

TUGALOO

a novel by
RICHARD LEE MERRITT

Copy # 2, Part IV.

It would be easy to re-direct our story and concentrate on the fate of our friends living in the North, but that is not the author's intention. For now we will try to summarize what occurred in Pennsylvania after the migration.

In the first weeks after their arrival, they had written to their relations at Tugaloo telling of the voyage and of being set free. They phrased it as Horatio suggested--that Horatio had decided to free them only after they got to Pennsylvania. Horatio and Mordecai didn't want to sow unrest and envy among those who remained at Tugaloo. The news was received with rejoicing in the slave quarter, where they mostly chose to be happy that some of their family were free.

Thereafter, Kader's family remained at Uncle Caleb's for three years, making good crops and prospering. They repaired the house and farm buildings and the last two years, paid part of the crops to Horatio as rent.

When their neighbor, Uncle Job Morris, retired, they had saved enough money to buy his 140 acre farm with its fine orchards. That's where they settled permanently. All of them studied, becoming literate. As the years passed bringing the Civil War, general emancipation and the settlement of the West, some moved to Philadelphia joining the small black middle class, and others went west. But Kader and Ralina, and some of the children

Daggett, Weems, Parker and others.

including Gabe and Weezie, remained at the farm and were still there when the century ended.

Kader, wizened and grown frail with but a fringe of white, wooly hair, his eyes still bright and his mind still quick, lived to be 94, spending his later days tending his garden or sitting in the sun on the south side of his old, stone, farmhouse, eating apples and drinking cider in season. He died in 1900 and Ralina the year after, surrounded by several generations of living descendants.

Milton and Sarah remained at Horatio's for the rest of their days, though after four years they built a small, stone house on an acre of land Horatio gave them. In time, their three boys moved to Philadelphia.

When Horatio's two older sons completed their medical training, they married Quaker girls and returned to Chester. Horatio was glad he had not sold Uncle Caleb's old family farm for Woolly decided to live there. Arthur's Tom, now married and living with Kader's family, continued by agreement to farm Uncle Caleb's on shares.

Horatio's second son, Penny, moved into his father's house where Sarah reigned in the kitchen and where Horatio and Pennell gladly found room for them.

With some reluctance, we leave these northerners as the cruel War Between the States approaches. Our story is of

Tugaloo. We must hasten back to Alabama.

Geoffrey, after four years at the Dallas Male Academy in Selma, during which he could frequently visit the plantation, went to Tuscaloosa to a pre-collegiate school and then to the University of Alabama.

In the summer of 1855, Mordecai and Martha accepted Horatio's suggestion that they all meet on "neutral ground," that is, at the White Sulphur Springs resort, Greenbriar County, in the Alleghenies of western Virginia. Geoffrey and Grace Lee went along.

Horatio brought Aunt Pennell, now 68, as well as Phoebe and Ben, to stay four weeks in August and September. Mindful of the desire of the black Johnsons to meet, Horatio also brought Sarah, Kader's Tom and Kader, while Mordecai brought Lucille, Augusta and Duke. Horatio's two older sons, Wooly and Penny with their wives, also came down for shorter visits with their southern relations.

There had been much prior correspondence about going to White Sulphur. All over the South it was notorious that the service and accommodations there were somewhere between indifferent and execrable. For decades the owner, the late Mr. James Caldwell, had managed one of the nation's most popular and successful resorts, defying armies of well-to-do visitors, many of whom he turned away or assigned to thin pallets in public areas.

Why, in ever-growing numbers, they continued to return year after year is difficult to say, but the resort had a reputation as a place to go to "see and be seen." Southerners went there to escape the heat and endemic illnesses of the coastal regions. Further, it was the central and principal resort of an entire galaxy of spas stretching south from the Potomac along the Allegheny ridge.

Being turned away at White Sulphur was a nuisance, but one could travel a few more miles to the Sweet Springs or the Blue Sulphur or Salt Sulphur or a number of others, each with its loyal following and most with distinctly superior quarters and food. Still, the White Sulphur enjoyed a certain mystique which caused patrons to return each year despite its manifest inconveniences and insensitive management.

Mordecai and Horatio, consulting with friends, were forewarned of the perennial crush at the White Sulphur where a callous host ruled and where one must bribe servants shamelessly or risk not being served in the dining room. It all sounded frightful--still, it was the place to go! So, well in advance, they paid for their cottages and also reserved rooms at the neighboring Sweet Springs and Salt Sulphur Springs.

Mme. Le Vert of Mobile, a traveler of renown, had recommended the Sweet Springs, and Mordecai's old cousin, Claiborne Ingram

who had bought the old North Carolina plantation, had written them one year about how pleasurable he had found the Salt Sulphur Springs. He wrote that it was a favored haunt of South Carolinians, who expected and received the best of service, that the hotel and food were superlative and best of all, the waters had restored to him certain functions which he had feared were lost forever. (Attentive readers will recall that in long-ago indiscretions, old Claiborne had fathered Milton.)

Once the Johnsons had arrived at White Sulphur, their visit stretched to six weeks as they overcame the shortcomings and discovered the charms of the place. Mordecai was especially pleased with the cottages in "Paradise Row" that Horatio had rented for them, although the cottages were only passably ~~attractive~~, clean and of surprising simplicity with white beds, rustic furniture, small brick hearths and some floor matting. The curious fact was that over the decades, southern aristocrats, accustomed to every luxury in their plantation homes, would gladly exchange it all each summer for these Spartan mountain cottages. Some old-timers also owned their own cottages on the premises.

When he arrived, Horatio had managed with some difficulty to change their reservations to include a cottage known as "White Oak Cottage." There an enormous, primordial oak thrust its

vast trunk up through the veranda floor and roof to spread its stalwart branches a hundred feet above.

~~of the property,~~ Mr. Caldwell, had decreed that none of the giant oaks on the property, relics of the virgin deciduous forest, should be harmed or removed. This oak, which reminded Horatio of the great Tugaloo Oak, had been saved by building the cottage around it. Horatio vowed to get that cottage for Mordecai.

The cottages were joined with one continuous roof and a wide, colonnaded veranda down the front, with red brick chimneys and stairs spaced regularly. Three adjacent cottages gave them room for all, (with Duke, Sarah, Kader and Tom in the black quarters.)

Among the charms at White Sulphur were shady paths in the old hardwood forest that climbed the adjacent hills, wide verandas, band concerts, picnics and games, dancing, dining and horseracing with a wide range of society for every taste, and the novel ritual of drinking the different mineral waters (however distasteful,) and the bathing.

Cool, healthful, mountain air brought refreshing sleep. They were too late for the spring-blooming rhododendrons that were the glory of the mountains, but wild roses were everywhere and daisies and goldenrod. The odors of the flowers and forest mixed in early morning with that of woodsmoke when guests warmed the cottages with tiny fires. Orioles, tanagers and mocking

birds added their song to the gentle music of the brooks finding their way to Howard's Creek and the Greenbriar River.

Visitors not charmed by the constant social activity and frenetic arrivals and departures of the coaches, discovered quiet, bucolic pleasures.

Since this was a slave state, the blacks, of course, were excluded from some of these pursuits, but they had not expected otherwise, and they found many ways to amuse themselves. They lived in a slave annex at the rear of the hotel. Only Lucille and Augusta had a room in Mordecai's cottage. Their duties were light for the hotel staff, after its fashion, did the work.

The white family took their meals at round tables under the imposing chandeliers in the hotel dining room. Lucille and Augusta ate with the other servants where they caused some stir, (especially Lucille,) because of their light skin and fine clothing.

Each day the blacks would gather where tables and chairs were set out in a cool grove of trees for the use of the hotel servants and the slaves of visiting wealthy whites. They met and visited with blacks from all over the South--a rare experience in the slave states where laws were enforced against slave meetings anywhere but in church. But Presidents Tyler and Pierce had proclaimed, "There are no politics at White Sulphur Springs." That was to say

people could leave the troubled political climate of the country outside the gate and here, everyone might be relaxed and friendly. So the blacks shared in this reprieve of harsh reality, though the free Chester blacks would only be received in the servants' quarters.

Kader and his son had a room together next to those of Sarah and Duke. Duke was now fifty-five and Kader, his "little brother," was forty-nine. Sarah was their thirty-five year old niece, second daughter of Louise, and Sarah in turn was an aunt of Lucille and Augusta, for they were granddaughters of Louise--daughters of the beautiful, dead Becky.

At big family meals Duke had a special place.

They talked of how things were in the neighborhood--the Yankees

and Patti, though it is difficult to hold such talk in front of

the children being born and all the rest. Sometimes they

wouldn't even touch the subject of conditions of slavery.

No one in family knew what should be done to help end the

abolitionists. They wanted to give more. Duke did what he could

each day, then after they were done up the table or walking

down some quiet street, Duke would tell Duke about the

abolitionists. Davis wife folks up Potters and some black too,

Knowing they might well never see each other again, and knowing they represented the many family members not present, these six black Johnsons spent long hours in the shade of an old sycamore talking and reminiscing, never tiring of the wonderful story of Kader's sea voyage, his emancipation and of the recent purchase of his Pennsylvania farm.

"Jes tink a' dat," Duke would muse, not with envy but with joy and admiration, "Mah own lil' brothah, he own a farm in Pennsylvany! Dat do beat all! An' he be free, an' he have a bank full o' money! Jes wait 'til Ah tells 'em all what done happened to lil' Kader an' his fambly! An' him a-livin' in dat big stone house jes' lak he be da massa!"

They talked of how things were at the plantation--how Erasmus and Betty, though quite old, seemed to be in good health; how new babies kept being born and life went on. Sometimes they would whisper about the forbidden topic of abolition of slavery. No one must hear them talk about it, but in the North, the Abolitionist Movement seemed to grow more strident and insistent each day. Some days when they were alone at the table or walking down some path together, Kader would tell Duke about the Abolitionists. "Dey's white folks up No'th an' some black too, dat keeps sayin' one way or nuther slavery gwine end. Don' know how an' don' know when but maybe pretty soon!"

The White Sulphur Springs Resort was not new. Early settlers, even in Colonial times had discovered the curative powers of the waters. The reports of remarkable "cures" spread so that this delightful spa, 2000 feet above sea level and with pleasant wooded prospects all about, soon became a fashionable watering-place for wealthy families of the South who found here welcome relief from the heat and isolation of tideland plantations.

In 1808 a hotel had been built along with some cottages. One of the earlier cottages was known as the "President's Cottage," after the resort gained national renown when President Van Buren spent the summer there. Later, Presidents Tyler and Fillmore had come also, with President Tyler spending his honeymoon there in 1844.

It was a good hunting ground for young, eligible men and women looking for summer affairs or for spouses. Parents would bring marriageable daughters there for display, when local swains were not forthcoming. Martha had been especially enthused about this trip for she was growing concerned about Grace Lee, who at twenty-five, continued unmarried.

For her part, Grace Lee, a very attractive young, gray-eyed lady, wanted a husband, but she had had bad luck at home. Various young men had wooed her in Dallas County. In 1851, she and Carter Trainor, a young planter, were about to be married when Carter was thrown from a horse and killed. Then, in 1854, a

young Montgomery attorney with whom she had fallen in love, was killed in a duel. After that she was in despair. "I'm going to be just like Jane," she moaned to her mother.

But Grace Lee was not like her older sister. She had a large measure of resilience and optimism that helped her recover from these tragedies. So she had joyfully planned for this trip while Jane, the prototypical hypochondriac, reached for the smelling salts and gasped when they asked if she wanted to go along.

