into the
el. Cinthy was even then, I thought, a little better.

"Uncle Jake," I said, as he helped her out of the ambu-
ce, "carry her ⁱⁿ your arm into the hotel, for she is too weak
stand alone."

Turning, I thanked the soldiers for ^{their great} kindnesses. ^{again.}
~~"I will be glad to see you again, madam; but if there is anything~~
^{we} can do for you let ^{us} know it."

"Then, sir, if it is not asking too much of you, will you ^{at 8 o'clock}
kind enough to get a pass for this poor girl to Bowling Green, ^{9:10 to} in the morning,
one for me to ^{9:40 to} Columbia, ^{Demerue tomorrow after} at the same time?" ^{if you please.}

"Indeed, dear madam, you shall have the passes; I will
I General Rosecrans ^{how you have risked the life of yourself & child} what you have done today in order to take a
k negro girl home to her mother. I know that he will give you
passes, and I will bring them, myself, early in the morning."

"A thousand thanks, sir;" and bidding him goodby until
day, I went into the hotel.

We sat in the parlor until the clerk assigned our rooms. ^{Then}
le Jake carried Cinthy up the steps, saying:

^{See Jane}
"I will send for my wife, Miss Jupe, to come at once and

206

lieve you of the care of Cinthy, tonight, for you look like you
e completely worn out."

"I am," Uncle Jake; and if you will let ^{from wife} ~~the wife~~
up with Cinthy tonight, and you will take her to her mother on ^{in Bowling Green}
early train, ^{in the morning} my sister will pay you whatever you ask. ^{she has money}
~~who is here~~ ^{belonging to me}

"Why, Miss Jupe," said he, "do you think I want any pay
taking my own sister's child, who is almost dead, back to her
her? I will be only too glad to have a chance to help you
poor Cinthy. "

He carried her up stairs and placed her on ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ bed ^{in room adjoining}
~~room. To me~~

"I will need another room, adjoining this one, for myself
baby, so that you and your wife can sit here with Cinthy." ^{from girl}

"Yes, indeed, Miss Jupe, for if you don't get a little
sleep tonight, you'll be sick, yourself."

"The first thing to do is to see a doctor, who must
describe for Cinthy. Do you know of a good one near here?"

"Yes, ^{man} ~~mailed~~ the best one in town lives right here in
Hotel. "

"Please bring him to me immediately."

"I will," he said, and left the room." He soon returned
on the doctor, who, upon examining her pulse and her tongue,
asking questions of me, pronounced her case spotted fever.

"Is it contagious, doctor?"

"Not necessarily so, if proper precautions are used."

How thankful I was to hear that! Surely the dear baby
safe, for I had kept him as far from Cinthy all day, as I could

207

"Will she die tonight?"

I said in a whisper to ^{the Dr} ~~him~~

"She may not; if my medicine acts as I think it will, together with her youth, may save her."

Leaving the medicine for her to take through the night, said:

"I will call again about eleven o'clock, to see how she getting along."

"I wish you would," ~~I said~~, "for I want her to leave on e eight o'clock train in the morning, for Bowling Green, where r mother lives. If she reaches there alive, I am sure she n get well."

"I will do my best for her," said the doctor, "though I ink it highly imprudent for you to send her away in the morning."

"I am sorry about it, myself; but there is nothing else can do, under the circumstances."

He gave directions in regard to the medicine and left.

ole Jake listened attentively to all the doctor said and remarked: me:

"Now that I know just exactly what to do for her, my wife d I won't have to call on you at all through the night."

He helped me to put Cinthy in bed and went to bring his (for) Eliza Jane, was a bright mulatto girl, who lived with her ^{Uncle} master in Nashville, at the time they were married. ^{Uncle} Jake, to be ear his wife, asked my father to sell him to her master.

"I never liked the word, 'sell' applied to any of my col- red people," said ^{my grand} father; "but I will exchange you to your wife's master for an unmarried man ~~of~~ about you own age and size."

208

The exchange was satisfactorily effected, and that was
way Cinthy's uncle happened to be living in Nashville.

Everything being arranged, I handed baby to Eliza Jane,
was a fine nurse, made a hasty toilet, and took my dinner, *which a waiter had brought up to my room*
~~and then went to bed.~~

Uncle Jake
"Now, I will sit here with Cinthy while you go to ~~your~~ *your* dinner. I make preparations for the night, ~~and~~ *and* also
your trip ~~to~~ to Bowling Green with Cinthy, for you know the
in leaves at eight in the morning."

"It won't take me long to make all the arrangements,
and he will come back and sit here the rest of the night, while
go to bed. We are both good nurses; you can trust her with

"I am so glad to hear you say so, for I could not leave
at all, if you were not."

Uncle
When Jake and his wife returned to take their places by
my baby was already asleep and
thy's side, I retired. As my head dropped on the pillow, I

Id but think of a little verse I learned when quite a child:

"Oh, bed! Oh, bed, delicious bed!
What a heaven *on Earth* ~~at rest~~ to a weary head!"

Chapter XXXIV.

After Many Days.

Indeed it was a heaven to me that night, for in less than five minutes I was sound asleep. At daybreak, a knocking at the door awakened me. "It is the soldier with the passes," I thought, putting on my slippers and double gown, hurriedly, I went to the door.

"Well, madam," said the bright-faced soldier, "I have the passes for the girl to go to Columbia, and for you to go to Bowling Green." *all right.*

"Oh, dear sir, you have gotten them exactly reversed. I wanted the girl to go to Bowling Green, while I *to her mother's went* go to Columbia. Don't you remember I told you I could bring her as far as Nashville, only, because General Judah, who is commandant at Bowling Green, has issued an order that the wife of a Rebel officer *could* cannot come into the town until the war *is* over?"

"What can I do?" he said, "it is seven o'clock now, the cars leave at eight, and the Provo Marshal's office is not open until nine. Was there ever such a stupid mistake? When you spoke to me so often, too, of her mother in Bowling Green."

"If you will be kind enough to get me a hack, we may yet be able to reach the cars in time. Cinthy must positively go *to Bowling Green* this morning."

210

"Alas! Madam, on account of my stupid mistake, she cannot, as we could get no passes until nine o'clock, and the train leaves at eight."

"If you will be kind enough to find me a conveyance in which to drive to the cars, I believe I can get her off without a pass."

but still, I will go & get a hack

"No, dear madam, in times like these, you cannot." *I am Anne*

He hurried away. Eliza Jane dressed and assisted

me. I rang the bell and ordered breakfast sent up to our room.

We were all ready when the soldier announced that the hack was at the door.

Take her up in your arms, Jake, as if she were a baby, and take her down to the hack. This is her satchel, Eliza Jane, take it and follow me; I said as I passed on in front of them with baby in my arms.

On reaching the front door, there was the soldier *who had gone* sitting by the side of another soldier who had just driven an ambulance up to the hotel door.

"Get in here, madam," said he, "it is better than a hack and costs you nothing."

In a moment we were all in.

"Drive to the Provo Marshal's office," said the soldier.

"No, indeed, we have no time for that. Go as fast as you can to the Louisville and Nashville depot." *I am*

211

At the depot, hundreds of soldiers and citizens were *standing a*
 the train. The military conductor was ~~standing~~ on the plat-
 of the ~~train~~ car, looking like Mars, himself, so stern and
 was his countenance. We walked up along the side of the
 The soldier ~~was~~ *my* in front with ~~my~~ *my* in his arms, and Jake
 behind me, carrying poor Cinthy, who was moaning and groaning
 every step.

"Oh, Miss Jupe, I believe I'm gone, and I'll never see
 my and my daddy no mo'."

"Oh, yes, you will, Cinthy. Cheer up, you'll soon be *at*
 Be as quiet as you can, *horribly* for everything depends now, on
 I say to the conductor."

Getting as near to the ~~car~~ *platform* where he was standing as I
 I said:

"Sir, I want to send this poor dying girl to her mother
 Bowling Green. *By* My father and mother are Union people; my
 hers are in the Union army; my husband, alas, is in the
 army. I have not a friend or an acquaintance in this big
 world, and worst of all, I have not a dollar in the world with
 me to pay you. I have been kept on the way so long, and have
 sent backward and forward so often, by both armies, that my
 all is gone. My nurse is dying, I fear. I promised her mother
 ring or send her back to her; but there is an order which
 prohibits my return to Bowling Green, as my husband is a Rebel
 soldier. I ask nothing for the sake of the Rebels or the Federals;
 I do implore you, sir, for the sake of *for God's sake* humanity, to let this

poor dying poor Cinthy let this poor

212

girl go home to die in her mother's arms. Will you please let her go, for God's sake?"

"Madam, we are not running on that ticket, now; and besides, these Rebels down here have most too many favors to ask, considering they grant none."

"Your head is frosted for the grave, sir, and its time you were running on that ticket. *What you people are let her go?*"

"We are not doing that kind of business, madam," he replied.

~~With a sudden movement~~ I was turning away, *from him in despair* when a bright-faced soldier over in the crowd stepped forward and motioning to me, said in a very loud voice:

"Wait a moment, madam, I have something to say for you!"

"For me, sir, did you say?" *For me?*

Wondering who in that vast crowd could say a word for me--

~~who~~, who had not a friend or an acquaintance in that part of the country, and not a dollar in the world, I waited. *And I knew of them, except those I have mentioned*

"Mr. Conductor," said the man, pushing through the crowd and coming close to me, "I don't know whether this woman is a Rebel or not; but this I do know: When the Federals were dying like sheep at Murfreesboro, this very woman gave tea and soup to the Federals as well as the Rebels. This very woman,

whom I can never forget, bound up a saber cut on my head and gave me a cup of tea when I was almost ~~smashed~~ *dead - she saved my life*. After the battle of

Stone River, she dressed the wounds of the Federals as well as of the Rebels, and ministered to both, alike. Let her go. Let her send this poor negro girl home to her mother. I will pay for

it, every man in our regiment will pay for it many times over.

Let her go," getting out his money.

"Let her go!" came from a dozen ^{other} voices.

"Put up your money," said the conductor, "put up your money"; if what you say is true, she can go without it. Come back here with your dead nigger;" he said to Jake, who had turned away thinking there was no hope. "Get on the cars, quickly. We

have no time to lose. You can take her to her mother in Bowling Green, or to the end of ^{the earth as far as we go} our line; and you, too, madam, " bowing

to me, "can go on our cars without money and without price." ^{to the end of the line.}

"No, thank you, ^{good} sir, I cannot go back to Bowling Green; but I am sincerely grateful to you for helping me to keep my promise to my old black mammy, and for taking her child back to her; and to you, sir," turning to the soldier, who had spoken so nobly (

in my ^{behalf} "Words are inadequate to thank you for what you

"Not at all, dear madam," he ^{replied} "for had it not been for the assistance you gave me after the battle of Stone River, I should not now have been living, to speak for anybody. So the obligation, you see, is all on my part."

"I can never forget the service you have rendered me," said as I shook his hand; "that little ^{I gave you} cup of tea was indeed spread cast upon the waters, and has returned to me heaped up and pressed down to the very fullest measure."

On the Jake and Cinthy were on the cars; I went in to see

that she was comfortable; then shaking hands with both of them. ^{He said} "When up now Cinthy - you will soon be with him. I'll be there."

214

215

If we should never meet again

"God bless you, dear Cinthy, ~~and I shall be glad to hear from you~~ will

I could hardly believe that she would be alive when she reached destination, sixty miles away.

"I will telegraph my sister to meet you at the depot

with your father and mother."

The poor girl raised her sick head from Jake's shoulder

and said:

"Thank you, thank you, dear Miss Jupe."

The bell rang ~~and~~ I hurried out. The whistle blew.

"All aboard!" the conductor cried; and in a moment they were

gone. Cinthy was on her way back to her mother. *But I had kept my promise*

the best I could. The crowd began to scatter in every direction. The man who

had ~~been~~ *there* was still waiting, and the one *so kind*

of me, took my baby in his arms, and putting it through the crowd he helped

us in to the ambulance, saying

"Is there anything I can do for you?" *Madam?* you

said you had no money; will you allow me to give you *what you need?*

Think how much I owe you.

"Oh, no, thank you, sir; though I am greatly obliged to

you, I could not take *from my* if you will only let *the soldier* drive

me to the telegraph office, and back to the Hotel, it is all I *can, at this*

time. I will write my sister in Bowling Green, whose husband is a

colonel in the Federal army, and she will send me some *Greenback* money

greenbacks that I can use here; and in the South, I will not need

that kind, you know." *But even the less, I think you from the bottom of my heart.*

"Then, dear madam, if I can assist you no further, I

2/3-

Will bid you and your pretty baby goodby. God bless you both.

his driver will take you to the telegraph office, and then to

re: hotel. "I am sorry I can do no more for you - Goodbye."

"Where now, madam?" said the soldier driver, *of the ambulance*

"To the telegraph office, please." *if you please*

Arriving there, I sent a message to my sister, request-

is that she meet Cinthy at the train with her father & her mother, and as they that she telegraph me for her dear

the sick girl's condition on arrival.

"Sir," I said to the operator, "this is a long message;

nd although it is really a matter of life and death, I must tell

ou beforehand that I have not a dollar to pay for it;

stop will pay, ~~any longer~~, for God's sake."

