If vomiting, use a mustard plaster. Lime water, 1 part lime water 3 water, or milk. Soda water is also good.
If the bowels refuse to act, an enema of warm water, castile soap, and castor oil. The bowels should be opened once every 24 hours. If the fever continues, after the first perspiration passes off, sponge with vinegar water and salt (1:1). After the fever is broken, sponge with whiskey, cayenne pepper, or vinegar, as good or better than whiskey. If the kidneys are affected, use nitre, also poultice of onions to the soles of the feet, and tea made of honeybees I have heard of that, never tried it. Water melon juice and parsley root tea are good. To keep the feet warm, hot flannel is preferable. Sponge the body often, keep wet cloths to the head. If more than one is sick in a room, each should have a separate basin to hold the cold water. The same spoon or cup should not be used for two patients. Be kind, and gentle but firm, with the patient. Speak of his physician to him as if you had every confidence in him. Never leave your patient alone, one moment.
Sometimes it is almost impossible to leave them. With Mrs. Graham to whom I had no doctor; she had taken 10 grains of calomel. I gave her a dose of oil; I pricked her often. gave her an enema once every 24 hours. But she was the only case in the family then; her husband took it after she was up; he was very ill. recovered. If one in the family has the fever, and the rest are unacclimated; the well ones must not exert themselves over the sick much... especially not set up at night. They had better wait on the by preparing meals or cooking the nourishment for the sick. Nurses should have coffee, tea, and something to eat when they set up all night.

Chicken broth should be made very nicely. A quarter of a chicken. Skinned. All the fat taken off. Boiled in just enough water to cover it. A little salt. boiled until the meat slips off the bones. A little at a time is given, and the broth should be made fresh, as often as possible. I found it impossible to get the nourishment made nicely. I preferred making it myself. I saw the broth made. Chicken liver, gizzards, skin, and even the feet put into the
pot. I thought they might as well have finished the
bill of fare. of "Jake Bluestein's," viz. Chicken feet
and Porcupine, Applesauce, and butter.
Beef tea was made variously; hardly anyone liked the
essence. I cut up the beef without any fat, put it in a
pitcher, or bowl that I could cover closely, add salt
and some water. let it boil by putting the pitcher
into boiling water. In boiling it in a bottle, we usually
have the felicity of seeing the bottle break, and the
essence pour out when just done. For patients when the
bowels are affected: gumarabic dissolved in water, is good.
Most liked the nourishment thus prepared. For several hints
that I found useful, I am indebted to Dr. Howard of this
city, who in a conversation just before leaving. I asked him
for advice. His first was: "If you have a doctor don't
bring in anything—along with his directions."
For quietness, let no one talk loud, but allow no whispering.
Let the light be shaded so as it will not fall on the
patient's face. Let the room be ventilated. If you have
to do anything, before the doctor comes; tell him
though I heard one or two nurses say, they told
the Doctor what they had done he interrupted them with. I don't want to know what you've done. I want you to do as I tell you. Such a Doctor ought to nurse his own patients. The nurse should be treated with respect.

In changing the clothing, about the sixth day, close the room have a fire in it. warm each article of clothing, slip it on as some one else slip the other off. In giving a foot bath have irons to the fire; then if water should spill over, iron the bed dry, so a foot bath should be given in the bed.

If ice can not be obtained, a tin plate placed in the wind with the wet cloth on it will get very cool. keep your cloths wet when they are not warm put them again on the tin in the window.

I set nothing faith as a specific. and the most of these remedies were tried with what success my letters have told you. I have answered the questions in my experience as nurse, as they were answered, or I think the best. Convalescents must be careful in diet, exertion, and keep the bowels moderately open for three weeks, at least.
I promised to give you a list of the doctors who attended
where I was nursing.

The first patient, Dr. M'leenan, he was taken sick just
after Linda was taken sick. Dr. Gates of Charleston took
his place. Dr. M recovered.

At the Orphan Home, Dr. Armstrong, he sickened and died.
almost immediately. Dr. Tryon of Houston was placed in
charge the day I left there.

Mrs. Balkan in the tenement house had Dr. Free of Hot
Springs, he was taken sick as I told you, he died.

Mrs. Lonsdale was attended by Dr. Mitchell, Medical
Director, he pronounced her case hopeless at first, but
still tried every means to save her. She had a nervous
trembling and inward fever.

Mrs. Graham. Dr. Bartholomew never came after the
first visit. (Died)

Mrs. Morrow and daughter, Dr. Frinley, two of this
family recovered. Mrs. Johnson died before a physician
could be found, or at least was put hope. The family
Doctor was Arent who died that week. Grief killed
Mrs. Morrow, Dr. Frinley was a gentleman of fine feeling
as well as a good physician, perhaps as he had a
relative in Houston and the name was familiar made
a good impression on me.

Mr. Potter had Dr. Erskine; he was very particular in every direction.

The Taylor family had Dr. Mitchell; met the Medical director; he was very exact in all his directions.

When I was sick I took a dose of castor oil; had a nurse, from Thursday, Wednesday, five o'clock until Friday afternoon.

Senators: Dr. French, Carswell, Overall & McJully.

Dr. French's report speaks of them; Drs. Carswell and Overall I saw but a few minutes, so Dr. French and McJully. I have great respect both as gentlemen and physicians.

My next letter is not from me, but is the one left in my coat pocket. I send it by permission.

Your loving sister

Th.
Memphis Friday night Oct 25, 1878.

Friend Mr.:

I leave here tomorrow morning, en route for Texas via New Orleans. I returned from Decatur, Alabama yesterday morning. I found many doctors and nurses leaving they have fitted up the Market Street Infirmary as a hotel for such nurses as cannot get away. The table is well supplied, but the association is not pleasant and as they do not expect to employ any but home nurses in future. I thought I would rather take transportation to Texas via N. C. than remain here, the last part of my stay in Decatur was not pleasant. I had to walk half a mile for medicine and commissaries, feed the cows, pigs, and chickens. Sell the milk and butter and gather the garden truck. I could get along with all that but when she insisted on my lighting her pipe every half hour I broke down but the last straw was added when my food was dealt out to me after the family were done eating, and the balance locked up and after sitting up fine nights and days. I asked her to let me have a blanket to lie on before the fire in her room to rest my back. She said her bed clothes should not be put on the floor for nurses to sleep on.
that they were paid to set up not to sleep. I came to the conclusion my services were not appreciated. I told the Doctor to send a colored nurse, which he did, and although it was raining terribly I was at the depot in less than an hour. I applied to the Association president (Mr. Littlejohn), a very appropriate name, for some dinner or lunch to take with me. He said he could not let me have anything, I knew I had a two days trip before me. The prospect was not very pleasant, but poor little John, he keeps a hotel, and the more rotten he can save from the Memphis supply, the less he will have to buy for his boarders. A New Orleans doctor was attending my patient ordered a half bottle of ale. For me, as he thought I needed it, but as soon as the little fellow found it out, he came up at nearly midnight, and took the bottle back. Fearful I might get drunk on it. Oh ye gods and little Johns! he need not be afraid of the fever, it would never harm anything to mean. In the first week of my stay here I staid with an old couple, very rich people. The man died. Two others came to lay him out. There were no nice clothes, he had only colored shirts. His wife said
can't you button the coat up so as it won't show. It looks like a sin to buy a clean new shirt to bury him in, the same for socks. She wanted him buried in his boots or base-foot. I had a pair of new stockings. I gave them to lay him out in. They were so you may imagine very common. People though wealthy.

I wish I could see you before I leave. Write to me at New Orleans, but I hope we will soon meet at home. I was very sick when I got back not having been able to get any refreshment after we left Vincenbia the night before. and we did not arrive here until three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Bruger very kindly had some coffee made for me. I then came up to your room and laid down. By supper time was all right. I saw Mr. Dalzell to day. He inquired after you. He is looking very badly from fatigue. The last time I saw him was by the deathbed of poor Schuyler. I was very sorry to leave you sick. When I left, I told Mr. Langstaff, and he said he would see you were attended to when he returned. Yours truly,

E. H. McKeel
"Not more than others have I done. Yet God has given me more."

Houston. March 25, 1849.

My dear Sister,

I sent you the letter left in my cloak pocket. Now what do you think I conduct. How different was my experience in Senatabia. Every thing that the Andersons could do was done. I once paid a colored woman 60¢ to be sure and have supper for Sarah, that was the second day. Mrs. Massey found it out. sent the money back, said I did enough to risk my life. Mrs. Dickey always said it made her feel badly to see Miss Hamilton and I sleep on the floor on a mattress. and that miserable creature in Decatur begrudged. Mrs. Hoche a blanket. In laying out Mrs. Dickey’s wife told me to find the nicest clothes he had. and if there were none nice enough to see if any could be bought. I was tried out when he died. the men said last week, but I looked out the clothes. Perhaps there were families in Senatabia who would not have been as grateful at Mrs. Dickey as doubtless all in Decatur were not like those mentioned. I think North Alabama needs something more than 101 bit wash, to cleanse it. I send you a list of Nurses from Houston. also donore of money given
me. I am indebted to Dr. Rutherford for names of nurses to whom he gave passes.

August 29.

Mrs. Nunn.

Mrs. Nelson.

Mrs. de Pelchin.

Herman Lantry.

G. C. Candell.

Mrs. Burt.

Mrs. Wright.

W. P. O. Wright.

Mrs. Wright.

Dr. Bradford.

Dr. Bradford.

and

6 nurses from Hempstead.

September.

Miss E. Griffin.

Mrs. L. A. Bryan.

David Turner.

Dr. L. A. Bryan.

David Turner.

John White.

John Williams.

Dr. W. W. Tyson.

Dr. S. O. Young.

Proach.

G. Schwartz.

S. Schild.

G. Neils.

R. & Bohn.

C. B. Bruce.

A. Gemore.

G. Berthalot.

Jno. Shepherdson.

Freney.

Paul Bliss.

Mrs. Bliss and daughter.

Wm. Sherman.

also in Memphi.

Ballinger - Dallas.

Barrett.

Brenham.

McIntyre Bros.

Brenham.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T.W. House, jr.</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. W. Mckean</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Shinn</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Knight</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. Calanies</td>
<td>$2.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Christian</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Harris &amp; Bro.</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Steinbock</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Lott.</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Fox.</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. Arcley</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Dumble</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. H. Cushing</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Blanton</td>
<td>$.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. P. Shepherd</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Mckean</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$55.50</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This money was collected in an hour after I went to see about my pass. It was known if I could get all the way to Memphis free. Those who gave it said if I risked my life and gave my services that was enough. No money ever was more useful, it enabled me to obtain so many little comforts for my patients, for I did not know anything of the Howard regulations and did not know where to go for medicines. I bought them, first the Mother Druggist Mr. Goodyear, told me not to do that. He then gave me direction where to go. I kept an exact account of how I spent the money and of that received from the Howards after my own actual expenses were paid. I left $30 for Sally Blew, $3, to the House of reformed women, that was for the sake of the two I nursed. $12 to the lodging rooms of the destitute, $10. I left for Arthur. I should have left all for him. If I had known where he was. I have written twice to find out, but received no answer. The money was given to Memphis I had no right to give it elsewhere. I received it on trust, and laid it up in a bank, that never breaks. For, he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. All the silver and gold is His, and the castle on a thousand hills.

Your loving Sister, F. de Pelchin.
Houston, March 26, 1874.

Dear Sister,

I have just received the following note from Mrs. Neckle, who wrote the letter in the cloak pocket. She lives two miles from here. I will get her to write her Memphis experience, it is harder than mine. She was a great admirer of mother, as you will see in an allusion made to her in this note.

Yours lovingly,

Mrs. Ho's letter. — March 23, 1874.

Dear Friend,

I am always putting you to trouble about something. Yesterday in looking over the Memphis papers to find the record of Mr. Miller's death, I came across a Nashville paper (which my very excellent friend Mrs. Childs, of Decatur, thought too much waste of time to allow me to read while there.) I found a letter in it written by the Rev. Mr. Whitney, in answer to some remarks in regard to his having deserted his post, and as I can refute all such calumny against him...
I think a letter to his widow stating what I know, would perhaps be a consolation. On the morning of my arrival in Decatur, I was sent to wait on the wife of Dr. Gill, a gentleman in every sense of the word. When I got to the house, one of the doctors for there were six in attendance, including her husband. Dr. Gill had three: Saure, Summers, Young and I think the other was Wise; but Wise, or Young, Summer or Winter, they certainly were without any exception the fairest lot of men I had seen for some time, and when they got on each side of the bed, there was very little room for poor little skeleton me. but to get back to my subject, one of the Drs. told me I was too late; she was dying. I went in to see her and was not without hope. She rallied during the day and recognized me as a stranger. Beside her, her husband told her who I was. She thanked me for coming and seemed quite cheerful, and if I could only have made those country doctors believe she did not want soup and coffee (all given by minions) perhaps the might—well I say no more. During the day I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Whitten, Pastor of the Methodist Church, of that place; he had just returned from a visit to his family, and had that day visited several of the worst cases of fever in Decatur. The next day Mr. Gill insisted on his husband visiting some of his patients, who, Mr. Whitten said were anxious to see him. I think he was the favorite physician of the place. When he returned, she was sinking fast and did not recognize him. Mr. Whitten was sent for, and so far from showing any fear (although Dr. Summers had pronounced it yellow fever) he remained in the room while she lived, and then went out to find some one to assist in
laying her out. He returned, bringing Sister B. S. Bless her benedict heart. I am glad she got well so as to enjoy her old quilts that she thought too good for a nurse to touch on; she was afraid to strain herself by lifting, but got the clothes consisting of a very fancy Polonaise, but could not find me a skirt for it, for which I voted sincere thanks and for the second time I had my own way in dressing a corpse, in pure white. a night dress it is true, but beautifully embroidered, as were all her other clothes, and with her silver hair neatly parted, and a small bouquet of her favorite flowers in her hand, she looked fit for Heaven. for she had a lovely face, very much such a one as your dear old Mother had, how much more appropriate than gaudy colors. give me White for the font, the altar, and the grave, in all this Mr. Whitten assisted me. That night I slept up stairs, with no other occupant than the corpse. The next morning I was sent to Mr. O'Hanke. I heard in a day or two that Mr. Whitten and Mrs. B. were both down with fevers while sitting in the office of my amiable little friend Little Jack waiting to be conveyed to Mrs. B.'s house. I heard them engaging a negro man to nurse, at the enormous sum of $5.00 per night to wait on Mr. Whitten at the parsonage. they told the man to take some supper to him anything light, fried potatoes, biscuit ham, and I suppose a little cold cabbage. (I saw some on the supper table) to get his own supper and then lie down, as there was no necessity for his sitting up. (Of course not colored gen'men are easy to wake) While at Mrs. B.'s De Gill came in and said he
had been trying to find a place for Mr. Whitten to board. She had come to nurse her husband, and the benevolent community could not afford their pastor's wife a place to eat, not even at Littlejohn's big hotel. She was staying at Dr. Gill's but he had no way to make her comfortable. His house was large and handsomely furnished. No family but himself and two little boys. Without any servant he found a place at last. But poor woman, she did not stay long, the next afternoon he died, a martyr to his fidelity and love to his people. I will enclose a letter from him published in Nashville, showing how he was abused, and I have thought a letter addressed to his widow showing that he did not shirk his duty would be a pleasure to her. To be able to refute the calumny coming as it does from a stranger. I know it would to me. If you think so will you write when at leisure what you think proper. He was of your persuasion and you will know best what to say. I send you some papers mentioning two or three name Miller. Look them over and return to yours truly.

E. O. Heckle.
DR. FRENCH'S REPORT.

To the President Anderson Relief Association:

Twenty-one years of active practice of medicine in the town of Senatobia fails to give another season of such a varied quality and amount of sickness as this one.

Early in the spring months we had acute intermittent and bilious fever equal to the amount we have heretofore had in the early part of the summer months in previous years.

Most of the malarial cases early in the season exhibited much stubbornness and did not yield to remedies as speedily as in former years.

In midsummer, with malaria intensified, most cases exhibited more or less congestion, and in September many cases presented all the evidences of well-marked congestive or pernicious fever.

Where there was a vast amount of congestion with acid secretions beginning to eliminate, there was in many instances hemorrhage of the bowels—in some instances from the stomach—and in many cases by a hemorrhage from the kidneys.

