

"Mimy, is she dead?" The ruddy color had fled from his face.

"Go in dar, suh," Aunt Mimy pointed to the door leading into the bedroom.

The colonel found his wife weeping over the little child, and, being a tender-hearted man, he joined her. As Aunt Mimy said afterward, "Dey went on in dar mo' samer dan ef dey 'd 'a' done got erligion sho 'nough, an' de Lord knows dey needed it mighty bad."

The colonel went on at a great rate over the baby. "Look at the little shoes with holes in them!" he cried. "Look at the torn frock!" Then he fairly blubbered.

In the midst of it all, Aunt Mimy opened the door and walked into the room, calm, cool, and indifferent. Ah, how wonderfully she could play the hypocrite!

"Come on, honey," she said. "Mudder waitin' fer you. I tole 'er we wuz comin' right back. Come ter mammy." The baby ran away from its old nurse, and hid its face in its grandmother's bosom, then sought refuge between its grandfather's knees, and was otherwise as cute and as cunning as babies know so well how to be. But Aunt Mimy was persistent.

"Come on, honey; time ter go. Spile you ter stay here. Too much finery fer po' folks."

"Randall," said Cousin Rebecca T., calling her husband by his first name (something she had not done for years), "order the carriage."

"No, ma'am; *no, ma'am!*" Aunt Mimy cried. "You sha'n't be a-sailin' roun' *my* chile in a fine carriage wid a big nigger man settin' up dar grinmin'—*no, ma'am!* I won't go wid you. I won't show you de way. I 'm free, an' I 'll die fust. I ain't gwine ter have no fine carriage sailin' roun' dar, and Marse Laban lyin' down town dar in jail."

"In jail!" cried the colonel. "What has he done?"

"Nothin' t all," said Aunt Mimy. "De folks des put 'im in dar 'ca'se he wuz po'."

"Randall, go and get him out, and bring

him here. Take the carriage." In this way Cousin Rebecca settled the trouble about the carriage. Then she went with Aunt Mimy to find her daughter, and the old negress had to walk rapidly to keep up with her. When they came to the door, Aunt Mimy paused and looked at her old mistress, and for the first time felt a little sympathy for her. Cousin Rebecca's hands were trembling, and her lips quivering.

"Des go an' knock at de door," said Aunt Mimy, kindly. "De po' chile 's in dar some'r's. I 'm gwine roun'."

She went round the corner of the house, and there paused to listen. Cousin Rebecca T. knocked, a little timidly at first, and then a little louder. Mary opened the door, and saw standing there a richly dressed lady crying as if her heart would break. For a moment she was appalled by this appearance of grief incarnate on her threshold, and stood with surprise and pity shining from her eyes.

"My precious child!" cried Cousin Rebecca T., "have you forgotten me?"

"Mother!" exclaimed Mary.

Then Aunt Mimy heard the door close. "Come on, honey," she said to the baby; "I 'll turn you loose in dar wid 'em."

Cousin Rebecca T. took her daughter home, and not long afterward the colonel appeared with Laban, and the baby's Christmas was celebrated in grand style. Aunt Mimy was particularly conspicuous, taking charge of affairs in a high-handed way, and laughing and crying whenever she found herself alone.

"Nummine!" she said to herself, seeing Mary and Laban and the old folks laughing and carrying on like little children—"Nummine! You're all here now, an' dat 's doin' mighty well atter so long a time. I b'lieve dat ar aig-nog done flew'd ter der heads. I know mighty well it 's done flew'd ter mine, 'ca'se how come I wanter cry one minute an' laugh de nex'?"

Joel Chandler Harris.

THE GENTLER SIDE OF TWO GREAT SOUTHERNERS.



HE noble gentleness of character that distinguished some of our Southern generals in the civil war—I think the "our" may rightly be offered in a national sense—will still, I venture to say, be a pleasant theme when the generation that fought that fight has passed quite away. In Nashville a few years ago I heard, in a delightful dinner-table company of South-

erners who had "been thoo" the war, this story of the tender forbearance of a great soldier when suddenly surprised by a child's impertinent intrusion.