"No doubt the waters would be therapeutic," said Jane, "But my condition, as you well know, will not allow me to leave this room! How can you suggest that I travel hundreds of miles by stage being tossed about like a frail leaf in a hurricane?"

Jane was also reluctant to allow Lucille to go on this trip, but Mordecai insisted. Lucille was becoming the only servant who could keep Jane somewhat contented. They had assigned other maids to Jane though she made dark prognostications of extra pain, suffering and perhaps death if Lucille did not remain at her side.

"Nonsense," Mordecai told her, "You will outlive us all!"

When they left Tugaloo, Jane had said, "I doubt if I'll be here when you return. I have some very sharp pains in my heart and my extremities are as cold as death itself. But go. You must take my greetings to our relations. Don't mind me. You all go and have a good time. I'm sure you all deserve a vacation from me.

While you're all dancing and dining, I'll do the best I can here-- deserted, alone in this dark room, scarcely able to crawl from my bed to my chair! Of course you must go to your parties and merriment! Why not?" Jane wiped her brimming eyes repeatedly with her lace handkerchief.

Mordecai couldn't suppress a smile.

"Now you're laughing at my misery!" Jane half-hid her face in a satin pillow.

Swallowing a chuckle, Mordecai said, "Dear Jane, Josie Ramsey and her mother have promised to visit you every day and will eat with you if you like. Furthermore, you have twenty or more servants who will tend to your every wish, and Doctor Ainsworth will look in on Monday mornings. You have books and magazines from Boston and New York. There is nothing more we can do. You are alone because you choose to be alone. We will not accept the blame for it. We have discussed this hundreds of times!"

So they had left her, taking the carriage to the train in Selma. In nothern Alabama they had switched to stage coach for much of the remainder of the journey which led to Chattanooga, to Knoxville, to Bristol, and on to Roanoke and Covington, Virginia, then over the Alleghenies to the beautiful Greenbriar Valley where the White Sulphur Resort occupied a high plateau. When they were on the stage, Duke and Geoffrey and sometimes Augusta

would ride on top with the driver. At night they stayed in private houses or wayside inns where sometimes even Mordecai's wealth could not secure good accomodations. But travellers in those days didn't expect too much.

Horatio's family had come most of the way by rail--down to Richmond and then west to the end of the line whence a stage took them to the resort. They got there first, settled into their quarters and did some exploring while awaiting the arrival of Mordecai's family. They would go to the stage station to meet each coach coming from the east, eager to greet their Alabama relations.

On the third of August in the afternoon, they saw the familiar dust cloud up the hill, then heard the clatter of the coach coming at an astounding clip; When it pulled to a halt at the station veranda, the horses steaming and snorting, Horatio, Phoebe and the others realized it was driven by Geoffrey Johnson, now a tall, handsome youth dressed like a gentleman, his bleached, flaxen hair flying and his gray eyes filled with excitement and purpose. He had persuaded the driver to let him take over. As they pulled up to the station, Geoffrey drew the reins taut and boomed, "Whoa, Whoa!" in an authoritative, man's voice which the ~~three~~ teams of horses heeded immedately. He broke into a wide grin as he handed the reins and whip back to the driver.

Mordecai, Phoebe and Duke, on the platform outside, watched

Just then the stage door burst open and Mordecai leaped out frowning up at the driver's seat. "What in the devil are you up to? Are you trying to kill us all?" Divining instantaneously that his son, not the driver, had done the reckless driving, he barked, "Geoffrey, were you driving?"

"Well, yes sir, you might say for just a little bit of the way since the driver here obligingly let me try my skill. Hope it didn't shake you all up too much!" He tried to look abashed then burst out laughing, thinking of the thrill of racing down the mountainside around the horseshoe curves. The grizzled driver looked worried. Duke, up there too, looked doubtful. The horses shook their flanks and stamped. Then Mordecai, who seldom could find fault with his personable son, said, "Next time try going a little slower so we can enjoy the scenery!"

What he had meant by this trip, naturally, his voice full of regret, said, "Oh, Father, I hoped you would bring Adair's Tom!" may mention Geoff, too, he rebounded. "He jus' be down de road in back ob de hotel! An' Sarah, she be hearin'. We's come to do plenty o' visitin' and go reckon we going west, but you' nere wid talkin'!" When at last the baggage was collected and stacked on a horse cart, the chattering group, led by Mordecai, arm-in-arm with his brother, wisely started up the path to their cottages. Martha and Grace had

Horatio, Phoebe and Ben, on the platform with Kader, watched this exchange. When they stepped forward, the southerners saw them for the first time. Geoffrey let out a whoop and in a moment the two families were mingled in a flurry of delighted greetings as Martha, Grace Lee, Augusta and Lucille emerged from the coach in travelling bonnets, and the driver, Duke and the station master directed some black servants in the business of setting down the not-inconsiderable collection of small trunks, carpet bags, hat boxes etc. Then followed much hugging, many exclamations, multitudes of observations about the improved appearance of relatives long unseen.

Duke climbed down from the coach to clap Kader on the back, then give him a hug. "If'n it ain't mah lil brothah Kader, what ah nevah 'spected to see agin!! Kader, yo' sho' is a sight fo' dese eyes, an' jes look how yo' be dressed! Massa Mordecai, ain't dat sompin! Look at Kader! I belieb da no'th be good fo' him!"

The white Johnsons gathered to admire Kader's bright, checked suit that he had bought for this trip. Geoffrey, his voice full of regret, said, "Oh, Kader, I hoped you would bring Kader's Tom!"

"Why Mistah Geoff, Tom, he be heah. He jes be down da road in back ob da hotel! An' Sarah, she be heah. We's come to do plenty o' visitin' an' ah reckon we gwine wear out yo' ears wid talkin'!"

When at last the baggage was collected and stacked on a horse cart, the chattering group, led by Horatio, arm-in-arm with his brother, slowly started up the path to their cottages. Martha and Grace Lee opened their parasols. Horatio pointed out landmarks--the hotel

with its dining rooms and ball room, the paths and roadways leading to other springs or to sylvan trails. He showed them the octagonal, domed, marble temple that sheltered the local springs. "That's where the famous water comes from. There are a number of other springs here in these mountains and it's customary for visitors to tour them all. I think you won't like the taste of the water but it's guaranteed to cure just about anything! (Much better than an ordinary doctor like myself!"

In a few moments they reached their adjacent cottages where they met Aunt Pennell. Martha was delighted with Pennell who seemed to her so much like her dear, old friend, Sophronia Ramsey. Lucille and Augusta got a room in Mordecai's cottage but Duke was sent over to the black quarters where he had a room next to Kader and Kader's Tom.

Geoffrey went along with Duke and Kader, for he was eager to meet his old childhood pal, Kader's Tom. They found Tom, now a strapping boy taller than his father, seated at one of the shaded, outside tables where the blacks spent much of the time. Tom was reading Two Years Before the Mast, a book he had brought with him from Pennsylvania.

Geoffrey, recognizing Tom and yet unseen, put his finger to his lips to admonish Kader and Duke to be quiet, then he crept up behind Tom, suddenly throwing his arms around him from the rear and singing out, "Thought you'd escaped from me forever, did you? Well,

I have you now, and you have to be my squire again all the time
we're in White Sulphur Springs!"

Tom, taken by surprise, jumped and struggled and turning his head to see who his attacker was, saw laughing Geoffrey for the first time. Up and down the shady tables, other strange blacks looked up with alarm at this apparent altercation involving a young white man.

Then Kader's Tom swung around, knocking over his chair as he stood up, and in his turn, he grabbed Geoff and they rocked back and forth, half-hugging, half-wrestling, both laughing with high glee as Tom said, "We'll see whose going to be squire. Maybe it's going to be you this time! Don't forget, I got my freedom paper in my pocket!"

His face turning sober, Geoffrey said, "No, Tom, I can't forget that. My father and I talked a lot about how we would act when we met you. We decided that if we treat you like human beings everything will be just fine!"

"Reckon we'll settle for that, won't we?" said Kader's Tom, smiling at his father and uncle.

Now the boys had time to step back and size each other up. Geoffrey saw that Tom was well-dressed, well-groomed, his even white teeth sparkling in his brown face, and there was something

black folk houses. How is do seem to be doing now? Well we all know
not so easily defined--Geoffrey would realize only later--Tom
didn't have an air of subservience that one expected from southern
blacks. Quickly also, Geoffrey noticed that Tom used a more careful,
grammatical English than he had remembered his childhood chum using.
This was because Tom had been in the Quaker school, becoming a star
pupil in the past five years. The teacher, Amelia Sharpless,
had taken special interest in him. She had talked with Kader
and Horatio, who were now aware that Tom was a bright boy with
great potential. Horatio had told Tom that if he continued to do
well, Horatio would send him to school in Philadelphia. Horatio
lent him any books he wanted, encouraging him to read and study,
and Kader's Tom, from his reading and association with the Quakers
had developed a good command of the language.

At home they all recognized the growing learning-gulf between the
older semi-literates and Tom, Weezie and Dodie, who were benefiting
most from the Quaker school. One day in about 1852, Kader had
overheard John Looey teasing Tom about talking "uppity" and forgetting
how "real black folks" talk.

Kader intervened at once, telling John Looey they all talked the
way they did because they had not been allowed much schooling.
"Now, some of us has a real chanct fo' school an' we needs all de
larnin' we can get. John Looey, yo' don' has to look very far to
see dat dem what has larnin' is de ones what is 'cessful wid fine

jobs an' houses. Now it do seem to me dat de soonah we all gits some o' dat larnin' da bettah off we be! Ah don't want to heah no mo' taxin' Tom an' Dodie 'bout dey fine, fancy talk. What ah do want is fo' yo' all to double yo' own studyin' so dat one day we all be talkin' fancy, becaz we all be larned an' be eatin' high on da hawg!"

The family all laughed and agreed, so that what might have been a painful cultural cleavage, was averted with the whole family solidly on the side of more learning. John Looey, at the time of this reprimand, was a good-natured, fully-grown, seventeen-year-old who worked hard and willingly, but who was no original thinker. He usually needed direction from others. Now he kept his large, black eyes on the floor, his face drawn into comical display of remorse (which he truly felt, for he needed the approbation of the family.) He would roll his eyes up to catch the first hint that his father's wrath had spent itself.

He mended his ways and thereafter, the family started patterning their speech after that learned by the children at the Quaker school. Further, in evenings, when supper dishes were cleared away, Tom had started to read books aloud to the family gathered around the oil lamp at the old dining table--first at Uncle Caleb's and later at their own farmhouse. This became an important part of their day for he would regale them with adventure and travel books borrowed from Horatio. As they did their daily chores, they found themselves

looking forward to the evening reading sessions which expanded their knowledge of the world and of the language. When Horatio bought a new dictionary, he gave the old, well-used one to Kader's family, so Tom was able to show them how to find the meaning of strange words.

This was the Kader's Tom who had come to White Sulphur Springs. At sixteen, he had grown wide-shouldered, standing straight with head back, tall, his narrow, aquiline, Indian nose giving an aristocratic cast to his thoughtful face. He was a few months older than Geoffrey, but they were about the same size.

Now, in the dappled shade of the old sycamores here at White Sulphur, the boys regarded each other speculatively, their clothes rumpled, each asking himself if the old, easy friendship of childhood could be resumed.

Relieved and reassured, the strange blacks up and down the tables who had watched the first encounter with misgiving, had resumed their own activities.

Duke and Kader sat nearby, deep in animated conversation trying to fill in the past five eventful years.