Just before this condition we had Mr. C. W. Creager, Mrs. Welch and little daughter in quarantine with yellow fever. Mr. Creager died and the others recovered, and it was confidently expected that yellow fever would spread from the quarantine, as every condition of the atmosphere favored it: yet we had no cases other than the congestive and hemorrhagic cases of Cora Melders, Johnston Royall, R. L. Wait, Mrs. Alice Wait, Sir McKellar, Miss Lizzy Bowdre and Mrs. Sarah Oglesby; of course with such a list of mortality unprecedented in our town, and with yellow fever in various towns and cities around us, the excitement was intense and every one was on the look out for the appearance of yellow fever in our midst.

It is strange to say that there was an abatement of every class of sickness from the 24th of Sept. to the 6th of Oct., both in town and country, and we had begun to congratulate ourselves as it was late in the season, the town and country quite healthy.

On the morning of the 6th of October I was called to see little Julia Sanders. I confess I looked upon her case with grave suspicion during my first visit, but hoped it would prove only congestion fever. I visited her the third time that day and at 12 o'clock that night advised her parents and friends that she had well-marked indications of yellow fever. I did not hesitate to say the same on the streets to patrons and friends, and I am now fully satisfied she was the first genuine case of yellow fever that I had seen: yet there had been other cases that I suspected strongly, which recovered.

Now, before the death of Julia, her mother, Mrs. A. V. Sanders, was prostrated, a day or so later Mrs. D. L. Dean and about the same time Margaret McGee (col), all of whom I was called to see. I hesitatingly pronounced them genuine yellow fever. I then made it a point to advise all citizens of our town to remove and stay away until after frost, I sent my own family away. Those who were unable to get away insisted upon moving out into tents, outside of our infection.

Dabney Dickey was next struck, followed soon by his sister Mattie and a few days later his father and mother. The three first died, Mrs. Dickey alone recovering after a long and tedious illness. John Todd was attacked with a severe case and his mother, Rachel Todd, had a mild one. Wayman Parham had a very aggravated attack, but recovered after a tedious illness. H. A. Harrison, his wife and five children and Mrs. Fannie Allison were all attacked, and had two pretty severe cases while the others were mild. E. R. Stratton had a little daughter clearly poisoned with the fever.

Wm. Ligon had two children sick, both poisoned heavily. Joe Rigney had a mild case, and got up after 4 or 5 days. In the country W. J. Echols was attacked at Ebenezer church, and had quite a serious case for a while. He being attacked outside of the infected and in a healthy neighborhood recovered promptly. Little Jimmie Williams was violently attacked 3 miles south of town. He

Andersons were not left with the poison and it was expected hourly that 3 or 4 of them would be prostrated. I am told one of the most efficient and able men of the association, was attacked, as well as A. V. Sanders and his infant babe, all of whom were soon convalescent. Mr. Prophit with a mild but well-marked case, while Mr. Sanders was quite stubborn.

Now I recapitulate:

DEATHS.

Julia Sanders, Mrs. D. L. Dean
Mrs. A. V. Sanders, Dabney Dickey,
Miss Mattie Dickey, Geo. Dickey,
and Margaret McGee colored—7.

RECOVERED.

H. A. Harrison and wife, Fannie,
Mattie and Jessie Harrison, and
hate, Mrs. Fannie Allison, E. R
Stratton’s little daughter, 2 children
of W. B. Ligon, A. V. Sanders and
hate, T. J. Prophit, Jimmie Williams
and W. J. Echols, white—15.
John and Rachel Todd, Joe Rigney
and Wayman Parham, colored—4.
Total, 26.

As to the cause of yellow fever it is specific and was certainly imported, but how I am unable to say. All the cases treated on Panola street, in the infected district, were violent ones—seven dying, three recovering of the two well-marked cases in the country, and who were refugees of Panola street, both were stubborn cases, but recovered. I am inclined to the opinion that had both these cases been treated in the infected districts at their own homes, quite a different report might have been required of them. They both lived on Panola street and west of our town mill, which has a log way of rotten logs, punchins and saw dust. A saw pit 3 or 4 feet deep and filled with saw dust and water, and on several occasions this water-soaked saw dust has been thrown out on dry ground and the log way and exposed to the sun’s heat. Under the saw carriage is a hidden cellar that will hold 600 or 800 barrels of water which is filled with over flow water from the lot west of the mill, on which there are five twelve foot square hog pens, in which a hundred hogs were fattened last winter, and said pens only raised a few inches oft the ground which is covered with quite an amount of manure.
flows the lot west of the mill, which
is used as an ox and hog lot and
lumber yard. It has been as foul a
lot as ever man walked through in
wet weather, but is now raised sev-
eral inches with floated alluvial mat-
ter, with chips sawdust, rotten
lumber, soaked and covered up ma-
nure. On the north west corner of
livery stable lot has been as foul a
privy, used by the whole town, as
ever graced Bayou Gayoso.

All the places described (and it is
but half done) over w and empty
their foul contents around and near
the mill furnace and boiler, the
hidden cisterns and the open mill
pool 30x75 feet, now open and pre-
senting as foul and filthy a pond of
water, with much of mud and debris
in it, as it was ever man’s lot to look
at; a most villainous greasy looking
sewage now covers it. Occasionally a
sewage sufficient to produce any-
ing—to kill any thing—can be in-
flamed from this mill. Under this
sewage is a dust of cotton-seed chewed
by hogs, mixed with chaff, sawdust,
dirt and floated matter, which is
water-soaked with every heavy
rain by water running underneath
the house. East of this mill and on
the same slough is a pond connected
with Royant’s livery stable, filled
partly with water, floated alluvial
and effete matter and much water
soaked and decayed vegetable debris.

I now believe I will be born with
in this tedious description of the
foul places that have furnished a
matterial that crept up the slough and
settled on th’brow of the hill west
of the mill, and flowing in its do
out and settling in a bluish
current of smoke north-east and south-
west and across Panola street in a
very acute angle; covering the infected
district, where we had our fatal
tough cases. Will any thinking
person now wonder why there was so
much malignancy in the infected
district? The two cases, refugees from
the infected district attacked some hours
after leaving, were in a pure atmosphere
which was not furnishing

boring parties even with trifling chills;
where mild cases must be expected.
Thirty or forty parties east of this mill
were infected, but all furnished mild
cases because the malaria from the
crook did not give the same venom as
did the mill and its foul contents.

About the 1st of August

This much it is hoped will sur-
rely the organization—respect
admired and beloved for noble
self-sacrifice—condemned only by illiberal,
uncharitable and the soulless of our
county. Treasures in heaven will
be awarded to them by a just God,
while the pecuniary contributions have
failed to give any other reward or
compensate them.

One and all the Anderson Relief
Association have my profound thanks
and gratitude. Very respectfully,

W. A. French,

Chairman And’l Ass'n.

To our little band of the Anderson
Relief association, collaborators with the
Howards, going on their missions of
mercy from no other motive than char-
ty—to do all the good possible for the
sick and suffering—risking their lives
in a propagating pestilence of decidedly
more violence and fatality than ever
known in the annals of disease, the
profound admiration and respect of
their fellow-citizen must ever be due;

in fact since none of the organization
had ever suffered from yellow fever
and were constantly liable to the
disease. They exhibited a faith well
Wounded and an implicit trust in divine
protection, and a noble and provid-
G. V. McChellan, of New Jersey, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, thus earnestly recommends that collections be taken up in the churches for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers of the South:

"The good people of this State know that vast numbers of our fellow citizens have been carried off in arms, but now, through God's mercy, happily reunited with us have under one inscrutable trial, with its consequences still pressing with fearful weight upon our hearts and the hearts of the survivors, and still continue in relief and aid the power of their immediate neighbors to support. Therefore, I suggest that in every church, in every community in this state, arrangements be made to unite and aid according to his or her means and disposition, toward the approaching day of Thanksgiving; as a thank offering to the Lord for His abundant mercies toward us, and as a pledge of our fraternal love to them, money for the relief of the unfortunate fellow-citizens of the afflicted districts of the South."

---

A HERO HONORED:

THE TRIBUTE OF SENATEIA, NOW THAT THE PLAGUE HAS PAST, MAY PROVIDE HONOR TO THEIR HEROES.

A GOLD MEDAL AND CHAIN TO DR. FRENCH.

From a New Correspondent.

SENATEIA, Miss., Nov. 13th—When it became apparent that the terrible scourge which had so heavily upon our city, would likewise extend to adjoining cities and towns, a few gentlemen of Senateia formed themselves into a relief association under the name of the Andersons, in honor of Dr. T. Anderson, that magnificent, chivalrous, masterly, hero of Memphis, who gave his great and noble life away for the suffering and dying of Tennessee. When the dread winds did come, the little band of Andersons stood forward and nobly performed every duty that comfort and humanity demanded. They employed Dr. W. A. French, one of our most skillful local physicians, to attend exclusively to such of the sick as would come within the province of their assistance and relief. In appreciation of the manner in which Dr. French discharged the anxious duties of his position, the Andersons had a little fire, and a large number of the doctors stood at his

---

Tribute to self-Sacrifice.

To the editor of the evening:

I am mentioning a day or two when the departure of Mrs. DePelehia for Grenada on a mission of pure charity. This is an occasion when a word may be said of her character and in her praise without violating the proprieties of life.

She has been for thirty years a resident of this city. Quiet and retiring and always devoted to her duty, she has within her sphere led a life of self-sacrifice and good works, such as few know anything about. Earning her subsistence by her own labor, mostly in the school room, she has abounded in charitable and in doing good to others. Her life has not always been placid. Through the deep waters of affliction and of trouble she has passed, cheerfully accepting God's will, and with each trial drawing, as those who know her best know, nearer to
To Mrs. de Pelchin.  Houston March 28, 1879.

Dear friend,

you ask me for my experiences. I will try and oblige you, for I never can forget it.

I arrived in Memphis near midnight, Sept. 3rd in company of Dr. Manning, Coleman and Swearingen. Next day Dr. Coleman procured a ticket and took me to a family named Kaufman, out on Hernando road. Three boys of the family were sick, the eldest Henry 19 years, supposed to be dying. The father had died the previous week. The widow was left wealthy, and with three other families of Jews, had moved out here to be out of the fever district.

The Dr. introduced me as an experienced nurse, having been with him in that capacity in Galveston (though in Texas we never thought of pay) he left some soothing medicine for Henry, which when it began to take effect, she called out what have you done to my boys, you’ve killed him. She insisted on washing him. Of course he became delirious and with that friendliness, this disease gives its disease. Victims, he tried to throw the vomit over the Doctor, me and the best things about he would fight, his mother and once caught my hand, and bit it. The mark is there yet. The Jewish Rabbi in the house, wished to be notified ten minutes before his death. When called, could not
stand the insufferable smell, so said the prayers for the dying up stairs, he was that much nearer the sky anyhow. Two other children were sick, and one other taken down of these Jacob and Sam. were the sweetest dispositions I ever saw, they recovered. Sam died from a pelagee. I was not acquainted with the Howard arrangements, and was too far from town to go to a hotel for refreshments. The Dr told Mrs. Haggenmiller to see I had proper food. "What," she exclaimed, "am I to degrade myself to wait on a nurse," when I did get a cup of coffee, she flew into a rage because I helped myself to a spoonful of sugar. Again the Doctor spoke to her to treat me well, she as a Jewess was perhaps fasting for the dead, &c. "I haven't eaten anything for a week, can she not sympathize with me," "I fear Madam" replies the doctor, "if we all sympathised as deeply as that not many nurses would be left." I obtained food from a colored woman opposite, for which I paid. I stayed at this place five days. The Odd fellows then insisted on her returning to town, as no nurse could stay the one before me she had driven off the place with a knife. I returned to town with Dr. Coleman, went to the Peabody Hotel, got supper.
and the Dr. told the clerk to give me a room.

I waited some hours, and finally made inquiries. I found nurses could not have rooms there after they had been out nursing. It was then ten o'clock. P.M. I knew not where to go, being totally unacquainted with the place. Presently Mr. Langstaff came in and was informed of my condition. He called the porter to tell him to take my carpet bag and took me to Howard head quarters. Obtained lodging ticket to the Chambers House, but as it was so late, he said they had rooms fitted up over the office. Perhaps I had better go there. I concluded to do so. Next morning. The beds were clean but the room put me in mind of a hospital. There were so many cots in rows. Next morning I was told to get breakfast as soon as possible as I was wanted to go on duty. I went the Peabody, went to the dining room, and on opening the door some one I can't say gentleman (At least we would not call him so among the Mustangs in Texas) jerked me by the arm asked me what I wanted. I said I was trying to find a
Servant to give me my breakfast as I was wanted. He told me I had no business in that room. There was an outside room for nurses to eat in and not to come there again. I told him I was sorry I offended, but that Dr. Manning had told me to go there the morning after my arrival, as I knew any difference. I could not be expected to know the rules of a strange house without being informed. But as I suppose fifty cents per meal would heal his wounded feelings I paid him $2 for what I had had, and went into the other table. This the nurses table was served with black coffee, meat, and bread so sour, I could not eat it. I asked the waiter for a biscuit. He said no warm bread was allowed on that table. I told him to bring me one and I would pay for it. I gave him 50 cents, received one small roll. The other nurses were also complaining of the fare. As soon as I had finished I went out and found Mr. Long staff told him what had.
occurred. He went after this man. I cannot think he was the proprietor. or he certainly would have learned some manners from the traveling public.) and brought him to me. He said I was not charged for the roll. I gave the dime to — to wait on me. Poor fellow I reckon they went hungry. Mr. L. told me to wait in the parlor until he returned with his buggy. As it was raining fast, I waited awhile, then descended to the hall or waiting room. For I was anxious to go on duty. I was reading the morning paper, when the same little popinjay came to me, and said I did not belong there and he wished me to leave. I told him Mr. L. had said for me to stay there, he replied if Mr. Langstaff said so, it was all right. I said I should go and report him, which I did. When Mr. L. saw me he said what in the world did you come out in the rain for. I let him know what had just been said, he seemed quite angry, told me to take a seat, and he would see I was not insulted again. I know Mr. L. is too much of a gentleman to allow any lady to be
imposed upon, if he knows it. He returned after awhile and carried me in his buggy to the "Informer," or Doctors hospital, which was just being fitted up for the reception of patients. Everything was in confusion and water. By three o'clock, Dr. Bunch, the steward, was taken down, he had been very busy that day, and had gotten very wet for the day was rainy. We had received no mattresses, but the Dr. told me to make a bed of blankets on one of the cots, which I did, and made him as comfortable as possible. He sent for his friend (Judge Olsen, I think) to prescribe for him, which he did by giving him an emetic of warm water as he had eaten a hearty dinner about an hour before the chill came on. He did not think of yellow fever, as he had had it in August a few years before. I am happy to say he recovered. We had no other patients down stairs that night, but the next day Dr. Williams told me to take my bath up stairs. I found two Drs. sick. One was waiting for his physician, as all were privileged to have any doctor they pleased; I attended to Dr. Nugent as directed. I was suffering much pain...
Dr. Williams lay on the floor on a pallet, but did not sleep. I had also to see to my patient down stairs as the man sent to assist me was inclined to sleep. Poor fellow, he was taking the fever and when he went out the next day to his daughter's it was for the last time. Besides we had no candlesticks, the lights were put on the banisters. I had to watch for fire. The other Dr.'s friend not arriving, Dr. Williams told me to give him his bath, as it would not do to wait longer. I did so. During the night another Dr. was brought in sick, a male nurse with him. I was then relieved from duty up stairs, and returned to Mother Bush's. My first patient down stairs, I never saw any of those sick ones again. The next day they brought others in, the place began to fill rapidly. One young man, a druggist named Jarvis, was a raving maniac, was obliged to be put under the influence of chloroform, as he was an injury to the others. He lay in the dead room, I know not how long before death relieved him. In the first time I realized how dreadful to die alone away from all who loved or cared for him, I could hear him groan out there, and once went out to misten his lips with tooty. The next patient entirely under my...
charge, for nurse, was the Rev. Louis Schuyler, an Episcopal minister. He was very nervous and hard to keep quiet. He had black vomit, but it stopped, and I felt in great hopes of his getting well. My assistant nurse was a white negro. From her portrait, he was terribly afraid of her, called her the fiend, and begged both Drs. to keep her away. But she had laughed once when he was praying. He never slept from a deep sleep, got over it. The evening before he died he commenced praying. But turning to me said, "and in my little church in Hoboken or in the Memphis Infirmary, I told him, he said, "then these are all sick ones are they?" I replied in the affirmative. He then turned towards the sick and said, "Gentlemen please forgive me for disturbing you, but you know how this terrible fever attacks the brain," before he had fairly finished he was lifted from his bed and carried to the dead room outside. This was from a warm room through the yard, into the night air. About 1 A.M., the room was occupied by one corpse, and Dr. Bankhead yet breathing. Mr. Schuyler had asked Dr. Talley to have him & taken to a room where he would be more private. He now thought
his request was to be granted, and said Arp, you going to take me to another room. My nurse must go with me. Of course I went, but I must confess my courage failed me when I got there, and saw the state of affairs. I was so cold. I had sometimes to run to the kitchen to warm. Poor Schuyler would call pitifully, Nurse don’t leave me. I returned as quickly as possible. I had asked at first for some one to keep me company, and the man in charge was told to stay. God forgive me for hating that man, if ever a friend existed in human form it was he. As soon as he came he went up to my patient and commenced putting iced cloths on his head which Mr. Schuyler had always offered. A pitcher of ice water was there for my use. This man (and I wish I knew his name, so that I could publish it) picked up a rag off the floor and dipped it his hand and all into the pitcher. He had just laid out a corpse. I was so angry I called him, a filthy beast. He said I need not put on airs. Then poured the water into a # bed pan and used it for the sick man tolled me to take the ice and cool my temper. He so frightened Mr. Schuyler that it
he would grasp my hand, and beg me to take him somewhere, whenever he raised up, he would threaten to tie him down. Then the Shreveport nurse came. McJ. called out, that friend is after me again. She came and leaned over him. I took her by the shoulders and put her out, saying, can't you let the man die in peace. She was angry because she disliked her; and said she intended to devil him from there for such a place. During the day I thought McJ. so much better. He was rational, told me about his little church in Hoboken, built by Mr. Stephen, and asked for pencil & paper to write a telegram to his brother Roswell Schuyler begging him not to come as he would die. told me his father had written to him, how his little sister Rosa cried night and day for him, he requested his ring to be taken off and sent to her, and his cross to his brother. McDalyell did not wish the cross removed before death, but told me to see that Mr. Murray provided a nice casket, as soon as he died, 4 o'clock A.M., and I paid a negro 50 to go, and tell Dr. Dalzell. When the body was dressed I again looked at him.
the casket came, and I again looked at him. 