It was when General Grant was besieging Richmond. Black clouds of disaster hung low over the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy; the very air seemed charged with anxiety, and the scarcest and most marketable thing in the city, in that day of fabulous prices, was official

news. One morning President Davis, Secretary Cooper, General Lee, and others of only less rank came down the steps—if I remember the story aright—the War Office, to the sidewalk. Their horses stood saddled and bridled at the curbstone. Except General Lee, the company was about to visit the fortifications. He in weather-beaten uniform, and General Cooper wearing the particularly bad silk hat to which he was accustomed, were already on the sidewalk; and President Davis, in elegant new gray and drawing on a pair of showy yellow gauntlets that reached to his elbows, was coming down the steps, when, through the group of accidental passers that stopped to look at this bunch of distinguished personages, a messenger pushed forward and delivered to Secretary Cooper a telegram.

It seemed to be of serious import, for when the secretary had read it he handed it to General Lee. General Lee read it, and moving somewhat aside, lifted a beckoning glance to the President. Mr. Davis joined him, and elbow to elbow, in what they evidently intended should be complete privacy, the general was holding the despatch for the President to read, when the former suddenly became aware that an urchin of the strongest *gamin* type had slipped up behind and with uplifted face was reading between their elbows the tidings which they deemed necessary to hold so secret. General Lee—the same General Lee who on another day of that momentous epoch frowned the President and his staff off the battle-field with a single curt question as to what might be *their business there*—turned to the little rogue, and in a gentle voice and with a kind gesture of dismissal said:

“My little son, this is not for you; run away.”

If the merit of this story is excuse enough for telling it thus at second hand, let me venture one more under the same drawback: especially as without this second I do not know that I should ever have related the first.

On a recent tour of the Pacific coast, it was my privilege to meet in Portland, Oregon, the owner and publisher of “The Evening Telegram” of that city, Mr. George H. Moffett. Any native Southerner and ex-Confederate will appreciate how pleasant it was to learn from him that he was by birth and rearing a Virginian, and had been a soldier on the Southern side from the opening of the civil war to its close. Naturally our talk ran upon that period, and it was by and by my good fortune to open this same familiar subtopic of the gentleness of certain great Southern captains; whereupon he spoke so interestingly of his personal acquaintance with Stonewall Jackson that when he had finished I asked, and he gave me, his leave to write what he had modestly taken such visi-

ble pleasure in recounting from his own private experience of the great Puritan Southerner.

“Stonewall Jackson,” he said, “openly deplored, as did so many other great leaders of the South, the institution of slavery. Yet he was firmly convinced that its existence was not only guaranteed by the national Constitution, but sanctioned by a divinely inspired scripture. I heard him say as much in the only political speech he ever made. It was at a meeting held in Lexington, Virginia, in the election campaign of 1860, his voice coming unexpectedly from a seat in the rear of the house, where he had risen in support of an aggressive resolution. He was then Major Jackson, a professor, as every one knows, in the Lexington Military Institute. He was a frequent visitor in the house where, as a college student, I boarded, and I had more than once heard him express in private conversation the same convictions which he, on that one occasion only, declared in public.

“My acquaintance with him was only such as a boy of sixteen would have with a man of mature years. Our only point of intimate contact lay in the fact that I taught a class in the now famous colored Sunday-school which he had organized in connection with the Presbyterian church of the town. But I believe this Sunday-school of negro children of which he was superintendent lay closer to his heart than any other object on earth except his home and family. In the war, though much under legal age, I became a private cavalryman. Sometimes I saw General Jackson. In August, 1862, the day before he met and drove back Pope’s army in the battle of Cedar Run, I was riding down the road leading north from Orange Court-House, on my way from brigade headquarters to join my regiment on the Rapidan, when I overtook a division of infantry on the march, going toward Culpeper. The active movements of our forces indicated the sharp work that was near at hand. When I reached the head of the column I found General Jackson, his cap drawn down over his forehead, riding alone and apparently buried in deep meditation of his strategic plans. I rode by with a silent salute, but he recognized me, called to me to halt, and, riding up by my side, began to talk about the colored Sunday-school in Lexington. It was a great gratification to him, he said, that the school was being kept up in his absence. So we parted, and he rode on to bloody victory.