"What you reading?" asked Geoffrey.

"That's a really good book, Two Years Before the Mast! Have you read it? Doctor Horatio lent it to me. He has lent me lots of books and I've been reading some of them to the family evenings. Dodie reads some too, and he's doing just fine for twelve years old."

This book is all about sailing out to California. I like it especially since it reminds me of our big trip from Mobile to Pennsylvania. We were on a clipper ship called the Nantucket Queen. We rocked around and raced along, watching the sails day and night, and we got into a big storm that blew us out into the Atlantic way off course. We were all plenty sick and scared. But it was an adventure we won't forget, and then, just at the end, Doctor Horatio told us we were free!

"You know what Doctor Horatio made me do? We had to make twenty-five maps of the eastern United States with the coastal waters and our route drawn on. I had to print in the names of the places, and your cousin Phoebe made ~~sure~~ I did it all correctly! I'll tell you I'll never forget the shape of that map or how to spell those names, or where they are located!"

Geoffrey looked surprised. "Why twenty-five maps?"

"It was because Doctor Horatio said each of the slaves must have a map to keep forever, that this was maybe the greatest thing that would ever happen in our lives and we would want a souvenir to remember it by. There were twenty-two slaves, then your cousin Ben said there should be three more maps for Ben, Phoebe and Doctor Horatio! So there were twenty-five maps!"

Geoffrey shouted with laughter. The two boys, now more at ease, sat down opposite each other at the table.

"You've seen more of the world than I have. This is the biggest trip ever for me! Why, this is the first time I've been out of Alabama! But I've been in Tuscaloosa this past winter. Oh, things have changed some since you left. I was at the Dallas Academy for four years and since Pa let me keep my horse there, it was easy to slip out to Tugaloo, but now I'm at the Alabama Academy in Tuscaloosa. Pa says I should stay there a couple years more and then I'll be ready for the University of Alabama. But I'm not too much interested in all that Latin and rhetoric stuff they teach. I like the mathematics, but I like best being back at the plantation riding horses, and maybe Pa will just let me come home and help run the place!" Geoffrey gave a doleful smile. "But I can't count on that 'cause he told me I had to finish school and that was final!"

"Sometimes I think I'd like to go out to California. Why that would be great fun. There are boats that leave from Mobile or New Orleans every week. They go to Panama or Nicaragua. I heard they just opened a railroad down there, so you take the railroad to the Pacific side then another boat right up to San Francisco! It's easy as anything, then you can go up to the hills and find gold! Wouldn't you like to go along?"

Tom chuckled quietly. "It sounds like a good idea, Geoff, but I think if I went to California, I wouldn't go by way of Mobile, if you don't mind. We saw a slave auction going on there when we

passed through. They might not believe I'm free. We even thought twice about coming down here to Virginia until Doctor Horatio said he would guarantee the slave-catchers wouldn't get us!

"Besides, Doctor Horatio and your cousin Wooly have found another school for me to go to at Haverford--that's about twelve miles from our farmhouse, and I'm going to live this winter with a Quaker family there and learn to be a teacher. I guess if we go to California, it will have to wait a few years!"

Geoffrey studied his old friend's face. "Tom, you old rascal! I always thought you were pretty smart, and of course we always knew Kader was smart too, but now you're going to be a teacher! I guess Miss Sophronia would be proud of you!"

So the conversation went as the boys re-established the easy friendship of earlier times.

Nearby, Kader and Duke likewise, were reviewing the changes of the past five years. There was so much to tell that had not been told in their infrequent and laborious letters. In an hour, they were joined by Lucille, Augusta, Sarah, and Phoebe and Ben, who brought news of the eating arrangements. The whites would eat in the hotel dining room. The blacks, of course, would not. For them there was a servants' dining room near where they were sitting, or, they could bring their food to these pleasant, shady, outdoor tables.

For the Tugaloo blacks, there were almost no duties, since the hotel staff performed all the chores with considerable efficiency. (after being bribed.) Only rarely would Martha or Grace Lee ask Lucille or Augusta to do some bit of sewing or laundering--perhaps washing out their white, lace gloves, or dainty bits of clothing they would not trust to strange servants. Duke had no tasks at all. Mordecai told him he was here to visit with Kader and Sarah.

Consequently, it was a time of pleasurable indolence for the blacks. They would sit visiting in shade or sun as the temperature dictated, and they would take luxurious naps, leisurely walks, extended meals--all the time storing up bits of exchanged information to pass on to those back home.

Duke heard all the story of Gabe, the Virginia boy who had won his freedom with perseverance and good luck, and who was now like another son to Kader and who, indeed, might one day be Weezie's husband for those two young people were so partial to each other!

Kader and Sarah absorbed news of the plantation. Old Erasmus, now eighty-five, still actively helped direct the workers, and old Betty would go sit in the kitchen where they kept a rocking chair for her. She would rock a while, smoking her corn-cob pipe or drinking strong coffee. Her mind was wandering now but she felt happy and useful there issuing culinary edicts which no one ~~heeded~~ heeded. She would doze for an hour or two, then waking, she would

look sharply about, crying out, "Has de dough rose? Boil dat watah! Ah wants a hunderdweight o' dem taters peeled! Now where be dat Kader? He sposed to take dat slop out to dem hawgs!"

Then someone would say, "Grandma, try one o' dese cookies." Betty would forget what had seemed most important to her a moment before.

Sarah, hearing this, said, "Grandma already be dat way five years ago when I be da cook." When Duke told her it was much more noticeable now, she mused, "Let's see. Ah guess grandma be eighty-one now--pretty close. It be sad when we gets old an' gets things mixed up. Well now, Uncle Duke, you gib all o' dem a lot of big hugs an' kisses from we'uns. We tinks o' dem ever' day an' co'se it be 'vantageous to be free, but we sho' misses all da fambly what we lef' behind! Dat be da wuss 'bout bein' free iffn yo' caint hab yo' fambly come along!"

So the talk went. Unaccustomed to extended idleness, Sarah was drawn to the hotel kitchen where she met others like herself--the hotel cooks and also plantation cooks here with their masters. So not to get in the way of the kitchen routine, the visitors would gather on benches outside the kitchen door--there to exchange recipes or memories of professional triumphs.

Kader and Duke, master carpenters on vacation, were delighted to find some sizeable construction projects in progress--a large new

stable, a row of new cottages, and an ambitious bath house where many guests would be able to bathe simultaneously. At one end, large, elevated wooden tanks would hold fresh water, sulphur-spring water and heated water.

The brothers spent part of each day "overseeing" the construction--making friends with the black workmen, sometimes helping and enjoying the odor and sound of the new-cut wood being nailed in place. Like Sarah, they were finding leisure just a bit onerous.

Everybody, white and black, was drawn to the stage station to watch the daily arrivals and departures. The stages, coming from all directions, gave some variety to lazy, pleasant days.

Not far from the Johnson cottages in "Paradise Row," was another row of cottages known as "Wolf Row." It seemed to be the gathering place for the wealthy, unmarried, young sports of the Southland to come to gamble, carouse, dance or ogle and flirt with such aristocratic young girls as they could spirit temporarily away from watchful parents and chaperons. In this merry crew were three tidewater plantation boys from Virginia's Northern Neck--Tyler Lunsford, Nathaniel Spotswood and Thaddeus Bridgewater. Neighbors in Westmoreland and Northumberland Counties, they were pals from childhood--each with too much money and leisure. Willful and unrestrained, they were guided by whim and pleasure only. They were superb horsemen and marksmen.

Tyler and Nate had been reading law at William and Mary College

but had been expelled in March for some sophomoric prank.

Thad Bridgwater was not interested in books or college but being sole heir to two thousand acres and one hundred slaves, he felt his future was secure. He spent his time racing horses, hunting, wagering and partying.

The boys were handsome and dissolute, though perhaps not more than others of their class. They could be generous and charming when they chose, but they were basically selfish and thoughtless, bent always on their own pleasure.

It was Tyler who first spotted Grace Lee at a dance party in the hotel ballroom. First Tyler Lunsford, then Nate, then Thad danced waltzes, reels and elaborate germans with Grace Lee. Once discovered, she was kept busy dancing--even doing turns with her father and with Geoffrey who was just learning the art.

That was the beginning of a summer romance of sorts for Grace Lee who was both attracted and repelled by these careless, young men. She soon had several suitors since many eligible, young southerners found this resort a good hunting ground for mates or summer dalliance.

Late in the summer, the newspapers reported outbreaks of yellow fever in the coastal ports--especially in Norfolk and Portsmouth. The infection was believed to have been brought from the West Indies by ship.

Mordecai and Martha shuddered as they thought of the great malaria epidemic which had taken their two oldest sons and their daughter, little Laura, back in 1826. It had been so cruel and inexorable. Medicine had advanced in some ways in the past thirty years, but the doctors were still perplexed by these tropical diseases.

Horatio assured them the family was as safe here at the springs as anywhere, for the disease seemed to stay in the lowlands and it always disappeared with the frosts of autumn.

Then he told them about the historic outbreaks of yellow fever in Philadelphia in the 1790s when shiploads of sick and destitute French refugees had arrived from Santo Domingo, escaping the great slave revolt.

The Johnsons sat on the cottage veranda talking through the lazy afternoon. They had read the latest papers from Richmond, Baltimore and Washington City. They had given money to collections being made to aid the yellow fever victims at Norfolk. Geoffrey was off somewhere with Tom. Aunt Pennell, alternately dozing and listening, gave a corner of her big chair to Benny. "Horatio, tell them how Benny got his name."

Horatio smiled. "Benny is named after Dr. Benjamin Rush who was a famous professor of medicine in Philadelphia."

He had a long, distinguished career, not only in medicine, but also in science generally, in social reform and in government. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. But we were talking about yellow fever and I think Pennell was reminded of Dr. Rush's great struggle as a Philadelphia doctor with the 1793 epidemic. No doctor was braver or more dedicated. Unfortunately, he believed fervently in the ancient panacea of blood-letting. Seeking to help his yellow fever patients, he would bleed them and then bleed them again, thereby weakening them and possibly killing as many as the disease itself! It wasn't blood-letting but the frost of autumn that finally defeated the epidemic.

"There was much disagreement among the doctors (and there still is today,) about the proper treatment for yellow fever. But if Rush was wrong in so steadfastly insisting on blood-letting, he was right in many other ways. He was in the Continental Congress and the Continental Army and he founded an anti-slavery society in 1774. I expect you'll think that was a reprehensible act but it's something that endeared him to Quakers. He died several years before I went to medical school, so I didn't know him, but I met many people who remembered him fondly for his kindness, his reform activities in medicine, mental

health, penal system, education and so on.

"That's why our Benny has such a big name and we expect big things from him," Horatio chuckled as he glanced at his son who was squirming under all this familial attention.

Phoebe reached over to tickle her brother in the ribs. Benny jumped and shrieked, "That's not ladylike, what thee did!"

Phoebe just smiled demurely, studying the floor boards.

Everybody but Grace Lee laughed now. Grace was listening with one ear but reading a book ^N Tyler Lunsford had given her--a collection of Poe's poems and stories--each more bizarre and morbid than the last.

As the conversation about epidemics and slave revolts proceeded, she was reading the Masque of the Red Death, Poe's story of a prince and his courtiers who, in a time of great plague, withdrew to ^{an} isolated, walled abbey where they sealed themselves in to lead a life of pleasure and insouciance while death reigned outside.