in it, at rest, from all cares, in the bosom of Jesus, safe in the haven of peace forever. There was no one present when he was taken away except myself and other nurses.

I went during the night to complain to the Doctor of the man who tended him, but no one was there to complain to. By morning, he was out of their reach.

The rooms of the Infirmary where the patients were first placed, indeed all except the dead house, were kept clean and quiet, but we poor nurses too were no more than slugs. Men could go out and rest, but we females had no place to go when off duty.

One cold chilly day I went into the room where we had been getting our meals and sat down by the stove, I was tired and cold, another female was there already, so I should not have taken the liberty, as I never went where I had no business. I had only been there a few minutes when Dr. told us to leave, I said I was cold. He replied I gave you women a room, have a fire made there. I told him the stone had no pipe, and beside the room was full of men of all nations and colors, and very rough. I would not go there, besides it was only separated from the dead room by a partition.
whose bricks in the wall. I am not particularly afraid of the dead, but prefer a tombstone in the graveyard, where the bodies are not covered, and one does not get the eruption as I would have done, where they are unburied. I found I had no place to go, went back to my ward, where I found some gentlemen from Brenham in charge one in command of a room. I requested to be put on duty again so I could at least be comfortable when night approached. The patients were most of them very sick. the Drs. were not there, the Steward Cook and all other employees outside had been tasting the quality of the Champagne. no one was fit for duty. several patients needed attention. The gentleman in charge of the ward (I wish I could remember his name) proposed we should take the responsibility of bathing ye, which we did, and they were done quiet, not however from the same cause as they were the previous night by Opium, but by sothing baths. The night previous that I speak of, there were none in my room, but a negro male nurse. If I was restless. the negro came to me and said. you are a fine nurse. if you do not know how to quiet that man, you see how still every one else is. I will give you some of this haw
and he will go to sleep. I told him if he attempted to do so I would go to head quarters late as it was and report him and have him arrested. He told me to go if I dared. He then went and sat down in a large rocking chair, to which and went to sleep. I did not see any more of him, and as the Dr. did not allow us to make any complaints to him it had to pass.

After the day I was sent out of the room, we took our meals in the yard, where all soiled bedding, and slips of all kinds were thrown, the table was set out there and negroes and whites male and female ate at the same table, and the negroes were first to set down. I generally took my plate and sat down in some part of the yard by myself. Sometimes Mrs. Mary left free the only lady I saw there did the same. I did not want much but bread and coffee for the beef was green that was cooked for illnesses. The fresh for the Doctors. At last the doctor forbade the cook (so he said) to give me coffee for dinner, but Mrs. A. saw one day that I was going back without eating, and asked the cause. Told her I did not want anything but coffee, and that was forbidden. She went after the Dr. and got my coffee that day. She was an independent little lady and generally had her way, and I have take the opportunity of thanking her for many little acts of kindness towards me. I do not believe the doctors
knew how much we did have to go through, but I do know one thing, they did not care, they may not have known that we had the sheets off the beds for tablecloths, but they did know we had to eat out of doors in all kinds of weather and in a filthy place. I made up my mind to leave as I thought I could do better elsewhere. I tried to see Dr. Bagg  to get my discharge. But could not, and told Dr. Williams so, he said he did not blame me. Mr. Langstaff was sick so I could not see him. I wished to go to Holly Springs. But Gen. Smith said he did not want to send me there, was I tired of nursing? I said certainly not, he then gave me a ticket for Bartlett, Tenn.

Yours truly

E. M. H.

Houston. March 31, 1879.

Dear Friend,

I believe in my last to you, I had just received my pass to Bartlett Tenn. If you remember, it was the first time I had seen you. To speak of what joy it did seem to meet one from home, in the midst of those terrible scenes, it seemed to lighten the terror to see a familiar face. Well as I told you I received a pass, and went back to the infirmary to see the Dr. and tell him I was going, he had no time to de-he vote to a nurse. I found they had brought Dr. Hillman & Pierce down stairs to die. His Nurse, Mr. Bagnall, would not let him. Then take him in the dead room, but he was in the next room. She was sitting beside him.
knew how much we did have to go through, but I do know one thing, they did not care, they may not have known that we had the sheets off the beds for tablecloths, but they did know we had to eat out of doors in all kinds of weather and in a filthy place. I made up my mind to leave, as I thought I could do better elsewhere. I tried to see Dr. Brown to get my discharge. But could not, and told Dr. Williams so, he said he did not blame me. Mr. Langstaff was sick, so I could not see him. I wished to go to Holly Springs. But Gen. Smith said he did not want to send me there, was I tired of nursing? I said certainly not. he then gave me a ticket for Bartlett, Tenn.

Yours truly,

E. M. E.

Houston  March 31, 1879.

Dear Friend,

I believe in my last to you, I had just received my pass to Bartlett, Tenn. If you remember it was the first time I had seen you. To speak to, what joy it did seem to meet one from home. in the midst of those terrible scenes. It seemed to lighten the terror to see a familiar face. Well as I told you I received a pass, and went back to the Infirmary to see the Dr. and tell him I was going, he had no time to de- vote to a nurse. I found they had brought Dr. Hiram Pierce down stairs to die, his nurse Mrs. Coffey would not let them take him in the dead room, but he was in the next room. She was sitting beside him.
wiping the death clamps off his brow. That old friend of the dead room came several times to the door to see if he was dead yet. She told them to stay away, he should not be touched while life was in him. I went into my old ward to see a German doctor who had always been determined to get well, though he never received much attention. He said he was better since the bed next to him was vacant, as the effluvia from the patient kept him always sick at his stomach. I have heard since that he got well.

I had been to the depot, found my pass was given too late for that day, and besides they said they did not recognize such passes. I went back to Howard rooms, reported about the pass. They were angry, but others signed it and gave it back to me. I returned to the Infirmary hoping to see Dr— as there was time due me for which money could not be collected without a ticket from him. I could not see him. Told Dr— good-bye and left without my ticket so lost that much. I went to the Chambers House where I paid $2.60 for my supper lodging and breakfast. General arrived that night from Houston. No acquaintance however. That night I undressed and went to bed for the first time since I had been nursing.

The next morning after an early breakfast Dr.— of Round Rock, Tex. carried my satchel to the car, at the platform I bid him good-bye for the last time. In a few days he followed in the path of those whose sufferings he had tried to alleviate, and slept that sleep that knows no waking. The night I slept
at the Chambers House. just after going to my room. I witnessed one of those heart-rending scenes so often witnessed in these days. I was at the window and a common cart loaded with coffins stopped at the door, accompanied by two negro men. It appeared that the only empty coffin was at the bottom of the cart, and they had to unload to get it, which they did in the same way they would have done goods. in so doing, one came open. in putting it back, they did not get it straight, they put it in anyway. I don't know why. put another on top that will hold it down. They then went up stairs after the body, which was that of Mrs. Ray, the wife of the man you remember. Mrs. Griffin of Houston nursed so long and faithfully, until he was well. But to return to my journey. My pass was again refused. I said no matter. I'll pay my way, and get on board. The conductor took my pass, without any words being said. On my way I saw another sickening sight. a small house enclosed with a field not far from the National Cemetery. Death had been there. doors and windows open showed how empty it was. bedding, and clothes in the yard, but two little dogs in a kind of shed had been forgotten they were chained. one was eating the other, though still alive and the poor half-dismembered brute was still trying to escape. Arriving at Bartlett, Tenn. I found no one waiting for me. I was at a loss to know what to do. I inquired to know if there were any hotel, they told me to stay there awhile, and they would tell me. I soon found there was a cannibal people were hurrying to get away from me. After the car.
started I was allowed to go to the depot. Where I was told again, a negro nurse told me I might as well go back. All the live people were dead, but one. and she was going to nurse that one. I began to think she told the truth, when said all the live people were dead, for she was the only living creature I had seen since the cars left. After awhile a gentleman came and took a seat at a respectful distance. He said his two brothers-in-law were the only sick in town, all the others died the night before. He asked me if I had ever seen any one with yellow fever. I replied I had seen several in my life. He then asked me if I was sure I was the one sent to his Father's I told him no. I had no ticket nothing but my pass to show I belonged to the Howards. (You know they did that sometimes when very busy, with those that would not deceive them) he then gave me a note to Dr. Wright, his Father-in-law. I found him in bed suffering under nervous prostration one son, Gordon, twelve years of age, doing well, but requiring great care. Another son Arthurd very bad just commencing his third day. The family had all left except the Father, Dr. W. Arthur, his wife and child, and a Mr. John Jackson, a friend of the family. After assuring them they had the yellow fever and undergoing many questions, it was concluded to put me in charge. The poor man was constantly asking for ice, and would not be quieted. The Howards sent to call on the depot, but the cars would not take it, and it lay melting in the sun. I thought when I saw every negro making pails of ice water, that it must be plentiful. He cries for ice became so putrid that a negro and wagon was dispatched to Memphis to get some. We
did not receive it until nearly midnight. I worked with him all night assisted by Mr. Jackson. For his determination to get up required a man in the room to hold him when he took those spells. The colored nurse is in the room with Gordon (the same I saw at the depot) kept up such a noise it annoyed him terribly. She had the cook with her. Another charming specimen of Africa's sunny climes. and they were amusing themselves by tickling him and having him see how far he could jump from his bed. I tried to stop her, but she told me to go in the other room, that Dr. Mitchell had told her to always keep the convalescent cheerful and he had great confidence in her. I noticed though, she kept herself cheerful with whiskey, for when we needed it in the night to sponge Arthur with. Mr. Jackson was obliged to go to the store after it. He continued in the same irritable way, half conscious, half wandering, but the same incessant cry for water. He would call his poor little wife to get it, and the moment she would try to reason with him, ordered her out of the room. He would then say, 'If mother—' but the mother was in a place of safety. I would say more on that subject but respect for Dr. Wright prevents me. Dr. Bachevan came in nearly every day. But I would rather, he would have had the good sense to have done as the others did, stand outside the fence and make their inquiries. for whenever he came in, Mr. W. would ask to have the bail of water brought in, and always imagined the Dr. said yes, we had great trouble to quiet him. After the second day, the Howards sent out Dr. Shaftuck of Savannah got. he inquired very particularly about
all the symptoms, and what I had done. He had me to sponge him with whiskey and water, for half an hour, rest twenty minutes and commence again, until the fever cooled. Dr. S. seemed satisfied with what I had done, before he came, at least he found no fault. He is one of those pleasant gentlemen that does not think himself too grand to let a nurse tell him what she has been doing, like some I have known, before he left & the patient was nearly free of fever. He very kindly told me of remedies good in fever, he had tried before, among others, sponging. the body with a lemon to break fever. I shall not forget it. He did not approve of Mrs. Darkey's doings and carried her back to Memphis in the evening, for which in my heart I sincerely thanked him. The next day I told them I must have some one to relieve me, and let me sleep in the day as I preferred to watch him myself at night. W. Jackson had taken little garden in hand, They said there was a gentleman in town who had been nursing, nearly all the cases, perhaps he would come. They went after him, when he came, who should it be, but one of my son Robert's old friends John Stail, whose brother is hardware merchant on Travis street,Houston. I was almost as glad to see him as if it had been Bob himself, for I felt I had some one to depend on. and all the family did whatever was needed, but they were inexperienced, none of them ever having seen a case before. He appeared to meet each day, but still irritable, and restless, and always with the propensity, that so many showed of trying to hurt some one, I was one day sitting, keeping the fire off of him, thinking him asleep, when he reached a cologne bottle, and threw it at me, just missing one. Another time I insisted on
all the others going to dinner at once, he was too much better. I thought
I could manage him alone, but looking round, and not seeing
any but me, he said, "go bring that bucket of water in."
I said, "directly sir." In a second he made a spring to get out
on the other side of the bed. I quickly drew the blanket to
gether to prevent him getting on his feet; but before I could stop
him, he gave me a blow in the eye, which made me think the
room was one grand kaleidoscope. I got my head down, and
called for help. When Nephi Hail and Jackson came in, he
was taking vengeance out of my head and shoulders, but
her fellow. It was not him doing it. It was the heat that
goes with this disease. I see Dr. Bronscole has called
John Hail. Miss Hall I can't see how they can make the
mistake, for his face does not present a very feminine
appearance, covered with a heavy beard and whiskers. He is put
down as a nurse in Bartlett. He was on his way to Memphis on
business, finding the fever so bad he nursed the sick.
Nephi gave the dead, and was asked to take care of
the chickens by a woman, who had sent her sick daughter
out to be cared for by a stranger. Hail carried her to
the Presbyterian Church, and there cared for her until she
died. Dr. Wright gave permission to use the church although
she was not a member of that
congregation. Of Bartlett Village
has not presented Hail with a testimonial. I shall
always think they ought to. Dr. Jackson a priori, nobly
purchased his life for his friends, and never once shirked from
any duty he was called on to perform. So return to my
patient. She seemed slowly to improve until the morning
of the seventh day. He commenced singing this: I
felt the change had come, and he must go. His Father and wife felt the same and prepared for the worst. Their minds to part with their idol which they could do feeling their conscience clear from any neglect of duty. For a more kind Father or more gentle patient wife does not exist. He sang at intervals through the day. As the train passed he mimicked the locomotive, and then every once he had once heard of heart, bird or insect, he took what was given him but asked for nothing. By night it had so increased in shrillness that my head was almost crazed. I got Gordon to sleep and Mr. Jackson sat in the room with him. A bed had been put in the parlor for the Dr. as soon as I pronounced the other cases yellow fever so that in their sleep they would not inhale the infected air from the sick rooms. Mrs. Arthur W. and her little Eliza slept on a pallet in the parlor, they were so very nervous and sick. I did not think it safe to leave them alone. A faithful old negro man lay near the door to wait on them. We supposed he would die that night. The family were persuaded to go to Louisville and take Gordon. I had promised him as soon as he could walk to send him to his mother, sister, and brothers to recruit, but they would none of him. Their precious lives were not to be risked to humor the whims of a sick boy. But a boy's trouble are soon healed, and a trip to Louisville pleased him just as well. Dr. W. sent for me to his room and asked me to take care of the house until they returned, and that Mr. Hail would also stay with two servants to put the place in order. I said I would otherwise he would not go. I intended to stay
Long enough to have the house fumigated, and cleaned, and the clothing washed and put away. Dr. Buchanan was their family physician, and was to accompany them. Also Dr. Jackson. They were to remain away until Dr. Wi's wife was willing to return. I wonder what would have kept me away from Robby's sick bed, when within three miles of him. Mr. Wright lingered all night and died just at daylight, after my having nursed him eight days. His grave was made in the field behind the house, and as he was an undertaker, there was no trouble in getting a casket, and just after daybreak Messrs. H. and I., with the negro man, carried him out and buried him. I had to assist the little folks to dress, see that they had breakfast, and a lunch to take along. The cars generally got there quite early. How different this family was from Mrs. Hauflinn. She thought it terrible for a nurse to eat, while Dr. Wright's great fear was, that we would not have enough to eat. He told his son-in-law to let us have anything out of the store we wanted, and left turkeys, chickens, pigs, and told Mr. Hail to have a beef killed if necessary. He was always fearful of not making me comfortable. If I laid down to rest, he would allow no noise for fear of waking me. He is naturally a kind-hearted gentleman, and I hope he will meet with his reward in the world to come if not on the earth. As soon as the family left the house, we got a pan of coals, put on a quantity of sulphur, and closed the room perfectly tight. Just after it was closed, the negro man came back to get Mrs. Wi's watch, hanging on the bed, and the Dr.'s coat out of
the wardrobe. A window had to be opened. I gave him
the key of the wardrobe, to get the coat. Such a huffing and
blowing you never heard. When he came out, he might
have been supposed to have been paying a visit to King
Pluto, from the scent of his clothes. While sitting on the gallery
waiting to see the car come in, I heard a noise in the parlor
where Mrs. Wright had packed herself and her child's clothes.
and knowing many things were lying round, that could
be easily be carried off, I went to see what it was. The cook
was in there. I asked her to take the dishes out, and let me
close the door. She flew into a passion and tried to break
everything, and then ran to the depot to have me discharged.
She came back in a short time looking not quite so
grand. Packed her clothes and had to take up her quarters
on the platform until five o'clock. I reckon she had
time to feel it is not always best to be in a hurry to de-
nounce the pros white trash. I must tell you one
amusing incident. I had broken my spectacles. Dr. Nell
wished me to get a pair from his store. I also wanted to buy
a hat, bonnet, or some kind of head gear, or cones,
as some one had taken the liberty of borrowing mine
without asking; I went to the first store. I came to
stepped on the porch instantly; every jumped into
the pond as if frightened to death. I turned back to
supposing a mad dog, or some animal had bro-
ken loose. At last one of them who looked as if he
had seen his departed wife's ghost, if he ever had
one, mustered courage to say to me. Are you the one that
nursed at Dr. Wright's. I answered yes. Then please don't go in there, and we will send you out anything you want. I told him I wanted to look at some hats, but to show me Dr. Wright's store, they were nearly as badly frightened there. Mr. Nolan, I think his name is Wright, the box of specks to me to select a pair, of which he made me a present. He then told me the few people and the Doc who were left in the town, thought it advisable for me to leave there, they were afraid I would take the fever that there was not a female in town to care for me, and so Doctor he said they were willing to pay my board at any hotel in town. Memphis until I returned home. But if I wished to stay of course, I could do so. I said I had only consented to remain to relieve Dr. We mind that I wished to put everything in order as things were scattered in confusion, and no one to care for them. I would not be doing justice to the health officers of our city, or the Railroad officials who had kindly furnished me with transportation to assist in nursing the sick. If I set myself down in a pleasant country home, to enjoy myself while so many hundreds were suffering for want of attention. But I do think the Doc that remained there acted more wisely than the many who rushed headlong into their charnel houses, only to smell the death roll, and deprive the sick belonging to the City of nurses, but their kind hearts could not resist the appeal. I have rushed into myself when young, in Mobile, I have nursed more or less in every epidemic but two since 1827, when I had to stand on a little bench to bathe my mother's head. For in those days there was no such thing as a paid nurse. We all took care of each other. There were a few old creole ladies who went out nursing. Yellow Fever at
$5 per day, but rarely employed by families. Aunt Selvia Post had rooms for sick in her house, and I believe more got ill in those days than now. It is strange that I am always in good health at such times, and have never had the fever, and you know how well I was in Memphis last fall. But to return to my subject. As I get to them, I returned to Memphis that evening with a very pleasant letter from Mr. Noble to the Howards which, if you remember, I lost the night you were sick or rather on the afternoon of that night. Mr. Simmons made my ticket from it, but somehow the money always short or something happened when I wanted money.) Although I signed the ticket. I afterwards lost that ticket in Decatur and so lost that trip. I suppose someone got it. I arrived in Memphis after dark, and after leaving my knapsack at the Chambers House, I went to head quarters to report. Mr. Simmons told me to be there as soon after breakfast in the morning as possible, as he expected I would have to leave on an early train.