Unlike the conductor, he was running on that very ticket,

He took it from my hand, and said:

"Ah, madam, you are the lady I heard of at the hotel I ast

... who had risked the life of herself and child to keep her

promise to a negro woman. I heard of you, too, from one of the

soldiers who crossed on the raft with you. Your dispatch cer-

ably' shall go; and if there is any other message you wish to

and, or, anything I can do for you, please, let me know it. I

could be happy to serve you. *He said as he helped me into the ambulance*

"You are very kind, ^{Shirley} if you will only send the answer,

When it comes, to me, at the St. Cloud hotel, I will be ~~very~~^{most} grate-

11. "To you!"

216

I thought, as we drove along: "How many good people there are in the world, notwithstanding those women of Hillville!" —
 When we reached the hotel, the soldier who had ^{found} the passes ^{missed up} was there before me, saying he had hurried back to tell me that he would have my pass changed to Columbia, so that I could go in the morning.

That was very kind, you see.

"Not at all, not at all," ~~he said~~, "for think what a world of trouble my silly mistake has put you to this morning."

"I don't know that I regret it, after all, since it has turned out so well; it helped me to find my soldier friend, and gave me a most excellent opinion of human nature in general, and men in particular."

"If you will allow me to carry your baby upstairs, *for you* ^{then} will hurry to have the pass changed, *as* I leave for Gallatin in a few hours."

At the door, he bade me goodby. On entering the room I remembered suddenly, that we had not had any breakfast. It was then nearly ten o'clock. *So moving my baby to sleep - I laid him* ~~Placing the sleeper~~ on the bed & piled the pillows around him to keep him from falling out, *with his little hands in prayer,* and kneeling down by his side, I prayed:

"Have mercy, O God, on this dear child and his *poor mother* without money, without friends, ~~without a home~~? I know not what *to do or* ~~ask~~ Undertake Thou, O Lord, for *us*. Lead and direct us according to Thy Holy will, for Christ's sake, Amen."

217

Then Starting down to breakfast, I stepped into the hall,
just as a door, opposite ^{mine} opened, and a man whom my father had saved
three times from the penitentiary, stood before me. He was a
notorious gambler, who had gotten into serious trouble on account
of his uncontrollable temper. Notwithstanding that, he was a
kind-hearted man, and never let an opportunity pass to show his
gratitude. ^{to my father} He belonged to a fine Kentucky family and had been
a near neighbor of ours, during my girlhood. Imagine my sur-
prise, then, at seeing him standing before me.

214

218

Chapter XXXV.

Doubly Answered.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Western?" he said. "I am delighted to meet you after all these years, but you look troubled and pale; are you not well?"

Mrs. — White
"Oh, yes, I am well, but I am in great trouble."

Then I told him of the illness of my nurse, and how I had been detained so long on the road, being sent backward and forward, ~~and~~ that all my money was gone; and also told him that I would greatly appreciate it if he would loan me one hundred ~~and fifty~~ dollars.

"Why, certainly, my dear friend, I will let you have any amount you want. *500 -* One hundred, indeed! — Take five hundred or a thousand, at least. It is all I have with me this morning."

"You are too kind. I want only a hundred *500 - Mrs. White* dollars. *Take me* Pay my bill here and ~~go on to~~ *Leppone* Columbia."

"I was just leaving for Louisville; and though I have an engagement there tomorrow, if I can be of any service to you, I *be most happy to* will remain over, ~~here~~."

"No, indeed; thank you — ~~for your kindness~~ — but I will not detain you; as your satchel is in your hand, I know you are in a hurry. If you will loan me one hundred dollars, my sister Mrs. *Cal* Grider, in Bowling Green, will see that it is returned to you in good time, for she has money belonging to me."

219

"Don't mention returning it to me, if you please; what do I not owe your father? You must take five hundred," he said, holding out a handful of crisp new bills. You know how easily I make money, please take *it.*

"No, no. This hundred dollar ~~bill~~ *and 50*," pulling it from the many in his hands, "is quite sufficient and is all that I will take."

"Well, then, if I cannot be of service to you by staying, I must say goodby, for I am in a hurry to catch the train." *he left.*

It is astonishing what a difference the presence of a hundred dollars in one's pocket can make in *their* feelings. As I sat *at the breakfast table*, I thought of many things that Shakespeare and others had said of *the power of money*. "But can it not do and undo?" I enjoyed

my breakfast *as I never could have done under the circumstances had I not had a pocket full of money*. But alas! my rejoicing was of short duration, for when

I had finished that delightful meal, I went into the office and asked for my bill, telling the clerk to make it out up to the next morning, as I expected to leave early. *In Columbia* He gave me the bill, re-

ceipted, including the doctor's bill, and it was double what I had supposed it would be. Making settlement, I went to the door to hire a conveyance to Columbia. On the seat of a hack in front

of the hotel, was a colored man who had driven the hack in which Mr. Western and I had *from Bowling Green to Nashville* *the dog* *if over* *main*

President James K. Polk, and was his body servant at the White House and elsewhere in his younger days. He still lived with his old mistress, Mrs. Polk, at Nashville. I beckoned him to come close to me, and said:

220

"Are you not the man who drove my husband and me from Bowling Green to this place, about a year and a half ago?"

"Yes, mistis, *of course I do* - I is the very nigger what done it; and I said to the man up thar on the hack with me, just now, "that lady in the do' looks jus' like a little bride I driv *away from me* year ago, with her husband, *who* sent for me to come up to Bowling Green with my white horses and finest turnout and drive him and his little wife down here to Nashville."

"I'm very glad to see you again, and would like you to drive me down to Columbia *to live* in the morning. *Can you do so and* What will you charge?" *me the trip*

"Well, lady, you see these is war times; and when we hires our hacks and horses *out of the city* - we ain't got no 'surance in the world that we will ever get back with them; so when we hires *some horses* we has to charge a big price, so if the soldiers does steal them, *I carnage* we won't be much wusted."

"Do you mean by that that you will charge me almost the value of the horses and carriage to take me so short a distance?"

"No, ma'am, not edzactly, being as how I driv you when you was a bride. I wouldn't charge you more'n *400* dollars to take you down to Columbia."

"Why, I think you must be trying to sell your horses and carriage to me."

"No, ma'am, I couldn't afford to let you have it that cheap, 'ceptin' you'd sign a note, sayin' if they didn't get back or if somebody stole 'em, that you would be 'sponsible for the full worth of them.; and I ain't hankerin' after the job, even then."

well that settles it - I can't go with you
 because I have not enough money to pay you
~~"I wouldn't pay such a price, even if I had the money."~~

"I'm sorry not to take you", ^{Mirth's} said the old man, "but
 there is so much stealing going on down thar, and whenever they
 sees a nice fat horse coming, they pounces on him as soon as he
 gets in sight, and they don't call it stealing, neither, they
 calls it prussin' the horse, and as me and my horses has been
 together so long, I'd hate to have 'em pressed in their old age.
 I would jest despise for the Secesh, to ^{they aint got no idea to feed them on} take my horses, even if we
 - is on their side; so I'd rather not go; but maybe you can get
 somebody else to take you."

I went back into the hotel and ^{to a room} up ~~stairs~~; then it oc-
 curred to me that I should have told the old man that if he heard
 of anyone else who would take me more cheaply, to send ^{them} him to me. ^{Just a}
 at this moment a messenger-boy came to the door with the answer
 to my telegram. It read:

"Met Cinthy, with her father and mother; found her
 much better than expected. Will write.. Your sister, Fannie U. Grider"

^{Soon after that} Another knock sounded on the door. This time it was
 one of the bell-boys with a card.

"Mada m," he said, "Mrs. Ex-President Polk is in the
 parlor and wishes to see you."

"You will have to ask her to come up here," ~~I said~~.
 "I am sorry to trouble her so, but I have just sent my nurse,
 who was very ill, back to Bowling Green." ^{They}

In a few moments, the servant ushered Mrs. Polk into

the room. She introduced herself, saying that she remembered with great affection, my father and mother, when they lived in Washington ^{city}; that they were two of her best-loved friends, and that although I was a ^{very small} child at the time, she remembered me ^{also}. "I have come here now, my dear," she continued, "to ask a great favor of you."

"A favor of me, madam?" said I, "please tell me how I can serve you, and if it is in my power, I shall be only too happy to do so."

Having always had a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, I could hardly repress a smile at the absurdity of ^{any one} asking a favor of me, who, as matters then stood, hadn't even ^{enough} money to get out of the town.

Mrs Polk Continued
"Well, you know, my child, I have a pair of the handsomest horses in Nashville, and an elegant carriage. I am constantly afraid the Federals will confiscate them. ~~Now~~ ^{now} they ^{now} have possession of the city." *you know*

"Yes, I have reason to know it, for they have been very kind to me."

"That is just it, my dear. They know your father."

No "It was not for that reason that they were kind to me. Penniless and alone I stood in a great crowd, not very long ago, ^{here} and ~~many~~ of them came to my rescue, simply for pity's sake."

"Why, my dear, what do you mean? How could your father's ^{even} daughter have stood in any crowd, penniless, or, in this part

of the country, alone? Explain! What do you mean?"

I briefly explained the situation and said:

"Now ^{brother} ~~son~~, please, Mrs. Polk, tell me what it is that I can do for you?"

"Well, ^{my dear} as I was going to say, your father's name in the Federal lines would save almost anything. I constantly fear that my ^{fair} carriage and horses will be confiscated, as it is well known that I am a Rebel. I learned from an old negro man who used to belong to us, that you were this morning trying to hire a conveyance to take you to Columbia; ^{him} but that he, to whom you applied, asked you ^{such a} high price, almost the worth of his hack, and wanted you to sign a note, besides, to be responsible for it and his horses, should they never return. He said you refused to pay any

such price, in which you were exactly right, and for which I am very glad, since it emboldens me to hope, that you will be kind enough to take my carriage and horses to Columbia, where I have a brother-in-law, ^{fine} William H. Polk. He is a staunch Union man. You could turn them over to him, and ask him to take care of them ^{for me} until the war is over. When you arrive there, keep them as long as you choose, and when you have finished with them, if you will send them to my brother-in-law I will be exceedingly obliged; and will hope, dear child, that some day I may be able to return the favor."

"Indeed, Mrs. Polk, I shall be ^{most} happy to serve you; and will do anything I can. ^{in your} If your horses are gentle, I will take them ~~soon~~; and I assure you that it will be as much of an accommodation to me, as to you." While I could not be responsible for their loss, should either ^{any} steal them, or press them

224

into service, as they call it, I promise you I will do my best to deliver them safely into the hands of your brother-in-law in Columbia, sending them to him as soon as I reach the town, so that I may feel no ~~more~~ ^{further} responsibility. *in regard to them*

"I am much obliged, my dear; and so thankful that I happened to hear of so good an opportunity to send them ~~in~~ ^{down to Columbia} brother-in-law. Now I must go home and make arrangements for you, because, as the days are so warm and long, you should get a very early start."

"I hope we can," for I should like to ~~go~~ ^{leave here} by five o'clock; *in the morning* and if that is agreeable to you, would you give orders that your ~~coachman~~ ^{driver}, with his horses and carriage, be at the door of the hotel at that time?"

"Certainly, my dear; and now I must hurry home, because I want to have some pretty cakes and nice things made for your lunch, and I must get some toys, too, for this *pretty* baby to play with on the road. The carriage will be here at five in the morning;" and kissing me ^{I my baby} she took her departure. *Please*

"Well, well," I said, aloud, ^{to myself} as I closed the door behind her; "How beautifully my prayers are being answered! 'Lord, undertake Thou for me', was all I could say this morning, when I knelt down to pray, not knowing what to ask for; and see how much better God had planned all things ^{for me} than I could possibly have ~~done for myself~~ ^{for me}."

It was necessary ^{for me} to make some purchases that afternoon, so I enquired at the office as to where I could secure a colored

girl to care for my baby in a hack, while I was shopping. I was informed that in a negro settlement on the outskirts of the town I could find any number of good girls; ^{hired a hack} so I took baby with me and drove out toward the place. Before reaching the suburb to which I had been directed, and while going through a thinly settled part of the city, I noticed a number of negro girls standing around the entrance to a large house. Directing the hackman to drive up to them, I selected a bright, pleasant looking girl, and calling her to the carriage, asked her if I could hire her as a nurse for two or three hours.

"Don't know, mistis, without axin' my maw, and she lives tother side of the town."

"Well, couldn't you come with me and take care of my baby in the ^{carriage} hack, just an hour or two, while I do some shopping?"

"Yes, ma'am, I ^{blame} I'll go any how, just for the ride."

She climbed into the hack, and we were driving away, when a man who had been watching us from the opposite corner, came running after us, calling to the driver to stop.

"Madam," said he, as he came up, panting, "do you know who that girl is, and what that building is, she just came out of?"

"No, sir."

