Memphis in the Plague.
The following letter from Mrs. De Pelchin, of this city, was written in Memphis, and has only recently been able to get through the blockade. Although the incidents described are somewhat out of date they are nevertheless interesting:

MEMPHIS, Oct. 13, 1878.

Editor of the Telegram:
I believe I can now write to you without fear of offending the Board of Health, and think that you will be glad to hear from the exiles on this side the river. I have been sick for a few days, but the Howards took good care of Texas, and I expect to report for duty to-morrow morning. The fever is not so bad in the city, is spreading out into the country, and many a happy family who thought themselves safe in the distance have now been rudely awakened to the knowledge of yellow fever being in their midst, by the strange sickness and death of one or two of the family. The fever in the suburbs is very malign, the black vomit, and the most of it I ever saw. By the way, I have thought since I have been here the ancient wisdom has the yellow fever and from the black vomit taken the idea of the river of Death, being the black river Styx. There has been enough in Memphis to float the boat of Charon.

Memphis in Egypt, among the sands of the desert, is not more lonely than this her modern and beautiful namesake. For the Arabs take the negroes, and the picture is complete. I walked the length of Vance street, from Charleston depot to Hernando street, a distance of nearly a mile, and returned; met three white people, about twelve colored. The beautiful homes along this street were empty or look to negroes. The flowers flung their sweetness on the desert air, the jays screamed nervily; and later, as I returned, the owls hooted in the park. It put me in mind of the prophecies of desolation found in the Bible. All is lonely. The hearts are gone alone without any other carriage. The dead are taken quietly out and placed in their narrow homes without a word. No one laughs and no one cries. No one seeks for sympathy; for all know that every heart in Memphis has as much grief as it can stagger under. If this is a scourge, truly “the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing.”

Already the furnace of affliction has refined many. The generous donations—the sacrifices of life made by those who were unaccustomed, came to help when it was almost certain death. Those who met at teachers’ meeting on Saturday afternoon I can remember Mr. Miller, the quick witted mathematician, and others. I met him last at the Market Street Infirmary. How cordially he greeted me. In a few days his name was on the death roll. Let us hope it is on the bright roll of life in another world, for, “He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”

The two doctors from Texas, Forbes, of Round Rock, and Manning of Austin, are dead. Dr. Tryon is the only one from Houston I have seen, although Dr. L. Bryan called on me with a letter sent to his care. I was from home. Dr. S. O. Young was reported sick. I went immediately to inquire about him, for his mother’s sake, but he was soon well. Of nurses: Mrs. Heinkle was with me one night; I was sick; we have a room together; only we don’t often occupy it; she has gone to Decatur, Alabama; she is well thought of. Mrs. Bise and daughter are at Collierville, Mr. P. Salvi and wife were here. Mr. S. died of heart disease, Mrs. S. I have not seen of, but she was well and on duty last week.
Memphis, Oct 14, 1878.  Morning.

My dear Sister,

My valise is packed, my lunch basket also, but not with lunch, I carry my comb and brush and tooth-paste, though I have a few crackers. I am ready to go out once more. Last night several nurses came into my room, some who had been out to their country towns, and I assure you, they tell some hard stories about the people. In some places they are so frightened they leave each other to die. One woman left her daughter, an infant, who had had the fever, took her to a vacant church, and cared for her. The unnatural mother on leaving town, called to him, 'Old Mr. Hail, just please feed my chickens, while I'm gone. There corn in the crib, don't let the poor things starve.' 'Don't talk to me about your chickens Madam, when you leave your daughter to die,' replied the indignant nurse. In another place, while the nurse placed to care for the family, was eating her supper, the woman asked who was to pay her board. She replied, 'She was to eat when she was nursing.' I know,' said the woman. 'Mr. Hail was not a nurse, he was in town on business.'
you are to eat here, but who pays for it? Such instances are the exception, not the rule. The fact is, I think that we nurses are making such piles of money out of their necessities that they look upon us "with about as favorable eyes, as Gabriel did upon the Devil in Paradise." People respect those who have money, but they respect those who do not care for it; I am now going forth, and if I am sent to a town, we shall see what we shall see, and I will keep you posted; only, away off amid the orange groves, and pine-clad hills of Madeira, how can you imagine the scenes I have been describing? When I look back over these past few weeks, I exclaim in my heart, 10 days of horror! never to be erased from my memory. Sad as when the first born of Egypt was stricken, if this is a nation's punishment, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing; we should all lay it to heart, for we all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. I have just written a letter to the Telegraph, the daily paper of Houston, I send you a copy of
condenses much of what I have told you. I shall leave
my key with Mrs. Granger. Mrs. Heckle only is to occupy my
room for I pay for it whether I use it or not.
thank you for it. your affectionate sister.

Senatobia, Oct 14, 1878, evening.
room in the sheriff's house.

My dear sister,

Do not be shocked at the heading of my
letter, and you shall hear how I came here.
Mr. Mathis the sheriff is only treating me as
a guest, not as a prisoner. I went to the
Howard Office this morning had to wait in a room
with several others who were going out to other places.
one spoke of the price paid to nurses also that
some one objected to the Howards paying their board
when off duty. I remarked that it was hard to
buy anything to eat, so I had tried it; otherwise I
should not cost the Howards a cent. and such
a storm as I drew clowns on my head, I told
them, just how we managed in Houston, in an epidemic, we nursed each other for nothing and the Howards with us, were for the very poor or strangers; about twelve I took a ticket to the Planters' House for dinner, close to the Office, dinner was not ready. I kept my ticket and returned; the others went to the Peabody. I found they had rooms and board at the Peabody, for which the Howards paid. I had cost the Association, for one month, seven dollars and a half, besides my nurse, medicine &c.

I feel now and always have felt, that it would be better if Doctors, Nurses came for nothing, in such an epidemic. Money inducements will attract needy adventurers, that bring disgrace on the others. the Railroads gave us free pass and if we could have board lodging, free, say $1 a week for washing. I know enough would have come; most from Houston would have gone; for if no one was paid they would have given their lives; as it is, it creates almost bad feeling, it visitors actually told me
when he wanted to mark my ticket found I had none, that they did not want nurses that did not take pay. Perhaps he thought they would not go where they were sent, it struck me as peculiar, at least. It was only accident I had no ticket I have related to you in my first letters. As I said dinner was not ready, I returned just in time to be sent for to go to Senatobia. I asked if I could eat my dinner first, but there was no time, an ambulance was waiting so said Mr. Simmons if you will go just get up in that ambulance and go. The change of these changeable times were to be run in the office. Mr. John Johnson had taken the place of Mr. Lenoble as treasurer and Mr. Simmons as new Superintendent of nurses. Mr. Simmons is a very nervous little man, whose fair complexion and blue eyes bespeak his German origin, he has had the fever, therefore he knows what it is, he has recovered, therefore he knows the value of a nurse. He is very anxious to supply everyone with a good nurse, and just as anxious to see that the nurses are properly treated. This is necessary.
because it has become the generally received opinion, that
the nurses came for money only; and many a one who
tried to fulfill their duty, is snubbed and made to
feel as if they held a subordinate position. This was
never tried with me but once. A lady wished to know
my first name. Was it Mary, Ellen, what was it, my surname
was too hard. (As once I was thankful for a still harder Christian
name) I replied, being called by my Christian name was
a familiarity I never allowed with strangers, call me.
Miss de, if she could not get any further. She said it sound
more homelike to call me by my first name. But I
waived the implied compliment and retained my
dignity: rather a hard task, with one as that as I am.
and having done as many undignified things as I
had, but if by humble means we may stay the
disease from spreading, we may gain by stooping to
conquer; ). excuse this digression. I agreed to come.
Mr. Simmons made out a ticket: said they had telegraphed
from Sanatia
to get Doctor and nurses: no Doctor can be spared
today, so we must send someone we can trust. two
colored nurses to be sent with you. Mr. S. charged me
particularly not to work too hard, for he said you have been sick, and in some of these places all leave and the nurses are left to do everything, you must have your meals prepared and don't let us hear of your washing or cooking. All this was very kind and considerate and I appreciated it, there was no time to write a note. Two nurses Sarah and Louis were to go with me. In the office this time I saw Mr. Bust from Houston, and Mr. Drouden of Texas took my valise to the ambulance. How we Texans cling together. On the train I was hungry, divided my crackers with the two nurses and ate some myself, thought I could get coffee at one of the stations, as usually there is a coffee stand at the depot, there were guards at every station to keep nurses from getting off the train, because we came from Memphis so afraid were they of the fever, and no wonder. While on the train I had the benefit of the conversation of two nurses, one denounced quinine, the other extolled it. Both of them declared they had not lost a patient only those the Doctors killed. At Coldwater the people were preparing to leave and from there to Senatobia.
a distance of six miles the country was covered with war refugees — wagons piled with furniture for camping out. Cats, chickens, and children in living confusion. As the last ones saw the nurses from Memphis get off the train, the whip was popped and driners called G'lang and fled for dear life, as if we had come to kill them instead of trying to cure them.