I forgot to tell you of another case. In Bartlett, Judge Proctor had his two sons, young men came over on Sunday morning to see if Mr. Wright would pleas me to tell them if it was yellow fever, and what they should do. He was free of fever, but suffering very much with difficulty of breathing, he was surrounded. By his family and they seemed very anxious, but without that confusion that prevailed almost everywhere. I found his extremities cold and he was very weak. I told his wife to make him a weak tea, and to rub him hard with whiskey, after that mustard to his lungs. She made him a little thin gruel which he relished. I did not have much hope, but had to guard my looks as he was rational, watched me all the time, and it is
not best to let them know all your thoughts of their condition.
I could not remain long from Mrs. Wright, for the Dr. had made me promise not to. About four o'clock the sons returned, and asked me to go again, as he was worse. I went but saw he was dying, although sensible. I could do nothing. I advised them to send for the Dr. who attended him, but continue rubbing him. He still watched me till it made me nervous, I went back and before last time he was in his grave. The next morning the family left for Louisville, so ended that letter. The next morning I was down at the Office as directed. Mr. Simmons gave me a chair behind the railing, & another nurse, also an old lady of 70 years, who had nursed at Granada and just recovering from the fever. People were rushing in seeking nurses. Several were wanted us, but the answer was, we were engaged. They were sent out, one after another, and still we waited. The old lady was impatient. She watched the clock, and every hour would say, there is another half dollar lost. I tried to tell her she was resting, but she said she did not get pay for resting in the Office. At last Mr. Simmons said he had been expecting a telegram from Dr. in two Alabama, and wanted two of us to go, but as it did not come he would send us elsewhere. The Mobile Nurse was sent to Fort Pickering, and the old lady from Granada and I were sent to Capt. Webb’s on Bass Avenue, to wait on his Sister, Mrs. Toney, and family. I noticed one thing of Mr. Simmons. He asked Capt. Webb if he had a comfortable conveyance, also a place for us to rest when off duty. Very few would care. Mr. Webb replied he had, and that his niece would die during the afternoon. gave me the number, and sent us out. When we got there Mrs. Ward another Mobile Nurse, met us, and
It was a beautiful place on Baes Avenue. I found Helen Tommy (age 17 years) still living but insensible. Two negro nurses were talking very loud and scolding because they did not come sooner. They were in a hurry to go. Mrs. Tommy, a little delicate woman, came out of the other room, and asked if I thought there was any hope? She then took me in the other room where lay sick a boy aged 16 and a girl 13. She had just buried Hale, her youngest, 41 years. The little girl had been taken the night previous. The boy was commencing his third day. Both very bad. They were much excited. Said the negro nurse had been cross, but the true reason was Willie had heard his sister Helen was dying. Also Dr. Catty who had been attending them, and Blanche had seen her brother Hale in his coffin, before she was taken down. I had a terrible night. The old nurse would not stay in the room alone with the dying girl, so the other one had to stay with her. and consequently, I had to take charge of both the sick ones. True the mother stuck with me, but what could I expect from her. Besides her child. Her mother had died in the epidemic, and now her darling Helen, her child, and her companion. But worst of all obliged to smile before the children. When her heart was breaking, Helen like many dying ones, threw herself about the nurses as they moved and talked to each other. could be heard. The children became more excited, they felt something dreadful was going on. Helen lingered until four o'clock next afternoon. As soon as the sick, the old nurse left. No inducement could help her any longer. She said next day was.
Sunday, and she would not work then. Both children had been growing worse all day, and I even had to leave the mother alone with them while I helped dress the corpse—as one could not do it alone. The black nurse who waited on Hale would not set up at night. She said she always went to bed with them, and put her arm over them. She slept so with Hale, and in the night Mrs. T. went into the room from Helen's and found him up by the window, with the slipper in his hand; he had been to the well and had drunk as much water as he wanted. Next day he was a corpse. After we dressed Helen, we had to call in the assistance of a black man living opposite, to help get the corpse down. There was a porter, where a plank was kept waiting, resting on two chairs covered with a sheet, to put them on until carried off. This was the third. Captain Webb had been called away to another sister and family, a few miles from town. In getting the body down stairs, they had to pass one end into the room where the children lay, I was obliged to lay on the bed with Willie to keep him from seeing it. While the poor mother had to do the same with Blanche, judge of the feelings of that mother who dare not show by outward sign that she saw her daughter corpse, but actually had to appear cheerful to try and save the life lines of the other two. After all had become quiet, I persuaded the other nurse, Mrs. Ward, to lie down, she could then assist me through the night. Mrs. Tomason was worn out, and Dr. Leavely, a most kind-hearted gentleman, said he expected to find her in bed every time he came. Just after dark Mrs. T. and myself were sitting waiting for Capt. Webb, or the Dr.
we heard such screams from the direction of the parlor, as almost froze the blood in our veins. The cry of, Oh! my Helen, my Helen, was repeated. I started, said can it be Mr. Ward? I she replied, I know too well who it is, ran down stairs in her stocking feet, and found her husband Mr. D. just returned from York. He had been a notice of Halsey death in the paper, and started immediately for Memphis. (He supposed his family were out of the way, as they had moved from their home in town, out to Baes Avenue.) and now the first thing that greeted his eyes was the corpse of his favorite daughter. By this time Mr. Ward came into the room, and I went down stairs to see what was the matter. I found Mr. D. crying and using all his strength to get a gentleman out of the yard, and up the road, out of hearing of the house, he would throw himself on the ground, and writhe like a madman. Capt. Webb returned that moment. I went back, fearful my little one would wake. It was the cries of Willie's fever and all depended on quiet. The Dr. came in about 10 o'clock and remarked Mr. D. return would only add to our troubles (but no one could blame him for coming, he stood until Willie passed the crisis, which thank Heaven was favorable). Mr. Denny came back, and said she had got her husband to lie down, but would have to stay with him. If we could do without her. I was glad to have her away for it distressed me to see her trying to control his feelings. Things went on pretty quietly, until except Blanche grew worse, nearly all the time delirious. Willie missed his mother, and grew fretful. By this time I was very tired. So there was no chance to rest, only two nurses and two patients, both in the most troublesome stage of the fever. The Dr. lived near so his first, and last visit.
was here, that made the day seem long. They were always asking for him. He was so kind to them, always ready to listen to their troubles. He was like a friend. Blanche had spasms, and I thought her chances were small. About midnight I noticed a change in her face. She became quite pale, and her limbs rigid. She looked round and gave some most terrific shrieks. The nurse who had come up a few moments, to look at her, was not up stairs, and, her in his arms, he rushed her to sleep. In the morning, the Dr. said she had passed the second crisis, and once more I could thank God for a life saved. When I went to my breakfast, I was introduced to Col. Tomney. He was a small, delicate-looking man. He thanked me for what I had done, and from that time I was treated like one of the family. He used to sit at the foot of the stairs and listen to the children’s prattle. For of course his arrival had to be kept a secret from them, for fear of exciting them. The little ones progressed slowly, but surely. But knew nothing of what had occurred. Willie would ask if Hale could go in the yard to play yet, and if Helen was walking about. They asked my first name for they did not want to say nurse. It after that I was Aunt Katie. Blanche knew of almost every child in Hoston. For I had to tell her everything to keep her still. I made more doll’s clothes for Miss Annie Mcneal as she called her doll, than I have since I was a child myself. I tried to persuade Mrs. C. to go to bed, for she had fever. She would promise at night that she would rest, and sometimes I would hear a sobbing, and opening the door find Mrs. Tomney coiled up on the little landing. To hear her listening to hear if her children breathed. I would.
have to let her in to see them. On Thursday morning Dr.
Quinby told her she was the only really sick one in the house.
She might lie down now and submit to be nursed. He could not
account for her manner; she was perfectly stupid. I was obliged
to tell him that for a day or two she had taken large quantities
of morphine to deaden her feelings. She said if I would promise
not to leave her children she would go to lie down. She kissed
them both and told them to be good, that they never met again.
In a little while the Dr. called me to leave the children with
Mrs. Ward, and take the new patient. The terrible plague had a
strong hold. For in that short time of a few hours, she had
forgotten me, and was already one might say dying. She was
what was called a walking case the worst to cure. I followed
the prescription faithfully, and was assisted by her husband and
brother, but if no avail. On Friday two a.m. she had an attack
of heart disease. I rubbed her quiet. In a few moments she
turned on her back, stretched out, put both feet together,
laid her hands on her breast, raised her eyes, smiled, and
in a second, one more soul was on its way to Heaven.
So peaceful was it I could not believe her dead without
holding my hand over her mouth to see if the breath had ceased. It was the first quiet death I had witnessed in this
epidemic. I then sent the cook up stairs, with strict orders not
to tell the children anything that had happened. Called Mrs. Ward down
to assist, and in a short time another white covering from occupied the plank in the parlor. The husbands distress. I can not
describe. When I carried her wedding ring to him, he said when
I go, give this to Blanche, and mind to Willie. In then laid
down out of doors, under a large pear tree. His grief was
terrible to see. When I returned to the children, I found the nurse had obeyed me in regard to not saying anything about the family, but she had told them everything else she could think of. The children had put away their playthings and prepared to die. Blanche, who was intelligent beyond her years, told me afterwards. She knew what she had lost, as well as if she had been told. I was in despair, all my work to do over. Oh, the horrors of those days! The next day morning Mr. T. was carried to Glenwood, accompanied by her husband and brother. In the afternoon Mr. Holt, a friend of theirs, was buried. Mr. Tomesmy went to the funeral so as to visit his wife's grave again. After dark the visitor came and said he was to discharge me. There was no use in two nurses for two convalescent children. That was it, but Mr. Tomesmy said you must not send him home away. I want her to stay, very well replied the visitor then I must discharge the other one. Let's said it is too late tonight to discharge either. He brought me a chair and sitting down himself showed me the obituary of his wife, and a card of thanks to me to be published I told him he had spelled the name Elodee, none of my Texas friends would think of me, he said in the morning he would rectify it. On those days there was always an F. He told me he went to Mr. Holt's funeral to us to visit Fannie's grave once more. And after finding it, laid down on it. All friends found him and made him get up and put on his overcoat so he was very cold. That night I lay on the bed with Blanche and heard loud Web moving about, and suspected what was the matter.
I went at day break to see Capt. Webb met me, said, "Mr. Merry, go in and see him, he has been wishing for you, but would not let you be disturbed." I went in for a moment he was much more quiet than I expected. Capt. Webb had made him comfortable in a spare room. As soon as Dr. Quinby came, he told me to make some excuse to leave, and go down as he wished me to take charge. He remarked, he expected I would have a hard time he was so nervous. I left Mr. Ward to say what she pleased to the little ones. This was on Sunday, he asked Capt. W. to stop the clock, for it kept saying, you will die on Monday. You will die on Monday. You will die on Monday. During the day they procured me an assistant, an old Virginian. Mr. W. did not like him about him, but he was very good to keep fire burning coal. Mr. Col. Tomney, was very fastidious, he wanted everything nice about him. I even had to keep fine handkerchiefs, and wipe his mustache every few minutes. His fever broke very easily, and was nearly gone by noon on Monday, he would not touch ice or anything cold, but drank his tea as hot as possible. The Doctor was surprised to find him doing so well. He was cheerful, said he was all right, and would be out in a day or two. Capt. Webb had been called away to a brother in Somerville, left me in charge of everything. The difficulty with Col. W. was his kidneys. But the Dr. had hopes of that coming right. I had seen that the man carried out all the directions, and he had done all he was told. About dark the visitors came, discharged the old man said he was drunk. I am satisfied he had not touched liquor while he was there, but he had
brought another nurse. They opened every drawer, and asked me where such and such things were. I said I did not know. Finally, asked me what I did know? I replied, I knew they were taking a great liberty in Captain Webb's house, and the family all absent. I had been in the house two weeks, and had not looked in any place I had no business. The nurse even went in the room where the children and Mrs Ward were in bed. Searching for a bottle of turpentine. I always think when I see persons push themselves, where they have no business, that they have forgotten how to be gentlemen, or what is more likely, they never had the opportunity of learning to be one. From the nurse I did not expect better. In his books showed what he was. If he ever reached the dignity of dresser, a coachman. It was as high a post as he was entitled to. The visitors were expected to be gentlemen, and were most likely not push a nurse out of the way, as though she was a clod of dirt, but he was like some more of the little puppets I met, too contemptible to notice. I'd advise some of them to come to Texas, and hire out to cow-drivers, and learn how to treat a lady with respect, even though she is dressed in calico, and waiting on sick people. He commenced to pound ice and mix with salt, and pack Mr. Conolly, in it. Told him his physician was homoeopathic, and would be here directly. I thought they had not better do anything more until he came. Why said the nurse, has he a doctor? When Dr. Quincy came, and asked me how the patient was, I replied, he was doing very well, but I and my assistant were discharged, and a new nurse put in.
my place, by the visitor. The Dr. was angry, and told me when he dis-
charged me I would go. that he did not understand this business.