Horatio and Pennell, inveterate readers, had read Poe earlier though Mordecai and Martha had not. When Grace Lee told them about the story she had just read, they all shivered a little, being struck with the parallels with their own situation. Here in opulent isolation the wealthy

disported themselves while death stalked the tidelands. More striking still was that there would be a Grand Masquerade here at White Sulphur this very evening!

Martha asked Grace Lee what happened at the end of the story. "It's frightening," murmured Grace Lee, "But at the end they are having a great ball or 'Masque,' with everyone madly pursuing pleasure, when a fearful, unknown guest, gaunt, shrouded and smeared with blood, walks through the chambers. The prince angrily demands that the guest be unmasked and executed for his effrontery. But when they summon courage to unmask the creature, they find nothing behind the mask! It's just an empty form! Then the prince and all the courtiers fall dead, most unpleasantly, for it was in reality, the Red Death which had come to their hideaway and there was no escape anywhere in the country!"

Martha had been holding her breath, her face showing her dismay. "Goodness sakes, Grace Lee, where do you get these awful books? I must say I never heard anything so distasteful! Better not to be able to read than read such shocking nonsense! And it does give one a turn. Why we're going to the Masquerade this evening and we'll all be suspicious of every person we see. It just gives me the shudders, even on this warm, lazy day!"

Horatio chortled. "Martha, if you haven't read Poe, you have many a sleepless night ahead of you!"

That evening at White Sulphur disaster did strike, but in a most unexpected form. They were all at the Grand Masquerade to which guests had come from near and far. It was the great social event of the season. The ballroom was overflowing. Martha, Pennell, Ben and Phoebe were sitting at one side when they heard a great crash followed by sharp cries of horror from the dancers. Somewhere Horatio and Mordecai were dancing with two young widows from Louisville. Grace Lee was also out there with Tyler Lunsford. He had been trying to persuade her to take a moonlight stroll up a hill to the north to places aptly called "Lovers' Rest," "Hesitancy," and "Lovers' Leap," (for the directors of the resort had provided for every contingency!)

Grace Lee had just fluttered her eyelashes in the approved southern-belle fashion and they whirled as near the musicians as the crush would allow, when it happened. It seemed like a veritable earthquake. Fresh from reading Poe, she expected a calamity and it had come!

She suddenly found herself supine with Tyler and several over-sized belles on top of her. A sharp, darting pain came from her left ankle. She could scarcely breathe. Her

head was covered with crinolines, flounces and bows. Such a bedlam of screams, such panic, such acute discomfort and fright!

A proper belle would have fainted, but Grace Lee, intent on not suffocating, pushed bodies aside. One very buxom creature in green silk lay across Grace Lee's chest. This proved to be Miss Adelaide Witherspoon Thompson of Savannah--about one hundred seventy pounds of tightly-corseted southern pulchritude. Miss Adelaide had fainted (as expected in the situation,) and would require considerable solicitude before regaining full consciousness.

What had happened? The floor of the old building had collapsed with the weight and pounding of the revelers. The musicians' platform tipped down at a crazy angle and the heavy, square, Chickering piano slid within an inch of Grace Lee's leg. Somehow it had made the journey from Boston and west by ox-team over the Virginia mountains to this place. Now, only an inch kept it from crushing poor Grace Lee.

Tyler lept to his feet as did the other gallants. They set about extricating the victims. A general recognition of what had happened filled the group. Amid calls of, "Stand back," "Give them air," etc., the ponderous Adelaide was

hoisted aside. The other belles were taken to the veranda for fresh air.

When they tried to help Grace Lee to her feet, she doubled with pain from her left ankle. So they half-carried her to a ladies' retirement room, there to be examined by Dr. Horatio who determined that no bones were broken, but she had a bad sprain and would be some weeks recovering. Perhaps in a year or two they would be back.

The family tried comforting her, but she said, "Don't bother, I'm lucky! After reading that story today, I expected something much worse!"

Tyler and the other beaux were attentive for a half hour or so, but when the ball was resumed at another location, they soon departed, not wanting to miss the festivity.

Ponderous Adelaide got more attention where she lay on an adjoining couch. She appeared groggy and vaguely indisposed while her beaux held her chubby, limp hands and pressed cool cloths to her fevered brow.

In an hour, Mordecai had the servants carry Grace Lee back to their cottage where she was tended by Martha, Lucille and Augusta.

Next day they found a crutch for her and with Lucille's aid she got around well enough, but Tyler and the others, fickle, wild, casual, immature, drifted away in a few days.

They wanted pretty girls who could dance and walk.

They wouldn't waste time on an invalid.

So when the time came to return to Tugaloo, Grace Lee still had her crutch and had found no man. That seemed to bother Martha more than it did Grace.

The Johnsons, north and south, all promised each other to ~~w~~ meet again here at the Springs where they had so enjoyed themselves. Perhaps in a year or two they would be back. Now they must return to their separate destinies--to Chester and Tugaloo, and Haverford and Tuscaloosa.

Horatio's family got home first since they could go most of the way by rail. In the Valley of Virginia they got the train to Richmond and thence to Fredericksburg. From the little port of Aquia Creek on the Potomac, a river boat carried them to Washington City and from there the train went to Chester and Philadelphia.

Mordecai decided to take his family west by coach to Guyandotte on the Ohio River, where they took the riverboat to New Orleans and on home by way of Mobile and the Alabama River. The luxurious riverboats proved a far more pleasant way to travel than cross-country by stage, and Martha said she would nevermore travel except by riverboat.

Railroads were a-building everywhere in the country
but the great networks would not be completed until well
after the War Between the States.

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Now they were back. A hired carriage had brought them out from the Selma landing. Their arrival set off a great scurrying throughout the plantation--in the great house itself, in the kitchen, the laundry, the barns and sheds, in the overseer's house and the slave quarters, in the fields--everywhere the news flew. "Massa's back, da fambly done come back! Lucille an' 'Gusta an' Duke, dey all be back!"

The luggage was carried in. Jane, momentarily aroused from her customary lethargy, crept to her bedroom door, her head wrapped in a woolen shawl. She called them into her room to tell them how she had suffered, solitary and forgotten, prostrate with illness and plagued with plantation matters during these months when they had been "playing and cavorting at the spas." Between coughing spells staged for effect, she whispered, "I don't know why Jesus doesn't call me home."

Mordecai and Martha suppressed smiles as they heard once again the litany of maladies and disasters that made up the life of their hypochondriacal daughter. The reference to Jesus was borrowed from

some of the plantation black women for Jane had not a religious bone in her body (nor did the other Johnsons.)

Within the hour, Mordecai had a conference in the office building with Simon Ramsey Jr., then they took a horseback tour of the plantation. Mordecai could see that all was running as well as if he had not gone on the journey. He recognized the ability and honesty of Simon, whose salary he raised again that day.

Grace Lee was fully recovered from her injury and Martha was resorting to what ineffectual schemes she could think of to find a husband for her youngest daughter.

There was no rational way to explain it, but husbands seemed not to be available. Grace Lee would be a superb catch for someone. She was healthy, attractive, high-spirited, out-going, pleasant, always fashionably-dressed, sensible and rich! "Goodness gracious," thought Martha, "What more do they want? I certainly understand why they shied away from Jane--but Grace Lee?"

Martha scoured central Alabama for eligible men

to be lured to Tugaloo for dinners, but her plans were always for naught. Grace Lee would only half-heartedly enter into this unseemly scramble, not enjoying being on display and for sale.

Geoffrey had been sent back to Tuscaloosa immediately, since school had already started. He would come home for the summer.

Old Betty, the black matriarch, died in her kitchen rocker late in 1855, but it caused no difficulties because she had not actively worked for years and had become senile. They thought she was sleeping that day, but she didn't wake up.

Two years later, her husband, Erasmus, died at 87 and that caused considerable disruption since he was the respected paterfamilias of the great clan of blacks and they would always readily do his bidding. He continued to work until his death. Mordecai and the two Simons had found him invaluable in transmitting work orders.

Things never seemed to go so smoothly in the fields after Erasmus was gone. They buried him and Betty next to Morgan and Minerva and had a good stone placed with their names and dates.

Mordecai was much affected, having some difficulty delivering a little eulogy for his "friend who had been present at the very beginning of Tugaloo Plantation when they sat under the great oak with the Indians and bought this land. We rode out here together in 1816.

"More than that, as you know, he was the oldest member of our family, having been born at Nansemond back in 1770 before the Revolution. And he was father and grandfather to many of you. We will sorely miss him."

Then Mordecai had another of the young oak switches brought from the fallen Tugaloo oak to be planted on Erasmus' grave. That he personally took part in this ceremony was a measure of his feeling for Erasmus.

He was aided by Maximus and Duke who had also built the pine coffin for their father.

While they worked, Mordecai pointed at a vigorous, young oak nearby. "Remember when we planted that? That's Chief Tugaloo's grave. Tugaloo told Tallega and Rector he wouldn't have any stone marker on his grave. How long ago is that, let's see? It was the year before LaFayette, that's 1824 when they brought

an' den us black folks wuz dancin' an' all a sudden yo'
saw me, Moratio, yo' lepton an' wuz dancin' fool. Everybody
danced tooethabi. Dat sho' was some sight to see! Ain't
nobody bin nuttin' lak it since!"

Mordecai smiled. "We were all young then, Duke, very
young. Those were good, exciting days--over forty years
ago. I planted that tree back here in the old wagon. So now that tree
has been there thirty-three years! I planted that
tree since the Chief loved the Pow Wow Oak and I knew
he would like that. Later when Tallega passed here
on his way to the Indian Territory, he thanked me for
planting it. Trees make the best memorials because
they're alive and they last so long--especially these
oaks--I guess they'll be here for a thousand years
if we leave them alone and if the lightning doesn't
hit them."

He had removed his frock coat and hung it on a
branch. He had one of the grandsons bring up buckets
of water from Tugaloo Creek. Down on his knees now,
with his hands he built a ridge of earth around the
staked, young tree. "Just look at that soil! Richest
in the world!" He let the black loam trickle through
his fingers. Earthworms, disturbed by the digging,
searched for cover. Then he filled the basin with
water. The family stood about during the planting,
the blacks surprised to see the master do this kind
of work.

Then Duke reminisced, "Massa Mordecai, does yo' mind
how when we fust got hyeh, an' da Injuns wuz a dancin'

an' den us black folks wuz dancin' an' all a sudden yo'
an' Dr. Horatio, yo' leptin an' wuz dancin' too! Everbody
dancin' togethah! Dat sho' wuz some sight to see! Ain't
neber bin nuthin' lak it since!"

Mordecai smiled. "We were all young then, Duke, very
young. Those were good, exciting days--over forty years
ago now!"

That evening Mordecai complained of being excessively
tired, with some numbness in his right arm, then he couldn't
speak clearly. Martha was upset, but he mumbled, "I'll
just go to bed and it will be all right in the morning."
Next day, all was normal.

A GRIEVOUS DILEMMA

In the summer of 1858 when Geoffrey came home, he and
Lucille knew they were hopelessly in love, and that it
could only lead to disaster. They had suffered during
separation, thinking of each other constantly. They dared
not exchange letters or their secret would be discovered.
The southern code under which they had been reared was
clear and rigid in this matter. Black and white must not
mix. Geoffrey was white, Lucille was not. What was Lucille?
She was Louise's granddaughter. Louise was black, ergo
Lucille was black. Of course, as anyone could see, Lucille
was not very black, and indeed, in many places would be

considered a beautiful, white woman, but here in the family her black ancestry was apparent.

In Tuscaloosa, Geoffrey had been puzzling over this problem, and it seemed to him they must somehow escape to California. California was a free state with many opportunities and they would could be unknown there so they/make a new life.