At the depot we were met by several gentlemen, who informed me that the two ladies who were sick, when they telegraphed, were dead; there was now only one young man sick, and a negro woman. There was one white nurse, a Mr. Roman, and one citizen had had the fever some years before. Mr. Roseyall. I told them of course they could do as they liked, but I thought they had better keep me a day or two, but as there was no hurry about sending me out. I would go and I bad had no dinner, it was nearly four o'clock, I asked to be shown the store I could go and buy a cup of coffee. No one would let me come about, for fear I might have fever in my clothing. But they sent me a cup to the depot. The colored folks did not want any. Sarah was taken to the sick woman, and Mr. Roman took
took Louis to where the young man was sick. Mr. Mathey was the chief spokesman. As the ladies were dead, he was troubled to know what to do with me. I think they felt something like the man who drew an elephant in a lottery; I told him I would wait on any sick and as for a room if he would give me a blanket in the depot and send me something to eat. I was perfectly willing to put up with anything. I soon found the benefit of being humble. Mr. Mathey said I should go to his house, his family was gone, his cook was still there, and I might be needed. I went to see the colored woman, found her in a dying condition. I was then on my way to Mr. Dickey’s where the young man was sick, met his father, who said Dickey was doing well, but from his symptoms as reported, I thought otherwise. This is such a strange disease; so subtle; it is hard to tell. I promised to go and set up that night. Therefore did not go then as the other nurse had just been, and too many strange faces might frighten him. I went back to Mr. Mathey and now waiting for tea. I write this letter, riding on the
cars. generally gives me a headache. This was no exception.
Mr. Mathis had moved his family out but he felt bound to remain on account of the prisoners. The jailer and his family are gone; the court house is deserted. Judge and jury have fled. Men who have faced the cannon, fire, have fled from this silent enemy; well it makes me think of Elijah, he brake the King, the priests of Baal, but ran from a woman.

Your loving Sister

Senatobia, Oct. 27, 1878.

My dear Sister,

This is Sunday, a day of rest. I cannot go to church. will therefore write to you, something of the parages of the disease, that like a tornado has swept over the beautiful little town.

After tea at Mr. Mathis he took me up to Mr. Dickey's, which I found was quite the other side of town. Mr. Dickey
was at the gate waiting; I told Mr. M. not to come in, but Mr. Dickey still thought his son did not have yellow fever. I told him company was not good for sick people. That night wagons were still moving out the last family, now there were five left in the place scattered up and down. One of these was Mr. Boyall's, he and his wife had both had the fever and they were very kind to others.

I went into the house, met Mrs. Dickey and her daughter Mattie, a young girl of 17 years. There was also a young man, a friend of Dabney Dickey, Mr. L. Saunders, who was willing to stay by his friend. I persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Dickey to lie down and take some rest; I tried to get Mattie away as I saw she was not well; her eyes were watery, but she would not. She seemed to love her brother devotedly; Dabney Dickey was about 24 years of age. He had assisted in burying one of the yellow fever victims of the last few days. On Sunday night he was taken down himself. His symptoms were very bad, restless; a dry spot on his tongue, very prevalent. Dr.
French, the only physician who remained was attending him, but by eight o'clock P.M. soon after I was installed as nurse; Dr. Barswell came from Memphis. he staid a very short time; sent up directions from town. I followed them closely; and in the morning I thought Sabney was at least no worse, I waited for the Doctor, none came. His bowels were affected, but as checking them so often produced black vomit, I waited. he was so bad I used the starch and laudnaunum, enema, no avail. The Doctor came in, but all efforts availed nothing. By night it took four of us to hold him in bed. Meantime Mattie was taken down. On Tuesday she was evidently taking the fever. I prevailed on her to take some medicine and lie down. She would get up and declare she was well. Three times that day I brought her in. She finally towards evening laid down on a bed in the same room with her brother, there were only two rooms, kitchen and left to the house. Very soon she was delirious. I asked for a man to help me. Mr. Roman came. The colored woman was dead. So Sarah was at leisure.
a boy was sick. Louise was attending him, I concluded
to let Sarah rest tonight, and then send for her in the
morning to help with Mattie. Mr. Dickie stayed with Mattie
when I had to wait on Dabney, but about ten, when Dab-
ney had been furious, knocking everything right and
left, he seized my hand, said, "If you will stay
by me I will be still." I stood by him, and if for
one minute, I went to Mattie, he would glare at
Mr. Romano, and try to spring. As I just stood with him,
about daylight, it was evident he was going, just, his
father had been by him, much of the night, but both
his parents were so nervous. I tried to keep them away.
About an hour before death, he began to turn a
bronze color, as if he was bronzed with a brush. Then I un-
derstood why they called this fever Bronze John. As I
never admired the slang phrase, yellow jack, but I
could understand it, as most turn yellow. But
Bronze John I could not comprehend until that
minute: he died. Mr. Romano and I laid him
out. I insisted on the unacclimated ones staying
away. The coffin was brought and put down at the
door. Mr. Romano called on me to help put him the body
in, "I can't," I said. "I can't," then he said I must call
call his father, you will not let anyone come about that is unacclimated. To me the trial was great, but for a parent to put his own child in the coffin was greater. I helped to put him in, with feelings of agony.

I had washed his face and brushed his hair, arranged his collar neatly, for his mother to take her last look.

But the last broke me down.

We had hung curtains around Mattie's bed, but could not keep from her that her brother was dead. She seemed to be affected by it, but her fever was so high; she was delirious most of the time.

Right here, at Dabney's death on Wednesday, I will go back, and relate how things were managed. I told you the families were most of them gone out of town; tents were provided for those who had no other shelter. It was proposed to Mrs. But Mrs. Dickey to go out into the country and leave Mattie, and Dabney with the nurses, but they refused, and amid all the fright and confusion attendant thereon, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the brave conduct of some; but these were parents, ties of love held them, and besides them were other brave hearts who faced the common
enemy, and if needs be lay down their lives.
Lives that were dear to them, and no doubt to others.
I wrote those names, only wishing I could inscribe
them in gold, but they are written in brighter,
more lasting characters than my pen can trace.
where they will shine, when we are on earth forgotten.

J A. Was. President.
Dr. W. F. Bunch physician.
Sam F. Massey, acting Pres.
J. R. Saunders Sec'y Treas.
P. M. B. Wait, act. Mayor.
Dabney Dickey.
E. P. Russell.
C. L. M. Blenon.
Ed. Drychoow.
E. L. Stratton.
W. E. Bostich.
H. L. Saunders.
T. J. Prophet.
Geo. Dickey.
Colored Members.

A. H. Tate.
Ford McKee.
W. S. Jenkins.
Obed. O'Neal.

These gentlemen mostly single men, had
formed a club; called themselves Andersons.
after Butler P. Anderson, who served the town
of Granada so faithfully. was a native of Tate Co.
As the fever did not appear among them until after at
Granada, they collected funds to hire a nurse from.
Canada. Mr. Brown to go to Hernando. Not they excited it
all themselves. On Sunday, Oct 6. it was pronounced yellow fever.
Mr. Saunders, her daughter, and Mrs. Dean all had it. Julia Saunders
had died. The panic on Sunday three o'clock P.M. must at
least been lively. Wagons were going all night into the day on
Monday as I told you. I think there were two other doctors
in the place. Dr. French alone remained. On Monday night
a meeting was called and the Andersons made the
following arrangements, as far I learned, and I knew
they were carried out in this way: Dr. French was employed
as physician, Mr. Menden, attended to the funeral. Wm.
O'Neal assisted him, Mr. Saunders was druggist. J. P.
Smith was commissary, T. J. Prophet went round foraging
that is, he would go as near to a farm house as he
cared, the hales they would bring out what they
had, to spare, a cock of chickens, a basket of
eggs, etc. place them on the fence, and he took
them, they who placed there, retreating to a safe
distance; E. P. Russell, Telegrapher, Ed Power,
E. H. Siddens. W. O. Bostwick. Clay Saunders were bitten
The President and Mayor kept order. - Dooley and
Leo Dickey got their, dealt from this world
and entered the lodge above. Of the
colored members. The Tate, Ford, D. Ne. were visitors, they chopped our wood, drew water, went errands, Ezekiel Jenkins was cook; besides this, Mr. Buskirk furnished us with a newspaper about the size of a lady's pocket handkerchief and others of the Anderson's patrolled at night. What any unacclimated from coming into town.

Now how could we all live? The prisoners were removed out of town, the jail was a large building a room in that was fitted up for a dinner room, and the Court House, in the adjoining lot, two rooms were set apart for lodging rooms for Nurses. I just think of it taken charge of by the Sheriff. Eating in the jail, sleeping in the Court House a nice state of affairs. To write home to Houston, n't to you, was a crime to be a Nurse here, but the houses were all closed, and Anderson's, Doctor and all, all in the jail, I ate at Mr. Dickey's as long as I could, I disliked to leave the house, but I have not said anything about Mr. Massie to his energy. I can scarcely do justice, he planned and carried out the measures. Aforesaid, he was visitors, patrol, and I don't know what more, he put in mind of the boy who tried to count.
the chickens, but could not count the speckled drizzle, because he was here and there, and everywhere to once; or as I should say, when speaking of an editor and gentleman as he is, he was ubiquitous; I know he would excuse my having a joke at his expense; now you will understand when I say Anderson going to the jail to meals &c. This was Wednesday. I felt Sarah was restless and sent for her to come just about the time Dalney died. She immediately wanted to turn his bedstead round, to make him die easy. I told her please attend to Mistie. You will remember. I told you Mr. Simmons told me not to work her hard, don't let us hear of you washing and cooking. I now found that Sarah had laid this injunction on her heart; I cleared away the bedding, in fact threw it out of the window to save Mistie being annoyed by seeing it taken out. Mr. Dickey came and sat down by her. It seemed a relief to her to wait on her, and to Mistie to have her mother near her. Mr. Dickey had prepared dinner ready to be put on the stove. I cleared and swept the room, removing every thing that had been used for Dalney. I saw I must set up that night with Mistie, and declared my intention of going to the
court-house to sleep two or three hours. I looked round and seeing a plate with mustard, a cup and spoon used for medicine, I said to Sarah I see I have left them, while Mrs. Dickey waits on her daughter, you can wash them up.