"That building is a small-pox hospital."

as I snatched ^{my} baby from the girl's arms, and almost pushed her out of the hack. Overcome with fright, I hardly stopped to thank the man, before telling the driver to go on—and he needed no second invitation. ^{quickly} in direction to get away from that

Unl. drive

I Good Lord I said

226

Returning to

1 to the hotel, I found awaiting me, a handsomely dressed young lady, whose features were covered with a heavy veil, and whose card bore, simply, the name, "Miss Brown." ^{on reaching my room,} She drew her veil aside, and I was astonished to find that she was the daughter of a distinguished Confederate general. *whom I knew*

In the interview that followed, she informed me that she was very anxious to join her father, but had not been able to escape from Nashville. *& the man to whom she was engaged - who is 1st Lieut. & on the R.R. of other stuff*

"I want to ask you," she said, "in the name of our cause, to help me; I am told by the clerk that you have been out looking for a nurse. *and a new idea has just come into my head* I want to black myself with burnt cork, and go through the lines with you as a nurse. I know it will expose ~~me~~ *us* to some danger; but once through the lines, my father's name will make us safe anywhere." *and he may be of great service to you*

"You say go," I answered, "and I will face the danger, if you will; ~~but not for the love of the cause, as you term it, for while I sympathize with the South and love its people, I am not a disunionist.~~ *all* I will take the risk because my wish to see my husband makes me know how anxious you must be to go to *those you love* your father."

She said that she had been watched by Union detectives for some time, and that she might not be able to come without discovery; that, if she saw the effort would involve me in great danger, without benefitting her, she would stay away; otherwise, she would be with me before bed-time, ^{last night} disguised as a negro nurse. *& ready for the journey in the morning* I did not see her again, so I suppose she found herself

watched too closely to attempt to go with me.

228

Chapter XXXVI.

How To Make A Good ^{Driver} ~~Barkey~~ ~~Coachman~~

I went to bed that night, with the lightest heart I had known for many a long day. I was happy to think: "Cinthy is safe at home with her mother; ^{my dear husband} ~~dear Will~~ is waiting for us, just twenty miles on the other side of Columbia; baby and I are in perfect health, and will soon join him." With head and heart full of lovely visions, bright hopes, and the dearest gratitude to God, who seemed ^{really} to be leading me ^{safely through all my troubles} was soon in dreamland.

In the morning, ^{a very early} after breakfast, the bell-boy announced:

"A carriage is at the door for you, madam."

I rang for the porter who took my baggage down, baby and I followed, and it was exactly five o'clock that beautiful summer morning when we seated ourselves in Mrs. Polk's ^{one magnificent} ~~pleasant~~ carriage, ready to start to Columbia.

"Madam," said the driver, a tall, bright mulatto man of about thirty, "Mrs. Polk sent you a lunch here in this basket, with her compliments; and these toys; "giving me a package," she sends with her love to yo' baby. Here are two letters, which she told me to give you. One is for you and the other is for Colonel William H. Polk. "

Mrs. Polk said in her letter: *among many other kind things*
 "I put ~~a~~ a wide, long piece of new, white tape in the

227

the baby's coral rattle which I send, because ribbon would rub off on his mouth."

"How thoughtful she is to send all of these ^{us} ~~the~~ things;" ^{lovely}

"Yes, ma'am," said the driver, "she is one of the best women in the world, and all of us darkies loves her like she was our mother."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Ned."

"Well, Ned, we must ^{get} to Columbia tonight; and in the morning we will go about twenty miles farther, to a little place called Summerville."

"That is easy to do;" he replied.

"When we get to Columbia, you can take Mrs. Polk's letter up to her brother-in-law, telling him what she wants done with her horses; and also that she said you might drive us on to Summerville tomorrow, after which the horses and carriage will be returned to him."

"Yes, ma'am, she told me all about what was to be ^{done} ~~did~~."

He flourished his whip over the backs of the horses, and we were off. The carriage was a landeau, the top open, so that the

driver was right in front of ^{Baby} us, as we sat on the back seat.

^{he} as I said before, was a bright mulatto; he had a long, silky mustache, and looked far more like a Spaniard than a negro.

The good soldier who promised to change my pass, did so, ^{in time} ~~and~~ gave me a new one from General Rosecrans, to go to Columbia.

230

Early that beautiful summer morning,

As we drove through the Federal lines, Ned called my attention to ^{several} ~~things~~ ^{things} which quite surprised me, a number of naked men, bathing in the river, and others out on the bank. He seemed inclined not only to be pert, but decidedly impudent, which I determined to *nip in the bud*, if possible, ~~in time~~. So I said:

"Well, I hope none of these Federals will insult me, for if they do, I will shoot them in a minute, though it always makes me feel bad ^{by} for an hour or two, every time I have to kill anybody."

"Good Gawd, mistis!" said Ned, turning around on his seat, and looking at me in big-eyed wonder. "Can you shoot?"

"Can I shoot!" said I, with an accent on the shoot. "Well, if you think I can't shoot, look around here, and let me show you these double-barreled derringers."

I did not have even a pen knife, ^{if course} and just said that to scare the darkey, it sounded so big and dangerous. Whether there ever was such a thing as a double-barreled derringer, or not, I did not know; but ^{I thought the very name, if such a thing as} it would be a powerful persuader to induce good behavior on the part of this evidently saucy driver. It had

the desired effect, for he almost turned pale, as he said:

"No! Lord! ^{mistis!} I don't wants to see no durengers, ~~and~~ specially no double-barreled durengers. You say it makes you feel bad for er hour ^{or so}, every time you kills anybody? Why, mistis, if I was to kill anybody, I jus' knows I would die with the ha'nts; and I never would spect to sleep no mo'."

"Oh, I used to feel that way, too, at the beginning of the war; but in times like these, people become so used to killing folks, they don't seem to mind it much. You ought to see me

281

snuff a candle with my pistol, and leave it still burning."

"Great Goddle Mighty!" said Ned, "I never would have thought to look at a little pink and white woman like you is, that you would be so all-fired dangerous. Well, well! jes' to think that I'm settin' here, plum in front of a woman what's got double-barreled durgers in her pocket, and can shoot worse than a man. I'm powerful skeered; *Snuff candles with her pistol and* *but mistis* and all I ax is, that you won't forgit and shoot me."

"Oh, no danger of my shooting you, Ned." *that* "I never kill anybody as long as *they* *behaves themselves*."

"Well, you'll see, mistis, that I is gwine to behave myself as fur as I knows how; and the reason I told you to look at them naked men over thar, was jost because I thought it would cheer you up a little, and make you laugh to see somthin' *funny* *unusual* and out of the regeler way."

"Oh, that was your reason, was it? Well, now that we understand *each* ~~another~~, we won't make any more mistakes as to what is funny and what is not."

"No, mistis, I begs your pardon; and I promises I won't make nary 'nother mistake this day. All that I'm feared of is, being a strange sort of woman, you might forgit while I'm sittin' up here driving, with my back turned to you, and shoot me plum off the box before I knows it."

"Not a bit of danger, Ned, not a bit of danger. I'm one of the kindest-hearted women in the world, if people only treat me right; so you remember to whom you are talking, all the time; *remember* and also, that I got you to drive me, not to entertain me. Speak when you are spoken to, and you are all right."

if Ned had swallowed a ram rod or a bucket of starch.

After that, he could not have sat more upright than he did. He answered all questions, and was as meek as Moses. He made a few suggestions through the day, with such humility, that I almost laughed ^{out} to see the wonderful contrast between the way he started out and the way he was about to end. It reminded me ^{again} ~~here~~ of the pictures of "before and after taking."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we came to a little river which did not look to be over twenty yards wide. The road we were traveling ran right down to it, and on the other side was another good road coming up out of the water, but not ^{at all} at a point opposite the one that went into the river. In the most respectful manner, Ned said:

"Mistis, do you know anything about this river?"

"No, Ned, I do not. I never saw it before; but it is not very wide, and there is evidently a ford here, for this road goes in and the one on the other side comes out, so it must be all right."

"Maybe it is; but I wish to the Lord there was somebody around here to ax sumthin 'bout it."

"So do I, Ned, but there isn't; and as the houses all along here seem to have been burned by one army or the other, we'll have to get across the river some way. We have not seen anyone for the last two hours, so we will just have to drive right in, and find out for ourselves. It's getting late, and drizzling rain; there is no place to stay, and there is no use in talking, so plunge right ahead." *I turned to Buck & the Lord.*

"I knows we has to get across; but what I'm talking about is, I's always heard the white folks say, its mighty dangerous to tackle water what you don't know nothing about, specially with horses that ~~are not~~ ^{aint} over gentle."

"You're right, Ned; it is a bad combination, wild horses and strange water; but as bad as it is, it is all we can do. There is nothing left but to try it, so go ahead. Columbia is not far from the other side. Wait a minute though, before you start. Give me the reins, and you get out, and walk all around the horses and see that the buckles and the harness ^{is} all right."

He did so, and said, as he came to the left of one of the horses:

"I wish to Gawd this lef' trace was as good and new as the tother one; but still I spect it will hold."

So saying, he got back on the seat of the carriage.

"Now, mistis, if you say try it, I'm ready to start; but I don't like the looks of that road on tother side, not being opposite to the one on this side; ^{look natural and it don't} it don't ^a cur out in the right

Place. I'm ready to start, but I want to ax you one question before I gets into that water."

"All right, what is it?"

"Well, its this: Don't you think you is ^a powerful risky woman?"

"Yes. Ned, I know I am; but in this case I don't see what else we can do, so let us put our trust in God, and drive right ahead."

"All right, mistis, here I goes; and as you says, may

234

the Lord have mercy on us--'specially on you and that poor baby, cause I can swim; but if the wust comes to wust, maybe I can save you and him, too."

"If anything should happen, Ned, which I hardly expect, you save him first, and then me, if you can, though I think I can save myself."

We were hardly two yards from the bank, when the carriage and horses dropped about ~~three~~ ^{two} feet. I stood up with the baby. The horses were rearing and plunging at a fearful rate. They soon stopped, as their feet were barely on the ground, and the water was up to their necks.

"Give me the reins, Ned, and jump out quickly--you say you can swim. We have fallen into a hole. ^{I thought I heard something snap or break} Walk around, or swim ^{the carriage} around, if you have to, and see if in our fall we have broken anything. While I hold the horses, you examine the gear and harness. ^{carefully} ^{Handed me the reins} I got out at once and did as he was told to do. I held baby between my arms, which pressed him even more tightly to my heart ~~than my hands would have done~~, leaving my hands comparatively free to hold the reins. Ned obeyed me instantly, thinking, I suppose, of the double-barreled derringers.

"What about the harness, ~~is~~, is it all right?"

"No, ma'am, it ain't. Jest as I expected, this here left trace is done broke squar in two; and we is in a fix, sho' nough; ^I I ain't got no string of no sort to mend it with, not even a shoestring."

"I have, " ^{long} ~~I~~ said, "the wide ^{long} piece of tape in the

baby's rattle is the very thing, thanks to Mrs. Polk's consideration for ~~the~~ *the child*.

Holding the reins for an instant in one hand, I took the tape and the rattle from around the ~~horse's~~ *babys* neck, and threw it out to Ned. As he caught it, I said:

"Put the rattle in your pocket, and use the tape to mend the broken trace. It is long enough to double up twice."

"Well, if this ain't the luckiest thing and the luckiest string, what I have ~~ever~~ *even* struck. Its powerful good and strong, and I can soon fix the trace, for I am standing on a rock. It's the carriage and you all what's in the hole."

He took out his knife, ~~and~~ *cut the string &* put the rattle in his pocket, and stooping down a little, he found and mended the broken trace.

"That's all right," said he; "but how long its gwine to hold, is the question."

"Now, Ned, listen to what I am going to tell you. Get down off that rock, put your feet on a level with the horses, swim, if you have to, or walk, if you can, to their heads. They are quiet now, and I can hold them without any trouble; so go to their heads, *I walk* along before them, *if you can,* backward and forward, the width of this carriage, or even a wider space, clear to the road on the other side, so as to see if we can drive out at all. If you can talk it, of course we can; if the water ~~is~~ *through* so deep that you cannot touch bottom with your feet, and have to swim, we won't try to go any farther. Then you swim back to the shore, and I can stand up on the seat of the carriage, and from here I can throw you my dear baby; ~~don't you let him drop there?~~ if I have to throw him. *To you*

238

You must catch him in your arms, certain, for if you let him drop into the water, I will shoot you, sure."

"Good Lord, mistis! I tell you then, what I had better do. If I have to swim and all that, what you said, and can't tech the bottom nowhar, why then the safest thing to do ^{for me} is to swim up to the carriage and get that child and swim to the bank with him; and not trust to no throwing, cause a woman can't throw worth a cent. ^{if you thro him} You is jest as likely to land the baby on tother side of the river as in my arms. ^{on this side} I'd get shot, sure; and then, in the name of Gawd, what would you do out thar in the middle of the river, with ^{two wild} ~~the~~ horses stuck in a hole?"

"You are right, Ned, your idea is much the better; and then I think I could jump from the back of the carriage to you. However, do what I tell you, first; and perhaps we can drive out all right. I thought as a matter of course, when you saw the road on the other side was not oposite this one, that you would take a slanting course down the river, so as to come out into ^{that side}. I did not tell you to do so, because I thought you would think of it, yourself."

"Think of it myself! Why, mistis, I thought you had done lived with niggers long enough to know that they don't do no thinkin' when white folks is around. Old Foster always said, 'Niggers ain't got no business thinkin'', all they's got to do is to do what the white folks tells 'em'. Besides,"—he said with a slight return of his morning tone, "you sees now, what you ought to have told me at the fust; folks hindsights is always better than

237

their foresights."