He then took the man into the dining room and shut the door.
That night, I laid down on a rug before the fire in the sick-room.

I was very tired, that made eleven days, and nights I had only
slept from daylight until about seven, when the Doctor came.
At half past ten, the nurse told me to get up. I had lain
there long enough, I told him. I was not asleep, only resting my
foot which was very painful, as he only came at dark and knew
so much more than anyone else. I thought he might let me
have half a night. I did not get up immediately, therefore
he took his foot and kicked me, said he would not have
come only his friend, the visitor, who brought him, and the
Howard had persuaded him. told him he need only oversee an old
woman, and make her wait on him. I was so angry, I could will-
ingly have struck him, and if it had not been, I would not
have come. col. Denny and the children, certainly should have
left. As it was he gave him so many things one after another.

But I soon began to throw up black vomit. The nurse then
threw himself on Capt. Webb’s bed in the next room, and
called me to go and hold that fellow’s head; I then had
everything to do. Keep up the fire, carry everything out,
and the next morning, the fellow who pretended to be a
nurse, raised a row with the cook because his meal were
not ready. When col. D. began to vomit, he asked me what
stuff that was. I said he had overloaded his stomach with
doge tea. Some might blame me for that subterfuge, but
I can not help it. I tried to keep the rooms neat. But he had
a tub of both water in the corner and the bureau and piano.
in the other room, covered with everything. I told him, the owner didn't like to have things in disorder. Mrs. Ward and I had cleaned up the front room, he said, "Do the owner's opinion, he would soon be where it would make no difference." This was Tuesday, the third day of Col.'s illness. I could not be in the room all the time, as the little ones cried for me, and Mrs. Ward though very kind to them, was obliged to call me as they began to suspect all was not right. Besides the fellow had been up stairs searching for keys, and Blanche complained that he pulled her eyes open and puffed smoke in them. Every time he got a chance he would go to searching. I told him, if I found him up stairs again, in any room I would send for an officer, and have him arrested as a thief. He said he wanted to get some champagne out of the wardrobe. He also tried to open two satchels Col. brought with him from New York. I suppose he was looking for money, for I heard him say Col. brought $200. with him, and the cook told him, "Mrs. X's diamonds were in the wardrobe." I told him to go to the Howards for champagne, or buy it in some store. At that time Mr. H.'s brother-in-law came in, and said he just received a telegram from Capt. Ward, to ask me to deliver the children to him when I thought it was safe to take them, and if Mrs. X died to please not leave the house until he returned. I told Mrs. X. what was going on, and taking the satchels gave them to him, he put them in a place of safety. About noon the visitor came, and brought a bottle of champagne. The nurse had got Col. X to afraid of him, that he dared not call him. I went into the room and found him, trying to reach the bedpan to vomit in. I called the
nurse's attention to it; he put the kitchen bedpan and wet cloth in the bed, so that he could reach it. After that I did not leave him. I would have complained to the Doctor but it was no use, for I could see it was six to one, half a dozen to the other. Dr. D. asked me to sit beside him and asked why it hurt him to breathe; it pulled so at his heart, he wished I would rub his feet and arms with whiskey, he said they were too cold. It was just as if a cold ring was round them and kept moving up. It was death clasping his cold fingers round him. I did as he wished, he continued: won't you light the candles it is so dark. This was four o'clock and the sun shining brightly. A short time before this he told me to look at the picture hanging behind the bed. He said it was Fannie (his wife) herself, and their five children, one died in infancy, and said Fannie had been to his bed that day and spoken to him. He then said that pain was leaving his heart, and if I would lay a cloth over his head and eyes and his hand he would go to sleep. He thanked me for my kindness to his wife and children, then settled himself as if for sleep. in a few moments he had joined his Fannie and her three darlings; so quickly was it, I could hardly believe he was gone. The nurse still lay on the bed in the other room reading; I said nothing to him, went out to speak to Mr. Ward and get a cup of coffee, in about ten minutes he pushed into the room and said: "he is gone." I stood by him and he only made a few struggles. I said yes I knew he is dead. he died before I left the room. At that moment the Doctor came in, and said: "He died on Tuesday, and not Monday as he thought the clock said."
expected it; they went into the room and first things took the rings off both his fingers. The Viator told the nurse he would take him in. I asked if they would not dress the corpse; he replied that was nonsense. I said yes well Mr. Ward and I could manage it. At last they said, let us put his clothes on over there; he had on a red flannel suit. I asked if they would not wash him; he said what fool notions old women have. I told them I hoped there would be no old woman about when he died and he could be buried in his own fashion. It was almost a match for the old vampire at the Infirmary. He dipped a towel into the tub of bath water, in the room and washed the face of the corpse, then put the coat and pants on over his clothes that he had been sweat in. I put on his socks. By this time it was growing dark. they laid him in the parlor. pocketed the rings, and asked me for his watch. I told them, Capt. Wells had it. They turned over the beds and looked in every place. I told them they ought to give those rings to the children. The Viator said he would be answerable that I could stay that night but next morning he would discharge me. I told him he could do as he pleased. I should not go until Capt. Wells came back. I also suggested the nurse remain to set up with the corpse, as there was no one in the house but ourselves and the children. He said lock ourselves in, if we were afraid; he then got the bottle of champagne, opened it in the dining room, drank and made some rude remarks about the dead man. Said we could drink ginger ale if he left the Champagne.
we might drink it, and imagine the dead man was chasing us.

The children were in a room over head, and a door that opened on to the stairs allowed every word to be heard. Mrs. Ward said she wanted me to go up as soon as possible. The children knew someone was dead and were nearly crazy. Now came my worst trouble, to conceal it longer was impossible. When I went up they were both standing in the middle of the room, and looked at me as I went in with anxious faces. I sat down and poor little Blanche got into my lap. While Willie knelt beside me. At last she looked at me and said something has happened. Aunt Kate, has our father come back and died? Tell us all. I knew he has returned. Oh, Uncle Caleb had his watch on the other day. (Caleb was the favorite name for this uncle who had been Capt. in the Confederate army.) I told them to imagine the worst. She threw her arms round her brother's neck and said, Oh dear brother we are all that is left! The boy seemed stupefied at first, then threw himself down before me, and clapping his arms around me, said don't say all, tell me we are poor, homeless, friendless, anything, but don't tell me my mother is dead! Such a scene god keep me from ever seeing again. Mrs. Ward lay on the bed covered her face, and cried as hard as the children. They clung to each other and cried until they were exhausted. At last they asked me all I could tell them, then begged me to let them look at their father and they would go to sleep. I told Mrs. Ward to wrap Willie up and I did the same for Blanche. and with candles in our.
hands, and the poor little orphans clinging to us. We began our dreary task. The night was dark, rainy, and quite cold. We descended the stairs, passed through three large dismal looking rooms and a wide hall, used as a library. The stairs belonging to that part of the house, coming down there, gave it a more dreary appearance. In the next lay the dead, in the room alone. No light even. It was a sad dreary sight. I could not help shivering. Just as we opened the door, the draft blew out our lights. The horror of that moment can better be felt than described. To try to go back we could not, neither was willing to stay alone. And it was so dark, we could not have found our way. At last, feeling in my pocket, I found a match. We had then to go on to the room where the corpse lay, to light it, for fear the draft from the stairs would again extinguish it. Fortunately it ignited. At that moment the little clock on the mantle piece struck twelve. My hair seemed to rise from my head, and even now while writing I shudder at the thought. I turned the covers down, and the little ones knelt down on either side of him, looked at him, leaned over and kissed him. Blanche said I did not think of papa, when I was wishing for you to come and bring me the coral necklace you promised, that I should see you here, then both kissed him again, knelt down, said the Lord's prayer, bowed with the sense of grown people never to forsake each other. We returned, and I was glad when we reached the room again. The children were more composed, and planned for the future. Willie had been messenger in the Telegraph Office, said he.
he could earn enough to maintain them. In the morning Dr. Linley came early. He was glad when he heard how the children behaved; he said one great dread was off his mind. While he was making out the time for myself and Mr. Wood, the visitor came; also the nurse, dressed in a new suit of broadcloth. The visitor asked the Dr. about Mr. Tomeny's watch; he replied Capt. Webb had it. He was present when I had asked him to take care of it. I sent the children away by the Dr.'s advice. Mr. Wood and I put the house in order as well as possible, threw the hateful plank out of the window (for Mr. Tomeny was buried early in the morning) and tried to make things look comfortable. We slept down stairs in a room with a door leading into the street, so we could run if alarmed. That night the house felt very lonely, only us two in it. It was sad parting with these two dear children; they clung to us as if we were relations and not strangers, they begged me to take them to Texas with me. They were so lonely. Oh, how many such scenes were enacted there, how many happy homes made desolate! Some thought it dreadful for whole families to be swept out. But I think it preferable to being left, perhaps only one, out of five or six. In the night some one knocked at the door; and in answer to our inquiries of 'who's there?' Capt. Webb answered, we both arose. We had only partly undressed, not knowing what might occur. When he came in, he said he was very tired, having walked several miles to take the train. Fearful I would leave. He told him all that had occurred; he was angry about the changing of nurses. I told him, also how the nurse was constant in searching for keys and tried to open the satchel. Though I thought the visitor suspected me of having the watch. He replied he knew he did. For he
met him that night and asked him about it, said he thought I had it. (I hope his mind was relieved. I wonder he did not notice when the nurse helped himself to the white suspenders off Mr. Thomas's pants. I told them they were not his.) After all I had done it was hard to be suspected. I expected my friend you noticed how many of the people acted about such things, as though they thought the nurses were mere birds of prey, watching for all they could lay hands on. I could see, though I suppose in fact I know, many did not neglect an opportunity to take what was not theirs. For my part I went out of pure sympathy, and though I took their pay, I would have been just as faithful if I had been sure I never would have received a dollar over my expenses. It was the first time I ever put in a bill for nursing, though I have nursed hundreds. In 1867, I went to Brenham, Texas. I went wherever called. I asked for nothing, though I came away three times richer than I did from Memphis. True I had been very successful only lost one case in seven weeks. That one because his friends were so anxious to see him and tell him the news; Mr. Webb got the satchels down I showed him where they were. He showed us how mistaken they were about the money, there were valuable papers, and Blanché's coral necklace. Of course I told him about the children. That they were gone to Mr. Gaithers. Mrs. G. was just up from the fever himself. I told him that I was through and had thrown the hateful plank out of the window. He said, what for?
I am here yet. I answered you can not be spared yet. He told us he wanted us both to go to Somerville, next day to his brother's, and some friends, and he would go to head quarters and get us detailed for that place. About noon Willie Chapman took us in. in the Rockaway, stopping to leave my basket at the Chambers House and then went to the Howard Office to report. Mr. Quincy had given me a very kind letter, which Capt. Webb signed. Showing I had served nearly three weeks. Mr. Simmons asked me if I would go right out again, I wanted time to bathe and change my clothing. Besides I wanted to buy a pair of shoes. For we were not so fortunate as the men in being able to draw clothing. I had taken but few clothes and of those few the best had been appropriated at the Infirmary. Mr. Simmons then said, Well I don't care much I would rather have you come early in the morning. I mentioned Capt. Webb wanted us to go to Somerville. He replied no application had been made from Somerville so if he wanted us, he would have to take us on his own responsibility; we must be at the Office early in the morning. Mr. Ward then went to the express office to send money to her children, and I went to the hotel. The first thing I heard was Mrs. de Pelchin is sick up stairs, and wants to see you. Mrs. Brugge said, you had better drink some coffee before you go up. She knew what I always wanted first thing as I had had no dinner. It was very acceptable, I concluded you were not dangerous as your colored nurse was sitting in a large chair by the front door down stairs enjoying herself. However you know I found you
quite sick, not with some of yellow type, I believed but worn out with fatigue. Fortunately for me am one of the happy go lucky kind, that never break quite down. So I have my coffee and plenty to eat I can pass muster. Well you know after passing down your throat a goodly dose of castor oil, which you looked as if you would like to throw out of the window. But after seeing my benign countenance, you must make up your mind to swallow it and say nothing about it. The dose was larger than I intended, but it did no harm except to make you very weak, for which I gave you to day, and jabbered to you to keep you cheerful, until near morning. By that time my arrangements were all made for a early start. I laid down beside you to rest until day light not a very long rest to travel on. How I did hate to leave you, you looked so lonely. Had you had yellow fever, I would not have left you, but it was like war time we were like minute men had to obey the call. After I left you I went to the Office, found it crowded with people of all shades from the jetty hue of Africa to the delicate blonde of Northern Europe. Some waiting to be sent away as nurses, some wanting nurses and others waiting for orders for a coffin. At last one ambulance full was packed off, some of the women objected to leave the city others that they had brought no clothes with them. I know Mr. Simmons very plainly told us to be prepared to stay some time, he was always very explicit when they allowed him to be. But sometimes it was such a babel round him. I wonder he kept
his senses much less his patience. Well after awhile the ambulance returned, and Mrs. Ward and sent an old white man, a Swede, as well as your humble servant, were sent to Decatur, Ala. Scarcely had we taken our seats when hands were reached in from all sides with the exclamation. Why, where have you been all this time, we thought you were dead. It was a lot of the nurses who had been in the Infirmary with me, they seemed glad to see me, though I did not know their names. The Ambulance was soon packed, many of them colored nurses, some of them black, and I expect were very good ones. We had no way of getting a lunch, but thought we could do that on the road. At the depot we saw Capt. Wells, who said he was going to try very hard to have us left at Somerville. Mr. Langstaff was also along, with several doctors for the different stations. This was a supply train, with everything that could be thought of on it. I don’t know how Mr. L could attend to so much, he seemed possessed with powers of sediency, for you could see him here, there, and everywhere, and treated all with kindness alike. After stopping at some of the stations and supplying them, he took a seat beside us, and made out our tickets, putting us under pay from the time we started. He said he did not know what we should do for something to eat, as there was nothing to be got on the road. He had plenty of bread. So brought us each a loaf. After a while, I think it was at Germantown, he concluded to send us on the regular train, as we would get there sooner, we then found Capt. Wells had not come.
cautious in getting for Somerville. The train came along and we were transferred with Dr. Swayne of Hot Springs. Mr. Langstaff, giving us plenty of bread, and telling the white man who went with us to try that we were attended to, which he did. We tried at every station that day to get something to eat, and failed. We were very hungry at last I told the old man to try to get something to make coffee in. Fortunately I had some ground coffee with me, and some sugar. At last he succeeded in getting for 60 a tin can of some workmen. At the next station he scoured it with some sand, and a towel I had, we then made some very strong coffee on the stove for the weather was cool, and we had a fire; now the difficulty arose, what should we drink it out of. I had a small silver tin cup, but when it was new it looked just as pretty as silver. Only the night I found you sick I warmed the water in it to make your tostoly, and that rather soiled its appearance, and marred its brightness in a cloud of steam, but one cup was not enough. I colored lady sitting near said she had a china mug with her which she always carried, when traveling, we were welcome to the use of that. There were several others in as bad a fix as our party. Of course we did not slight them I happened to several boxes of mustard in my satchel so emptied the contents into a paper and improvised coffee cups out of the boxes, but as the tin was thin they were not easy to hold when full of hot coffee. The china cup which proved to be badly cracked, we offered to the Dr. out of respect, of course.
we then invited the others to join us, not forgetting the old colored lady; some of the passengers were too dignified to drink coffee made in an old tin pail, with only bread to eat, but I tell you— it was far better than nothing. I expect if a whiskey bottle had been handed around, they would have shut their eyes and turned their eyes heavenward. (after the fashion of fowls when they drink.) That night was cold. I had a severe headache. It was very dreary looking on the road. Stores and houses closed. Talk of the desolation of the war time. there was no companions. At one of the places I think Saba, a lady got on with two little babies. She came over to me, said she was afraid her children were taking the fever, and if so would we assist her in caring for them. I said certainly we both would, but on looking for her a short time afterwards I found she had taken the other car, not daring to sit with us as we were from Memphis, and might give the fever worse. People acted strangely; sometimes particularly one could hardly blame them. It was well today, sick tomorrow the next a corpse. I forgot to tell you of a little circumstance that happened, while at Bass Avenue, I was obliged to go to my room and get some clean clothes, and have some washed. I was told I could get washing done on Poplar Boulevard, it was only a short distance from the house to the street cars. I went and took some pieces. on returning the driver dropped the reins, came into the car, laid down on the seat. He had high fever and seemed quite unconscious, I was in a dilemma. I could see no one, and had no idea where to go to find any one. neither could I spare the time to be away too long. I concluded to take my first lesson as car driver. Helped out on the platform, gathered up the reins and...
drove on. After a short time I met a man, a son of the
Emerald Isle, called him, told him I appealed to him for
aid. With the feeling of humanity that characterize that
race, he said just fellow he shall not lie here and die, if I
have to take the fever for it, he then agreed to drive one
to the nearest point to get back. He had to drive to the end
of the line, change the mule, and return to the depot
or where the man belonged. When I got off I shook
hands with him, bade him goodbye. I hope if that man
did take the fever he got well. But I never did hear from
either, but to return to my story. We arrived at Decatur at 7 A.M.
and had a very good breakfast. At least it seemed so after our
long fast. The Dr. then saw to it that we rooms to refresh
with a bath. We then went down to the office which was
in the hotel and sat by the fire waiting orders.
At last it was decided to send Mrs. Wood to Shantico;
the old man who was with us, was put on duty in the
house. I was to go to Dr. Gill’s. But it would be some little
time before they could send us. Therefore while waiting we
went out to make some little purchases. This was the first
place we had seen a store open. As soon as I returned
I was sent to Dr. Gill’s. Then parted with Mrs. Wood and
have never seen her since. I told you in one of my other
letters all that occurred there. This was Saturday. She died on
Monday evening. They were all very kind to me at Dr. Gill’s.
Mr. Thomas the Howard visitor, a gentleman very
different to the last one I had met with in Memphis,
asked me to go out to Mr. Cauce’s. She was alone with
her sick husband. I went, but she hesitated whether...
to trust me or not. At last she concluded to do so, and I was ushered into a very uncomfortable room where an old man of 80 years lay on a lounge. She said she put him on that bed so that when she wanted to sleep he would not disturb her (loving wife that). She sat down to her knitting, and when I asked her for anything, to use for as I was in a strange house, I did not know where things were. She said I must not expect her to wait on me. I was paid for nursing and must wait on myself. The old man was not at all fastidious at times I called her to tell the must wait on him. She said I put on too many airs for a nurse. I replied I was willing to do anything a lady or nurse would do, but when a man in his senses acted as he did, he should have a man nurse, unless she was willing to assist. But Mr. Thomas, knowing she was alone, asked me to come, thinking I would be company for her. She said she did not keep company with those she did not know anything about. I did what I could to please her, also for the old man. If Laura was in attendance, she was satisfied I was doing right, that was all I had to care for. At meal time she used to put a piece of paper under my plate and cut me a small slice of bread and two biscuits, that was my allowance. She kept a dairy but put neither butter nor milk on the table. She said the Stewards ought to send up my rations. The visitor came round to see what was needed. She told him of a number of things but the principle one was cotton seed. Mr. Thomas looked perplexed. Exclaimed cotton seed, what for? Why for the cow, and pigs they
have no need. He told her he did not think the store
furnished such things but would inquire. He did not
return while I was there. She remarked that was about
what she expected, and how was she to make her living,
except by her dairy; well I told you before all about her
wanting to bury her husband, in his boots to save buying
socks, and patching up his coat to save a new shirt,
also about Little Johnny taking the ale away that Dr.
Lawrence had ordered me. Poor fellow he was not so much afraid
of my being intoxicated, as he was of not having a few
little things left over for himself. The morning Mr. Blunked
died, I sent a silver dollar to him, as he kept the
hotel to send me some breakfast. He sent the scraps
of corn bread and bacon off the plate, in a piece
of brown paper, thetings of the cups, in a soda
bottle about half full, cold and dirty. I also left
5o with the Steward to get me the Memphis papers
when the train came in he said he bought them
and Mr. Littlejohn took them, perhaps he did not know
they were mine. The next morning after Mr. Hawn was buried
the Dr. said he wanted me to attend a young girl. It was
raining, I got down to the office. I thought in time for
dinner, found I was mistaken. Through the kindness of
Mr. Thomas, I got some coffee, and bread and butter. At
a hotel there is mostly enough left for anyone to get a
dinner, an hour or two after the table is cleared. But I
suppose he measured their stomachs. True there were some
pretty good sized ones there. I did not expect him to
give me any thing. I was willing to pay Mr. Thomas.
told me to go up stairs, and he would see there was a fire made. For it was very cold and wet. I went up found the door locked, sat down on the porch waiting for some one to come and make the fire. I waited until nearly frozen. I then went back to the Office. Sat by the fire there. Dr. Saurin told me the young girl was dying. No use for me to go. I went up stairs to see. Mr. Thomas was to stay with him. But soon another arrangement was made. I was to go to wait on Mrs. Smith's mother-in-law. Mr. Thomas told me to get my supper first. I tried to eat all I could to make up for lost time. I then bundled up and climbed into a wagon. It was so dark I had to feel my way. The mother-in-law was sister Emily Childs. I should not have known her name. Only she made me look over the paper to see if her name was published. It was, so she had the intense satisfaction of knowing her name was in print. I told you in the letter I left in your cloak pocket how she treated me. She told me her youngest son had ran away from her and she did not know where he was. I do not wonder if she worried him as she did me.