"I don't think I shall," she replied. "Mr. Simons told us not to wash." I said, you can leave them there till I return, but I have not asked you to do any more than I have done myself. She said "you were nurse here, it was your place to clean up," as I did not want to leave Mrs. Dickey alone I did not reply, but Mrs. Dickey not hearing the conversation, came to sit by Mattie, and said "Sarah the meat is in the pan the potatoes are washed please put them on the stove when Mrs. Dickey comes in he will need something." "No" said Sarah. Mr. Simons said our meals was to be prepared for us. I don't expect to cook and Mr. He is nothing but a nurse herself; to tell me to wash up. I heard enough but said nothing then. I went down saw Mr. McAshey told him I had been considerate of Sarah but I took no further charge of her though I presented me personal appraoch; Mr. McAshey sent me some slummes to my room in the court house I told him to send some one to me call me at five it was then three; which he did and a mee
cup of coffee. As there was no other woman to be
had and Mrs. Dickey, was evidently taking the fever.
I told Mrs. Hayes, I suppose we had better let Sarah remain.
but she might sleep. I went back. Mattie was very sick.
we could not raise a perspiration with a hot bath. then
I sprayed her. but meantime where was Mrs. Dickey? gone
out into the field and with his head down. crying his
heart out for his boy. Mr. D. was 60 years. of course Dabny
was his hope; he came in. he and his wife got supper.
so Sarah had hers prepared for her. Before night Mrs.
Dickey was down, but her fever was not high; she was
quite rational; she was not in the same room but the door
being open I could see her. How we worked with Mattie
that night! I insisted on Mrs. Dickey lying down.
The Doctor told us to sponge Mattie constantly. I worked
on her as if for my very life. Sarah was put to
wait on Mrs. Dickey. Mr. D. soon got up and helped me
for if I asked Sarah to do anything, for me. She was
so practical; told me she was no child to be ordered
by me; I was surprised, as I spoke kindly to her
and all who had nursed with me before had liked
to do anything for me. about half a dozen. when
my name was called to come here asked me to please.
let them come with me, but I had no choice in the matter. Towards morning I got some coffee and biscuit; I offered her some. She looked at it “I can’t eat that,” she said. “I’d like some warm rice,” she replied rather sharply. “You’ll have to cook it then,” Mr. Simmons said. I wasn’t to cook. I thought to myself: botheration to Mr. Simmons and his orders, or for giving me such an assistant, although I know he did all he did for the best. She wound up her career by trying to make Mr. Dickey take some rice, but he refused, saying, she had heard no one should eat solid food. I let Sarah go in peace, but I should very much enjoyed seeing some one kick her out of doors. Mr. Hailey asked me if I wanted her discharged. I said “not on my account.” But told him just what she was. They must take the chance if they kept her.” She made me scared of telling me what she thought I ought to do; all day Thursday Mattie was delirious. Her temperature was 106°. She had lucid intervals, then twice she prayed in an audible voice, prayed for herself, her parents, and her brother; sometimes she would throw her arms around me and thank me for waiting on her; arms that were like burning iron. Her breath on my face was like the blast of a furnace.
The fever was spreading. Other nurses were sent down. one was sent here on Thursday night, and Sarah was sent to rest at the Court House. Maddie was going. the black vomit was passing through her bowels. it was hard to wait on her, for she was not rational; still, Mrs. Dickey was so devoted to her, and to his wife, that I did all that was to be done cheerfully. By midnight Thursday night, a cold watery sweat appeared. the black discharges continued; she trembled. I found I could be of no further use. the other nurse was fresh and willing. She was black, named Ellen; I laid down on the floor before the fire. I arose by morning. By daylight Maddie died. This was Friday, as we told the day of the month. Mrs. Dickey said "this is my birthday," and it was his child's birthday in the Spirit Land. We washed and dressed the body, dressed it in a dress worn but once before, on the last Sabbath to church; how little we knew what we are doing. little indeed did Maddie think as she pieled her needle and made her dress so neatly, that she was making her shroud; or little did her parents think the last Sabbath when they saw their children
go faith to Church, before another Sabbath, they behold.
Their Maker and Redeemer, face to face.
This day I went to the Court House, a little while, I also ate at the jail, it was not far from Mr.
Duchy's. Thursday. Wednesday, Mr. Broman came up to disinfect the bed and clothing where Daloney had died.
He had a mixture, he sprinkled it with; I had a discussion with the Dr. on the best manner of disinfecting.
Dr. French was for burning; Dr. McCall thought the fumes of feather beds and cotton mattresses too heavy to be
in a town. He preferred burying them; I think most of Memphis Doctors came to that opinion; I advocate the
burying on this principle: when Texas boys go hunting and instead of a 'corn they catch a skunk; they
change their clothes, and bury the clothes for several days, they then aner they can take them
up, all scat and free, from smell. There is not much
difference between yellow fever and a polecat as
far as fragrance is concerned; if everything could be burned without smell, of course, burning is most
effective. But there are many things that cannot be
burned or buried either; I asked about the sprin-
king the clothing, one or both Doctors said they
must be passed through the water; I had felt sure of this before. I mention this to show you what now was plainly my duty;
I had become careless in handling anything. I had helped to lay Mafhe out, and had helped to lay her in her coffin, but I cleaned her nails and took the Jewish precaution of running the needle down the nail if possible; I always wished for some Death test, though as I always washed and dressed the bodies of the dead, I felt safer than if we had just covered them in, to the coffin, and I prayed God to save some us from any mistakes.
Now there were two feather beds one cotton mattress, about six quilts, besides sheets, etc. the worst that came from next her body I burnt in less than five minutes after it was taken off. I found the sprinkled articles were not disinfected enough, but I had had no time to even look at them before. I forgot the disinfectant used, but I got Alex to draw me some water. I put the tube close to a large boiler in the yard. I put the quilts to soak in the tube then as the water got hot in the boiler, lifted them one by one into it; gave them a boil. lifted them.

*Iron pyrites.
with a stick, into cold water again, then wrung
a little water out, got them on the fence to dry.
This was hard work, but it had to be done. Mrs. Roman,
said she did not have time to help me, and it was not
his place, or mine either; every rag that had been used
I scraped up, and burned. That helped to make my pot
soil; Mr. Dickey regarded my having to do this. I saw
a colored man going past who had had the first case of dengue.
I told him I would pay him to help me. No, he felt as if
he had a chill right then, more for the beds.

Mr. Dickey dug the hole, but the garden
had been ploughed. It was deep and wide.
then he went in the house. I got a wheelbarrow, put
the beds on it one at a time; wheeled them to the
hole and dumped them in; also one or two quills
that were worse than the rest, and five pillows.
I do not say my wheelbarrow did not turn over.
two or three times, in my trips as I had
to navigate through some tomato vines.
now I took the spade to pack down and cover
my beds. I did it, not very smoothly, and when I was
through. I trembled in every joint in a way that showed
me. I shall never make a fortune, hoeing corn or scrap-
ing cotton; all this took me until Saturday morning,
but then I had four quilts dry, also one large (gentle-
man's) shawl, that had been on Dabney's bed, for a blanket.
Two government mattresses, and a pair of single blankets,
with each, had been sent. Mrs. Dickey had one blanket on
her bed; she had also quilts sufficient to keep her warm
at night; I was through.