"That's a fact, Ned. I should have told you to take a slanting course to where that road over yonder comes out; as I did not, it is all my fault, not yours. I am not complaining of you at all. We may make it all right, yet. Walk as I tell you, if you can, and if you cannot walk, swim in front of the horses backward and forward to the other bank; not straight across, mind you, for we must slant down stream so as to strike that road over there where it comes out. Do you understand, now?"

"Yessum, I think I does." So he began plunging in front of the horses, the water there being very deep. Finally, he was swimming.

"That won't do, at all, Ned; come back this way. We must make a sharp turn to the left, here. I tell you we must slant our course; ^{over to that road} for don't you see that straight across as you are going, it is swimming deep?"

^{turning as I told him to the left} He came back and immediately struck shallower water; his feet could now touch the bottom.

"That's right, ^{just} keep on in a slant to the road where it comes out over ^{yonder} there." He did so, exclaiming:

"Well, bless my soul! It ain't deep, at all, along here."

And in truth it was becoming less so at every step, until he walked out on the opposite side, ^{exclaiming!}

^{And} "Well, 'fore the Lord! We did make a mess of it! If you had er told me to slant down the river to this road at fust, it wouldn't have much do' than cum up to the bottom of the carriage."

"It's done foun' the ford now, so it ain't no use talkin' 'bout whose fault it was that we floundered in a hole." With that he walked backward and forward several times, from bank to bank, and over again to where we were to go out."

"Now I know jest edzactly how to go ~~up~~," and so saying, he started to get up on to his seat.

"No, Ned, ^{don't get up there yet} it is best for you to take the horses by the ^{bits} ~~mouth~~, and turn them as sharply as you can, up the stream; for the water is fearfully deep right in front of ~~there~~ ^{there}."

He did exactly as I told him, thanks to his firm belief ^{that I was a very dangerous woman} ~~that I had the double-barreled derringers~~. He took the horses by their bits and with a strong jerk and pull, and a "hup, hup," they came up on the high ground with a thud, as we pulled out of the hole.

"At last, we is out of that dam hole—Oh, mistis!—don't shoot! I didn't mean to say dam; I jest meant to tell the horses as they was dun out of that deep place, ⁺ that they might as well cum along, while I leads 'em across the river in the smooth, shallow road I done found for them to walk in. I hope, mistis, you'll forgive me for sayin' that bad word 'fore you."

^{Now} ~~That's~~ All right, Ned. Lead the horses on, ^{when you are at their heads} as you know the way so well. It makes them feel safer than if you were driving."

^{of the river} In a short time we were out on the other shore.

Chapter XXXV.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

We drove up a little hill from the bank. The rain which had been falling, being only a summer shower, had stopped. *As* we alighted from the carriage under the wide-spreading branches of a grand old tree. I sat down on a rock with baby in my lap, saying:

"Another time my blessed baby boy is saved from a watery grave. Into how many dangerous places have I had to take you, *my little* risking your life and mine!"

"Dad, dad," he said, smiling up into my face, as he clasped his tiny hands down on his wet clothes. *Though you may not mean it sweet child - Dad seems to be the one idea in your head. I don't like he*

"Yes, *my* baby, for your dad's sake, I have risked your little life too many times; and I hope I may never have to do so again."

The big, handsome horses, that had behaved so well in the water, after the first few heavy plunges, had given themselves *deep* many a hearty shake *on the shore*, making the harness fairly ring on their wet backs, as they shook the water from their glossy coats. They looked clean and cool and were contentedly champing their bits, as if they had really enjoyed their bath, notwithstanding they had not been consulted as to when and where it should be taken. The air was soft and balmy; the horses ready for another pull; the

240

driver in a jolly good humor, about how he found the ford, after all. I was happy and thankful as I sat ^{there} on a rock, with my ^{baby} in my ^{lap}, listening to his ^{pretty} rattle--all of which I understood, though his little words could neither be written nor spelled. No music is half as sweet to a mother's ear as the wordless talk of her child.

Ned had gotten the carriage dry in the meantime. He turned the seats over, and in the box found another little rug to spread under our feet. So I said:

"Now, Ned, as you have wiled off the carriage so nice and dry, we had better start on. ^{hadn't you better take up that coat & I am sorry that you are so wet.}" ^{using the}

^{over there by that big} "While you were ~~at~~ ^{by} the tree, mistis," he said, "I got down and wrung the water out of my coat and vest; and I will spread them out here on this other seat where they will soon get dry as we drives along; ^{my shirt} and as for the clothes that is next to me, it won't take them long to get smokin' hot again, 'cause this is summer-time, down south, you know, and there's nothin' a nigger does love so well as to get soppin' wet in weather like this." Some

folks is powerful good and ^{careful} careful with their niggers; like you is; and then, ergin, you sometimes runs across a snag and strikes ~~the~~ real mean ^{white folks}.

"Yes, Ned, there are good and bad people everywhere."

"Specially in the Yankee towns is the white folks the meanest to niggers;" he said.

"Oh, no, that is a mistake. The Yankees, as you call them, are mighty good to the colored people; in fact, we Southern-

241

ers think they are a little too good, sometimes, when they come down here and persuade our darkies to leave us, and take them up North and set them free."

"Well, who axed them to be so smart? We niggers don't wants to be free, what's got a good master and mistis to work for us all the time, to pay our doctor's bills and buy us all our clothes and everything. I'd like to know what we wants to be free fur. Besides, the darkies here don't think nothin' at all of poor free niggers. We calls 'em not much better than po' white trash; and you know they's the last of pea-time. Old mistis says the Northern people is the meanest people in the whole world to po' niggers. She done told us all about a great, big book what somebody writ, that made most everybody cry. Didn't you hear about it?"

"I don't know that I did, Hed; what was the name of that book? Do you remember?"

"Yessum, I thinks I does;" putting his hands up to his head; "I thinks it was Uncle Thomas Cabin."

"Oh, yes, Uncle Tom's Cabin; I know now what you mean. I have read that book. It is good in some respects; and not so good in others."

"Well, old miss said that overseer what the book tells about, named Mr. Legree, who used to beat all the niggers to death, Pitty nigh, and mos' killed Uncle Thomas--"

"Uncle Tom, yes."

"Well, old miss said, as how that he cown from way up North at the very jumpin'-off place; I think it was called

-Nastychusits, whar he was born and raised. Well, she said when he
 cum down south to take charge of all the darkies on a great big
 plantation, it made such a blum fool of him, *he got so struck up and* he mighty *soon* got
 above hisself, and was entirely too big for his breeches, in no time
 at all; and then he commenced a outtin' and a slashin' and a beatin'
 on the niggers. She said no Southern man would ever have did
 like he done; and she said when good Mr. St. Clair, what the book
 tells about, too, fetched a Yankee school teacher down thar to keep
 house for them, that she was a pettin' a nasty, sore-eyed yaller
 poodle dog all the time; but that she would turn up her ugly red
 nose every time a po' little nig ger named Topsy, cum in a mile of
 her, like the po' child was pisen, and like she didn't had no *eye* *come*
~~right~~ to live, even; while all the time she was a pettin.' up
 and a feedin' up, that nasty yaller *dog*, and old miss told us how
 poor Mr. St. Clair used to beg that old Yankee housekeeper, named
 Miss Pheby or *A*pheby, I done forgot now which was the name; but
 Mr. St. Clair, he was a Southern gentleman, you know, and of course
 was kind and had lots of feelin' for the niggers, he was born and
 raised with; so every day, old Miss said, he used to ax that mean
 woman to have a little pity and a little mercy on po' Topsy; and
 he told her if she would try to teach the po' little nigger sumthin',
 instead of wastin' all her time on that yaller dog, it would be
 better for her and Topsy, too; but, old Miss said, it wasn't no
 use sayin' nothin' at all to her--she cum from the wrong place,
 to start with; so she jes' kep' on with her meanness; and I

hears a heap of folks say that Yankees what cum from way up North
ain't got no heart in 'em. I knows its so, too; for old Miss
says,--and she wouldn't lie for nobody--that what little heart
they did have, *tho so cold up there.* froze long ago. That's the reason why I's so
powerful glad to drive you down here, and get out of the reach of
all them Yankee soldiers what's got Nashville. I tell you, mistis,
I am a Secesh nigger, and I don't want nothin' to do with the Yan-
kees."

I let him talk for a long time, because I wanted to hear
all of his ideas on the subject.

"Well, Ned, " I said, "I see you are quite set in your
notions about the Yankees; but, as I told you before, it is with
them up there, just exactly as it is with us down here; they have
lots of good people and lots of bad people in their midst, and so
have we; there are good and bad in every country, both North and
South. There are thousands of people in the Union army, though,
who are not Yankees, at all; for instance, my own brother is a
lieutenant in the Federal army, my sister's husband is a colonel
in the Federal army, and my dear father is a strong Union man.
They are all Southern people, born and raised in Kentucky and Vir-
ginia; and the reason they stick to the Union and are in the Un-
ion army, mind you, is because they love the South, and they don't
want to see all of her brave men killed. They surely will be if
they keep up this fight and this miserable idea of secession; for
the Northern army has a hundred men to our one. They have all
the ships, all the guns, all the money and everything else. Our
poor men are fighting against the mightiest odds that ever were."

heard of. It is like a giant struggling with a gnat; we have no chance at all, and death and destruction are bound to be the end of it. ^{Y m m} A few ambitious leaders are ~~are~~ ^{how} carrying our men right into the cannon's mouth. They are all food for powder, and nothing else."

"Look here, Mistis, I don't quite catch on to all you is sayin' and it appears to me like you is talkin' more to your own self, than you is to me, anyhow; an' fo' the Lord, Mistis, I bedogged if -- Oh, Lord! I meant, I ^{I mean} begin to think you ain't ^{quite} right your own self."

"Why, what do you mean by that? 'Ain't ^{quite} right; how am I not right?"

"Well, you must scuse me, but I thinks if your father and mother is for the Union, strong; and your two brothers is in the war on that side, it ain't no use talkin' ^{them side}, for you surely is one ^{of} ~~of~~ your own self; I means, wasn't you born way up yonder, ^{Some where} too, and ain't you a Yankee your own self?"

"No, indeed, Ned, I told you I was born in Kentucky; and I have lived there and in Memphis, Tennessee, all my life; so how could I be a Yankee? You know, too, that my husband is in the Rebel army; then how could I be a Yankee?"

"Well, that's so; you ain't got the name of it, for you didn't cum from the wrong place, like the Yankees did; but you ain't no Secesh, sho'. I done said that to myself, three or four times today."

245-

"No, Ned, I am not a secessionist. Though a Southern woman, I am opposed to secession. But don't let us talk about the war any more; it is a very distressing subject to me. My part is with whichever army is getting the worst of it. To belong to one side, would be treason to the other; so all I can say is that, with my heart and soul, I pray that this cruel war may soon be over; that we may ^{soon have} peace, glorious peace, and yet--a Union, still. 'United we stand, divided we are sure to fall.' - *Burke* Ned if Secession succeeds - it will be the ever-lasting ruin of the dear old South. But if she will loose all she wants to keep - she will pull down all she wants to build up and will eventually what the knife that will cut her own throat - I am too much of a Southerner & love the South entirely too well, to be in favor of Secession.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Self-Esteem.

My soul was full of gratitude to a merciful God for bringing us up safely from the deep waters. *one more time*

"Ned, I'm so happy and thankful that we are all safely out of that water. You ought to thank God, too, for saving us. Have you done so?"

"No, Mistis, I hasn't. You's done been callin' on Him so many times today, the Lord won't surely go back on you; you done thanked Him fifty times since we got out of that dam--I mean that damp hole over yonder. You is as good as prayin' most all the time."

"Yes, Ned, when I remember all of the dark, deep and dangerous places that we have passed through, *safely* I feel that my life should be one continuous song of praise and thanksgiving."

In a very short time we reached Columbia, and drove through the streets in great style. I laughed, when I thought of the difference between this arrival with our grand carriage and horses, and the one we made a short time before with old Rex, his blind mule and his gable-end bay mare. This fine turnout, *to town* with its *driver*, evidently made a *very* impression. I could but smile at Ned's pride in himself and his horses.

Turning a corner, we were at the house of *my* cousin Frank. *Emma* Dick and Emma were leaning on the gate; Emma said: *running out to meet us,*

- Will Miss Inge - you all is gone -

"We've been looking for you, ~~where~~, ever since you left, four days ago. Me and Dick has been coming regular down here, to the front gate to watch, for we thought it wouldn't take you more than three days anyhow, to go and get back again. But where is Cinthy?"

"She became so very ill, ^{Emma} I had to send her home. I will tell you all about it tonight. ^{to her mother} Ned, let me introduce you to Dick and Emma."

"Howdy do, Mr. Dick and Miss Emma;" said Ned, as he sat proudly on his carriage seat.

"Emma," ~~I said~~, "Ned is a splendid driver, and we would have drowned in a river not far from here, had it not been for him. He found a ford which we missed at first." ^{I drove over full night}

These complimentary remarks added a good deal to the pride and pleasure Ned was already feeling. Emma took ^{my} baby and whispered that she had two more letters in the house for me.

"Dick couldn't you direct Ned exactly how to go to the house of Colonel William H. Polk? He wants to take the carriage and horses there, to remain until the war is over."