In this neighborhood there was an old man sick named Berry. The man who went with us had him in charge in an old house. Berry seemed glad to see me. I went in. He was cheerful but knew he was dying. He had thrown up 25 worms, about six inches long, of a pinkish red color, painted at both ends. Also Mr. Thomas's son died. I was sorry for he appeared a good hearted man if he did not furnish cotton seed. I heard that Mr.
Mr. Hawk died so she did not live to enjoy what she asked. But as I told you before, I returned to Memphis before the fever was quite over. The Chattanooga nurses were on the train, and at other places we picked up more. Some of the females were very drunk. One man I do not know if he was drunk or not. I think not. was playing Dr. every time one of the colored women went to sleep he would speak out loud. She had the fever, then would feel their pulse and prescribe; they seemed to take his nonsense in good part. At every stopping place he surprised the people by asking if he could buy a bottle of black vomit, he wanted to analyze it. I told you how little John would not give me any dinner, and so I got nothing until I got to Osceola. I was there four or five. We reached Memphis. Tired and sick. Having had nothing since the night before at Osceola. The cars were full of nurses. Returning, one old gentleman came over and spoke to me. Said he heard I was from Texas, and was always glad to meet any one from there. He said he was from Harrisburg, was in charge of the Chattanooga nurses. He told me his name but as I never was known to remember anything 5 minutes I have forgotten it. I reached home and called the Chambers House and Mrs. Granger with her usual kindness had my coffee made. Which Susan brought up to me, and having washed myself shook out my dress by this time I was reduced to one. Some I had burnt
Some had been stolen. Any way I had got rid of my old clothes. I went to the Office and reported, asked for meal ticket second three, said they didn’t give out any more tickets, but that the Market Street Infirmary was filled up for foreign nurses who were not allowed to return to their homes. Why they called us native Americans, foreign I can’t think. The South Carolina, Georgia and Mobile nurses had mostly gone as their quarantine was open. I asked Mr. Langstaff, if there would be no more nursing? he said he thought not. But I observed one woman on duty who was there also buying goods for her store, so I informed me herself then she killed two birds with one stone.

Next morning I made my way to the Infirmary set my name down in the book and took dinner. The table was well supplied with every thing well cooked, plenty of milk, tea, and coffee. But when I looked at the rows of beds, where so many had died my heart failed me. The nurses who belonged there knew where to choose. So I always understood that Dr. McDowell and Major Marshall had places for the nurses to sleep when off duty, differed from the hospital I was in. I thought I would still sleep at the Chambers House until you came and asked Mr. B what he would charge. I had been paying 95 per week, though as you since told me, you told him to let me occupy it free as you paid 83. per week. I went down town and was surprised to see what a change business
houses open, drays running, everything began to present quite a cheerful appearance, except the black-robed figures that thronged the streets. I purchased a trunk, and some articles of clothing that were actually necessary. I went and hunted up a dressmaker, gave her a calico dress to make for me. I then returned to the Howard's rep told Mr. Langstaff. I did not like to stay at the Infirmary, he said what will you do? you can't stay at the hotel. I said I suppose I could, if I paid. He said yes, or I could have a pass via New Orleans. I accepted that, but told him to date it two days ahead, as I was obliged to have some clothes made. He gave me my pass, shook hands, and thanked me for coming to their assistance, wished me a pleasant journey, just then Dr. Dalzell came in, spoke to me and asked me if I knew your whereabouts. I told him no, the last I heard you was sick and I continued you are sick too. Yes, he said but only from fatigue, he was looking much worn out. So ended that lesson. When I got to the hotel, Mr. Brazer met me with. I have just heard Mrs. de Pelchin is dead. I said how did you hear? He replied Mrs. — one of the nurses said so. I did not think much of the information at that late date; neither did I think her very good authority. So I must tell you a joke about her. one night when I happened to be in, a nurse from New Orleans was sick in bed with yellow fever for the sixth time, so she said. This nurse who reported you dead was nursing her.
she had two or three flasks of whiskey, with which she
had drenched the sick woman, from head to foot, now and
then taking a swallow herself. They were both very loving,
hugging and kissing, until I became so disgusted
I left the room. The nurse said she would offer me some of
the medicine, but Dr. Forbes had prepared it for her as a
preventive of fever. As he was dead, she might not
be able to obtain more now that was gone. I thanked
her and said I did not think I needed it. I supposed she
had been taking a dose of preventive, and imagined you
dead. I went occasionally to the Infirmary to get my
meals, passed my time in riding in the cars. Looking at
the city, I was anxious to see you before I left, but my
expenses were heavy for me. I could not thinking it was
rather hard, after leaving our homes, and risking our
lives for them, to pay out what little we had, to go into
a hospital were so many had died, to eat and sleep.
It was not pleasant, and I did not wish to run the risk.
I was there alone, without any friends to care for me.
I made up my mind to start next day for New Orleans,
where I had some friends, and I knew I could live cheaper.
I hired a man to take my trunk to the depot after
getting there was told. No train until Monday. A nurse
was there and said he was going to Dallas, Texas, by
the way of Orleans. This nurse was a Virginian.
Of course one of the R.E.V. Although I believe the
first families were all convicts. I left my trunk in the
baggage room, and took the car that runs back and forth
to the end of the track, and back again. Then
went to the Infirmary ate my dinner, not so much to save 60 as because I knew I would have a better dinner there than at the Hotel. towards evening I walked back leaving my basket and shawl expecting to return to breakfast Sunday morning. but when I got up, it was raining, and the wind blowing so cold, I could not go out. so I sent a servant after my things and started where I was. near evening I went out bought a fresh lunch at a little bakery close by. Monday morning very cold, ice an inch thick, went again to the depot Sat for two hours on the platform, almost froze. The colored man who attended to the waiting room, said he would have a fire as soon as possible but the depot had been closed for two months and everything was upset, when the fire was made, the meives pushed in and took the front seat. While sitting there I heard your name mentioned, though if I had not been thinking about you I would never have recognized it. It was so outlandishly pronounced. I asked the Speaker if she knew anything about you. She said yes. She had been sent down to a town in Mississippi you had been to help and wait on her. but she got tired so left you to finish. there was clothes had to be washed, and that was something she would not do. I received this story from Sarah Jackson as she gave her name, with many grains of allowance but could not help wondering when you was promoted to the dignity of washerwoman I remarked Mr. Dalzell would like to hear from you. 
* Sarah rather turned the tables.
Just then a sister of Charity, who had been in the room some time, crossed over, said she heard me mention McDalzell's name, was I acquainted with him? I said I had met Mr. Schuyler. She replied she was well acquainted with him, and would like to hear the particulars of his death, last illness, and death. I gave them as I did to you. I could not vary them, for they were the truth. She asked if she might write down the particulars, I said certainly. She then told me she was called Sister Edghetta, and belonged to the Sisterhood of St. Mary, and that her work was in Memphis. I mentioned the circumstance of my leaving to go via New Orleans. She insisted on my staying with them, but my trunk was already on the cars. Before leaving the hotel, I put a letter in your cloak pocket, telling you of my deplorable adventure. On leaving Memphis, I was amused at the dangerous places to see the fright some of the people were in. At the train drew near the depot, orders were given to stretch across to prevent persons passing either way. Some called to their friends on the train, but all looking at us as if we were a party of escaped lunatics. There were beautiful places on that road. I had a ticket to Granada, free, but from thence on I had to pay my own way, as they said, they had made no arrangements with the Howards. From the place the cars were crowded with Mobile nurses, who being first such took a double seat & stretched themselves on. I had a seat near the stove, which was red hot. It was obliged to close the windows to endure the two opposites of heat, and cold made me sick. Along this road no lack of refreshments, but we had very very high prices. Arrived at New Orleans, at night went to a Hotel next morning.
I met a gentleman from Houston, who told me I would have to remain three weeks, which I did, all but two days. As I arrived Oct 23, I was in time to witness the celebration of All Saints' Day, which was more than usual. I rode in the street car to see the city, as I am too lame to walk much.

A few mornings after my arrival, the nurse from Dallas mentioned before, came to the boarding house where I was, told he had been sent from New Orleans to Granada, that he had not yet been paid off, and was really in want of something to eat. Would I lend him $5, for a day or two. I very promptly did so, and the result is, I never saw him again. The day before leaving N. Orleans, I met Dr. Sauro, with whom I had boarded at Decatur from him I learned that the patient who would not let me lay on her blanket, got well. She was too mean to die.

A last a steamer was advertised to start Sunday morning. I made my preparations came on board. I found several Texans who had been in Memphis, also starting for home, among them Dr. S. C. Young. Who did what very few young men do nowadays, that is pay respectful attention to an old lady, we had quite a diverting trip, and reached Clinton about sundown. The deck of the vessel was crowded with German emigrants. Only one other lady passenger in the cabin, a Mexican bride, on her way to San Antonio from Vera Cruz. I had carried a large blanket shawl, everywhere with me. It had been as well as shawl, blanket, and pillows. On getting off the car, from Clinton, I lost it. I felt as poor as parting with an old and tried friend. I stepped off the platform, and once more made acquaintance with Houston mud. It came up over my gaiters.
Dear [Name]

My name is [Name]. I have heard of your school and am interested in attending. I am a student at [current school] and feel that your institution would provide me with the education and opportunities I am seeking.

I am currently[...]