I went in and
laid down on a mattress while Mrs. Dickey got supper.
On Friday night, he and I took turns watching
Mrs. Dickey; he slept until the small hours of
the morning; then I slept, until six. Tonight Tuesday,
I slept until half past eleven, I then got up. Mr.
Dickey laid down, there was a good fire in the room; in
the next room where the two had died, I had removed
one bedstead, and opened both windows; to let the
cold night air purify the room. Soon after twelve
o'clock, Mrs. Dickey told me to get him some more cover, he
was cold. I piled on all I could get, without taking
those just washed; brightened the already large fire, put a warm brick to his feet, then I went and lighted the fire in the next room, put on water ready for a bath. For I feared the worst, gave my quilt another airing by the fire, put a mattress on the bedstead, which was too wide for one, too narrow for two. I covered the slats, put the blankets on the bed, so that nothing was next him that had been near his children. About six o'clock Mr. Dickey woke, he sat up said he felt too sick to get up. I got him to the bed in the next room, gave him a hot bath. He was a musty, emetic, and when the time came to see if we wanted anything, sent for the Doctor. Dr. French and Mr. Bully both came, said I had done right, and Dr. Bully remarked: "There was a frost last night." I shuddered. In Texas we look on three cases as fatal, taken on the night of the first frost. It was Sunday. Some nurses came down on the train; Mr. Roman brought up a Miss Emma Hamilton, to assist me. She is a West Indian, had nursed at the Market Street Infirmary. I thought a man would have better for Mr. Dickey, but it is better as it was. She was intelligent and
willing to do anything that came to hand, without waiting to consider if it was her place to do it or not; I do not know what we should have done if we had been very faddish. For besides attending to the sick, we fed the chickens and the pigs, we made our own tea or coffee and one went to the jail to eat and took a basket and brought something for the other, because Mr. York Jenkins and his assistant did not keep the table spread for breakfast from seven till ten for breakfast; Eleven to two, for dinner &c. At night we took the matress left. Mr. Wyat sent us another one. One of us slept half the night. She chopped our wood, as usual. Mr. Roman being promoted to Superintendent of nurses rode round with medicine, brought directions from the Doctor sometimes giving in a little extra advice by way of good measure; Mr. Dickey’s symptoms were all good, he kept up a perspiration, a blanket over him with a light quilt was enough. The Doctors were well pleased with him, but still his fever did not break, I remarked to Miss Hamilton on Tuesday,
If he is better why don't this fever break? By Wednesday, his head did not ache, but his temperature did not lower. 99. I had seen that fatal symptom too often to be deceived; he woke from a sleep, slightly delicious. I sent for the Doctor. By Thursday he was evidently dying. Dr. French spoke of the awful smell; everything about the room was clean. It was from the sick man. He constantly tried to get up—it took us both to attend to him. On Thursday night Mr. Roman came an hour or two. But our task was more trying, as Mrs. Dickey was so worried we could hardly pacify her. Someone would have to bring us something to eat, and we stood by them. I would put something on the table to eat, he called, and there it would be forgotten. Friday Mr. Dickey kept muttering incoherently. Friday night, Dr. French sent up Mr. Roman and Louis. Two or three of the Andersons came up to know if there was anything they could do. One or two had always come to the gate to ask if anything was needed; by 11 at night, Mr. Dickey spoke plainly; he called his wife by her Christian name, but did not seem to know...
any one. I was settling up the first part of the night with Louis. Left Mrs. Roman and Miss Hitz finish. because he had been so weak to have us about him. I was afraid. he would feel the change. Mrs. Dickey called me and begged me to let her get up and go to him. Said she. "we have been married 27 years. I never was away from him in sickness." Hers had been such a lingering attack. I knew I was running a risk, but could not refuse her. I dressed her, put a shawl around her, supported her with my arm, led her to the bedside, begged her. to control herself. Once he seemed to recognize her. but to me that scene was more than I could bear. I get her back to bed and laid down beside her. a few minutes I stayed awhile longer; Clay Saunders who had talked with Darney, was watching through the window, the last hours of an old friend; Mrs. Roman and Miss Hamilton now took charge. By six in the morning he died. Mrs. Roman and Louis laid him out; soon Dr. McCully sent a request to hold a post-mortem examination. The result is in. Dr. French's report. Poor Mrs. Dickey, she was indeed
alone; In looking over these cases, I cannot even now think of aught that was left undone. I tried as hard as I could, the Andersons provided all that was necessary, and to me it seemed the medical treatment was right. With the son and daughter, the fever was very malignant. With the Father he was so full of the fever poison from waiting on them, then his age, his taking it on the first forty night, all was against him. No one had moved back in the neighborhood; so I took the mattress, bedclothes down into the garden, made a fire of dry leaves. Loris helped me, and burnt each article. quickly, the mattress was more very light, now why did I not try to save them this time? because there was no one else to take the fever. Mr. Dickey had enough to cover her, and if I had taken some of course to cover us at night. I was careful that only the same things were used for Mr. Dickey; When I washed the quilts before. I knew no stores were open to buy anything. I did not know if we could get them in Memphis or not, for even there as I told you there might be a time. They did not have them. Then though
every housewife in Senatobia had dozens of chest full of quilts of the gayest, and most astonishing patterns. How was I to get them? they were locked up and the keys in the owner's pockets. I saw no other way to do. If the other nurses would have helped me it would have been easier for me, but if their dignity would not allow them to come down from their stools. Very well. As a nurse no one could exact it and perhaps if Mr. Simmons had said, "you must go down to Senatobia, you must nurse, cook, wash and do anything you see wants doing." My burst of combustiveness would have been aroused, and with true human perverseness, I would have refused, although when I came over to nurse yellow fever I knew many a thing had to be done that is not on the programme. I read that Queen Victoria said although she was Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, there was one thing she had not the power to do. She cannot make one of her servants take the place of another or do what is not their particular work, I appreciated her position.
when Sarah refused to do the simplest thing that was not nursing, and Mr. Roman said it was not his place or mine either to disinfect the clothes, and bury the beds. Whose place was it? not the Andersons, they risked their lives enough. nor Mr. Dickey’s, nor anybody’s who had never had the fever. Clothes and beds, damp with black vomit and death sweat, were too dangerous for unacclimated people to touch; to preserve our dignity others may have died, as did the unfortunate king of Spain, because no courtier would live pangs by handling a hair of his hair. I do not think for a moment that I intend to compare my humble little self with the Queen of the Isles. But a cat may look at a king, may not I, although a nurse. Think about a Queen, but to come to what is our duty. What is Christ’s teaching? He washed his disciples feet; to teach us this lesson, he that will be greatest among you let him be as your servant. “Strip me of my robe of pride. Clothe me with humility.” Is a hymn I have always thought beautiful. now it is a very good time to put it in practice.
to burn them.

Louis however helped me this time. He was a good and faithful man. He had been put to nurse a colored boy the day after we came. So I had not seen much of him. But I shall not forget him soon. I have no doubt he would have helped me before, if he had been here.

This morning, Mrs. Dickey got up. I changed her clothing of course. Put what she had on in water, until tomorrow. There is some talk of all the nurses being sent back tomorrow. But Mrs. Dickey is not well enough yet unless she had some one to stay with her. I spoke to Dr. French, he says we must sends one of us for a few days yet, for both of us are too tired to do duty alone, and Mrs. D., is helpless yet. Today I wrote a letter to Mrs. Dickey's sister in Marshall Co. but not such a lengthy epistle as this one.

Your affectionate sister.

Ke.

My dear Sister,

I believe I am now the last nurse left. Miss Hamilton left yesterday morning. I hope she will get home. I became quite attached to her. She was so kind and obliging, and very good company. Mrs. Dickey is able to sit up now, every day; we have been putting things to rights, and trying to hire someone to wash for us. No one will consent to come to the house for a day, or take any clothes out of the house; there are some things that were room before the fever broke out. No one will come. A woman at the jail washes for me, but she takes too much toll, in losing the best articles. While Miss Hamilton was here I took several walks, because Mrs. Dickey then had company. Therefore I will tell you something of the town. It is one of the prettiest places I ever saw, but it has always made me think of Goldsmith’s deserted village. The houses are built in the ornate style, surrounded by little gardens, or lawns, the forest trees are left standing for shade trees, in the suburbs the land is undula-
ting; the hill sloping towards Senatobia Creek, from whence the town takes its name. It is silent and still.
as I pass through the deserted streets, I have only been in two houses besides Mrs. Pithey's, Mrs. Mathias, and
Mrs. Moyall's. I am favorably impressed with the
place, from what I have seen, the conduct of the
Andersons is so different from all I have heard of
other places. it is just possible it is only the
wheat has remained, and it is all chaff that
has blown away; no one has left destitute
families as I hear of in other places. But not
withstanding all this, how sad has been my so-
jour here, how the angel of destruction had
hovered over this particular street. (Pamela)
I often wondered if I had sinned that my patients did
not recover. I have prayed more than in all my life
put together; I sometimes when out in the yard, look up
and think will God not hear me? The stars look down upon
me with their diamond eyes, are they smiling on me, or
are they mocking me in my despair? I feel like laianna,
di an who prophesied to Troy, had her prophecies laughed at.
I worked hard; it was of no avail; humanly speaking, I once asked Dr. French; perhaps impatiently, what makes me so unlucky here. I try as hard as I did in Houston? He replied, "What makes everyone so unlucky, from the highest point on the river down to New Orleans? This fever baffles and stagger, the wisest. How in my heart I thanked him for that remark, made to me. although in Memphis I had heard a doctor make the same, that it baffles and stagger, but it was not meant for my ears, it was a lapsus linguae. On Oct. 28. 1863, in Memphis, the fever, as an epidemic, was declared over, but it is too soon, we have had ice now, once or twice, but the days are warm; the houses should be open to the freeth night air, at least a fortnight; I open the windows in the room where they died, every night. Some few are returning to Town here; but most have had their houses open a day or two; The drinking room in the jail is given up, and the Andersons are disbanded. When Satan said "Slay for sin, all that a man hath will he give for his life," he showed he understood human nature pretty well; but there are some who love their honor better than life; there were two men who wished life for humanity (two have gone to their reward,) and have shown the world and Satan, that they at.
least value duty to their yellowmen before life.

The same God who pointed to Job as a contradiction will
blessure their sacrifice, and hold it as a great triumph
over the same archfiend;

Miss Hamilton left in the morning. I then closed up the ad-
joining rooms, and prepared to fumigate. Everything had
been removed out of the room. I got a small leg. set in
the middle of the floor, and put a double portion of sul-
phur, in a pan. I fumigated this room well. then I
washed the walls up as high as I could reach with a brush.

She scrubbed the floor, that is he poured lye water
on it and swept it round. the grease might have I think
purified enough to render it safe for him after I fumi-
gated it. after that I took the bedstead down and
set them out of doors. As soon as Mrs Dicky can set up all
day, I shall let her come in another room and fumigate her
room; the fumes will ascend to the loft. I heard of
one family who boasted of not destroying a single article
and when the fever is over, will have everything washed
up; that is a great wish to run through the fumes of
Sulphur. I think does: kill the germ. In my next I shall
have some experiences to relate of my householding.

Yours loving Sister.
Dear Sister,

I am here yet. I told you Miss Hamilton was gone, but did not mention why I remained. Ten days is thought to be sufficient to let the yellow fever germ die out, therefore I was told to remain for ten days after Mr. Dickey died, which made it the 5th of Nov. The Tate consented to wash the clothes for Mr. Dickey, they were garments of her late husband that had been worn before the fever, and some household linen, everything that had been near her. I first put through water before he touched it, but when he (she) lived, the owner of the house sent him word not to go in his house so fear of contagion. We gave him something to eat, and he lodged himself somewhere until he could move. He has been very faithful in discharge of his duties. He is the same name as the county, but whether he is named for the county, or the county for him. I cannot positively state, I think he inclines to the latter opinion. I have had Mr. Dickey set in the kitchen while I fumigated and cleaned her room. The whole house smelt so of sulphur, it was anything but a foretaste of heaven. I then moved Mr. Dickey's bed into the middle room, as Mr. B. Saunders said he
came and stayed at night in the house if he could have
the front room; he can then leave early in the morning without
disturbing her. I made ready for her to take care of herself.
boiled a piece of ham, parched coffee, baked a loaf of bread.
but my heart began to fail. True, the neighbors were moving
in, and besides, she had one or two, Dabney's dog, and Mattie's
little black cat, besides the chickens and pigs before mentioned,
but what will this poor lonely creature do? came to one continue-
ly; I had already seen in the Memphis papers, that nurses
must come to the Office for transportation tickets by
Nov, 1st. I therefore wrote a note to the President, Goodwin,
why I would not be there, and to reserve my ticket.
On Monday, I made up my mind to return, and stay with
Mrs. Dickey, for no one but the Andeens came about
Mr. Boyall came, I do not think he belonged to the Andeens,
but he had nursed two cases on the quarantine ground.
but I waited to see what anyone else would do, and really
wanted to go up to Sewance. On Monday, Mrs. Dickey
took some willow twigs, and made me a little basket
to remember her by, as if I could ever forget her. This
is one pleasant remembrance, wherever I missed the sick
liked me, they clung to me, to the last, and I could
see Mrs. Dickey could not bear to give me up. In the evening
Mr. Mason came up to write my discharge, to be given to Mrs. Howard in Memphis, who had sent me. I then told them that I should return, this gave satisfaction all round. On this afternoon a Miss F. Alexander had been to see Mrs. Dickey, and promised that as I was going to leave, she would come in on Tuesday and see her, that she was brave enough to come to a house that all but the bravest avoided. I looked on her with the same feelings of respect that an Englishman contemplates the Duke of Wellington.