Taking from my pocket the letter for Colonel Polk, I said:

"After you help Ned take the trunk and satchel into the house, you had better get up there ^{if the carriage} on the seat and go with him; so you can show him exactly where Colonel Polk lives. That will be better than telling him."

"Yes," said Ned, "if you please, Mr. Dick, cause I haven't got much sense 'bout following no directions; but, thank

248

the Lord, they ain't no suck-holes in the street, like there was over yonder in the river."

"Tell Dick, Ned, as you drive along, all about the suck-holes we got in ~~back in the river~~ ^{to the river}, and give this letter to Colonel Polk; it tells all about everything--how the carriage and horses are his until after the war is over." *He*

"I hope I am his, too," said Ned, "while the war is goin' on, cause I likes it down here; and I's powerful afraid of the Yankee soldiers. I'm a Secesh nigger, myself."

"And so is I," said Dick, "thaw and thaw." *7. the back bone*

"Old Miss said I was to drive you on about twenty-five miles farther, didn't she?"

"Yes, she did; but you go to Colonel Polk's with the carriage and horses *you tonight* ~~now~~ I can ~~be~~ ^{be} tell for an hour or two, (thinking of the two letters Emma said she had for me) just what time I will be ready to start, in the morning; so after you attend to your horses and get your own supper, come back over here. *tonight*. Dick and Emma, I am sure, will be glad to see you, and to become better acquainted with you, as Mrs. Polk wishes you to remain here for the present."

powerful
"Oh, does she?" said Ned, "well, I'm glad of it, I could clap my hands for joy; this town strikes me just right, somehow or other. Nashville's done got too hot for me, with all them blue coats round there."

"Now you're talkin';" said Dick, "I see, brother Ned,

that your head is level."

I ask him when they like each other always. I say I'm brother & in
As we turned from the gate to go into the house, Emma looked back at the carriage *where Ned & Dick were standing* & said "Them is about two of the worst stuck-up niggers I ever *saw* ~~ever~~ saw. I always tells Miss Ellen that nobody can't help thinking a heap of Dick, 'cause Dick thinks *so much of his own self* ~~man of himself~~."

"Well, that's right, Emma. People are apt to think of us just about as we think of ourselves; in other words, we are all taken at our own estimate. I like to see a *man* ~~person~~ have a good opinion of himself, then try to live up to it. It is a great thing ~~for a person to think well of himself~~ *one of* it keeps him back from all sorts of wrong doing. *in the world is to see* The saddest sight is ~~a~~ poor soul, man or woman, who has lost self-respect. You really can expect nothing good of such a person. So you must not think less of Dick for being *stuck-up*, as you say." *it's a mighty good sight*

"I don't, Miss Juke; I say he thinks so powerful much of hisself, I can't help thinkin' lots of him, too."

"That is exactly as it should be;" I said, walking up the front steps into the rose-covered veranda.

"Well, here we are, Emma, guests of yours and Dick's until tomorrow morning, at least." *again* *With my satchel she followed me to my room*

"I am glad, Miss Juke, and I wish you could stay longer; but I know you can't, for the old man that gave Dick the two letters *yesterday* for you, told him in confidence that Marse Will was not fifteen miles away, and had sent him up here in a spring wagon with a top to it, after you and the baby. He said he was coming back early in the morning for you." *and that you must be ready to go at once* *When Emma came on, you remember*

me - has any one ^{really} come up here for me from my husband? ^{Yes many - the old man I was telling you about has come - He says Marse Will sent him}
 "Oh, did he? Bring me the two letters, ^{quick} I am ^{so} anxious to read them."

She returned in a few moments with them - "Blessed letters!" I said, pressing them to my lips and to baby's, also. "Kiss, sweet baby, the words your dear father has written. Now, take Willie, ^{for a little while Emma's} ~~and~~ I see what his papa has to say. I hardly know which to open first, so eager am I to know the contents of both."

Mr. Western had received my letter telling him that I was thus far on the way; but did not know that I had been compelled to return to Franklin, and knew nothing of Cinthy's illness; yet the man he had sent for me had arrived just at the right time. ^{When I was a young lady to go to him}

"It seems to me that ^{the hand of God has been leading me} all the time, in a most miraculous manner; and now, though I have passed through trials and tribulations enough to have turned my hair gray, I am back after an absence of only four days; and ^{very} ~~find a~~ ^{come} ~~all~~ ^{ready to go} in the morning with the old white man." ^{To my husband} ~~Thank God~~

"I am so glad for you, dear Miss Jue; and tomorrow, I will have an early breakfast, so that you will be ready when the man comes with his wagon. I will put you up a nice lunch, and I am going to bake Marse Will two fine, big cakes, if it takes me all night to do it. I want to send him a jar of my mango pickles, and two jars of citron preserves, he likes them so well, you know."

Emma "How good you are! I thank you most sincerely for your thoughtfulness. ^{Kindness to him} What joy to think that by this time tomorrow, if nothing happens, -- I always have to put that in, these days -- I will be with my husband!" ^{Give me back my baby!}

257

"I reckon nothing surely won't happen to you, this time, on the straight, broad turnpike, with that ^{ugly} old white man.

I must run, now and ^{bring in the} ~~for~~ supper. I have some lovely light rolls that are just baked, and plenty of ice for your sweet milk. I

remember, you see, how you love the goblet filled nearly full of ice, before the milk is poured in. ^{I have a cake of mine just} ~~I have a cake of mine just~~ ^{boiled today;} ~~boiled today;~~ would you want any other kind of treat?"

"No, indeed, ~~no~~, a roll and a glass of milk ^{would have been} ~~that I want for supper.~~ ^{enough for one.}

"I'll ^{make} ~~make~~ you some tea, and slice the ham thin; then we always have cake and preserves of some kind." — ^{very soon after}

She said "supper is ready, Miss June." ^{Let me keep the baby} ~~front of baby.~~ ^{I went down to the dining-room.}

"You have a spread here fit for a queen, Emma."

"Well, you know, ~~with June~~, we Southern folks likes to do our level best for our kinfolks when they comes."

"Yes, I know, the hospitality of the Southern people is world-renowned, and can never be surpassed anywhere or by anybody", ^{in the world.}

"I have been thinking, Miss June, about what you said about the hand of God leading you all the time. Do you believe that?"

"Yes, indeed I do, ~~Emma~~."

"Well, then, Miss Ellen and Marse Frank tells us darkies that God is all-powerful; that there ain't nothin' He can't do."

25-2

"That is so, Emma; with Him all things are possible."

"That's the very thing I wants to ask you about. If

He is so good and ^{all} powerful, how comes He to let ^{good} a woman like you is get into all kinds of trouble, like He has done made you go through the last few weeks? You most got drowned twice, with your baby in your arms; you stuck in a suck-hole once; then bad people in that mean little town of Millville tried to kill you all and burn you up alive; then that old constable would have put you in jail, if you hadn't talked ⁱⁿ a blue streak to him, and made him so ashamed of himself, that he most hid his face in his hands until he got out of the house; and dozens and dozens of other tight places you-all got into; and here you sets talking about the hand of God leading you all the time. I would just like to know ~~what~~ abouts He was, when you was getting into all of them bad scrapes; instead of leading you, I think His hand was powerful fur from yours, just 'bout them times. What's the reason He couldn't just let you go in peace to Marse Will, at the very start, instead of sending you to the bottom of the river one time, and down in the suck-hole at another? I am a nigger, Miss Jure; but, nigger as I am, I don't wants no such leading in mine."

well, "You see, Emma, if God had allowed me at the very start to go right on to my husband without any trouble, I might not have thought of Him at all. I might have gotten along so well that I would have concluded, perhaps, that I was sufficient unto myself, and had no need of Him; but now I know, for He has made me feel, that I can of myself do nothing; and I know, besides, ~~that~~ that but for the goodness of God and His love for us,

25-3

baby and I would have perished in any one of the places you speak of, and perhaps been sleeping in the bottom of ^{Drick} the river tonight; but now, since He has brought us safely out of all our troubles, I shall never cease to thank Him, to trust Him and to pray that He will guide and direct us in the future, as He has done in the past. Every night and morning do I ask Him to choose all my changes in life, and to lead and direct me according to His holy will."

"Yes, I know, ^{you do} ~~this~~, but it looks to me like if God cares anything about you, He has got an all-fired poor way of showing it."

"God's ways are not our ways; ^{Emma} we do not understand now, why He does this or that; but after awhile, it will be plain to us. We see through a glass, darkly, now, the bible says. The shuttle which is weaving all our fates, flies back and forth, making the beautiful cloth; the weaver sees the clear pattern on the right side, we see it only on the wrong. So it appears to ^{be} is a heterogeneous mass of threads and colors, with no shape and no design. Let us wait patiently, though, dear Emma, until the great weaver's work is done. When the loom stops, and the cloth is removed, then, and not till then, will the right side appear; and what we now view only as a tangled mass, will stand out before us, a complete and beautiful pattern. Then we will see that every thread, every color, even the dark ^{est} shades, were absolutely needed to bring out the clear and perfect design of the great weaver. That seems to us useless and unnecessary pain, or even heart-breaking sorrow, is required, perhaps, to make the perfect pattern of our

lives. There is a great deal, ~~more~~, that we cannot understand; but, as my dear father used to tell us in regard to things that seemed strange and hard to comprehend; 'March on, and do your best, with an honest heart and a childlike faith; then God will do the rest'."

"Yes, ma'am," said Emma, with a sigh; "maybe you are right, but I don't understand it at all." and it seems to me God ought to have a better way to show his love for people in this world - that is, if he's got any for them.

Take care Emma - we are not to judge - we can only trust and wait on the Lord. Some day, we will know and understand it all.

255

38 39

Chapter XXXVIII.

At Last.

After supper I went up to my room, Emma following with my baby in her arms.

"Oh, Emma!" called Dick from the hall below; "Tell Miss Jupe that Ned is here; if she wants to see him."

"All right, I'll be down in a minute."

I found Dick and Ned waiting on the back porch. I told Ned that I was greatly obliged to Mrs. Polk and to him for all their kindness; and that I would write to her to that effect; but that, as *my husband* ~~Mr. Western~~ was only fifteen miles away, and had sent a conveyance for me, I would not need him *& his carriage* to take me the twenty miles in the country, as was first proposed.

"We will start early in the morning, so I will say goodnight, Ned." *to you* Emma, I will see you and Dick tomorrow. *So good night to you too*

Soon after retiring, I was soundly asleep, and knew no more until the rattle of dishes at my door proclaimed *that my breakfast was ready* ~~that my breakfast was ready~~ *and took to the wagon* ~~and took to the wagon~~

At the gate. Dick and Ned were both on hand, and took the satchels.

Emma brought the baby, and handed him to me when I was seated in the wagon, ~~the~~ the old white man had been waiting over a quarter of an hour. *he said.*

"Here is your lunch, Miss Jupe, and the cakes I baked for Marse Will; and here is a big bouquet I cut for you to take to him."

"Oh, thank you, Emma; you are, beyond a doubt, the kindest and most considerate woman I ever knew." *one of black & white*

257

"It was me that told her to be sure and send a bouquet to Harse Will," said Dick, "for I remembered how he used to love flowers."

Then "I thank you, too, Dick, for the flowers. You are both as good as gold; and as for Ned, if it had not been for him, we might have been out yonder in that suck-hole in the river, yet. Oh, it is so nice to meet such good people as you all are; and as long as I live I shall love and remember you." *all*

The old man, standing on the pavement with his whip in his hand, said:

"I suppose you understand *every thing* all, do you, madam?"

He would not have dared to allude to the letters he had brought me, nor would he have mentioned my Rebel husband's *name* for the world, in the presence of a strange darkey *1*

oh "Yes, ~~madam~~ *1* I said, "I understand, *tail* and am so glad you have come for me."

Ned leaned over toward me, with the air of a city beau, and said in a low tone:

"This is a po' turnout, after driving with me behind my dashing *steeds*."

Darkeys always spoke of their master's possessions as their own, and really enjoyed them as if they were.

"Yes, indeed, Ned, your carriage and horses are the prettiest I ever saw, and you certainly are one of the very best drivers in the state."

He bowed, saying:

257

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Juke," having caught from Dick and Emma the way they addressed me.

"I would be satisfied, though, Ned, to go in a pumpkin shell drawn by mice, like Cinderella; just so they took me to my husband."

Dick was still holding the bouquet, which he took from Emma, as she started to give it to me. He wrapped a damp newspaper around it, and as he handed it to me, said with an elaborate bow:

"To Marse William, with the compliments of Dick and Emma!"

"Thank you, Dick; he will enjoy these beautiful flowers. *So much because you & Emma sent them*
Goodby, once more, for we must go;" ~~and then, with each~~
of them, I said to the driver:

"Now, sir, we are ready."

The old man cracked his whip loudly over the horses' heads, and we were off. Just before turning the first corner, I looked back and waved my handkerchief in farewell to my three ~~good~~ *colored* friends at the gate. I knew that Dick and Emma would adopt the colored "gentleman" from the big city of Nashville, and show him off to the village darkies with the greatest pride.

It was a fresh, ~~sunny~~ *summer* morning, and the dew on the honeysuckles, as we drove through the pretty town, filled the air with fragrance; the sweet brier rose, too, as it tangled over the many arbors in the gardens we passed, wafted its perfume to us as we drove along. ~~Emma~~ *was right* ~~nothing happened~~ *to us* on the broad, straight turnpike, to hinder our progress.