Yours sincerely,

[Your Name]
to get some one to help me home. I heard no word from you until I received a letter from Sevance. I supposed you had come some time before through Northern Texas, as some had come that way, and I heard a complimentary supper had been given to you. I hope before another fever season to be with my dear son in the far west, then to end my days. I cannot help thinking that the confusion that prevailed everywhere, and more in Memphis added greatly to the trouble. It may be only an old woman’s notion, as the visitor remarked, when I asked him to see M. Corny was properly laid out, still I believe in Texas all is avoided that disturbs the patient; and the nurse proceeds her way quietly, but nearly everywhere I saw they would interfere. Every friend that came in must apply their own remedies—until I am surprised that they got well at all. I was looked on as a tyrant, because I did not want strangers interfering. But I am only giving my experience of 1870. Not my advice. I will bring my letter to a close, hoping that when I am far away they may sometimes remind you of scenes we passed through together.

Your Sincere Friend

E. H. Heckle

Houston, April 15, 1874

Dear Sister

I send you Mrs. Heckle’s letters to me. Truth is stranger than fiction, therefore the most thrilling romance could not compare with many scenes in the
Epidemic. — In comparing her experience with mine, I cannot but see how much better I fared, although she went in company with the most celebrated physicians who were sent from this state, and I went alone, even those who went from Texas at the same time were strangers to me. To my flooring heads at first I am indebted to one who finding I was alone, attended to my trunk, and when we reached Memphis, John made himself acquainted with all the rules of the Howard Association, and informed me, procured my meal tickets, and was ever ready to render any other service possible. To one situated as I was, can only know how to appreciate such kindness, and you will not wonder that I felt the only friend was gone when he died; though only the acquaintance of a fortnight.

The hospitals were not all so hard as the one she served in. At the Market Street Infirmary, the nurses had twelve hours on duty, twelve hours to rest, had meals, and beds, on which to rest. Miss Hamilton nursed there, and she told me a great deal about it. No one was put out to die alone. That was something I never heard of before. When in the last agonies they would distirb others, but if moved into another room should have kind nurses, or better, some familiar face, because even when so wild they have lucid intervals, and while we cannot help their crossing the cold river of Death, we can at least go with them to its brink. In hospitals I believe both Doctors and nurses sometimes get bewildered at the terrible mortality, for hard indeed must be the heart that could look with indifference on the dying. And the idea of plundering from the sick so...
Dying showed was the lowest depth of human depravity. If they recovered, they needed all they had, if they died their relatives were entitled to it. The only instance of neglect or unkindness I saw, was that of little Fannie. I have reason to believe it did not occur again. So the Doctor sent out to take charge, visited three times a day, and Mr. Lonndale assured me he would see to it.

Those whose was undertaken handled dead bodies, I came hardened, I in their feelings. The rough coffins were nailed not screwed. Once when one was being nailed, I asked the man please not make such a noise, he replied calmly, "It can't hear." Neither could it, but the present is generally awe-inspiring. Death however did not spare the Undertakers. At one time only one was about, O'Reehart. All the Kellett brothers died, and when the sexton was sick, in those days it was difficult to keep a record of who did die, and similar names got strangely mixed, for instance, a nurse, had a room at the Chambers House. Another person of a similar name came there, sickened, and died. The Howards furnished the coffin, had the stranger interred in Clerwood. Thinking it was the nurse, after a while the nurse who had been off on duty came back. Now which predominated, joy that the nurse was not dead, or chagrin, that an unknown had been buried at their expense? This griss I know not, I was not there to see, but tell it to you as it was told to me. This somewhat griss, joke was told me on my return from Senatoria when I was reported dead. I'll give the Howards credit for joy at seeing the nurse alive. In some instances animals were left shut up, it was supposed.
some one must have died in a house alone, and the body decomposed. So terrible was the stench, as if breaking in an entrance, two starved dogs, also several birds, in their cages, two little warblers, had sung their own requiem. The Exodus was so hurried that people forgot everything, even to provide for those they left in charge of their property. The papers of the day spoke of this and very justly censured them. Servants, and sometimes relations were left without any means of providing for themselves. The case of the negro woman I told you of, was one who had four children, herself too sick to work or go for patients. I of course made no scruple of drawing money as nurse to relieve such cases as that. You may think I ought not to speak of the money I left with any one. But I am not telling of what I gave, it was given to Memphis by others. I only account for it, as I professed not to go for money. Therefore, I only had a right to my expenses, after what money I took with me was gone. These letters have taken more space than I expected. I have striven to do my duty.

And hope it may be said of me, "She hath done what she could. That is reward sufficient."

Your affectionate Sister

[Signature]
I embarked on the Biafra for Madeira July 29, Saturday.

W. J. Grover-Bailey, Aug. 10, 1868

Ed. Advocate, I had you a notice of this gentleman. I have no
for although he was a Presbyterian, the time of his death.

I was known among sea. And Brother Bailey's Sunday school
came after the only course that marked the Sabbath. I
not far from my own recollection that he founded the great
Sunday School in Houston, but I believe that, in 1848, it was
in a flourishing condition with a fine Bailey Edwards.

Mr. Robinson, secretary, librarian of Browns, when we
was money to take care of. At that time in the town of

I entered as a scholar, the teacher was Mr. J. H. Phillips.

expansion. The next class was Mr. Clinton, a Baptist and

every creed was represented, but we children

knew what church they belonged to, until the different

societies organized. Then one and another found

to their own, but with kind remembrance of the

one who had so long sheltered them. Once having

by a new comers. In the denomination church. I

attended. I called "no particular one, the real dea

school that's all." But what church does your son

belong to?" He said, "My mother relented;

then don't you think we go to church so

often.

I find I still lack patience. The brothers were twins one
was studying for a priest, the other a merchant. The priest was very
I embarked on the Biafra for Madeira July 29 Saturday.

Sunday school I preached: No, it is not and I was right. A portion of scripture was given out for each Sunday between the teacher's met at different houses during the week to study the lesson. We had no collection. No hymn books at least not enough of one kind to go round. No it was no particular church school I thought. But you see that individual was green from the States and knew nothing of American Sunday schools. We had no tickets or prizes. Yet rain and mud did not stop what home we loved our school for its own sake and the superintendent who made it such a pleasant place to go. How did we manage age without our own books? There was a charm about that. Every Sunday after noon we met to sing. Mr. Bailey read one verse, we repeated it, the words learned them, then the tune. Our and anyone of instrument being a base word, and our lead voice. How many beautiful hymns we learned! My faith looks up to them. Crown him Lord of all! Our favorite was "Blest be the man...".

I find I still lack patience. The brothers were twin sons one was studying for a priest, the other a merchant. The priest was very...
I embarked on the Biasha for Madeira July 29, Saturday.

The pleasant were those meetings, how they left
us out of reach, and their memory lingered like
the fragrance of some beautiful flower.

Our grand celebration in those days was 4th
July, 1836. Mr. Badee invited himself a native New
Orleans, a citizen of Texas. He practiced as
children on "My country 'tis of thee." Until we
could just imagine the arches and walls. While
and tell the hills, instead of a bold knoll, and
and mud holes. The fun was not too hot in those
days. To march from the Court House to
Church, neither were public speakers too proud
to talk to a Sunday School when another
audience was at hand. As other societies found
of Mr. Badee kept up a friendliness among them
inviting the ministers of all denominations
to his home when they came to town. The frequent
Methodist Baptist, were as welcome at the Bench
as were the rest. So great is the interest in Sunday School that was enough.

I find I still lack patience. The brothers were twins one
was studying for a priest, the other a merchant. The priest was very
I embarked on the Biapa for Madeira July 29, Saturday.

The yellow fever flowed, like a following wind, over the city, a very visit to my senses. It seemed as if the whole city were on fire. It was as if the fires were being ravaged by the wind. The streets were empty, the houses were dark. The night was like a great black blizzard. I saw the fires in the distance, but I couldn't see anything else. I was so startled, I think I nearly fainted.

The next day, I went to see some friends in the city. They were all very kind to me. They invited me to stay with them, but I had to go back to my cabin. I was very tired and I didn't want to stay there. I was going to come on another ship to New York. I was going to see my brother there.

The next day, I went to see the sailors in the harbor. They were all very kind to me. They invited me to stay with them, but I had to go back to my cabin. I was very tired and I didn't want to stay there. I was going to come on another ship to New York. I was going to see my brother there.

I find I still lack patience. My brothers were twins one was studying for a priest, the other a merchant. The priest was very kind to me. He invited me to stay with him, but I had to go back to my cabin. I was very tired and I didn't want to stay there. I was going to come on another ship to New York. I was going to see my brother there.
I embarked on the Napa for Madeira July 29, Saturday.

The Bayley was twice married, both times to connect west Indies in New Orleans. Both ladies were getting help meet in his enterprises of usefulness and hospitality.

A few years ago his oldest and youngest sons died. Edward, the eldest, had been absent from Houston, and twice, the younger, who died of fever. Also, of the Bayley's children, two of the Bayley's children, are H. H. Bailey, present agent of Vicksburg, Miss. W. H. Taylor, and W. H. Brice, mail agent, all bear responsible positions and fill them with honor to the commonwealth, in which this line. They work together, they hope of their future.

I find I still lack patience. The brothers were twins, one was studying for a priest, the other a merchant. The priest was very
I embarked on the Biafra for Madeira July 29, Saturday, 11 A.M. reached Madeira Aug 5 Tuesday, 7 A.M. The Biafra is a steamer of the African Line. I only knew from various sources that I could take first class passage cheaper from Liverpool than from London; therefore changed my plans after I had written to Mr. Satchelles to tell him I should call on him in London. In Liverpool I wrote him a note telling of my intentions. I was very anxious to see London, the native city of my dear mother, but as I prayed so earnestly for direction, I felt that God heard and answered my prayers. I found I had a week or more. Mr. Sinclair was very polite, he complimented my bravery in coming so far alone, and as I do not profess to be above flattery, I suppose that had some effect on me. I paid my visit to Scotland and returned in time for the Biafra. The ladies cabin was different to that of the Egypt, it was a large room with berths all round it. Mrs. Simmonds going to meet her husband, was the only lady besides myself. Harry her little boy, was with her. The Stewardess, Mrs. O'Neil was very kind to us. The first two days was rough, and I was seasick, our other passengers were two young Spaniards going home for the holidays to Barcelona. One doctor bound to Sierra Leone, a trader to Basse, with the trader Mr. Hill I conversed, he looked sickly but he was intelligent, the doctor was polite and two young Spaniards, were seasick. I got almost out of patience with one of them, he said the same thing over so often. I find I still lack patience. The brothers were twins one was studying for a priest, the other a merchant. The priest was very
fond of hearing me say anything about America, he was
aiome, he did not fancy the company of the older men, and
he liked to talk with the ladies. Saturday or Sunday, is the
day the African Steamers generally come into port.
But the Biagia made a quick run. The Captain fixed Friday,
as our landing day. I remarked, I should not be surprised if
it was Saturday. The young Spaniard, asked me to bet. I said
"no" it was not my custom to bet, but just to be contrary I
bet to Saturday. Finally I agreed to send McMennan a bunch
of grapes if we came in on Friday, and he was to send me
a Canary Bird from its native Island if we were delayed until
Saturday. I arrived in time for me to pay the grapes which I sent off a rather Martha
did for me, though I never knew positively if he received them. The ship
in anchorage, but do not come near the shore, I was very
much afraid of going down the ladder into the boat. The Captain kindly helped
me down and then I enjoyed the row, the surf boat are run on
shore and while the surf reached the passengers jump out, especially
that from my childhood. My nephew Jack came on board to take me
out, and Martha came for me, how glad I was to see them, my sister's
children, how pretty they looked to me. An ox cart was waiting to
take us up to the Torrinha, my sister's Quinta. The landing on the
beach is exciting, and then the ride up the Praga de Avenue,
dotted with magnificent trees. Many things in that ride were
familiar and many improvements, the Telegraph Office, The Police
Station, were new. My sister's Quinta is beautiful, her eldest daught
Emma received me at the gate, and I can hardly express my delight at the beautiful garden. Since I went up to see my sister, she looked much younger than I expected, and it was long before I could recognize in her a she in me, the sister of other days. She was her children devoted to her. Her faithful servant attended to suit on her, and I came from such a distance to see her, but she helpless, in a manner. At my first arrival, here I was amused to find her friends, and the Doctor, feared, the consequences of the excitement. But I do not think it did her any harm. On the contrary, I think she is benefited, for some time, then she got worse. I will now look back to the time when we left Madeira for New York, in 1836, Sept. 24, we went in a sail vessel Brig Chilhowe Capt. Hill, his wife was with him, were out 72 days, went down near the west Indies found it excessively hot, now the trip from N.Y. to Liverpool was made in 11 days, and from Liverpool to Funchal, in 6, or less, and there was no quicker trip on record, then we went from Philadelphia to New Orleans in 3 weeks by sail and a large vessel, from New Orleans to Galveston one week, now I crossed in 18 hours from Houston New Orleans, from thence to Philadelphia in 4 days, as I stopped over one day in Lynchburg, 1 day in Washington, how times have changed, a rather speed, therefore I wish we could in view of this, always respect the Sabbath more and as we are so much quicker that, the seventh could be as a day of rest to man and beast. I will recall one little incident going to Dunfermline. I was on the train at 1 P.M., two old ladies in the car. Mrs. Horton bid me good-by, gave me my ticket. Said old ladies one Scotch the other Irish. Scotch to me. Upon be noon going to Dunfermline to night? Farewell.
I replied: that is what my ticket says. To Scotch. Is it late?
If you be alone, I expect friends there. I said: Scotch. You
be from Glasgow? That is where the train started from?
I said: Irish. Oh be letting the lady go her ways,
it's taught to you a w. if she goes to Dunfermline
tonight, the Scotch woman looked not quite pleased; both
soon got out. Two other ladies were very polite, and at Dun-
fermline, showed me the way to Miss Morrison an old lady
with them paid a boy a penny to guide me. Of my adven-
tures in Scotland I think I will write under cities.

One incident I forgot in its proper place. When we were off Queenstown. We were
all anxious to hear the news from the President. "Not doing well" was received with a short
and waning of hark & handkerchief. a man with newspapers came on board,
and sold them at ridiculous prices, to one the news was not quite new
but he persevered it faithfully to find it July 18, 1880, one year old.
"I did not leave all the yachtsmen behind me." All the yachtsmen are not in America." exclaimed the old man, who
came from Nantucket I experienced the same in Liverpool, a boy came
on board with papers. Took up a London ill News, paid 8d for
it, found it was two months old. should have cost 6d.
Cities

I passed through several embays, cities on my way from Houston to New Orleans. At Charles, not far from it, Lumber also Beaumont, where big trees of that name. New Orleans was changed in appearance from the city I remember in my younger days, then it was lively times, now it had a business look, in spite of the war. The officials where I bought my ticket, & checked my luggage, were polite, the old time Southern politeness. I got a cup of coffee, and was back in time for the train.

We sped along, it was hot and dusty, along the pine forests of Mississippi, Alabama, and we passed through some cities, rapidly. At night Mr. McSherry left me, and at eleven o'clock the first place I stopped at was Lynchburg. Mr. I felt my head: there I went to a hotel, a large rambling affair, a large fat colored woman gave me a room that had been a parlor, I only wanted coffee and a chance to take a good wash off the dust of Alabama. I left my hat but my neck. I laid down, I got up. I walked, I rode in street cars, but the head ache got worse. Here I first saw some cherries. I bought them eat and I went along. I saw some children playing party, gave them some, they thought it was wonderful. What looked wonderful to me was the way the street cars and wagons went up and down the steep hills. This city was beautiful, in the afternoon I went over to a dry goods store and bought a linen duster and some collars. The lady who served me was quite interested when she found where I came from and whether bound. She said she envied me, but oh how homesick I felt, even then. The train had come and gone. I found there was another going out in the night, the fat old woman promised to call me in time. I went to the office paid my bill.
I was anxious to have Hancock elected because he was on the court martial that condemned Mr. Surratt. Garfield was welcomed by the South. Mr. Welles in his sermon to young men held him up as a model. I liked Mr. Hayes for his temperance principles.
The clerk asked me if I knew Major Clark in Houston. I told him I was acquainted with his wife, and promised to write to her and enclose his card; that card I then put away and, when I wanted to write to Mr. Clark, I could not find it.