On Tuesday I was to be up and off by six o’clock A.M., therefore I was fearful of oversleeping myself. Miss Talbot came to take me to the cars; carry my valise, but I only took my basket, told him to meet me at the cars at night, 7 1/2 P.M.; I must not forget one little incident, just before daylight, two persons came into town, they were singing a hymn to the tune of Arlington, treble and Alto, it sounded like angels singing, it was so sweet, and I think the first I had heard this side the Mississippi. I listened to the last note, arose and prepared for my trip. I went up to Memphis on the same pass that brought me down free, went to my hotel; they had heard I was dead, but no one had administered on my estate, which
consisted of the broken trunk, a foreseen, a dilapidated umbrella, a waterproof cloak, and sundry other articles of equal beauty, and value, but in the pocket of my cloak I found a letter from one of the nurses; it was rich and rare, gave me an account of her trip. The weather is now warm, in midday; very cold, and frosty nights; the very kind, to keep yellow fever; it bite away in frosty nights, and in the warm sun is ready to prance on its prey. I am satisfied it is not over yet. But it no longer exists as an epidemic, and the Howard are congratulating themselves and the rest of mankind thereupon.

getting up little mutual admiration societies in the way of suppers, presents, to the most popular or to those whose work had shone out more brilliantly than the rest. I went into town, bought a new trunk, bequeathed the old one to the cook, who came after me for the key. I told her, never to mind the key, when the lid was broken off; paid my room rent, and gave it up.

I went to the Howard rooms, they were moving out and all business would henceforth be transacted no. 6 Madison Street. Mr. Simmons was busy with transportation tickets; but found time to register mine. My Midley Texas nurse was still on duty. Most of the foreign
Nurses and doctors are gone. The Market Street Infirmary is fitted up for a hotel for those who must remain. I expressed my opinion that Houston nurses could not return. It was stated that Mr. Harгрone had telegrams they could also. Mr. Murray. I saw Mr. Murray. He said transport nurses could. Dr. Dalyell had returned; I said I was going to return to Senatobia. Several told me I would lose my transportation ticket. I would not pay any attention to the warning. As I determined to go back with Mr. Dickey. I had my tickets as nurse. I could draw money to pay expenses and take me home. I knew when Senoraie offered five pass he meant it both going and coming. But of course they must know we had been nursing, while absent, therefore a pass from the Howard was necessary. I went to No. 16. Madison Street. No money could be paid for two hours as they were moving; and I must be at the train 3.30. I remembered I had my meal ticket at the Planters. That I had not used. I went there to dinner. I saw several persons I had met before. Among them, Miss Johanninen, the nurse from Hazel Springs. She told me. Mrs. Nunn was out at an asylum had been nursing almost constantly. I never saw Mrs. Nunn from the first
evening I arrived in Memphis. The intended returning in a few days. I think she pursued for the Knights of Honor. I had no time to go and see anyone this time; so packing my tickets in my pocket book, as I had yet a little money of my own left. Started for the train. (My first ticket I told you was No. 626; my last was 7570.) I had sent my trunk on to the depot and got there myself just in time. I looked for the baggage master, there was none, but the conductor recognized me; said he would look to my trunk. We could not find it on the train. A gentleman saw one left on the platform. So I did not lose it: I do not know if I have told you before how often I have been taken for a Roman Catholic. This is strange to me, as my usual dress is a dark wrapper, a leather belt, rather a wide brimmed straw hat, I wear no cross; only a black ribbon for a watch chain, that was given to me by a Presbyterian lady, just the day I left. I have been thus particular, because the Catholic Sisters are known by their dress. I am opposed to anything like religiouspeculiarity of dress. I cannot think that one garb more than an-
other, will give me a through ticket to the land of Canaan; I mention this now because the gentleman who saved my trunk gave me some idea of the reason. He was from Coldwater, a town on the road. He said he recognized me as the Morse going down to Senatobia. He was on the platform; at the station when the car stopped, after some conversation he alluded to my religion being a Catholic. I said no, then asked him why, he thought so. He replied, some from Senatobia thought so, because I did not care what I did. One for money either; I told him then I had thought that great was was the merits of the Roman Catholic Clergy in this epidemic, too little had been accorded to other denominations. The Catholics have done well. For be it from me to take one item of merit from them, if I could; but they are not alone in their self-sacrifice. I am quite at the other end of the line, I am a Methodist; but I truly honor all those who for love of God and their neighbor have labored in this cause.

This train is not as fast as the mail train; it makes many stoppages, therefore it was dark by the time I reached Senatobia. This time I came on my own responsibility.
and paid my own fare. I got met me. Shouldered my trunk, told me Mrs. Dickey had been quite poorly, she had had time to think to realize her utter loneliness. But when she heard us come in at the gate she got up came to the door to meet me how I am I returned; she had some supper ready; had tried to get up something quite extra, but her strength failed her. Miss Alexander had again been over to keep her company; I am now on my own resources, but there is provision enough to last us awhile. As the Andisons divided their commissaries among those bereft by the fever, I expect to stay here until Mrs. Dickey is able to take a few boarders, or her sister send for her. As my trunk came from Memphis, I took my woolen clothes that I bought to wear home. out to air. My room in Memphis had had no case of fever in it, nevertheless. W. C. Saunders suggested I had better leave it my trunk open. I did so day and night, with close to an open window for forty-eight hours; or rather shall leave it that length of time. Mrs. Dickey is better today, and as she was not as well on Sunday, I think she has something like chillis; I will not make this letter so unconsciously long. Your affectionate Sister. The
Senatoria, Nov. 7, 1878.

My dear Sister,

When I write the date of this letter, what sad memories it brings. Eight years ago today mother died. Then was I left alone. To me the world was empty; and perhaps in looking back to that time, has made me more sympathetic with Mrs. Dickey; you never saw her after she became our stepmother; though from what I have written, you know something of her lovely character. This is the first time I have ever failed to visit her grave, and cover it with flowers, on the anniversary of her death; but I know she would approve of my conduct, and I often think of the line: 'God is near and wheresoe'er I may be, That thy Spirit of love keeps a watch over me.' She was an Episcopalian, and for her sweet sake that Church is dear to me; When I see the funeral here so unceremonious, no minister I think, How could I have borne it, to see mother laid away so. I am not a Spiritualist, but when I read in the Bible of the family in Earth and in Heaven, and other like passages, I feel I am not wrong in thinking of her as still near me; towards a motherless child my heart goes out in strongest sympathy.
I must stop talking of such subjects and go on with life in Senatobia. It is Saturday evening; we have somewhat straightened things up for Sunday. Mrs. Dickey and I occupy the middle room where her husband and children used. It has been so thoroughly fumigated that there is no disagreeable smell about. The front room is free for anyone to come into, who is timid. I have to answer all calls from the gate, one or two have called in this way. To bring corn that was ordered before they were taken sick; I take a barrel down, they put it inside and I get it back into, or round the house the best way I can. One gentleman came up to me in the street, and asked if I was the lady who was staying with Mrs. Dickey? Yes, he would buy her pig if I could be the go-between, he was afraid to go to the house. I told him what I thought they were worth. Mrs. Dickey was satisfied. I drove the grunettes into the next field, he came and took them, paid me the money. Some people were even afraid of me, when I sent Ike on an errand and they would tell him not to come too near, he was highly incontinent, I laughed at him, then experienced the same feeling myself. Soon after, I was going to
the Post Office: about six colored men and boys. had been to town, most of them for the first time since the yellow fever scare, all mounted on mules. Suddenly one called out (just as I turned a corner, and met them) Jim, look yonder, across the street, yonder’s yellow fever. that’s the nurse from Memphis. I confess I wished those mules would kick up just a little. We have been hoping Mrs. Dickey would hear from her sisters, but as their Post Office is Bolivar, the fever has been so bad there, I doubt if they go to town. Speaking of Bolivar, I have seen in the papers sad accounts of the ravages of the fever there. I met a Dr. W. L. Jones on the cars from Humboldt to Memphis he was much interested in the idea of us coming from so far to nurse, gave me a card to a physician in Memphis, who I inquired for but never saw I thought I often saw this man, in the picture Dr. Lawrance. Dr. Sisam, lived in Bolivar, had the fever. One or two of his family, I think one of our Houston nurses, nursed in his family. Of course
Collierville was thought too far off for yellow fever. I intend going to church tomorrow. Last Sunday there was service in the Presbyterian church, but I knew they were yet so fearful. I expect if had gone, the Memphis nurse would have scattered the congregation as if a bombshell had burst in their midst. And the preacher would he too have fled; this deponent sayeth not. Mr. Dickey improves in health, I keep house, and up to this time, am maid of all work. For no one will come about yet. I am brushing up so wonderfully as almost to merit Mr. Grehan's encomium, 'a bully cook,' but I laugh at myself sometimes. I get my dinner in full blast. Some one calls. These visits are genuine calls. The caller stops at the gate, and halloos until I come out. Then they say timidly, 'Is that Mr. Dickey?' they are so scared they can't see straight. I say no; then the message is given, and I return to my work. I cogitated over it and conclude these short hurried calls must be the origin of those minute visits; ladies pay each other and they go by the name calls. Perhaps in running to receive
one of these calls. I have a piece of meat uncovered, then the cat gets it, and we, the white folks go without. I generally shut the cats up in the closet; they are so sharp, they upset my temper, and my equilibrium also, about 10 times a day. The neighbors are coming home, so I shall insist on the grey one. Like Orpheus of olden time, returning to her kindred and to her people; and Mrs. Dickey avers that the black one never did steal, until she learnt it from the grey. Well, well, when one thinks its own crow was the whitest. I have just received a letter from Houston, telling me not to attempt to return until Dec., as the quarantine will not be raised before. Now what a providence over me. I returned at the risk of losing my transportation ticket, and am really serving myself as well as Mrs. Dickey. I did not think it was raised when I was in Memphis. It does seem strange to me. the Howards and at least the President did not telegraph to know if the quarantine was raised, because Texas being so much farther South, and the fever has been kept out this season so that the health officers would of course keep us out.
who have been in the very hot bed of the disease.