“And once again: it was the afternoon of the first day of the second Bull Run battle, and one of the most critical moments of Jackson’s whole military career. He had come round through Thoroughfare Gap, putting the Bull Run Mountains and Pope’s whole army be-

tween himself and Lee. Pope had turned, closed in upon him, and brought him to bay. The battle had been raging for hours, and though Longstreet had come to Jackson's aid, no one could yet say that Jackson's hard-pressed left would not be overwhelmed. Our battalion of cavalry under Major Patrick had been halted near Groveton,—almost in the center of the field of battle,—and sharpshooters were deployed to meet the enemy, who were coming down the Warrenton pike. At this moment General Jackson rode up. There was hard fighting everywhere. He conversed for a few moments with Major Patrick, and then turned and spoke to

me. He said that certain of our men on an eminence above the road were needlessly exposed, and bade me ride to them and call them in. I had started to obey, when he suddenly stopped me with—

"Oh! I had a letter a few days ago from Doctor White, and he tells me that our Sunday-school is still kept up."

"That was all. I went my way to execute his command, and he rode back to his infantry. I never saw him again."

So spoke my narrator, whom I thank again here for allowing me the honor to tell the story after him.

G. W. Cable.

"TEXAS."



HE assemblage which had gathered outside the walls of Fort Norton for target practice was both gay and picturesque, though between the vast stretches of blue sky above, and of brown prairie below, the small post, with its three-company garrison, looked as helpless and solitary as a ship's crew in mid-ocean.

But no such thought shadowed the spirits even of the scanty dozen of ladies, whose pretty summer dresses made scattered bits of delicate color, surrounded by as much blue and gold as could escape by turns from the practice—a practice in which the regimental ladies were almost as keenly interested as the officers and men; for it was the prelude to the selection of a "team" to represent the regiment in a general competition to be held at the department headquarters during the early autumn.

"Who is that dark, slender girl regarding you and me with so much disapproval?" asked a young widow who was varying her usual summer experience of Newport or Bar Harbor by a visit to a Montana garrison, and who contemplated the subject of her question through a lorgnette of a length never hitherto seen at Norton, with all the calm impertinence of aspect bestowed by that instrument of torture.

"Is it possible that you have been among us twenty-four hours and do not yet know Texas?" Saxon exclaimed.

"So 'Texas' is a girl. I fancied, from the tone of *camaraderie* with which several of the younger officers mentioned the name last evening, that its bearer must be some popular newly fledged lieutenant."

"Texas is the good comrade of all the

youngsters, most of whom knew her when she wore her skirts short and her hair long."

"And how do the older officers consider her?"

"As an adopted child; in fact, she is a new version of the 'Daughter of the Regiment.'"

"She should dress the part. It would suit her style exactly," Mrs. Stuart said, lowering the lorgnette, and raising her eyes to Saxon's handsome sunbrowned face. "To which rank of her admirers do you belong? Are you her comrade or her adopted father?"

"Neither one nor the other," Saxon replied, smiling as he met her bright gaze. "That staff appointment, which had the advantage of giving me your acquaintance long ago, has had the disadvantage of making me almost a stranger in my regiment when I rejoined last spring."

"Yet you seemed in haste to return here from headquarters the other day?"

"Was I not in command of the escort sent to meet you and Mrs. Lawrence? And did it not occur to you that my haste might have been a selfish desire to get you away from your adorers at Fletcher?"

"No; it did not," she answered, dimpling in a manner satisfactory to any masculine beholder. "But this 'Texas'—surely she has another name?"

"She was baptized Elizabeth Nugent; but she was born in Texas, and it suits her."

"It suits her? Explain yourself. To me Texas suggests only bowie-knives and yellow fever."

There was an odd thrill in the laugh which was Saxon's only reply. Why should he attempt to explain the freshness and frankness, the courage and fervor, that the name meant to him?