258

Long before noon, when we were within about one hundred yards of the country house to which we were going, I saw my dear husband running down the hill to meet us. Arriving at the wagon,

he cried to the driver: "Stop! stop!" and jumping into ~~the~~ ^{Baby & me} without waiting to be obeyed, he clasped ~~us~~ ^{I almost smothered us with} in his arms. ^{hisses.}

We were soon at the house. Getting out, he said:

"How thankful I am ~~for this hour~~ ^{that you are safely here} I had almost despaired of ever seeing my dear wife, again, and now here she is with our beautiful baby boy." ^{He took baby, saying:}

"Let papa see this pretty boy, and hold him in his own ^{strong} arms. Why, what a handsome little fellow this is! ^{me -} and he gazed lovingly into the baby face, staring back with ^{at him big} ~~round~~-eyed wonder. The child turned to me with an inquiring look, as if to say: "What does all this mean?" While his father scanned with interest every feature of the little face, and stroked ^{with loving hand his pretty curling} hair, kissing and petting him. ^{again & again.}

"Dear Jupe, I am overcome with the happiness of this hour; but my boy evidently does not understand ^{all} this; and the ^{embrace} ~~embrace~~ of his big soldier-father quite frighten him. See how he leans as far away from me as he can, and looks at me as solemnly as a little owl, then turns to you for an explanation."

"Yes, Will, you frighten him."

Going closer, I threw my arms around my husband's neck and kissed him, then kissed baby, ~~then~~ turned again to his father

as I smoothed his long beard, caressingly. That seemed sufficient, as an introduction. The child leaned up to him, patted him lovingly, but hesitatingly, on the face, tangled ^{his} tiny hands in ^{his} father's long beard, and in every way seemed to say: "I know you now, myself." Finally, he held up ^{his} little rose-bud mouth to be kissed.

A.R. That's all right. Since you give me that willing ^{now} kiss, papa and his boy are friends. He agrees to love me as well as his mother. God bless ^{his} little ^{Saul}.
Going in to the house I said "Sit down, Will, and let us talk, for I have many things to tell you. Give me the baby."

"No, Jupe, I feel that I can never let either of you out of my arms again."

So rapidly did baby take to his father that, after a few days, he would not even come to me from him; and screamed and kicked, much to his father's delight, when compelled to leave him.

The first thing every morning was a romp; and ^{for hours} ~~all day long~~ would he ^{he} walk with baby under the shade of the grand old trees in the ^{of this country house} yard, showing him the birds and flowers, talking to him, and explaining everything, as if the child ~~were ten or eleven years old~~. ^{could understand him.}

Sitting down on a rustic seat, one evening, Will said:

"Baby is getting sleepy, now; so close your eyes and papa will let you take a nap out here under the trees."

I ran into the house and brought a pillow and ^{comfort} ~~pill~~ which I spread on the soft bluegrass.

"Put him down here, Will; and we will sit on this seat beside him and watch him while he sleeps."

"What is it Byron says about 'Few--none, such true joy are

260

reaping, as those who gaze on one they love while sleeping." Is that the way it goes?"

"I don't remember the quotation, still, that's near enough, I'm sure; it is a great joy to watch over one you love, while sleeping."

He laid the baby ^{down} on the pillow; and we sat talking in subdued tones, about the child. He smiled in his sleep.

"Look at him," said Will, "can it be possible the little rascal is 'possuming' or pretending to be asleep?"

"Oh, no, indeed! he is really asleep. Babies often smile in their sleep and when they do, it is said the angels are whispering to them."

"Ah, that is a very pretty idea. I know nothing about babies and never had one in my arms, before. ^{in my life} I was an only child, and never happened to know people who had any babies."

"Well then, Will, you have missed a great deal, for there is nothing in the world so sweet."

"That is true, in regard to this one." ^{sure}

He lay down on the pallet beside the baby and for hours as the child slept, did we talk of and plan his future life.

"Oh, this cruel war. To think that in two weeks I must leave you both again! How can I do it? We are rich, now, with such a treasure as this child! ^{between us} I would not lose him for the world, for I worship him, even now." ^{so do I and}

"My intense devotion to him alarms me, at times, for fear that, for loving the created more than the Creator, God may take

him from us."

"Oh, no, do not speak of such a thing. Our hearts, our lives, our very souls are wrapped up in the little fellow; and God could not be such a monster--"

"Be careful, dear, you are almost defying God."

"I do not mean to do that, of course; but please don't mention again, the possibility of his being taken from us. Let us change the subject. You know I have a two weeks' furlough. I have written to headquarters to have it extended to a month."

"But even a month is no time for us to stay with you, Will!"

"No, dear, it is not; and it is hard to think that at the end of thirty short days, if they grant my request, I must leave my wife and boy, perhaps for years, perhaps forever; now, after this ^{short} visit, to leave again for the seat of war will be like tearing out my very heart; and yet, when the time comes, I must go. Our troops are terribly in the minority, so we cannot spare from our ranks a single man who is able to carry a gun. I should be a very Antony to stay ^{here with you} when they so much need me. I felt it was almost wrong to ask for a leave of absence." *and yet & yet*

He threw his arms around my neck and ^{wept} like a child, this great, strong man. What could I do to comfort him? Alas! I knew not; for parting from him again, would be like the

death knell to all my hopes of happiness ~~until we should meet again.~~

2. Taking his hand kindly from his pocket & wiping his eyes. He said -

"I am the last surviving member of my family; and this

262

~~the~~ little boy is the only step between my name and oblivion.

Are you sure, dear ^{Lupe} ~~Lupe~~, that you are old enough to know how to take care of a baby? If not, we must secure at once the oldest and most experienced help, for I would not that anything should happen to him for lack of baby knowledge on your part."

^{Aniipe} ~~Aniipe~~ "I came from a large family, dear Will, and have always been accustomed to babies—everybody that I knew had babies. I

always noticed and loved them, from my earliest girlhood; so I feel myself perfectly competent to take care of our boy. In fact, there is not a person ^{on earth} to whose care I would dare to trust him. ^{In an} ~~from~~

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I should always feel anxious were it otherwise."

"I forgot to tell you, Will, that Emma made you two large cakes; a fruit cake and cocoanut cake, besides ever so many nice things which she put in the basket for you, with lunch enough, to ~~almost~~ ^{almost} feed a regiment." ^{& Dick sent you some lovely flowers.}

"How kind of ~~them~~

"I will run into the house and bring the wine, cakes, pickles and other things that Emma sent ~~you~~. We will take lunch out here where baby is sleeping. ^{under the trees.}

I directed a young negro girl to bring out a table, two chairs, a cloth and a few dishes. Under the trees we spread our banquet. After we had finished, Will said:

"This is the first time I have had anything fit to eat since I can remember." Not long ago, on a forced march, for two days we had nothing to eat but a little scorched meal, and coffee

263

made out of dried beans. We had boiled the dirt from an old ^{dirt} neat-house floor, and obtained a little salt in that way. *"to put on the menu."*

"Oh, Will, if it is as bad as that, now, what will it be after a while? I shudder to think of it; and when I go back to Bowling Green, as you say I must, I can never enjoy another meal for thinking of the hardships to which you are subjected. I had rather live on water and a crust, down here with you, than have the fat of the land away from you."

"You could not follow the army, dear, with our baby; nor could you stay with safety in any place near here, of which I know. This whole country is likely at any time to be swept by the Federal hordes. The barest necessities ^{of life} are very scarce down here, and fabulously high. I could not rest a moment if you were in this part of the country, deprived of every comfort, to say nothing of the danger to which you would be exposed for my sake. You must go back, dear, with our baby, to the land of peace and plenty. For his sake, as well as your own, you must go, as much as I dread to have you leave me."

"Yes, yes, I know I must go back; and yet--"

"General Bragg has promised me that when you are ready to return, he will arrange it all for you, ~~if necessary~~; so when the time comes, you will be safely escorted through the lines. *By some of our men.*

He wiped my tears away, as I said:

"Perhaps something will happen, after all, so that we will not have to be parted any ^{again} more."

264

"Let us hope and believe so, for the present, at least,"

he said.

"Perhaps the Rebels will find out what fearful odds they are fighting against and propose some kind of a compromise that will settle this dreadfully unequal contest."

~~"In the midst of this contest."~~

No, No, my dear wife, not the last armed foe expires will we give up this fight.

Oh what a pity - for, our side has no chance at all for success - If you could only see the other side as I have seen them. Thin strong well dressed, well fed men & horses - strong mules & fine big wagons - ^{money to burn} while we dear will, have nothing but grit and courage left - even our hope is gone - I know it is my darling in spite of all your brave efforts to delude

Chapter XXXIX.

A Long Farewell.

At last baby awakened. Sitting upright on his little pallet, he looked first at ^{his mother} and then at ^{his father} with solemnity in his big blue eyes.

"Well, old man," said his papa, "what can we do for your owlagarky?"

"Will, there is one thing we must do for this dear little boy; we must have him ^{baptised} while you are here, so that you can take him to the baptismal font."

"Very well, ^{my dear} ~~yes~~, I am willing to do anything that will add to our boy's happiness in this world or the next. Tomorrow, we will drive into Columbia, as there are no Federals there, now, and have him baptised in the parlors of cousin Frank and his wife."

They started in the early morning and arrived in due time, sent for a presbyterian minister, who baptised our baby. ^{Convin} ~~his wife had~~ ^{Frank and} ~~he had been~~ ^{for a few} days; so they, with Dick, Emma and Ned, constituted the audience at this sacred and beautiful rite. I shall never cease to thank God that we had our child thus made a lamb of the flock,—branded with the sign of the cross, that made him heir to the heavenly kingdom.

"It is a great comfort," Will said, as we returned to our temporary home in the country, "to feel that we have done all that could be done for our boy."

286

Swiftly, those happy days flew by, until at last the ^{hour} sad day of parting came. The troops were ordered to march on. All leaves of absence that had not expired were recalled, and every man was ordered to report at once for duty.

When the terrible ^{summons} order came, I was overwhelmed with grief, but I felt that for Will's sake I must be brave, and bear with all the fortitude I could, this dreadful ~~summons~~ ^{order}.

"Oh!" he said; "my time is not up for ^{Seven} ~~three~~ days; but of course I must go back as quickly as possible. The order says 'return at once'; and so, my dear wife, in another hour I must be on my way. The memory of ^{these last few happy weeks} ~~this month~~ will remain with me through all the trying days to come. ~~I~~ I must order my horse." Returning, he said:

"My darling, we must talk quickly. ^{now} Remember all that I have said; and if I should fall in battle, teach ^{your} little boy to say 'father', though my care he may never know."

I was so full of sorrow I could not speak. Looking at his watch, he said:

"The time is nearly up." Taking our baby on one arm, and throwing the other around my neck, he drew us both close to him, the tears running down his face, and said:

"Farewell, my brave little wife, and my sweet baby boy, — a long farewell!"

Prophetic words, alas, to our ^{dear little child} ~~child~~ "A long farewell!" Nevermore was he to see ^{that dear little face} ~~the face~~ of his child in this world; nevermore would that pretty, curly head nestle on his father's loving breast. Could we have known all that, our hearts would

247

have broken, outright. Kissing us again, ^{Will} put on his big cavalry boots, and said:

The time is up. I cannot stay another minute. Come with me to the gate, where my horse is hitched. Let me carry my little boy, perhaps for the last time."

He was thinking only of what might happen to himself on the battlefield. How many times did he kiss him on the way to the gate!

"I will send you the passes and a military escort to conduct you back to the Federal lines."

"No dear Will, it is not necessary; the old man who brought us here can take us on to Huntsville. ^{I am not afraid of the Federals. I can live all night.} with the help of the big roll of Confederate money you gave me; and there I may hear from you. ^{and sometimes} Perhaps, you can come again to see us there; so I will go to Huntsville, and stay until the Federals take that town. My trunks are already there, and you know it is reported that ^{they} the Federals ^{occupy} will soon take that place. I will have no trouble with them, I know, for some of the generals who are likely to be there are ^{my} father's best friends; and from them I can secure passes and protection."

"But I cannot bear that you should ask any favors of them."

^{Don't be wrong about that my darling. There are lots of kind good men with them.}
 "I shall have no hesitancy in calling on them; and besides, on father's account, I feel that I deserve any favor they may show me. ~~There are good men with them, Will,~~ so I have no more fear of them than of our own men. Both sides are kind to me!"

and she soon found herself in the hands of the Federals.

268

Mounting his horse

He came as near ^{us} ~~us~~ as he could ~~as he could~~, and leaning over kissed both, again, as I held ^{the} baby up to him; then galloping away, turned just before entering the woods, stopped, and called back to us, once more:

"Goodby, and God bless you, my precious wife and child."

He was gone.

As they arched over the road

The low hanging boughs of the ~~glad~~ trees soon hid him from view. Oh, the anguish of that hour! I sank down on the

grass near the old gate, and wept until I thought my very heart would break. The baby kept holding out his little arms in the di-

rection his father had gone, and looked at me in ^{a most} inquiring way. Said *Dad, Dad I see my darling gone father has gone.*

The good woman of the house, who came running to me when she saw me sink down in the grass with baby in my arms, did all she could to comfort me. She took ^{long} ~~my child~~ and sat down by me for a long while, saying all sorts of kind things, the most of which I did not even hear.