The call for nurses was loud, and urgent, and now they are through: they hustle them out of their way, like poor relations. It will create a bitter feeling with those who find themselves shut out from home, not against their home, but against those who sent them: without ascertaining the exact state of the case, just where the fault is I cannot say; I only give my opinion. When I told Gen Smith on Nov 5. that I must return to Senatobia he said if I came down on my own responsibility as no more nurses would be sent. he would give me a ticket to Little Rock as I feel sure from there. I can get a pass to Houston, when the time comes go to go we shall see, I can draw my pay and go without trouble, but I am a little curious to see just how things are managed: I have just written to Swain to tell our friend there my whereabouts etc. It may be I shall have to forego my visit to her that will be a disappointment, but duty before pleasure, must be my motto in these days of affliction.

your loving Sister
Senatobia, Nov 16, 1878.

My dear Sister,

Again it is Saturday evening, and this time I am getting ready to leave Senatobia. Last Sunday morning I attended church at the Baptist Church, very much to the astonishment of several who still think I am a Roman Catholic, or as I think perhaps, they know I am from Texas, therefore look on me as a heathen half Comanche, at least, anyway I heard a very good sermon, we had singing in church, which made it more like the usual service. I came home and found Mrs. Dickey writing again to her sister. After dinner, Mr. B. Saunders came in, and with him another gentleman, all dusty with hurried travel. Mrs. D. rose quickly to meet and from the salutation I saw it was her brother-in-law. Mr. D. had on Saturday taken his letter from the Office, rode home, told his wife, and started over here immediately. (He is a brother-in-law worth having.) I left the room after a few words, so that they could settle their affairs, when I returned I found Mr. D. had wished her to get ready to go to his house, he would come for her next Friday with wagons for her furniture.
and she could go to Bolivar by railroad; we packed and prepared lunch for the men who would come for her things; but yesterday afternoon a letter came telling her to come on, to leave her things; it will start, but no one would come with him, the fever had broken out among us in Bolivar, and all was panic. So today we unpacked some things. Mr. Tate and his wife are to stay in the house and take care of her. The furniture and trunks are to be sent to the depot tonight, ready for an early start on Monday morning; I can go to Swance through Bolivar very well.

This week I have received a letter from Philadelphia. Cousin Stone had written to me how bad the fever was in Memphis saying they looked in every paper to see if it reached Houston. She told me how they raised money little boxes were put up at every corner, and even them a notice, remember the yellow fever sufferers of the South. Children put their nickels in, and grown people their dollars. Besides that concerts, fairs, and many other ways and means were resorted to, to raise money. About the time that was written to me.
in Houston, and it has been forwarded; I wrote to her from Memphis, telling her I was there ye. She replied, says they could not help smiling to think that they were trying to tell me about the fever, and I was unknown to them, going through those very scenes, I was then quite near compared to when in Texas, but quarantine and duty as a nurse kept me away from them like the song "Then art so near and yet so far."

I have been writing to friends in New York, and also to Linda and Myra, once more; I have told them I shall be through on the 18, and to write to me to Seneca as to what they will do, and how I can best help them. I told you some time ago the Andersons disbanded, that is, were not on active duty, but money had been collected, and sent in from other towns. Besides, that collected here, now the winding up comes and that to be accounted for. In this case, as in most others I suppose, because I don't know anything about it. Those who gave the least are most worried as the disposition of the money they did not give. The Doctor was employed at a stated sum per day. Then the Nurse Whitman was employed; and those who had done the laborious work which devolved on the colored people mostly.
were to have pay as well as glory. The fever or some epidemic may come again, then as Alec expresses it, "How needs she tail, snore's one summer." And it is only just that those who did the real manual labor as chopping wood, &c. should be paid, and I presume they will be. I have been out in the woods this week gathering autumn leaves, how gorgeous they are. The next letter will I suppose be from Sewance. Your affectionate Sister.

Sewance, Nov. 23, 1878.

Dear Sister,

Here I am, amid the delights of a mountain home. How I get here, my adventures, escape, mishaps, good luck on the way, would of themselves make a respectable story, if I was only young, good-looking and romantic, but I am not. The first I may have been, but when I look back over my life it seems to me I must have been like Adam and Eve born grown up. The second I never was. The third that's just how one takes it. I never did thoroughly understand the meaning of that word, in fact it has a mystified meaning, that each one unravels.
were to have pay as well as glory. The fear or some epidemic may come again, then as she expresses it, "How needs her taut snow in one summer." And it is only just that those who did the real manual labor as chopping wood, etc. should be paid, and I presume they will be.

I have been out in the woods this week gathering autumn leaves. How gorgeous they are. The next letter will I suppose be from Lovance. Your affectionate Sister.

-love

Lovance. Nov 23, 187-

Dear Sister:

Here I am amidst the delights of a mountain home. How I got here. My adventure, escape, mishaps, good luck on the way. Would of themselves make a respectatable story; if I was only young, good-looking and romantic, but I am not. The first I may have been, but when I look back over my life, it seems to me, I must have been like Adam and Eve born grown up. The second I never was. The third that's just how one takes it. I never did thoroughly understand the meaning of that word. In fact it has a mystified meaning, that each one unravels.
to suit themselves. As Mrs. Jane Cross once said to me, some write romantic stories. Some act them.