He thought also of going north, perhaps to Uncle Horatio's, but California seemed best. They could go there, get married, and maybe later the family would forgive them. He had heard George Unterdorf tell of another Unterdorf brother who had taken a shipload of goods around the Horn to found new Emporiums in San Francisco and Sacramento. Maybe Geoffrey could get a job in Unterdorf's in California.

He would discuss these possibilities with Lucille when they walked hand-in-hand around the plantation. It all seemed impossible to Lucille. How could they escape Alabama without being ignominiously captured and shamed? She was a slave. Mordecai would never free her so she could marry his son. It was too ridiculous. And they certainly couldn't marry before they got to California with all the laws against inter-racial marriage.

Further, and this was her principal argument, she would not consider going against the wishes of Mordecai and Martha, knowing how they felt about Geoffrey. It was for Geoffrey that everything had been created. They were certain their son would take over the plantation once he was out of the university. In her own anomalous situation, they were the nearest thing to loving parents that she had. If she and Geoffrey absconded to California, even supposing they could manage that, she would feel as if she had stabbed his parents in their hearts.

Geoffrey answered that he loved his parents and would not hurt them if he could think of any other way. On these daily walks, holding hands, they would do some tentative kissing as when they were younger. But one day, as they sat in a grassy spot near the Tugaloo Springs, the kissing grew more insistant , then they made love for the first time. Lucille, a virgin, had cried out involuntarily from the pain, but still it was a wonderful moment, repeated in the next hour in that remote site.

Then Lucille started having misgivings. "We shouldn't have done that. It was wrong, wrong.

Don't you see we're just going to be in the most awful trouble?"

For several days after that Lucille would avoid meeting Geoffrey. That was quite difficult since they lived in the same household. Then he persuaded her to meet him in Becky's old cabin where they put some blankets on the rope bed. Here the trysts proceeded for several weeks, but one evening, Mordecai, as he sometimes did, came to the cabin to re-visit his own memories of Becky.

Since Mordecai had had this cabin to himself for all the years after Becky's death, he immediately saw the dust was disturbed and someone had placed blankets on the bed. He did not at first identify the intruder, but next day he posted himself in the shadows of nearby bushes from which he could watch the cabin. And so the young love affair came to light.

Early in the afternoon Geoffrey and Lucille appeared and entered the cabin. Mordecai waited a moment then strode over and threw the door open. On the bed, the young lovers were embracing. Startled, Geoffrey jumped up, "Father! What are you doing here?"

Flooded with conflicting emotions, Mordecai gruffly

returned, "The question should be what are you doing here? I think I have a pretty good idea."

"Father, it's not what you think--well, maybe a little bit what you think, but Lucille and I love each other. We have loved each other for years. I want us to go to California, get married and have a new life. We've been trying to figure this out for a long time."

Mordecai, trying to control his dismay and fury, growled, "Impossible! Don't talk nonsense. Lucille's a black slave girl. You know it and we all know it. I think I better talk to you. Lucille, will you please go back to the big house. I must talk with Geoffrey."

Lucille, with contrite, downcast expression, nodded and went out after giving Geoffrey a light touch on the shoulder.

Then Mordecai led Geoffrey to the bench outside the cabin door. It was pleasantly cool there in the shadow of an old, red maple. Mordecai gave a little twisted smile, then muttered, "I don't want to say anything I'll be sorry for. Let's sit a while and I'll try to get it all straight."

After a pause he started, "I'm not religious but when you were born I thanked God over and over. It seemed more good fortune than I could expect. We had lost so many children--George and Stephen and Laura Lee, and the baby sons. I had always hoped to have a stalwart son to take over the plantation. I was already fifty when you were born. We thought your mother was past child-bearing and she and I had our troubles for years--so when you were born we felt especially blessed--oh, you were the apple of my eye--still are! I have always let you have your way in most things, except of course, insisting that you go to Tuscaloosa--that's important for your future and you'll thank me for it someday.

"But now this business with Lucille. You're not doing anything that every other white boy and man in the South hasn't done before, at one time or another. These black girls can be so devilish attractive."

Geoffrey appeared more upset and ready to break in. His father, holding up a hand said, "Wait a minute. I know Lucille is not the ordinary plantation black girl that you sleep with then forget. How could

tell Lucille, but we needn't tell anyone else.

I not know this? She has lived in the heart of our family since the beginning. Why do you think I kept her with us all the time? Why do you think she has gray eyes and appears white? It has been my guilty secret, but I must tell you now. I am Lucille's father, and I love her like a father. For a while before Becky died I would come over to this very cabin. Your mother and I, well, we were not compatible then, and Becky was a loving, beautiful woman. Augustus still belonged to Grantley and was only allowed here two nights a week. So Becky and I were both lonely. I can't justify it and I'm not proud of it, but anyway, Lucille is my daughter. Therefore, she is your sister, and if the black and white part of it doesn't stop you, then the thought of being brother and sister must stop you. I can't tell you how confused and upset I am in finding you and Lucille in this same cabin where I met her mother.

Geoffrey's mind was in a turmoil. He could see his father was not fabricating the story. Mordecai's face was lined with sadness.

In a while, Mordecai resumed, "I think we must

Morcha and all the household were told that Geoffrey
tell Lucille, but we needn't tell anyone else.
Lucille will understand that, given the circumstances,
you mustn't meet anymore."

Geoffrey was not yet willing to call it all off,
but agreed they must tell Lucille.

Next day, meeting both young people at the cabin
again, Mordecai told Lucille that she was his
daughter and Geoffrey's sister. Thunderstruck,
she unsteadily stood and crept over to the maple
trunk to rest her forehead against the smooth bark
and hide her tears. Then she turned. "I always
felt deep misgivings about our feelings. It's
difficult being neither black nor white. I don't know
where I belong. I wondered why I was so much lighter
than Augusta when we were supposed to be from the
same parents. Geoffrey, my brother, oh dear, good
Geoffrey, now what? No, we mustn't meet anymore,
never, it's over."

Geoffrey threshed about trying to think of some
way to continue their love. There was no simple
answer so he asked Mordecai to allow him to return
early to Tuscaloosa.

After a month or so, Lucille knew she was pregnant.

Martha and all the household were told that Geoffrey was the father and in the spring of 1859, Lucille had her twin children, Moses and Rose. They were beautiful, well-formed, white babies with gray eyes and flaxen hair.

Martha and Mordecai looked at these children with love, pride, and enormous regret. These grandchildren were slaves, despite their appearance. Alabama law was clear. A child born of a slave mother was a slave. It had been so with Becky, and then Lucille, and now, Lucille's children.

Mordecai railed against the dogmatic law that separated the races in this way, knowing at the same time he was one of the principal beneficiaries. It was his class of ruling planters who wrote and enforced these laws.

He thought of sending Lucille and her babies to freedom with Horatio in Pennsylvania. But he loved having the babies here in Tugaloo House, watching them grow, dandling them on knees. It was quite possible he would never have other grandchildren.

In the autumn of 1859, (it was about the time the Montgomery Advertiser had a headline about John Brown's aborted raid at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, Mordecai

had a stroke, was paralyzed and speechless. He seemed to be in great depression. Only when Geoffrey would visit from Tuscaloosa, or when Lucille's babies were brought in, he would seem to be happier. His face, all lines and furrows and somewhat distorted, would at those times, give a hint of a smile with crinkles around the old, gray eyes. He lingered until February 1860, then died.

Martha also, declined rapidly in health after that. She told Geoffrey he must complete his courses at Tuscaloosa, but she was completely dependent on Simon Ramsey Jr. to run the plantation.

Geoffrey would graduate at Tuscaloosa in June 1861. Then he could take over. Martha ordered the big Johnson monument of granite and marble to mark Mordecai's grave. They brought it out in sections on three wagons one day from Selma. A special footing had to be built for the great weight. A granite retaining wall was placed to mark off the hillock where the Johnson graves were clustered.

Martha died in January 1861, just after Alabama seceded from the Union.

At Tuscaloosa, President Landon Garland urged the students to stay in school to sharpen their skills for

the good of their state and the new Confederacy.

But after Ft. Sumter in April, Geoffrey, caught up in euphoric patriotism, signed up as a cavalry officer, eventually assigned, along with his own horse, "Big Gray," to J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry.

He still loved Lucille and could think of no other woman. They exchanged some letters. Lucille would attempt to cool his ardor with statements that "what had been must never again be." She would review happenings at the plantation and tell how the babies were growing and doing remarkably precocious things. He kept these few letters in his breast pocket.

The war in Virginia see-sawed back and forth. In early 1863 he wrote Lucille urging her again to go with him to California when the fighting was over. Her answer came back in May. "Yes, since they continued to love one another hopelessly, and since his parents, with their over-riding objections, were now dead, it would make sense for them to seek refuge in California and start a new life!"

She hadn't encouraged him before. He was ecstatic. Though she wrote again, he received no more letters.

In late June, General Lee ordered the historic

heavy rain fell and he could get some drops on his face.

second invasion of the North. After moves and counter-moves, the Blue and Gray armies converged near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania in the first three days of July. Geoffrey was under General Wade Hampton in J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry.

On the third of July, a saber-slashing battle developed between the Confederate cavalry and the Union forces of General David Gregg. Geoffrey rushed forward, perhaps with some fleeting and excited recollection of the boyhood "knights-of-old" games they had played at Tugaloo. But this was no boyhood game. A ball smashed into his right eye. He fell from his horse, but with his foot tangled in the stirrup, was dragged several hundred yards until the foot fell clear of the frightened horse. He was in a grassy angle of a zig-zag rail fence. He was still conscious. With his one good eye, he could see piled, fleecy clouds floating in the sky. He felt thirsty but he couldn't move, so he lay there. Occasionally, he thought he heard some wounded men moaning nearby. Oh, how he ached. Strange, he couldn't see with the right eye. Hours later,

heavy rain fell and he could get some drops on his tongue.

Through July fourth, the eighty-seventh birthday of the nation, the two antagonistic armies held their positions, then General Lee ordered withdrawal south of the Potomac. Many of the wounded and dead were left behind.

The call went out across Pennsylvania and Maryland for volunteers to care for the casualties and bury the dead. The military were overwhelmed by the scale of the grisly tasks.

At the Quaker Meeting in Chester, Dr. Horatio and his family heard of the disaster. Hastily they loaded food, bandages, medicine and two tents on a train going to Baltimore. There they transferred to a train going toward Gettysburg. A few miles east of Gettysburg, Stuart's cavalry had destroyed the railroad, so they got down and rented two wagons, thus reaching the battlefield late on the sixth of July.

A frightful scene greeted them. Dead and wounded were everywhere. Horatio contacted the army and the Sanitary Commission, telling them he had three and one-half doctors to offer. (He had himself, Wooly and

Penny , and Ben was part-way through medical school.)
The Sanitary Commission assigned an area of the battle-field to him, telling him that many still living would die and nothing could be done about it. He must decide who should be helped--only those for whom there was a chance.

The stench was incredible. Thousands of bloated, dead horses and men were still unburied. More help was arriving hourly and they were beginning to make shallow, temporary graves.

The Johnsons set up their tents and started gathering wounded. The ground was all wet from heavy rains the past two days. The army and some other agencies were also setting up field-hospitals in tents. Some army orderlies were assigned to assist Horatio.

The next day, the seventh, Kader's Tom and his brother Dodie, showed up and found Horatio on the field. Phoebe had told them about the rescue mission. "What can we do to help?" asked Kader's Tom.