"Oh, ma'am," I said, "nothing can comfort me. My husband is gone." *and I am almost dead with grief*

"You have your baby left," said the woman; and for his sake you should try to look on the bright side of things; and as you husband told you, perhaps he can get leave of absence again and come to see you in Huntsville."

"I hope so;" I said, as she helped me up from the ground.

"The dew is falling, now, and you had better come into the house. ^{all the} ~~the~~ carry baby ^{must} ~~and~~ you come with us."

She walked on before me to the house; and limp and forlorn, I followed her, feeling that the very life had gone from me. But for ^{my} baby, and the hope of seeing ^{my husband} ~~him~~ again in Huntsville, I could hardly have lived through that lone, miserable night.

We stayed at the country house four days longer, awaiting ^{his} ~~the~~ ^{my} ~~my~~ letter, ^{giving me} ~~giving me~~ exact directions what to do. At last, it came. He wrote, also to the old man who drove us there, to ^{bring} ~~take~~ us to Huntsville, to the house of our Columbia cousin. He had ~~also~~ written, he said, to cousin Frank ^{the Banker} to look out for us and keep us there as long as it was safe, so that he might hear from us as often as possible, and perhaps see us again.

The next day after the receipt of this letter, we went to Huntsville. We found our cousins awaiting us with a hearty welcome. Mrs. ^{Lobb} ~~Wade~~ was also there. She had met her husband and was bright as usual. ~~She had met her husband and was bright as usual.~~

"We are glad to have you with us, cousin--not only on your account, but on our own; should the Federals take the city as is expected, we may hope to obtain some concessions from their hands through you, especially if your brother-in-law ^{little kindness & a few} ~~is~~ ^{Col. Ben Ginder} ~~is with~~ them, as I presume ^{he} ~~he~~ will be."

"I shall be happy to remain here with you as long as I can; but if the Federals do take this place, ^{I am sure} ~~believe me~~, no law-abiding citizen will be molested at all, or interfered with in any particular."

"Well, cousin Jupe, you have much more faith in the Yankees than we have." ^{I said my Banker cousin.}

270

"It is because I know them, and you do not. Besides, why should you call them ^{all} Yankees, when thousands of our Southern men, born and raised right down here by you, and all up through Tennessee and Kentucky, even your own cousins and mine, are with them? You talk as if they were aliens or beings with black hoofs and long horns. My own dear brothers, remember, are with them and of them. These men wish merely to preserve our Union. ^{which} Our own men, or at least their leaders, ^{are trying to destroy} ~~are not a few~~ ^{that is} the ^{main} ~~only~~ difference between ^{them & us} the two sides; so, when they do take this town, as they surely will, give them a chance, at least, to show you that ^{many of them} ~~they~~ are gentlemen, and kind and good as our own men could possibly be."

at what I have said

"I beg your pardon, cousin Jane. Don't be offended; I forgot that you belonged to both sides."

"Well, I do, my dear; and I hope you will ^{common} ~~not~~ forget ^{it again} ~~it again~~. I never allow the Union people to abuse the Rebels to me, for my husband is a Rebel. ^{So} I ask you please to remember, also, that my father and brothers are on the other side. I am sure you would not willingly distress me; then talk no more, I pray you, against the Unionists, or the Yankees, as you call them, in my presence." *as though they were all cut throats & robbers & the very scum of the earth*

"No, indeed, cousin, I will not. I know how you feel for both sides, so I shall be careful and considerate of your wishes, in the future."

We remained in Huntsville in peace and comfort several months longer. I heard often from Will, but he did not come ^{my husband} ~~was~~ again. Many a little letter for baby to read when he ~~became~~ ^{was} old.

271

enough, was slipped into mine. They were filled with all the good advice a father could give his son. Alas! Those letters, sacred forever, because of him who wrote them and the baby lips that kissed them! When they came, I put them in *his* tiny hands, saying:

"Here are directions, sweet baby, to guide you through all your life, telling you how to live and how to die. Kiss them, my precious one; we will keep them always as our guide."

Many and many a time did the dear little fellow press them to his mouth, and stroke *them* lovingly with his small velvet hands. Oh, those tear-stained letters, left for me alone to read!

272

Chapter XL.

U n h a p p y . W r e t c h e d D a y !

It was the last of October when I returned to my sister's house in Bowling Green. Father and mother were still in Europe. All went well until bleak December came, with its howling winds and icy blasts. The weather, toward the last of that month, was exceedingly cold. It would snow one day, then melt until the streets were a sloppy mass; the next day they would freeze over like a solid sheet of glass. *I was fearfully cold.*

One day, the latter part of Christmas week, the snow was melting and soft again. Some ladies called and stayed an unusually long time. I was very restless during their visit because of anxiety for my child. At last, they took their leave; and going hurriedly from the parlor to ^{my sister's} room, I asked where Cinthy, (who was again my nurse) and the baby were. She directed me to the kitchen, where I inquired of the cook.

"I don't know," she said; "but Cinthy had him out on the back porch, and every now and then he would slide from her lap and run out into the yard, falling down. I told her she ought not to let him do it, but she said he would cry if she held him back when he wanted to go, and that as she had company, she hated for him to cry."

I flew over the house, from one room to another, and finally met Gintly coming down the steps.

"Where is baby?"

the agents to clean up ~~the~~^{the} mess. Instead of forcing

273

Mrs. Inke
him up stairs to your room, I just turned down the cover at the foot of Miss Fannie's bed, and laid him in there."

"~~Oh, I said~~, "that is a very cold room, and there is no fire there."

Going as quickly as possible to that room, I turned down the cover at the foot of the bed to feel the child's face and hands to see if he was all right.

"Oh! My God! My God!" I screamed, as I saw his face: "my baby is frozen to death!"

His eyes seemed to stare at me without seeing me; and remembering what the cook had said of his being out in the melting snow, I ran my hands down under the cover to see if Cinthy had changed his shoes and stockings. His little feet were frozen stiff. His petticoats had been wet to the knees and were then a mass of ice.

The weather had turned so suddenly and fearfully cold, that all the melted snow out of doors was then a solid sheet of ice. I took my baby up quickly, and ~~clean~~ ^{ran} with him to the dining-room, where there was always a large fire. Screaming again and again for sister Fannie, I hurriedly took from his feet the frozen shoes and stockings. My sister came running in, as much alarmed as I was.

"Get a soft blanket, Fannie, and make it warm for me to lay baby in, while I take off these icy clothes; perhaps we can get him out of this strange stupor."

274

She had the blanket ready in a few moments, as hot as ^{make} she could ~~stand~~ it, and I laid the poor little thing on it in her lap, wrapping him all up, with his feet close to the fire.

"Give him to me, sister, ^{Yanny} while you run and get some whisky and some mustard to rub on his feet. ^{Cinthy was standing by me} Oh, Cinthy! ^{I said why} did you let this poor little fellow run in the snow, and why ^{in the name} didn't you change his clothes when you saw they were wet?"

"I didn't know they were wet through, Miss Jupe; for I didn't think he was in the snow long enough to get so wet; just as fast as he would run out in ^{the snow} it, I would grab him up and set him back on the porch in a dry place. Aunt Emily ^(the cook) said I had better change his clothes; but I knew if I did, when he wanted to play in the snow, he would kick and cry so that you would have to come out of the parlor, for you always runs when you hears him cry; and you always tells me to keep him quiet when you has company, so when he got ^{so} sleepy all of a sudden, ^{I turned so awful cold} I thought I would just let him go to sleep. I thought his wet shoes and stockings would get dry under the warm bed-clothes."

"Oh ^{God} Ah, no!" I said, looking into his numb little face, still staring with a blank, expressionless look at me, "I am afraid you have killed my ^{child}, I can never forgive you, Cinthy, for not doing what the cook told you to do. What were you doing with him out on the back porch on a day like this, when you should have kept him in my own warm room, or the dining-room or the kitchen, where there are always big fires?"

"I did, Miss Jupe; I had him in all three of them rooms;

275 -

but he wanted to go out on the back porch, and the sun was shining and the snow was melting so, I thought maybe it was getting warmer.

"There is no use in talking to you now, ~~Cinthy~~, but you ought to have known better. Sister Fannie, what must we, what can we do?"

"I have sent for the doctor," she said, "and in the meantime, give him a little of this warm toddy, June. The brandy, I am sure, will do him good."

"Oh, I hope so, I hope so," I said, as she gave him several spoonfuls of the weak brandy.

The little fellow seemed to revive ~~little~~ and the strange, cold stare went out of his beautiful eyes. Soon he was asleep. I sat with him by the fire, waiting impatiently for the doctor to come. *When Cinthy put him in that cold bed it was the first time in all his life that he had ever gone to sleep without my taking him from the nurse's arms. If he went to sleep with her, and leaving him down, I had my self* never trusted anybody, not even dear sister Fannie, to lay my baby down to sleep. *I putting him properly in his little bed*

"Why don't you put him in the cradle, June?"

"Oh, I would not put him out of my arms for the world!"

I said, feeling his little face and hands; he seems to be sleeping all right, now."

Taking him to my own warm room, no, I cannot say "warm room", for the weather had turned so fearfully cold, that no room, even with the largest fire, *still* was warm, I sat as close to the grate as I could with him, and told Cinthy, who had followed me up stairs,

276

Sad and

to stay with me. She was looking very penitent, and said:

"I wish to the Lord, Miss Jure, I had changed his clothes when Aunt Emily told me to do it; but I was so afraid he would cry, and when you had company I hated to let him cry."

"Oh, Cinthy, you should have known that all of the company in the world was nothing to me by the side of his comfort."

"Yes, ma'am; I wish I had thought about it, and I'm awful sorry now. I'm plum scared to death to see him look so still."

"Yes, I know you are; so learn a lesson in the future from this, and the moment he gets his little feet or clothes wet, again, change them at once, and call me, no matter who is in the parlor. My first duty is *always to my darling* baby. Get me his nightgown and doublegown; it is nearly night now, and it is becoming so cold."

Yes, ma'am
I will put them both on him tonight."

I unwrapped the blanket, and rubbed each little limb, then put on him the gown which Cinthy had been holding to the fire to warm. She said:

"I will take the top mattress out of the cradle, and the pillow, too, and make them warm for poor little Willie."

She was much distressed because of her negligence, and was doing all she could, now, to help make him comfortable. Instead of waking, as he usually did when I undressed him, he still seemed to be in a heavy stupor. I thought perhaps the weakened brandy had something to do with that; so when he was all ready

277

for bed, I laid him in his warm cradle, and sat by him for a long time. When the supper bell rang, Cinthy said to me:

"You go down, Miss Jupe, to your supper. You can trust him with me this time, sure."

"No, Cinthy, I don't want any supper. I don't like the way baby sleeps. Go down, yourself, and when you have finished supper, you may bring me a cup of coffee."

"Yes, ma'am; I will be back in a minute, for I am so scared about dear little Willie that I can't eat nothing neither. I hope to the Lord that he'll get over this, and I'll be so careful hereafter; will you, please ma'am, let me kiss him before I go?"

"Yes, Cinthy; but just kiss his hands, for you might disturb him."

Her tears were falling as she did so.

"Poor thing," I thought, as she left us; "she is very penitent; but her sorrow, I fear, comes too late."

"How is Willie, now?" said my sisters, Fannie and Josie, as they entered the room, later.

"He is still in that strange stupor. I wish the doctor would come. Won't you please send for him again?"

"I have", said sister Fannie; "his wife said he was in the country, but she was expecting him every moment; and as soon as he returned, he would come right up."

"Go to your supper, now, Jupe," said sister Josie, "and I will sit by this dear child."

"No, indeed! I would not leave him for the world."

278

Chapter XLI.

That Way Madness Lies.

We sat by the cradle, talking in low tones of the dear little fellow, when he awakened. Reaching out his arms to me, he said:

"Tate baby, *mamma!*"

"Yes, ~~my~~ darling, *mamma* will take her sweet baby; and nobody else shall ever have him again. Did Cinthy almost kill *the boy*, and put him to bed with his ^{*litter*} feet frozen?"

In all sorts of tender baby talk did I indulge, playing with his tiny fingers, kissing his face and smoothing, caressingly, the fleecy curls back from his forehead.

~~"Let *mamma* see his tongue," I said, and immediately, he put his tongue out.~~

I bathed his feet in very warm water, rubbed them dry and toasted them before the fire. Those little rosy feet! *How fondly did I kiss them!* I rocked him to sleep, *though he refused to nurse* and put him once more in his crib, which I pulled as close as possible to my own bed. Sister Josie said:

"Jupe, I want to sleep in here with you, tonight; so if Willie should become worse, I can help you nurse him ~~through the~~ night."

"Thank you, dear Josie; I ^{*will*} be glad to have you, though he seems ^{*little*} better, now."

279

My
little
 About three o'clock that night, baby awakened with a shrill cry. Josie and I sprang up at once. He shrieked and screamed in a most piteous way, throwing his body back rigidly.

"Oh, Josie, what can be the matter? Why does not the doctor come?"

"Let me take him," ~~she~~ said, "and walk the floor with him." She did so; but his screams were so heart-rending that I said:

"Give him back to me."