My last letter was written on Saturday night. our trunks were sent to the depot, and then some few neighbors came and sat in the front room. I knew they were all sorry for Mrs. Dickey, but they were afraid of the house. I cannot blame them. although no house has been more thoroughly fumigated than that house. On Sunday morning I went to church. had a violent nervous headache. I told this to a lady. and I could see her turn pale. "Are you taking the fever?" she asked. in evident alarm. "No," I explained. I was subject to headaches after any excitement. and what an exciting life I had led. then we felt so isolated. everyone so afraid of us. I often times felt as lonely as Robinson Crusoe minus the "Monarch of all I survey." On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Saunders came up and went with Mrs. Dickey to the graveyard. I mused on her, which got better by night, but I had such a strange feeling of oppression. all night I suffered from it. We arose early in the morning. I as usual made the coffee first thing. took a cup. In a few minutes Mrs. Dickey afterwards told me. I poured out another one. I have no recollection of it. or anything else. until I found Mrs. J., bathing my face and calling me. I had painted away
I do not know if it was the overjoy at leaving the fever-laden atmosphere, though I did not feel so many estates, or was it something peculiar in the air that stifled me. I am now inclined to this latter opinion, as on that day Nov. 18. a slight shock of earthquake was felt in this region. It did not jar things I in Senatobia until eleven o'clock. It is said it was felt in Memphis, but I was there all day and did not perceive it. I have only heard of it since when it has occurred to me, it may have been the state of the atmosphere that occasioned the stifling sensation I experienced, which caused me to faint. Mrs. Tickey was distressed. She said she felt as if her last friend was gone when she saw me fall over, and did not know if I would ever come to, she wanted me to wait till Tuesday, but I would not. We started to the depot. A neighbor came over and wished to get a carriage, but I was able to walk, and we got up to Memphis very well. I had our trunks taken over to the Charleston depot as we went on that train. I then returned and went to the Howard Office; I only had 72 left, so it was necessary for me to draw some. I wished only to take sufficient for expenses, as I must remain until Dec 1. already stories were told of how the nurses in return...
ing too soon, were quarantined. Just as I entered the Office, an order was sent out, that no more nurses tickets would be received; so it was presidential, I came that day. The treasurer told me to take the money, do as I pleased with it; I knew there were plenty needing it in the city, and as I was obliged to stay till Dec., I might as well go to Sewance. I took Mr. Dickey up to a ladies restaurant; we had lunch. Then I started to look for my first patients; although they had not answered my letters. I very fortunately met with one of the ladies of the Christian Association. She went with me. The red auction flag was at the door. A colored woman told us the inmates were gone. Directed me where I could find one of the women. I went with fear and trembling; the woman of the house was polite; said Linda had received my letter, could say no more. She was thin out. Myra I did not find; perhaps I was too easily discouraged, but I was a stranger, and now that people were well, they looked with different eyes. On those who came to help. It only shows me how powerless we are. Even with good motives, we cannot turn the heart that is for God alone. How I hope
and pray they may yet be saved. The world may grow on their efforts, but angels rejoice, I did not have time to go and look for Arthur; as the clock again is some distance out, and I began to feel very weak. I did not want to faint again. We took a walk to the river, this time it presented a much livelier appearance than before. We went then to the depot, and waited; quite a number of persons were there, some on their way to Texas would not go into the city knowing they would be quarantined if they did. We ate the lunch we had brought, and bought ten at the stand, near the depot. I feel sure the fever is not over yet. Some papers say deny it, but the Ledger gave the names of fifteen deaths that week from yellow fever. We started on our trip at Midnight. By two in the morning, we would reach Bolivarville; a short time before a Mr. Stratton, brother to one of the Lenoir and Ander- sons came and spoke to Mr. Deckey. He was going to Bolivarville, and would take charge of her. She came and sat with me, bid me good-bye, said she could not bear to part with me, especially as I was not well, but the hope of seeing her sisters cheered her up. The train stopped, the conductor called out Bolivarville, seconds to get off. She left, and I looked in vain out.
into the darkness to see her on the platform, but I knew she too, looked after the train that took me from her. The cars were not crowded, therefore, I slept some until daylight. Then the country we passed through was interesting enough to keep me awake. As we came through Northern Alabama, it looked almost desolate. The large farm houses built in the Southern style, wide hall, rooms on each side, instead of the hospitable look of welcome, a farm house usually bears, were blackened with storms. The cabins around were dingy, it struck me the great want of North Alabama was white wash. At Tuscaloosa, we took breakfast. A very good table was spread. Opposite to me, sat a young gentleman he came in late but would not begin to eat, as he had no napkin at his place. The waiters were running helping the guests who only had twenty minutes to take breakfast in. Somehow the napkin at his place was pushed away. He fussed. His companion urged him to eat his breakfast. Not without a napkin, to be sure he was
very nicely dressed, and his hair parted in middle, of course. Poor little fellow; how I wanted to pick him up with a pair of silver sugar tongs, and set him out on a rose leaf. Still, his particularity reminds one of the thousand and one unconventional things I have said and done in the last few weeks: I think we stopped some minutes at Decatur, this is quite a pretty place. By three o'clock we came to Stevenson. Here is a good hotel, and a very small town, at the foot of the mountains, not far distant is a fort, or rather what was a fort, in the war time, now the buildings are devoted to the more peaceful occupation of ginning cotton. Thus turning the spars into spinning hooks a dark line of forest trees marks the cline of the Tennessee River, so curved, as to bring forcibly to mind the word spoon-bowl. The yellow fever reached here, there were five cases in the hotel; I am told that they were all as well cared for as possible. Three recovered. One man was sick in a box car; it is said that no one but the hotel proprietor would go near him; but one cannot tell the
truth of anything unless we were there, the man died, as perhaps he might have done anywhere. I was here until the next day or one. There was a night train but this traveling at night is bad enough, but to get on and off at night is worse still; the rugged gray hill at the back of the town, looked dreary in the autumn day. But I rambled over them for an hour or so, then wrote one or two letters, no doubt astonishing my Texas friends at finding I was so far away. The ride up to Cowan from Stevenson is beautiful, wild mountain scenery, little farms nestled down in the nooks and corners of the huge mountains. At a switch we had to wait a long time, then just before we reached Cowan we passed through such a long tunnel; the lamps were lighted. We reached Cowan in time to find that the Mountain train had left. I was told there would be another coal train that night. A car was driven, had delayed us. Coal trains run from here to Tracy City, in interest of the coal mine, a passenger coach goes up and down once a day. The hotel at Cowan was not inviting. I preferred a
night ride on the coal car. I sat awhile in the Telegraphers Office, warmed my feet, then prospected round the settlement. A few houses, stores, and the hotel aforesaid, kept by a colored man. I took a cup of coffee, and awaited the train. The men blackened with smoke and coal dust came in and out. Finally, all was ready, I was put on the locomotive, a small seat between the window and the boiler. A keen wind on one side, a hot boiler on the other. I never had such a ride. I wondered all sorts of things. I suppose the train should plod down the mountains, but mostly I thought of those wonderful geniuses who like Franklin, George Stephenson, Morse, Walla study the works of God in nature, chain the elements and forces of nature to their triumphal car, and compel them like well trained steeds to take them where they list. If there is a fun I envy it is theirs. 'Lowance Station' called the Engineer. Thus piddling a stop to my thoughts and ride at once. I stepped off the car on to the platform, the large lantern showed me the little station, quite in the woods, late as it was.
no one expected me. The train passed on, the firemen
on and around the locomotive, by the glare of the
lantern looked like sons of Beliar truly. But
the sublime was gone. The ridiculous remained, when
I found myself setting on my trunk, alone. I heard
the click of the telegraph, civilization was near. I will
go to the Office I thought if I can make my way in the
darkness, and who ever heard of a telegrapher being
impolite? That moment an individual with a lantern
appeared. I asked him if he could tell me, if I could
place my trunk in the baggage room, and get
some one to show me the way to Mr. B's.
He replied, he was not the baggage Master.
but he would step round and call a porter
to take charge of it and would himself
show me the way to Mr. B's. Of course I gladly
followed him, it was somewhat circuitous.
over little bridges, through woods. Arrived
at my destination, the gentleman bid me
good evening; I was so excited at the idea of
seeing our old friend Mrs. B. I do not think I
thanked him half enough in words, but I did thank him in my heart, I assure you. It was accidental he was at the depot, his family had I understand been spending the summer up here. Perhaps you may think I had better have remained and come up on the passengers trains in daylight, perhaps so, but I have been in so many peculiar positions lately, I don't stop to think, and if I do, I go wrong. How can I tell you of the kindly loving welcome I received. I still recognized the face of our teacher, but I was changed. The family consist of Mr. B. and a relative, a lady, who stays with her and cares for her. Now like a sister, how cheerful the room was with the bright coal fire, then at the back, but plainly seen through the window, was the conservatory, thus bringing the seasons together; the kitten purred on the hearth and the dog, the large New-Foundlander. Fortunately for me he was out, had gone with the servant girl to visit a friend, and was at that moment toasting his nose and his toes, by some neighbor's fire. Therefore we came in in peace.
It was about half past eight, but although I did not feel hungry, I found appetite for the tempting repast prepared for me; but I did ask for water to wash the sand dust off. I what a black, queer looking object I was.

It is now Saturday, and as I look round and find myself waited on, and perfumed I can hardly realize it is I, so that I am in the same world I have been in, the last few weeks. I left my trunk out of doors, opened it in the cold air. I hope this refreshing cold air will take all the yellow fever germ out of me and all I have with me, but I am feeling the reaction. I am so weak and tired, so nervous, but I hope I shall soon be well.

Your affectionate sister.

P.S.

Sewanee, Tenn. Dec. 9, 1878.

Dear Sister,

I still linger here, list to leave, for a time I was unable. I became so poorly, that Mr. B. sent for his physician, Dr. Anderson. He said very little medicine was needed, neat regular meals, and fame to drink as little coffee as possible. You may have observed that I often speak of coffee. I have drank a great deal. It is necessary to have some stimulus.
It was about half past eight, but although I did not feel hungry, I found appetite for the tempting repast prepared for me; but I did ask for water to wash the cold dust off, O what a black, queer looking object I was.

It is now Saturday, and as I look round and find myself waited on, and fed I can hardly realize it is I so that I am in the same world I have been in the last few weeks. I left my trunk out of doors, exposed it in the cold air. I hope this refreshing cold air will take all the yellow fever germ out of me and all I have with one, but I am feeling the reaction. I am so weak and tired, so nervous, but I hope I shall soon be well.

Your affectionate sister.

F.D.

Sewanee, Tenn. Dec. 9, 1878.

Dear Sister,

I still linger here, list to leave. For a time I was unwell, I became so poorly, that W. B. sent for his physician, Doctor Anderson, he said very little medicine was needed; rest regular meals, and scarce to drink as little coffee as possible. You may have observed that I often speak of coffee. I have drank a great deal. It is necessary to have some stimulant.
during such trying times I am not used to anything stronger than tea, or coffee. The whiskey used to be very strong, I picked my mouth with it once and did not wonder at the Indians calling it Fire-water. I have taken a little in water when I laid out a dead body, but I found it was better not to touch it, and coffee is at least safe. So when I come to Madeira trim up your coffee tree, though perhaps when I can pick it I shall not care so much for it. I do not think I ever cared for coffee (the retail time when it is was so dear and so scarce). Therefore I am limited on my drinking ration.

If I had gone to Texas or even remained in Washington when Mrs. Dickey left, no doubt I should have been very ill, as it is I have felt miserable. Everything has been done to make my visit agreeable, and I had the pleasure of meeting a friend from Houston. Mrs. S., whose son had carried off the highest honors of the his class.

I take great interest in that University. Of the South for some years I with others subscribed a small sum towards educating one of our Texas boys. I don't know who, Bishop Gregg is always setting forth the wants and merits of his favorite Institution, and in 1874 I listened to
Bishop Quintard's eloquent appeal in its behalf therefore I felt interested in the place. The location is beautiful, on a plateau of the Cumberland Mountains. It is healthy, and as for the space of I think, ten miles, square, the land is owned by the University. No spirituous liquors can be sold. The society is such as an Institution of this kind gathers around it, refined and elevated. The students drill every morning; they wear the gray and look very soldier-like, but I prefer the groomsman's dress, because I have no fancy for military; the drilling is well enough to give them good exercise, but when it comes to fighting if I was a man, I should want to belong to that company of 'Soldiers in peace, Citizens in war' as a Houston gentleman once toasted a company of Home Guards. I do not believe in war, let it be avoided at the cost of millions of dollars in place of hundreds of lives. I must now begin to prepare to return home. I wrote to Dr. Rutherford, our Health Officer, to send me a pass to return, but I find letters are delayed by quarantine; I am not at all disposed to quarrel with the quarantine, on the contrary, as I wrote to a friend in Houston, they ought give Dr. Rutherford a vote of thanks as big as the market.
house, (and our Market is a pretty good size,) for his perseverence in keeping up the quarantine. So I will write to again.

The views around the mountain are enchanting, but I have not been out much. A little exertion tires me down. I would willingly stay longer. I am already too late for a school before you finish it. I think I shall leave here next Monday, the 16th, and Nashville to Memphis. I may write once more before I reach Houston.