Horatio showed him the area they were responsible for--"Up to that zig-zag fence along the top of this rise. We've gone over it already, but we're sure there are more people, more wounded there. Why don't

you and Dodie walk it over--about twenty feet apart so you won't miss anything, and move back and forth 'til you've covered it all completely. If you find anyone still alive, let us know right away. If you find someone dead, leave them for the burial details, but make a kind of map on this piece of paper to note down what you find. Look carefully around ditches and stone walls--that seems to be where a lot of the men were looking for shelter."

The two young men went about this work with a will. Just as Kader's Tom neared the southern corner of the zig-zag fence, Dodie called out, "Tom, come here." Tom surveyed up to the fence and saw nothing, so he went to help Dodie who had found a Union cavalryman still alive and lying in a depression of the earth. They decided to carry the man at once to the tents. When they returned, they re-commenced their search thirty feet to the north, and that's why they did not discover Geoffrey who was lying silent and crumpled, but still alive on the other side of the fence.

Next day, the eighth, Geoffrey still lay there, his handsome face become a mockery--mouth sagging open, the right eye sunken and dessicated, the face and

flaxen hair encrusted with mud and coagulated blood, and vanguards of ants doing their work. About then, a renegade Union soldier furtively went through Geoffrey's pockets, stealing Mordecai's gold watch. At ten A. M. his lip moved a little. He seemed to be in some distant, indescribable chamber. He was thinking, "Lucille, Lucille, we'll go. It will be all right." No sound came out. Then the light and spirit faded from the remaining eye. Geoffrey was gone.

On the tenth, a detail picked up the corpse, heaving it on an overburdened wagon. It had been passed earlier by another wagon. "This one's a Johnny Reb. Leave him for the next wagon. We don't want to mix 'em up." They had hauled him over to a long, shallow ditch to be dumped in with other dead Rebels, then they posted a sign, "Twenty-nine unknown Rebels." Years later, when southern soldiers were exhumed for re-burial in the South, Geoffrey's bones were overlooked.

And after the war, when his cousins knew that Geoffrey had died at Gettysburg, they always wondered if somehow, in some overlooked way, they could have saved him. And his good friend, Kader's Tom,

remembered him and wondered how it might have been if he had responded differently to Geoffrey's light-hearted proposal in 1855 in Virginia to join him in a great adventure out in California.

Geoffrey had died a lonely, prolonged and undignified death, but he was always remembered with deep affection by all the family who had known him. Even years later, Horatio, Phoebe and Ben could scarcely hold back tears when they recalled that glorious and promising youth, full of grace, whom they had met in 1850 and 1855.

Kader and Milton's families likewise, especially Kader's Tom, would feel emotion surging up just at the thought of the loss of this golden prince-charming who carried the high aspirations of his parents. Now all was laid low. Only those who have seen battlefields can know how low.

Down at Tugaloo Plantation one day in August, the message came to Grace Lee Johnson: "We regret to inform you that Captain Geoffrey Johnson is missing and presumed dead since the Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania."

Grace first told Lucille, then Jane, then the Ramseys. Soon the pall of fright and devastation hung over the entire plantation. Lucille shut herself in her room,

asking herself over and over if she could have done things differently. She too, thought of Geoffrey's repeated proposals to flee to California. Her heart overflowed with the love that had been there always. If they had gone, he wouldn't be dead. She collapsed in an uncontrolled flow of anguish. Several times Augusta tapped at the door, at last bringing the twins in. Lucille sobbed, "Yes, I must care for the children--they are all that's left."

All the women started wearing black mourning which they didn't put aside until well after the war. About that same time, Simon Ramsey Jr. was killed in a wagon accident in Selma. This was a great blow to Grace Lee who had depended totally on his skill and knowledge to keep the plantation running.

With war-time vicissitudes and no proper management the plantation declined. Over half the slaves were working on contract in the Selma Naval Foundry and other war industries. The Federal blockade ruined the cotton market. Grace Lee would hire one and then another overseer but they would prove unsatisfactory in some way. Crops were not planted or tended properly, nor were the records kept. Maintenance work was ignored. Stealing, crooked overseers were mis-treating

the blacks who were discontented and rebellious as they never had been when the Ramseys were there.

To make things worse, the Confederate Army repeatedly requisitioned corn, fodder and draft animals, giving in return, promises to pay after the war. The blacks hid some of the animals in the woods and saved them.

In March of 1865, rumors flew throughout the area that the Yankees were approaching. The plantation waited.

JONATHAN TROWBRIDGE

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On March 22, 1865, Union General James Harrison Wilson commanding the Cavalry Corps of the Military Division of the Mississippi, with about 13,000 cavalrymen, moved out of Eastport, Mississippi planning to swoop down on Tuscaloosa and Selma, Alabama, and other targets, to destroy the war-making capacity of the Confederacy. On the thirtieth, at the Cahaba River, General Wilson had stripped his force for action--emptying and abandoning the wagons. A brigade was detached to take Tuscaloosa, while the main force swept south to overwhelm the Confederates first at Montevallo, then at Ebenezer Church on April first.

That evening, Lt. Jonathan Trowbridge had been leading his men cautiously through a wooded area perhaps ten or twelve miles northwest of Selma. Jonathan belonged to the 17th Indiana Cavalry Regiment in Brigadier General Eli Long's Division. The main units were following the road, but Jonathan's group were outriders guarding the right flank from hit-and-run Confederate attacks. Rebel General Nathan Bedford Forrest, greatly outnumbered, was pulling hastily back toward Selma.

Jonathan had found a friendly black slave on a mule who agreed to lead them on an old Indian path in the direction of Selma and the Alabama River. Then the slave had disappeared, leaving Jonathan far in advance and out of contact with his cavalrymen. Realizing his predicament, Jonathan cursed, stopping his horse--hoping the men would come up. He dared not call out or fire his carbine for fear of being captured or shot in these hostile woods.

It got darker. The only sounds were the birds bedding down for the night and some tree limbs creaking in the cold, early-April breeze. Certainly he dare not make a fire. Jonathan thought, "Well, I am sure an April Fool. How many times have

I been told, and how many times have I told my men not to get lost from their unit--strays make easy pickings for the Rebels!"

He decided to wrap himself in his blanket and oilskin to try to sleep through the hours of darkness. Perhaps in the morning his men would appear or he could re-trace the trail. In the misty starlight he discerned an old, log corncrib, nearly empty but with a pile of sun-dried shucks at the side. He could make a bed of sorts there. He tied the gelding back in the bushes out of sight, bringing over some of the old dried cobs of corn.

Soon he was asleep, for the shucks made a better-than-average bed for one who had been sleeping a good deal on the ground in this campaign.

He awoke when the gelding, tethered nearby, made a sudden movement. Throwing off his blanket, Jonathan jumped up, grasping the Spencer carbine. Muffled noises told him something was moving in the shadowy woods nearby. In that earliest of light three horsemen emerged from the path. With considerable relief he saw they wore blue uniforms. It was his sergeant, Elisha Green, and two of the privates.

"Lt. Trowbridge! Are we glad to see you," whispered Green. "We been lookin' for you all night. The men are back jes' a little ways an' we got orders to skedaddle over east to join the regiment since we're jes' a few miles from Selma, an' General Wilson has ordered an attack for later today."

Quickly Jonathan rolled up his blanket and oilskin, then tightened the girth straps on his horse before mounting. The men turned and headed back to find the remainder of the detachment, after which they found the road the messenger had taken from the main column.

So, today was going to be the day of a big battle! It was Sunday, the second of April. There was a lot of speculation about Bedford Forrest, and a lot of respect for his prowess among the Union troops. But they had sent him packing a couple times in the last two days. Yet, Selma was important to the South and he could be expected to mount serious resistance there. Yes, there would probably be a real battle today!

Jonathan thought about these things as they rode at a good clip along the muddy road. Gradually, the thick brush and trees gave way to sagging zig-zag rail fences edging fields, some fallow and some ploughed, revealing the rich black earth of central Alabama. Next they saw some log houses set in clearings, then larger barns and then a wonder to see-- a great, yellow plantation house partly hidden among large oaks.

It was there that a thin, black girl, perhaps eleven or twelve, led a milk cow out of a barn to cross the road. Jonathan trotted his horse up to her asking, "Does this road go to Selma?"

The girl looked frightened but answered, "Ah ain't nevah bin to dat Selma, massa, but dey say dis heah road goes dere. Dey takes da cotton in by dis heah road." She struggled to quiet the brown and white spotted cow which was startled by the presence of the horsemen. The cow's udder was full.

Sergeant Green pointed, saying, "Why don't we get us a little milk to go with thehardtack for breakfast?"

"No time for that now," returned Trowbridge as he turned back toward the black girl. "Who's house is that up there?" he asked, indicating the yellow plantation house.

"Why dat be Massa Grantley's house. He own dis lan', but if'n yo' all go down dis road a piece, you comes to Tugaloo. Ah bin dere onct las' yeah on da cotton wagons. Dat be Miss Grace Lee Johnson's lan'. But ah bettah not say no mo' caze Massa Grantley, he say iff'n we talks to strange white folks an' especially Yankees which maybe yo' is, den we gwine get a whuppin' we ain't nevah gwine fo'get!" Thereupon, she and the cow hurried down the muddy lane, both anxious to get away from the armed men and horses.

The men chuckled as they watched the retreating figures, but the pastoral scene was jolted as two shots rang out! Someone was firing at them, but they didn't know from where.

Looking around, Trowbridge called out, "Come on men! Let's get down this road fast. We don't have time to fight it out with some wild, secesh farmer!"

They never knew it had been old Frederick Grantley himself, now near eighty-five years old, who had fired at them from a shed window. He had heard there were Yankees in the region so he kept a vigil near the road. Later he would gleefully recount how, singlehanded, he had driven off a crowd of "degenerate, abolitionist cowards" in blue coats and thus saved his "niggers" and his plantation.

When the Yankee cavalrymen galloped down the road, there were no more shots. Another mile or two of woods and cotton fields and then they saw on their left, ^{an imposing,} ~~a~~ white-pillared house rising on a hill back among out-buildings and giant trees. This must be the "Tugaloo," of which the girl had spoken. Jonathan whistled to himself and slowed his horse as he stared up at the remarkably beautiful structure. He had grown up a poor farm boy in a large family near Middlebury, Vermont. In those early days, grubbing out rocks from the sloping, inhospitable fields, he had dreamed of someday owning a farm with deep, black soil, free of rocks and flooded with sunshine. He had managed to go to Middlebury College for a year and then went to Jennings County, Indiana, where some cousins were farming. And that's when the war broke out and he and his cousins joined the Indiana volunteers.

He would never own anything like this fine Tugaloo House, but maybe he could find some good soil somewhere! He had

seen scores of likely farms during all the campaigns of the past four years. He had risen in the ranks and been given a commission after the Battle of Nashville.

Abruptly, his mind came back to the business at hand. Spurring his horse, he took a long, last look at Tugaloo. Thin smoke was rising from two chimneys while some of the window shutters were open, and several blacks scurried around to smaller out-buildings.

Jonathan Trowbridge had seen Tugaloo for the first time. It was a vision that would stay with him.

Twenty-five minutes later the men sighted the main Selma Road filled with a winding column of Yankee horsemen, and there found, and rejoined the Seventeenth Indiana. In a couple hours time they started to come up against the very significant fortifications the rebels had built to protect Selma. What they didn't know was that a defector had brought the plans of the defenses to General Wilson, enabling him to choose vulnerable spots. These defenses included log palisades interwoven with wire, and ditches with earthworks mined with torpedoes. In special emplacements were guns and cannon manufactured in Selma itself, for it was, after Richmond, the most important center of Confederate war production.