We spent the rest of the night trying to soothe him, but to no avail. Bitter cold as was the night, his breath, as it came against my face, was colder still.

~~My~~ Josie, how cold his breath is! What can this mean?"

We had no one, at that late hour, to send for a doctor. Sister's husband was ~~ill~~ ^{away} - and wishing not to disturb the family any more than was absolutely necessary, I waited until day, and then sent Cinthy running for our family physician. ^{again} He had been detained in the country all night, and had just reached home; he came at once.

"Oh, doctor! Quick! See my precious baby, and say what can this icy breath mean? What can it mean?"

How serious he looked, as he leaned over my poor child, and said not a word!

"Doctor, why don't you speak? Tell me what is the matter with my child! Speak, I implore you!"

"Juliette, my child, it means that death has claimed

for its own, all that is vital of your dear little boy."

"God, have mercy on ~~her~~ ^{her} - I would have fallen to the floor, had not my sisters and the good doctor caught me.

"My child! My precious child! Doctor, I will not have it so! You can and must save his life! On my knees, I implore you! Send for all the doctors in the town at once. Oh, God, what can, what must we do?"

"Congestion has already set in," ^{my} said the doctor; "I
fain would save him, but alas, he is past ^{aid} all ~~help~~ from me and
from my calling. I will do my best, however; let him take this
powder, while I send immediately for Doctor Combs."

Doctor Combs, who was another leading physician, arrived soon, and the two held consultation in another room. My heart almost stood still within me, as I heard the low muttering of their voices.

"I must take him out of this cradle, and never again
will I let him out of my arms or out of my sight for a moment."

"Don't take him from the cradle, Jue; he is better there," said Josie.

"Oh, no, I must have him in my own arms, or I will die, I will hold him on a pillow in my lap; I cannot let the cradle hold him now; I begrudge every instant that he is there."

I took him up; he had grown quiet now,--Oh, God! so quiet.

281

"Baby," I said, "mamma will hold you here in her lap forever."

A whole day and a night did I hold him tenderly on the pillow in my lap; and every breath I drew was a prayer for the restoration of my ^{darling child} ~~child to health~~. God knows how heartfelt and earnest were my supplications; and why they were so pitilessly rejected, He alone can tell.

About twelve o'clock, the third night after his little feet had been frozen, ^{my} baby breathed his last. That awful New Years night!

"O, God!" I cried, "where is Thy mercy, to take from me my darling child? If his poor father were here, this blow would almost kill him; but how can I bear it alone! I cannot live to see those sweet baby eyes closed forever! ^{in death} My God! My God! My husband is on the battle-field, my precious baby dead! What can I do? How can I live? I will not live without ^{him} him! Bring him back to me, doctor, or give me something, quickly, before his spirit is too far away; ^{little} ~~that I~~ ^{in me to} ~~that I~~ ^{may} find him in the dark; ^{that I} ~~that I~~ ^{must go with} follow him. Quick! Quick! Why don't you give me something? Haven't you anything here that you could give me? Why do you shake your head? Oh, my God! ^{oh my God} ~~my God~~ ^{my baby} ~~Willie~~ is dead! Dead! and I am still sitting here. Doctor, please bring him back to me. I cannot live without him."

"Alas, poor child," said the doctor, "he is beyond

282

all human aid, now. Let your sisters take him, and you come with me into the next room."

Why are you crazy?

"No, no! I will not! They shall not have my baby."

"I'll keep him, myself, forever."

"My dear child, you must give him up. Take him, Fannie, *and the*

Death—As my sister took him from my arms, I fell fainting *to the floor* from my chair.

Angel

When next I saw my child, he was in a little satin-lined white casket, dressed for the grave. A white rose-bud and a geranium

leaf

leaf, were in his marble hands, over his quiet breast. I knelt by his coffin. His heart was still; why was not mine the same?

I was crazed with grief. — No words can ever portray the agony

of that hour. If black despair could have killed a human soul, mine would have taken its flight that night. *oh!* How I longed and prayed for death!

Any

As beautiful as baby was in life, he was even more so in death. A sweet smile rested on his little face; the impress of the angels was already there.

perfect

At three o'clock, on the third day of January, the idol of my heart *very soul* was lowered into the deep, deep grave—such a small coffin and such a deep grave! The snow was falling fast; the

cold, cruel flakes covered the little casket as it sank down, down into the frozen earth. My heart seemed dead within me, as

I gazed at all that was left of my baby boy sinking out of sight under the snow. I would have thrown myself into that awful

283

abyss which was swallowing up my child, had not strong arms re-
strained me.

What little

What happened next, or how I got away from the grave,
I never knew. It snowed continuously for three days. My baby
was down under the snow! Oh, the horror of the thought, and the
agony of those long nights without him! What a cruel exchange

for a mother's loving arms! I prayed and longed for death. I

had not heard from my ^{dear} husband for over two months. I knew not

whether he was living or dead. I was anxious ^{I mean always} on his account,

until the illness and death of my boy crushed out my ^{very life} life. All

other sorrows sank into nothingness. ^{no more} Grief had power to harm

me. I felt that though living, I was dead ^{already} to any joy or sorrow

the world could ever give.

"There comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again,--never the same."

284

Chapter XLII.

How Much The Human Heart Can Bear, And Yet Not Break.

Three months later, though it seemed an eternity to me, one cold bleak morning in March, I received a long letter from my husband, written from Clifton, Canada, telling me that he had been appointed by Jefferson Davis, to go to England and Glasgow, Scotland, on important business for the Confederacy.

To see my father

"Mr. Davis hopes," he said in his letter, "that as your father is consul ~~there~~ *in Glasgow Scotland*, and has charge of the shipping interests of the United States, great things may be accomplished by me; he hopes that, as your father is a Southern man and a personal friend of his—(they had been in Congress together)—~~that~~ *great* we may prevail on him to let ships of guns and ammunition leave the Clyde ~~river~~ *river* for the South. I fear Mr. Davis has mistaken his man, though we are prepared to offer an immense sum, if your father will only allow or even wink at ships going to the South, laden with guns and ammunition."

my dear husband

I thought while reading the letter, that ~~was~~ *my* too, had mistaken his man, if he supposed for one instant that father would listen to any such proposition, or would in any wise lend himself to what he knew would be treason to the government he then represented.

however

The proposition was made to my ~~him~~ *him*, and he instantly

285-

rejected it, and was deeply ~~grieved~~ *grieved* that his son-in-law should have been the bearer of such a proposal from Mr. Davis. *my husband*

Western and other officers then attempted to run the blockade with a shipload of ammunition for the South. Father's detectives discovered the plot and a fast man-of-war was sent after our ship. *my husband* for Will compelled me to go with him and brought us back by *to my father's home* authority of the United States, prisoners of war. *virtue of the* We were then required to take an oath that we would not return to the United States until the war was over. *whether this was lawful or not a white* it was a bold stroke on the part of my father to save us, I never *my husband* my husband was very angry, and refused to sign any *where* paper or take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

"I will take two or three for him," I said to father, "if that will do." *my good*

But, to return to the letter: My husband said that he was loaded down with state secrets and papers; that dressed in *in a grabber* disguise, he had succeeded in getting through the Federal lines, from Atlanta, Georgia; *to Canada* that he went by way of Canada, because he wanted me to join him there with the baby; and that *we* would go, first to Liverpool, where he would have to report, and then to Scotland with the message from Mr. Davis to father. He also wrote that he would leave baby and me with father and mother, while he returned to London and Liverpool on *important* business for the Confederacy.

"Oh, poor Will," I said, when I had read thus far aloud to my sisters, "he does not even know that our *dear little darling* child is dead."

286

on
Oh, listen!" as I read through the blinding tears; "Don't bring any nurse with you, Jupe, as you say our ~~dear~~ boy walks and talks now. I claim the sweet privilege of nursing him, myself, as we cross the deep blue seas. We will sail on an English vessel, going out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence." The letter also said:

"I have written your cousin, Henry Skiles, asking him to come with you to Canada, where I will meet you at Suspension Bridge. I have requested him to start with you immediately, as my time is limited; so I hope that you and the baby will be ready to leave at once."

My cousin, Henry Skiles, and Mr. Western were college mates at Harvard University; and were law-partners when the war broke out. Henry ^{Skiles} received ^{Re} letter from ^{him} at the same time I did, and came immediately to ^{See me} ~~our house~~. It was ten o'clock in the morning; he said:

"Cousin Jupe, we must go this very night. These letters have been delayed. Will has to be in London on a certain day, and if we go tonight, he can ^{hardly} ~~just~~ make the trip in time."

"I will be ready; but--Oh, Henry! How can I leave my baby's grave? Every night I go to bed with all his little clothes around me, his blocks, his toys and his little shoes and stockings, his pictures and the plaster of Paris bust that was made after his death, hugged up in my arms. ^{of him} *Close to my poor broken heart.*

82

287

288

"Dear Jupe," said Henry, in a sympathetic way, "remember he is not here. Your baby is safe in heaven; his ^{little} spirit will follow his mother wherever she may ^{go}, in Europe as well as here. He will be with you always. Leave all of the things you have ^{little} mentioned ~~spoken of~~ with your sisters. They loved Willie almost as much as you did; they will keep those ^{little} ~~relics~~ ^{relics} for you."

When we arrived on the Canada side of the Suspension Bridge, my husband came running to meet the hack. Henry, seeing him quite a distance away, had waved his handkerchief to him. ^{Shirley} as he came up my sad face, and the deep black crape of my long veil and clothes, appalled him, at once.

"What can these emblems of mourning mean, my dear wife? Where is our ^{boy} ~~boy~~? Don't tell me that he is-----"

"Yes, dear, he is dead."

"My God, what a blow!"

He ~~sank~~ ^{sank} down on a rock and wept the bitter tears of a father over the death of his first-born son. As soon as I could compose myself, I told him all the sad particulars of that heart-breaking event. It was nearly dark when we reached the hotel. The servant said:

"Shall I light the gas?"

"Oh, no!" said ^{my husband} ~~him~~, and after the boy had left the room, he moaned:

"The light of the world is out for us."

288

then
Sitting ~~down~~ on a sofa, in the dim twilight, we mingled our tears together, as our hearts cried out in agony for our beautiful boy, gone from us forever in this world.

We went abroad, *my husband* on business for the Confederacy and I to be with him. We tried in foreign climes to find some solace for our *grieving* hearts. In a few months, it grieved me not a little, to see that I *was* myself again, and had ceased to mourn over our *child*. Having been with the little fellow less than one short month, *he* could not know the agony I felt. He did everything possible to divert my mind from its all-absorbing sorrow, and to take my thoughts away from my baby's grave; but, alas, I could not be comforted. The one scene ever before me was my beautiful *boy* in his little white casket.

We had not been long abroad, when *my husband* came rushing in *my room* one morning, with a paper in his hand, saying:

"Listen! Listen! to this terrible news! ~~some~~ *my husband* ~~is killed~~. General Lee has surrendered! Now, indeed, is ours a lost cause."

Throwing my arms around his neck, I said:

"Thank God! the war, then, is ended. The Union will be saved; and you, my dear husband, are still alive. Thank God for that! But--oh, *my* baby's gone!"

"I will do all I can," *my dear wife* ~~said~~ *will*, "to bring back into your life its former joy. We will talk often, and think

289

oftener of our boy, whom the Good Shepherd has taken in His bosom
 to brighter, higher pastures, where, but for the ^{bleat} call of the
 little lamb, and his sweet memory, the sheep might never follow.
^{and} let us hope, that in one of the many mansions in the skies, ^{some day,}
 we will meet and claim again, our ^{precious little Willie}

A year later, we returned to America. My father gave
 us a ^{beautiful} country home, (a part of the old Mount Air estate,) near
 his own. There, two more dear children, a son and a daughter,
 were born to us.

It was there, also, three years later, that my husband
 died, in the very morning of his manhood, leaving me again
 crushed with grief--a widow with two ^{little} babies, the elder just
 three years of age.

Both of my children proved themselves in every respect
 worthy of their noble father. A devoted daughter, still brightens
 my life with her love and ^{kindness} ~~reference~~; ~~and again I but forget the~~
~~sad, sad past, I might be happy, yet.~~

My son, alas, in early manhood, joined his father and
 brother in the spirit land.

"Was heaven too thinly peopled, that it claimed,
 So young, so beautiful, my darling, for the sky?
 Peace, rebel heart! Thy wildness must be tamed.
 Hush thy loud grief,--'twas best ~~that they~~ they should die.

"O, heaven, forgive me if I chide thy will!
 I would not murmur--yet great Nature cries,
 Through all her deep foundations, loud and shrill,
 'My boys ^{are} beautiful, and yet they die--'

"The cold earth falls on ~~them~~ and on my soul,
A leaden sorrow, unresisted, lies,
While years of heavy anguish o'er me roll,
Until my darling from the grave shall rise.

"Shall rise! O, God, I thank thee that sweet light
Sheds yet a living halo round the tomb;
My loved ones, all, shall rise, in beauty tall and bright,
And I shall meet them in their hour of bloom."

~~The End.~~

"One half of my life is ended, and as the
and as the blessed angels turn the
pages of my years, God grant they read
the good, with smiles, and blot the
bad, with tears."

The End

One half of my life is ended, and as the
and as the blessed angels turn the
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