I started at about 12 Midnight, and arrived in Washington City in the morning. I had my passport, yc. I found myself at the Baltimore & Potomac depot since rendered so memorable by the shooting of President Garfield. The forebodings of that sad event marred my pleasure. I left my police with the guard. I took some refreshment and walked forth. My first visit was through the Gardens.

There were the wild flowers of Texas. I felt like the Arab who embraced the Palmetto in Jardin del Plante, Paris, and recognized in the Tobacco tree an old friend, so I felt about the little Texas wild flowers.

I walked through the grounds, then to the Capitol, where the assembled wisdom is supposed to meet. As I approached, what I afterward found was the back of the building. A neatly dressed man asked me if I wished to see the different points of interest. Of course I did: he then took me round, and showed me the fort also the most attractive buildings, among other. He pointed the jail where Mrs. Surratt was hung for supposed complicity with the murder of Lincoln. I remarked The American nation should be ashamed of that. About here my guide told me he was a guide, and hinted at payment. He said there were 14 others inside who would show me over the building. I asked him his fee 65, paid it. At that rate my Capitol visit alone would be $2.50. I went up the
Long flights of steps, was surprised to find them of wood. The guide told me, the marble steps became so slippery in freezing weather they were covered with snow. To preserve on them, but the feet of the Senators from slipping, I entered the hall. went into the Gallery of representatives & Senate, the roof was decorated with the coat of arms of each State, the portraits of great men. Going on a long gallery, up farther a picture attracted me, the emigrants, westward the Star of Enterprise! Guides the way; how natural that picture was, the covered wagon, the mother & children, the boys, the young man sick & drooping on the arm of a stranger man.

I climbed up the steps, thought I should have to give up going any farther. when a party came up. (before this a young gentleman had assisted me up part of the way,) they were very polite, helped me up to the top. the view was worth it all below the streets centering at the Capitol, like the sticks of an open fan; the cars and carriages travelling over them, looked like insects, crawling along. we waited awhile some few of the young folks wrote their names, but would not once did not, it was enough for me I had seen it. I was tired when I reached the last stair, I wandered about, took some diners at my defeat restaurant and again went forth. I visited the Navy yard, Smithsonian and the White House. this I only went into the hall and one room, what struck me most was the Chandeliers, and the fine view from the window I walked along, thinking of many things, the frontier life I had left, the old world.
When I was going to Washington, I went out into the grounds and was dictating a letter to some one in Texas, in which I said, beware of nice-looking young gentlemen in white vests, for they are guides, that look at you for a dollar, and then I plumed myself for the way in which I was to get around by myself. A man came up to me, wanted to show me around. I said, no I can go by myself. I looked at him, he was not nice looking and had his coat buttoned up so I did not see if he had a vest. I had just then to go out of one gate and enter another in the White House grounds. That fellow pressed me to go to the Arsenal. I would not, said it was too hot, then he pointed out the Monument. He showed me a shady path to where I was going, then he turned round, said, you was at the capital this morning and gave that guard 50. I am man with a large family, can't you spare me a quarter. I was vexed and amused, gave him his quarter. I went my way, crestfallen. I went when quite late, to see if I could find Col. Dr. & tell him his little daughter sent him a message. He had left Washington. I left Washington on the ten o'clock train. Took a sleeper and went to sleep. Found I could stay in the car until seven in the morning. Then the porter very politely showed me to the freight depot. There my visit to Washington was ended. I took tea at the depot restaurant. I only spent I think 60 besides guides. I visited besides the place mentioned, the patent office, saw many curious things. The regalia or dress of Washington. I spent a delightful stay. Washington is a beautiful city. Its streets are wide, its gardens fine. My fences around the public walks all seemed free. But there was no audience. Will
This be changed by the deed of the miserable assassin, God grant that it may be better. Very worse, Gen. Garfield, a nation mourned for him, and much vanity was forgiven, and forgotten on hearing of his death. I know I felt a sympathy with the whole nation, and kept my fast day to myself, although a week later than the rest, but it made me feel better. How often have I thought of Mr. Garfield and his children, also his mother, poor old lady, how proud she must have been of her son, to see him stricken down so. Sympathy may alleviate for a time, but that heavy cross must be borne through a lifetime. Neither appears to have been improved by the very poor opinion people seemed to have of him, it is as well to see ourselves as others see us, and it shows wisdom to profit by it. Many here are astonished at the length of Gurota's trial. It is human nature. At Mr. Sevres's trial, it was too hasty, the whole nation condemned it. Booth was killed, therefore vengeance had to be wreaked on some one, then the war was just over passions were inflamed, and anger was not satisfied. We read that Gen. Garfield did what he could to stem the tide of fanaticism, now if a Hancock were on that court martial that sentenced Mr. Surratt, if he had been President and been shot, I for one would have thought it a judgement on him, but as jobs' computers were approved for that same spirit, it shows me that God's ways are not our ways. His thoughts not our thoughts. Fearing to hang a madman, the court has had patience, and that is the beauty of Garfield's character at no time have we heard any expression of revenge uttered by any of them.
Of Mr. Gosfield's household. These reflections naturally followed on the
visit to Washington. I arrived in Philadelphia by 7 A.M. The
official at the depot was polite. I went with all my packages to the street
for depot. I tried to get a cup of coffee but failed in that. I went on
to the ferry, there I had to take my baggage again. It had not arrived.
The official was positively rude; I asked if my baggage had come.
"Yes," he said, "but yesterday.
"Did you see it?" was the reply; "no sir," said I, "being alone I had to
carry my packages, and found them cumbersome. After some waiting
I got my trunks; I think that official had had no breakfast or
something was the matter with him. Of my trip I wrote in travel.-
Beverly, a town in New Jersey, on the Delaware, is where my cousin
lived. It is a beautiful little place, the out of town residence of many
who do business in the city. In summer this is well, but in win-
ter the short days make it anything but desirable to be frozen out of home. I was delighted with the place, but I had
sent my boxes on to New York, and felt obliged to look after them; trains pass Beverly every hour, and 10 min.
in the time from the city. The tall silver maple trees are magnificent, put me in mind of the pecan trees in
San Antonio. The houses along the bank of the river were the prettiest, here I heard the cat bird; I thought it was
a lost kitten, my cousin let me look for it awhile, then told me what it was; I also saw a Japanese cat
a cat without a tail; at first I thought it was a dog;
but such a queer looking dog, I asked the children who.
were playing with it. What it was, I found that a man named Richardson had bought three one cat, from that there were several. Some had short tails, but all were called Richardson's cats. I found afterwards that Manx cats, or those from the isle of Man are also tailless; I made several trips to Philadelphia, and must not leave the impression of rudeness to all Philadelphians people, because I was very kindly treated. I went to 92 North Street and found my correspondents Messrs. B. & H. Wright. Mr. Benj. Wright exacted a promise that I would go to his house both expressed a wish that I would they could do something for me. I also found Charley Stone, married and in business. I was going to a restaurant, but Charley would not let me. He and his wife had to get me some refreshment. I found Mary Stevenson there, to be under the Doctor's care, how pale and feeble she looked. Her little Mary was a lovely child. At one time it was thought advisable to send her across the Atlantic, but the Doctor said no. She could not stand it. Mary was Elizabeth Stone's child, and I loved her for her Mother's sake, as well as her own. I went to see Hattie, Mary's sister; she lived in a pretty neighborhood, Spring garden Street. We drove out to the Centennial grounds, and very quiet they looked, to what they did then! Next day I went to see Mr. Wright's Aunt. She was glad to see me. And then I went to find Mr. B. Wright. I knocked no answer, and I must say. I was just a little timid at introducing myself to a strange lady. I found afterwards she had just stepped out a minute. I did wait as long as I ought have
I went next day to see Miss conis of Mr. Wright 24 and his grandmother on Brown St. We were glad to see me and took lunch with them. Mr. Satterlee one of the cousins had a sweet little baby, and her husband was in Arabia collecting hides; what commerce every branch of industry gives rise to. The old lady was glad to talk with me about her grandson. The way I became acquainted with them was a brother Silas Wright was sick in a hospital in Houston, I visited there weekly, and when he died I went to his brother. I had him buried in our lot, by permission of Mr. Marvin, and like lead cast on the waters, it was returned to me a stranger in this city. Truly God's promises are true, and I wish we could all lay hold of them, and take all the comfort out of them we ought to. How much trouble we would save ourselves. I also called on Ship Coradi Mr. Schaefer I found was dead. Mr. Coradi gave me a book to read on my trip. I found it very amusing. They have over head railways in Phil., but I did not see them. Sunday I was in Berlin; went with cousin Will to the little meat church there; I went to speak to the agent of the Jersey line. He was determined I should take passage with them, but the price was very high. He proposed stowage as being preferable in that line to Saloon in another, but I did not believe; therefore we did not come to terms. The agent in Phil. said some pretty hard things about the Anchor Line, on which I laid I was going. Philadelphia, the city of Mr. Penn, the founder, is situated on the Delaware at its confluence with the Schuylkill. It is a very pretty.
City. Its squares of trees, with benches for the sick & weary. These parks are like lungs to the city, supply it with air.

These parks are a benefit to all concerned. Penn was a Quaker, and his city keeps much of his plainness and comfort. The meeting houses occupy beautiful spots of ground. Squares, planted with soft grass, and shaded with grand old trees. The plainly dressed Quakers meet there Sunday and Thursday, they sit quietly for about half an hour. Then if the Spirit moves any one to speak they do. No Spirit stirred them to speak when I was there, then they got up short, hands with one another in silence. The men who had kept their hats on filed out first, then the women. No singing, no loud praying, no sound of any kind. I saw one child who stretched himself out on a bench and went to sleep. I heard the Quakers had Sunday School. I suppose they taught them. Little children must be seen and not heard. The business of Philadelphia does not equal that of New York, but there are none of any tenement houses. A home like air prevails. Quaker is not the prevailing religion. There are all denominations. And I visited churches in my trip to the Centennial which I am not describing now. Therefore will proceed to New York and Brooklyn. I had my ticket to Brooklyn Annex, that took me all right. For changing baggage is the greatest trouble in travelling. I arrived in Brooklyn on Thursday, July 1. I went straight to Mrs. Monroe. How pleasant it is to have a friends house to go to. I feel welcome. I was fatigued and low spirited at the idea of going further from my old home. I rested that day. Friday I think we went out and on Saturday we visited.
round. We went to the Marine Exchange in New York.

As certain as no vessels went to Madeira direct, I went to
the Anchor Line. Found their vessels went to London and Glasgow.
I knew the Liverpool steamers went to Madeira direct at less cost
than the London and the expense was too heavy. I went to the
National Line. They went to Liverpool only one berth $5.
I tried another Line for $5, but that sailed next day. Then I returned to
the National. The berth was gone. But I knew ships like omnibuses are indecisive
arrangements, and always have room for one more. Well they had a berth made for
many were going to Europe. and I could have one. 50$0, the same saloon privilege.
I was delighted. I liked the plan of the ship. If the Anchor Line could have
cashed my check. I think I should have taken it. It was fortuitous for me
they did not. As it was better for me to go to Liverpool than either
Glasgow or London. I got my bales on as freight. once on board. I
found my berth changed to 47, a very good one, as the 3d berth
were taken by a party. Saturday morning we were out, and I think to stay
berth. On the way home, we noticed some excitement on the streets. One
man was selling extras; he called out a lot of stuff, it might be English, it
might be something else. I passed on. Mr. Moore thought it was some politics,
and on we went. Arrived at home. Mr. Moore's daughter asked me if we had
heard the news, no! what? Why the President is shot. Was it compelling? I was
the first exclamation; I what it was all the world knew by this time,
but the free expressions about. Mr. Arthur have had a salutory effect. on
him, the thought the Nihilists across the waters and here without
warning, in time of profound peace, a good man is shot. Down
how much thought it has given rise to; Some of the suggestions.
were as follows: That the President should have a body guard—then that the President on retiring from office should have a sufficient amount to keep them independent, hereafter. But I think all these ideas will give way as not compatible with republican ideas of government. It is well not to meddle with other governments, as to instance the Irish. They helped them once on the shores of America, but the giving money to fight England with is wrong, the barbarous way they are at it now. Saturday afternoon, I went up to see Mr. John Shear's family. Found them all sick except Alice. Little Annie who had been a cripple was straightened. Mr. Shear was sick and Mr. J. tire out. They soon left for home, and little Annie died, after bearing patiently the long tedious illness. The crowd around the Herald Office was tremendous, ambulances would not get through without policemen making way. The reports were conflicting of the President, but Mr. H. McMen's son-in-law said from what he had it would be impossible for the President to recover; he might live some time, which opinion was correct. Sunday, we attended church at Dr. Hall's Church, Brooklyn. It was a fine edifice, and the sermon was much on the misfortune befallen the nation; one thing I noticed the preacher said while we prayed for the President not to forget the miserable man who caused it. Mr. H. told us of the sermon he heard. Life being a surprise. The nation was at peace, and this was a surprise, and so on to watch for ye know not what hour the son of man cometh. That day I took communion the last in America for that year. In the evening we went to hear Beecher or Talmadge. Both were closed, only having one service at length, we found one church open. The minister was earnest and did not allude to the disaster as I suppose he had in the
Monday was awakened by firecrackers. Young America kept up a popping, but a nation was in mourning. In Philadelphia, the Mayor had forbidden all firecrackers, and great dissatisfaction was expressed. But, he gave his reason the fearful accidents, especially by one the witness of a young lady being burned to death by some crackers or torpedoes exploding near her. As it was, many accidents did happen. I went to Long Island to see the fireworks. They were fine, and the hotels the gardens by night were lovely, only every body was thinking of the President. During my stay in New York I was poorly. I think more from mental than physical weakness. On Wednesday morning I started to see Mr. Bailey's sister, Miss Malloy, who treated me so kindly on my last visit. She looked younger than when I saw her 14 years before. I did not go to the Sherrill that morning, but thought I would in the afternoon. I did not find with some difficulty Blecher Street, a young woman just went in I sang the pencil to the door and to my question, "Does St. James Gillene live here," she replied, I asked if she did not board here, then she said yes Gillene lives here. I told her I was from Texas, had been here in the hospital, then she said: "Come in. I know who you are. James Gillene is dead, but his mother and brothers will be so glad to see you." I went up stairs, and if ever I felt weary in going to the hospital, I was repaid in the joy that mother and brother took in seeing me. The brother was very delicate, and they insisted on bringing me some lunch, told me how Jimmie told his mother to write to me. But she could not find the card with my name. That evening before, she and her daughter-in-law had been talking about it, and determined to write to the Infirmary and ask about me. That on Saturday afternoon Jimmie would call him himself and say "now the ladies are visiting the hospital," then when she laughed at him, he said "well mother, if you had been as lonely as we were, you would know just what those visits are to us." I was asked to write. I did so and received an answer written by his sister-in-law, another letter, and another answer, Genes...
The mother had now two sons: one grown, married. The other one little. I went next to the store of a Mr. Gibson, whose brother was in the hospital. He was a Jew, a rare thing it is for a Jew to be in a hospital. He wanted me to call again. I would not, but told him my errand. His anger was fearful. He said his brother had left home. His mother mourned for him for 20 years, but that he would help him. He begged me not to tell his brother the mother's mind. But I did. I wrote to him. Told him his mother lived and mourned him. I got to Broadway, tried to catch a Omnibus, could not. Went and paid the extra postage of 5 cents as American, found myself in what was family ground of others days. Then went on to Castle Garden found Mr. Hickey, Thomsen. He did not look as gay as when I saw him last. Ernest had died since. I found was married, and lived near. I went to see her. She lived in a crowded part of the city. Had a sweet little girl. Her husband I did not see. We talked long about old times. Then she walked with me through Castle Garden. I promised to write to her, but have not. On going home I missed my way. My Miss was uneasy about me. Next morning Mr. Hickey's mother asked word. I went to Greenwood, the cemetery of New York. I found it was over on Long Island. But as I intend to write of cemeteries in one place, I will pass that over. I was not well enough to go out again. To my surprise I saw Mr. Gillett's daughter. Friday I went to the decoration rooms with Jennie Moore. Saturday was spent getting ready for my trip. Dear Mr. Moore went on board with me. How dreary I felt as I saw the shores of America fade. I went not knowing whether I was going as far as business was concerned, or if my sister would be living. It was hoped that Gen. Garfield would recover when I left New York.

This is my sister Fannie's birthday. 2 2/4 years since she died.