General Wilson planned to attack after dark. The units were in their appointed places with General Long's Division

on the right. They were dismounted and would attempt to storm the works when a signal was given. At five P. M. the attack began prematurely when Long's men thought they heard the signal. Nonetheless, the attack went well, aided by fearless "contrabands," or black men freed by the arrival of the Yankees. With axes, hatchets and shovels, these blacks surged forward to open holes in the barricades so the soldiers could get through.

Bedford Forrest had hastily collected about 4000 men, mostly boys or elderly, ill-trained militia, poorly armed, to augment his little remnant of cavalry to man the four-mile defense line.

For a time the battle raged furiously with many dead and wounded on both sides, but before night it was all over. The Confederates fled or surrendered as the Union army occupied the city. Immediately, some blacks and renegade Union soldiers started looting and setting fires.

General Wilson was unsuccessful fighting the arson, but stopped the looting when ^{he}/decreed death on sight for looters. For a time, anarchy and violence reigned. The town's wealthiest citizen, reported owner of 700 slaves, died that night while resisting a Union soldier. His buildings, along with much of the business district and many mansions, were burned.

Troup House (later
General Wilson set up headquarters in the St. James)

Hotel on Water Avenue, just by the river front, and proceeded with the destruction of the industries of Selma. The foundries, arsenals, rolling mills, niter-works, factories, rolling stock, naval yard, railroads--all were systematically destroyed--everything burned, smashed, exploded or sunk in the river.

On the tenth of April, after his engineers had built a great, floating bridge across the Alabama River, General Wilson led his men to capture Montgomery and on into Georgia.

There were other battles at the Chattahoochie and some contested bridge-crossings, and it was the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment of Cavalry that led the march into Macon, Georgia.

They had talked of acquiring horses in some of the places they had been during the campaign. They had been attracted to Selma, though they knew that they might not be popular there.

When mustering-out time came, Jonathan visited his family in Vermont but soon made his way back to Selma. He had his army pay plus savings and a small amount and hoped he could find a job of work but could not. His mind was still full of the fight from

In that spring of 1865, after four grinding years, the war came to an end. Richmond had fallen, Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse, General Joe Johnston to Sherman in North Carolina, and Confederate general Dick Taylor to General Canby in Alabama.

General Wilson became military governor of the Macon area. His men captured fleeing President Jeff Davis at Irwinville, Georgia, on the tenth of May and the Confederate leader was sent for two years imprisonment to Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

In July 1865, the government ordered the Cavalry Corps of the Military Division of the Mississippi to be disbanded, mustered out and transported north. Jonathan and his sergeant, Elisha Green, had talked about post-war many times. What would they do when the war was over? They had talked of acquiring farms in some of the places they had seen during the campaigns. They were both attracted to Selma, though they were sure they might not be popular there.

When mustering-out time came, Jonathan visited his family in Vermont, but soon made his way back to Selma. He had his army pay plus savings and a small legacy, and hoped he could find a job of sorts, but always in his mind was the idea of finding a farm of that rich,

black land he had seen. The old plantation system was in ruins. Wealthy southerners had invested everything in land, slaves, railroads, Confederate bonds and cash. Now, most was swept away and in every southern county every week were distress sales of land and meager belongings as the impoverished population tried to get some federal dollars.

Since the slaves were now free, law required that they be paid for their labor, but few landowners had Yankee money or saleable commodities. Some tried to deceive and exploit the blacks as always, but the federal army of occupation was there to see that the new order prevailed.

Dislocation was ubiquitous in the South. Slaves, always held in ignorance, learning that they were free, would go trooping down the roads, gathering at intersections, or in the towns, partying or helping themselves to property where they found it. They had little idea that they must continue to work in order to eat and live. Freedom and license were all the same to them.

Later, Jonathan would recall his arrival in Selma. It was in early September, but still hot as any summer day. He had come down from Rome, Georgia, partly by rail, partly by stage, since the war and the Yankees had done their best to destroy the southern rail system.

Sept 1865

countrywide. Fields all or weedy, fences broken and

Sections of rails had been torn up and twisted over and hot fires of railroad ties (to insure they couldn't be re-used.) Bridges and locomotives had been demolished. Much of the rolling stock was worn and useless or cannibalized, for the region had been cut off for four years from its natural suppliers in the northeastern states or England. Finances and management were in chaos.

Local entrepreneurs were operating makeshift stages to bridge the gaps. They would demand Yankee money in payment, but often had to barter with the local people, taking chickens, piglets or trinkets for transportation to the next town.

Jonathan found a seat on the top of one of these coaches for the ride into Selma. Every mile or so they encountered rag-tag gatherings of blacks out socializing at the roadside, still celebrating their freedom from plantation restraints, and with no clue or worry about what the future held for them.

Jonathan, in his heavy, northern, civilian clothing, was near baked to a crisp by the pitiless sun. Under the wide brim of his hat, he had suspended a wide, red kerchief to protect the back of his neck.

There was a neglected, forlorn air about most of the

countryside. Fields full of weeds, fences broken and unrepainted, buildings unpainted with broken windows, and some of the plantation houses burned to the ground by accident or by Yankee marauders. Then, from time to time, a neat, well-kept farm. The driver said, "Oh, them's easy to pick. They belong to Germans. See, back in '48 we had a bunch of Germans that come over and settled in Selma--hundreds of them! They was all pretty good. They started factories and businesses and some of them come out here and started farmin'. They didn't use slaves--they done their own work, jes' like back in the old country. So now, them big plantation owners is all hollerin' about what they have to do to get the niggers to go back to work, and them Germans is livin' good since they do all their own work, an' they have lots of wurst an' sauerkraut, an' kegs full of home-made beer and wine in the cellar an' hogs an' milk-cows. An' their crops are always fifty per-cent better than the plantations. Guess that's 'cause they take good care of everything. Oh, I guess we could learn a couple things from them."

The driver showed him the ruins of one plantation house, abandoned by the owners who retreated to their Selma mansion near the end of the war. Once they were gone, the great house was occupied by ignorant field hands who

quickly ravaged it before setting it on fire. One of the owner's daughters had returned for some keepsake before the final fire and discovered the drunken blacks in all the bedrooms where the family belongings were strewn everywhere. Some of the fireplaces had roaring blazes fed by antique mahogany furniture which the blacks were dismembering. Some pier-glass mirrors lay shattered across the rooms and the oil portraits of the young woman's grandparents had been smeared with feces and their eyes cut out. The blacks were partly dressed in the finery of the owner's family. The young woman, facing these blacks, knew at once that reprimands would not work, and that her only choice was to leave immediately, which she did. The trusty, old, house-black who was driving her buggy, and who was related to the field hands, told her as they raced back to Selma, "Ya done right, Miss Althea. Dem niggahs ain't gwine listen to no reason nohow. Dey be all fired up wit' Massa George's whisky an' dat pahty gwine las' 'til da whisky's gone an' dat da truf!" In Selma, a few nights later, they heard the house had burned to the ground. The flow of descriptive conversation from the driver helped ease the agony of the journey. Jonathan, the prospective settler, wanted all the information he could get.

Eventually, they arrived in Selma itself, rattling past burnt-out buildings and hopeful new shacks whose owners were expressing confidence in the economic future of the town. Jonathan remembered the central neighborhood from five months before, when explosions and holocausts were on every hand, but he thought it prudent not to tell the driver about his rôle in that destruction.

The coach set him down at the Troup House, the celebrated old hotel (later the St. James) which briefly had been General Wilson's headquarters and consequently, along with its neighbor buildings on Water Avenue had escaped the Yankee wrath. Jonathan glanced over the fine, old brick building with its filigreed, wrought-iron balconies. Upstairs, a handsome woman with a Union officer came out briefly to watch the arrival of the stage, then they withdrew to the shadow of their room.

After securing his scanty luggage, Jonathan thanked the driver, making a successful effort to duplicate the southern accent and speech-patterns which he had learned in the war years. He didn't wish to dissimulate, but could see no reason to complicate his future in a land where hatred of Yankees was endemic. (Well, perhaps just a little innocent dissimulation!)

From now on, Jonathan, with his good ear for music and sound, would modify his New England accent to confound the southerners, and if he were closely questioned about his origin, he might say, "Oh, ah come down from the Tennessee Valley" or "Ah come down from Rome, Georgia," either of which statements was true, and then he could deftly change the subject. Only some years later, when he was well-established, might he discuss his Yankee origin with family and friends. Indeed, anywhere but here, Yankee origin was something to be proud of!

Now from the stagecoach he hastened into the cool, cavernous bar, where some small black boys, in the time-honored system, were powering overhead fans to augment the hint of cooling breeze off the Alabama River which ran just below the soapstone bluff on which the hotel was built.

He ordered the coolest drink available and got some iced rum. The bartender told him he was lucky since the supply of ice was unreliable and they might go weeks without it. But one smart farmer up ⁱⁿ the Appalachians of north-eastern Alabama had cut ice all winter from his pond and could now make good Yankee money shipping it to Selma and other towns.

The bartender, thinking he was talking to a fellow-

southerner, leaned across the bar and said, "Ya know, they's a lot o' them damyankees come in here, soldiers an' whatnot, but ah treats 'em all the same, long as they got good, federal money to pay the bill, so this ~~sout~~ here is one of the few places in town that has any kind of a bright future!" ~~an' got something to eat, but if~~

After the second rum, Jonathan told the bartender ~~the~~ he didn't think he could afford to stay in the hotel, but perhaps the bartender could direct him to a passable boarding house.

"Now that's easy," winked the bartender, "Ya see, my name's Jake Ragle, an' there's my aunt Mattie Ragle, ~~she~~ (folks call her 'Mother Ragle,') that keeps the best boarding house in town. Now ya jes' go outta here ~~herefoot~~ an' north two streets, an' she's in a big, brown, corner house with a sign in front! Ah'm sure she can fix ya up."

Mother Ragle's proved to be a dream come true after the dessicating ride on the coach. The tall house, with wrap-around verandahs on both floors, was shaded by ~~com~~ ancient trees that fluttered in slight breezes from the river. Mother Ragle, a diminutive, plump, white-haired woman, gave him a back room on the second floor, with windows facing east and north. One door opened to the

corridor and stairway and the other to the verandah where chairs were lined up in the shade.

She pointed out the privy in the back of the garden. "Meals are downstairs in the dining room, breakfast about seven, dinner about one or two, an' supper about eight or later. You'll always get something to eat, but if you're on time, it's fresh and tastes better. Most the boarders has been here a long time though there was changes in the war.

"My people has always been here. There's Sam, he's the handyman, does the garden, the drivin' an' that, an' his wife is Lutie, an' their two girls. Them two girls is Jennie an' Lizzie, an' Jennie has Jefferson. He's a five-year-old with a big appetite and always underfoot. I've been in this here business for fifteen years since my husband died. We all know what's needed like towels an' water. Sheets changed twice't a month an' you tell me or the girls iff'n you need anythin'. Lutie an' I do the cookin'. They always belonged to me, even from my pa, but after the Yankees got here, Sam an' Lutie, they come to me an' said, 'Mother Ragle, they say we's free now, but we ain't got nowhere to go nor nothin' to do exceptin' we wants to stay right here with you, 'cause

but died before he could serve. That was the biggest
this here is home to us!' So I tol' them we would work
somethin' out with wages an' all.

"So the big changes around here hasn't made much
difference in this house, but out on the plantations ~~now~~
with the blacks wanderin' up an' down an' all over an'
none of the work gettin' done--that's somethin' else!

"Where you from Mr. Trowbridge? I don't know no
Trowbridges hereabouts though my husband used to know
a Trowbridge over to Autauga County when they was all
fired up about buildin' railroads. Nothin' come of it
that time though my Benjamin, that's my husband, he
lost a good deal in them bonds that went bad. Otherwise
maybe I wouldn't be keepin' no boardin' house!"

Jonathan smiled at this narration. He could see she
was a talker, but a good soul nonetheless. "Ah ain't
from no Trowbridges down here. Ah come down from
Tennessee, over east from Nashville." Then he changed
the subject. "I'll go for a walk after supper. Maybe
you can tell me some things Ah ought to go see since
I'm new in town."

"Well now, " she mused, "We're proud of our churches
on most every corner, an' over west, we have a fine
cemetery. Don't miss the monument to William Rufus King--
he was vice-president, ya know, under Franklin Pierce,

but died before he could serve. That was the biggest funeral we ever had. His plantation is ten miles south and 'twas him that named this town Selma!" ~~sleep except~~

She shifted positions like she was settling down for some serious talk. "Now we got some real fine residences over to the west side of town, but truth is, the ~~York City~~ damyankees finished off some of our most imposin' buildings, factories mostly, but big houses too. Now there was Mr. Weaver's. He was about the richest man in town. He was into everthin', but the night the Yankees come to burn his building, he was there to resist an' he got kilt, jes like that. ~~were scarce and sorely~~

"So when you walk around, you'll see a good many piles of rubble that's been there since Mr. General James H. Wilson come to town with all his ruffians. What railroads we had is all done-for too. I can tell you our boys in gray never done nothin' like that up north. OH, it was a whirlwind of destruction for a while and we had no idea when it would stop!" ~~desperately needed~~ ~~Kankoo~~

Jonathan was realizing the vital importance of keeping secret his part in the Union cavalry attack. He was, ~~they,~~ having doubts about the wisdom of coming to live here.

After an ample and tasty supper, he walked out in the evening cool, so long as the soft southern light allowed, getting oriented, getting the feel of the town.

Most of the streets, unlit, were quite dark under the trees, and the town seemed to have gone to sleep except for a little activity on Water Avenue, where some people were sitting on the balconies. Jonathan thought of the restless thousands probably scurrying about New York City at this very moment. He had been there a week ago. It seemed like a century.

Jonathan watched an enormous, round, white moon rise over the tree tops to reflect on the slow-moving, murky water of the river. "Harvest moon of the south," he thought, but this year the crops were scarce and sorely-neglected in Alabama. Next year, things would be better.

Back at the boarding house as he climbed into bed, thoughts crowded through his mind. He must try to find a job so his little cache wouldn't be depleted. He must find and buy a farm of that superb soil. That was his principal aim. Surely, many farms were for sale at give-away prices. People desperately needed Yankee ~~money~~ dollars. He had his money in a letter-of-credit from Brown Brothers' Bank in New York City. Good as gold, that, seventeen hundred and some dollars and hard to steal. He had hidden it in the lining of his travel bag which looked so poor that no one would bother it.

He thought about getting that letter-of-credit.

A friend in Middlebury, Vermont, old Professor Matthew Pendleton, suggested he go to Brown Brothers' in New York City to trade in his bulky gold coins for safe-keeping on the journey. "They do much business with the southern cities. You'll find them on Wall Street. I'll give you a note to Mr. James Brown, a friend of mine."

So he had found the Brown Brothers' in their temporary offices at 56 Wall Street. While Jonathan's business was minuscule by the bank's standards, old Mr. Brown had treated him with the utmost respect and kindness.

Jonathan had been surprised by the deference forthcoming from the employes when it was known he had a letter to Mr. James Brown, the founder, himself. A clerk took Professor Pendleton's note into Mr. Brown's office. A couple moments later, Mr. Brown emerging and smiling widely, came over to clasp his hand and pat him on the shoulder. Mr. Brown, in frock-coat, was a stocky, elderly man with a gold, watch chain, small, round, steel-rimmed eyeglasses, bald, but with a fringe of snowy hair and snowy whiskers continuing under his chin.

"I should tell you, Mr. Trowbridge, Matthew Pendleton is a dear friend of mine whom we see all too seldom. He did visit us a couple years ago at our country house

in Weehawken--that's just across the North River.

Come into my office and let's see how we can help you."

He led the way to the impressive paneled room overlooking Wall Street. He beckoned Jonathan to look at the ~~southern~~ unfinished, marble Brown Brothers' building across the ~~brough~~ street. "You may think we are well-off here in these temporary rooms, but that building should take care of us for the next century or so. That's our hope, but this is a city that grows and changes every day, so who can tell?"

When they had taken seats, Mr. Brown smiled, "Matt Pendleton wrote that you were one of his former students and that you had been an officer in the Union Army." ~~and~~

Jonathan briefly told his story of four years in the Rebellion, with the later battles of Nashville and Selma, adding how he now hoped to buy some land in Alabama, ~~and~~ perhaps in the Selma area. "The soil is astoundingly rich and free of all those troublesome Vermont rocks that break your plow. The old system down there is finished. Many landowners are forced to sell far below the real value of the property, so it's a good opportunity for anyone who has dollars!" ~~is a handsome with well-~~

Mr. Brown, recognizing a fellow good-businessman, ~~had~~ smiled more widely and said, "If I were fifty years ~~probable~~

ing veteran, back from the wars. "Not unlike
the busts of ancient Greek warriors I saw in the museum,"
younger, I would want to do the same thing. Land
values down there are certain to rise again in a few
years, so how can you go wrong? Of course, the southern
folk may not be too friendly after what they've been through.

"We've had a good deal of business with the south
before the war and are starting our contacts again.
Mrs. Brown and I have many southern friends who have
visited us here. Oh, they come from New Orleans,
Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston. I don't think we
know anyone in Selma. But tell me, what can I do for you?"

Somewhat embarrassed, Jonathan produced an old, woolen
sock with \$1725 in gold coins. "Professor Pendleton
warned me not to travel about with this money. He said
you could provide me with a letter-of-credit that would
be good in Selma or wherever I travel. I can see that
you are accustomed to much larger transactions, but
that's what I need, if you want to be bothered with me."

The old banker sized up his visitor. "How old are
you, Mr. Trowbridge?" He could guess. Jonathan was
well-knit, above average height, handsome with well-
formed straight nose, dark, gray-blue eyes in a tanned
face, with short, curly, brown hair and beard--a personable

young veteran, back from the wars. "Not unlike some busts of ancient Greek warriors I saw in the museum," thought Mr. Brown.

Jonathan stuttered, "I'm almost twenty-five, sir!"

"Almost twenty-five," repeated Mr. Brown, "What a good age to be! Well, I think that's a respectable sum you have there for a man your age. Large sums grow from smaller sums when there is good management and thoughtful planning. You're at the beginning of life! I'm sure we'll hear good things from you in the future!"

Mr. Brown went to the door and asked a clerk to bring in the Alabama and the Unterdorf ledgers. After looking these over for a minute, he said, "We have a long-time friend, good and reliable, in Philadelphia. He is Mr. Christian Unterdorf (and his father before him,) who with his large family, has built a large merchandising business across the country. We have worked together many times, always with success. Business is built on trust. I remembered that the Unterdorfs have had a branch in Selma for near fifty years. My ledger says that Mr. George Unterdorf was in charge there in 1860. He may still be there today. So we can make out your letter-of-credit to Unterdorf's in Selma, and in the event that Unterdorf's are no longer there, we have an agency

in Mobile which we recently re-opened. We have done much business for many years in the south. You will find, therefore, that our letters-of-credit are good as gold in most banks."

So the conversation proceeded amiably. The letter-of credit was quickly prepared by a clerk, then Mr. Brown insisted on waiving their normal fee. "When you're a wealthy, successful person in coming years, we want you to come back as our customer!"

Once the business was concluded, Mr. Brown, learning that Jonathan would be taking the train south early the following morning, cordially invited him to supper at his home on University Place. "Easy to find--just walk up Broadway to Ninth Street, then one block west to 19 University Place. About 7:15 will do. Mrs. Brown will be pleased to meet a friend of Matthew Pendleton and we can hear some more about your campaigns in the war! My youngest son, Clarence, was also in the war--one reason among many for us to hope it would end as it has done."

Jonathan lay in his bed in Selma reviewing all that remarkable experience. He had been in the great city for only a few hours but had been received in the palatial home of one of the nation's most influential bankers. ■■■

Both Browns were simple and unassuming, soon putting him at ease, though the rooms were of surpassing elegance. During and after a plain meal served by an Irish maid, he told something of General Wilson's cavalry campaign and the destruction of Selma.

"And now you want to go back there! How odd! I should think the people won't welcome you," said Mrs. Brown.

"I'm hoping to appear to be a southerner and I've been practicing the accent for several years," laughed Jonathan.

At nine, he excused himself for the walk down Broadway to his hotel. They regretted he couldn't stay longer but hoped he might come again soon to New York City. They warned him not to stray off Broadway into some infamous neighborhoods such as Five Points, where thieves and murderers reigned. This kind, elderly couple despite the great difference of wealth, reminded him of his own parents.

As he left, Mrs. Brown called out, "Normally there are family and friends here every evening--when you come back, you will meet some of our children and grandchildren!"

Mr. Brown urged him to write from Selma when he had some good news to report, or if the bank could be useful.

So he left those good people.

Although there were omnibuses, horsecars, hackneys and numerous conveyances, he chose to walk down Broadway, feeling excited by the fierce energy of the city, wanting to see more, regretting time was so short.

Flickering gas streetlights glowed over this busy, sleepless thoroughfare, the principal street in the metropolis of North America. Three stories above street level he could make out business signs painted on the windows. There was no service or product on earth that couldn't be bought on Broadway if one had the price. Furniture, watches, clocks, hats, caskets, jewelry, clothing, books, attorneys, doctors, quack-doctors with medicines and cures for every illness, builders, wreckers, plumbers, bonds, stocks, insurance, mirrors, glass, stoves, dishes, lamps, steamship and rail tickets, leather goods, furs--these were among the signs he saw. It was clear everything was within walking distance.

Crossing Chambers Street, he was sorry to find himself near his destination--the Astor House. East of Broadway in the gloom, he saw the outline of City Hall.

To prolong the fascinating walk, he sauntered on down Broadway past Wall Street at Trinity Church ~~and~~

and Bowling Green to the Battery where numbers of pedestrians strolled watching ships of every description at anchor and moving. At the right was Castle Garden the entry point for the thousands of immigrants who poured into the city each week from every land.

Jonathan bought some roasted chestnuts from an old, German vendor, then sat a while on a bench watching clouds scudding over the harbor. Remembering he must be up early to take the train to Philadelphia and Washington City, he turned back up Broadway, taking little tours of City Hall Park and the St. Paul's Chapel churchyard before retiring. Back at the Astor House hotel, he touched the doorknob of a room near his. The old, Irish porter had whispered to him, "There's the same room where Abe Lincoln stayed--'twas long ago, afore Mr. Lincoln become so famous!"

By midnight Jonathan was asleep, safe from the myriads of dangers and temptations of the big city.

And now, down in his bed in Selma, Jonathan, thinking of that eventful day in New York City only a week earlier, chuckled a bit, turned on his left side and drowsed away. Tomorrow he would look for Mr. George Unterdorf.