Your affectionate sister,

[Signature]

Memphis, Dec. 19, 1878,

My dear Sister,

Here I am once more. Of course in the same Hotel that did not refuse to give me room when I so greatly needed one; I arrived here yesterday morning, left my trunk at the depot as I shall start from there this afternoon 3 o'clock. Yesterday morning I called at Sen Smith's Office for a pass he was not in town. I was told where to find W. Johnson, he told me it should he attended to; so call this morning. I then went out to Elmwood; I find the nurses, since Sept 16, have all been buried, in a lot purchased by the
house, and our Market is a pretty good size, for his perseverance in keeping up the quarantine. So I will write to him again.

The views around the mountain are enchanting, but I have not been out much. A little exercise tires me down; I would willingly stay longer. I am already too late for school before you got it. I think I shall leave here next Monday the 16th, via Nashville to Memphis. I may write once more before I reach Houston.

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Memphis, Dec. 19, 1878,

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Towards, there are two long rows, not far distant, are the Doctor. I found the graves of several I had known in life, but one or two I looked for, I could not find; they had died in that week I mentioned in one of my letters to you as being so fearful, that time is now spoken of as the terrible days. I looked on those graves, the shadow of the monument to Hattie Stephans can fall on them; like a guardian angel, from all places, they have come, not for fame, but for love to fellow men. It made me think of the time when from the East and the West, they shall come and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; in the Kingdom of Heaven, noble souls, the graves in the National Cemetery awakens our admiration for their patriotism, but the contemplation of those, being forth a noble sentiment. This morning I called for my pass. Mr. Johnson gave me a ticket to Texarkana, and a letter, to acknowledge receipt of my services, duly signed, and sealed, by himself and the Secretary. Mr. Smith, not Gen. Smith. But you know it is not a very remarkable coincidence to meet with two of the name of Smith, in the same city. I also received a
Letter from Senator. Signed by Mr. Husey and Dr. French, requesting railroads to pass me free therefore I do not anticipate any trouble. I went with one of the ladies of the Christian Association to visit two of their institutions, at one place a room is provided for lodging, women who are alone and have no home, an intelligence office is connected with this, then the home for reformed women. I intended to go to Leath Orphan Asylum to see Arthur. But it is so far, I have not been able, but I hope to hear some of his relatives have taken the poor child; I expect my next letter will be from Houston; I shall take some money with me, but send back what I do not use for actual need. I have been today, and have given the most of it where I thought it the most needed. The money was sent to the poor of Memphis to them it belongs, and not to me. I should fear a curse like that which fell on Gehazi, if I took any to keep to enrich myself.

Your loving Sister

Kci
Houston, Dec. 28, 1878.

My dear Sister,

How shall I describe the blissful feeling that came over me, as I sat down in the parlor at home, or where I call home, the hospitable home of Mr. J.B. Morris; the children gathered round me, I answered their questions, that came in quick succession; how peaceful it is to think I did not have to check my trunks through anymore, one of the children said “what shall I do with your valise and basket.” “Put them away now, I shall not go on duty for some time.” I replied after dinner I went to where I board, and that is home-like enough too, so it is not that I have no home, but two or three. It is almost worth the trouble of going, to have everyone so glad to see me back. I got here on my ticket and letters very well. I am indebted to Dr. Rutherford, and Mr. Shearn for telegraphing to Gen. Horie for to pass me from Texarkana. The railroads fare companies have been very generous, the calls for help would not have arrived much if they had not sent us free; I learn some of the nurses had considerable expense and trouble in returning; for my part
I had none. In this case as in all others from every member of the Howard I received the most courteous treatment also from the Andersons in Senatobia. For account of my trip from Leaven I sent a letter written to the Mountain News but one incident I must relate at Texarkana. I had to recheck my trunk. A young gentleman saw me with my letter. He asked me if I had been nursing in Memphis. I replied in the affirmative. He asked my name. When he heard it, said I remember, just when you went I was going. I was in San Antonio. I live in Memphis. When news came my parents were both dead. It was then seen. Thus you see how widespread has been this calamity.

A few reflections may not be out of place. To us from Texas it was strange that at the yellow fever had been in Memphis before there were not more acclimated persons to assist in nursing. But all who could go had gone, and it is said many died the second time. I can only account for this by the winters being so cold. It may be it changes the constitution. Another item, so many colored persons died. They did not die as fast as the whites according to their population. They being three to one during
the epidemic, then it was often want of proper care during convalescence. A colored woman had charge of a house near Mrs. Graham's. She had the fever, recovered, went to work too soon, I told her to keep quiet. She said she must earn something for herself, and her children. It was too far to go and draw notions. I gave her some money from day to day, insisted on her staying at home. She got well in a short time.

Still more singular it seemed to me for part of families to leave. Much was said about ministers for leaving, but the life of me I could not see that they were any worse than husbands who left their wives, or wives their husbands. I do not mean to say left them while they were sick, but often the expression was made of a gentleman his family were placed out of danger, that did very well if he was acclimated. I had a lively discussion on that topic with a gentleman in the street car. I said Texas women would not go off and leave their husbands to take the fever. I knew several who fearing it might come to Elston, had remained at home. Let a quarantine should prevent them returning, and
He replied he expected the ladies of Memphis were more obedient than those of Texas. Their husbands told them to go; so they went, although no doubt they wanted to stay. It may be so, but I prefer Texas obedience.

With regard to ministers leaving it is hard to say, life is dear to all, and those who are unprepared, before yellow fever takes them, it is short shrift. But it is no use reasoning the matter, we do look for those who at camp meeting and in the assembly sing and a soldier of the cross, to be one.

We look for those who point out the road to heaven, not to be afraid to lead the way, even if that way lies through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death. Would it be the story of Daniel, or the Revelations of John the Evangelist if they quailed in sight of death? And if a soldier deserts his post in the army, what then? he dies an ignominious death. True, with an earthly soldier, he knows the more daring he is, the greater the glory. If he takes a standard from the enemy's battlements, his government will in case of his death, provide for his family. Can a minister feel so? Can he feel that his church people will care for his loved ones, if he is gone, or must he know that saintly poverty will be the lot of the preacher.
widow, for instance, is little Sallie Blew cared for and adopted, as the child of the regiment, would be. By those who read her father’s writings, sermons as they were to the young, let those who blame the ministers as freely, lay all that to heart. Lieutenant Bonner’s name and fame, are world wide, and deservedly so; the celebrated bale has secured a competency to his family, not indeed, equal to his life, but it shows that people honor the brave. But while the brave minister is honored, is his family cared for, as well as those of Lieutenant Bonner’s? The names of Parsons, Schuyler, Slater, Rosenberg, Thomas, Reid, Scruggs, Scannell, and all the others, both Protestant and Catholic who fell while standing so nobly to the front, will be remembered, with veneration, by every denomination. They may have been eloquent, but great as was their power in the pulpit, mightier, holier, was their power in death. I was once on the street car, two gentle men, spoke of Mr. Slater’s being very ill, another asked if he was dangerous. He said he, “This is a religion I believe in, he visited everyone he was a saint now before he died,” though he remarked, “I do not know what denomination he is of.” I believe all the Churches had their faithful ones those who
lived, as well as those who died; who stand by their flocks, and there were shepherds who ran, at the approach of danger. I used to wonder sometimes if when they were good little Sunday School boys, they did not sing, "I want to be an angel," now here was a chance, the gate was not only ajar, but wide open, and lo' they were not ready; they had to run and get their wings cropped for fear they should fly in, but as the widow Bedell has it, "we're all poor critics." While waiting at the Charleston depot, I heard one tell how a young lady took the fever at his house he and his wife waited on her until she took the black vomit, then they left, left her to die alone. He went now and then to the gate to look at her. And when she was dead, what a sum it took to hire some one to bury her. It is well that God was with her; she was with Moses when he did alone; then the man took his family. They went to the woods and camped out until danger was over. When he first told of taking care of the lady, I was pleased; but when he told of preaching, and he professing to be a minister, I thought if
Satan said of him, All this man hath will he give for his life. I do not think the Lord would take the trouble to contradict him.

But whereas ran Ministers a people, they could not take God away, and I believe that many a one in the last agonies looked to the cross, and was saved. One look at the brazen serpent, was enough to heal the wounded Israelite.

One look at the Crucified One, took many a soul to heaven. This may not be thought Orthodox, or at least safe doctrine,

but standing face to face with death, as I did for weeks,

I learned more of God's mercy and dealings with men, and

we never get worse by contemplating his mercy: What a comfort it was to know God was there, Then God test me was no longer a fearful text, That God saw me, knew my motives, and read each thought, was an unspeakable comfort.

For, "He is not man who only seek in past, Yet deals unceasing with a brother's heart." Often a passage of Scripture would come to my mind so clear, lighter as it were from a gleam from another world.

In my next I may make some further reflections.

Your loving Sister.
“Lone star” Light.

Special Correspondence


I had intended to begin my epistle with, The sunny prairies of Texas with their birds and blossoms, to the snow clad mountains of Tennessee, greeting, but the sun having hidden his face behind clouds of rain and sleet, I shall have to come down to matter-of-fact description.

The views down the Cumberland Mountains from Sewannee to Nashville, always grand, are especially so to one accustomed to flat coast lands. Our journey was enlivened by young ladies from Moffat Seminary, and students from the University of the South, returning home to spend Christmas. At every station we dropped a few of the future professional men of the nation. Some as Doctors will distinguish themselves in the next epidemic or extinguish their own lives in search of science. Others who will seek to thread or straighten the crooked meshes of the Law, and again those who casting aside all worldly tares, will go forth, bearing the olive branch, and preaching peace, good will to men; or seizing the editorial quill, wield an influence second to none for good or ill, and become to modern society what the Oracles were to the ancients. Whichever it is, we wish them well.

Arrived in Nashville, were soon comfortable in the homelike Nicholson House—next morning sailed forth to do the town—rode out to the Vanderbilt—I thought as I looked at the fine buildings, tastefully laid out grounds surrounded by the homes of the professors, it was a pity the Commodore had not spent a little more money that way. The Capitol from its elevation shires like a beacon to strangers wandering thru the city. It is as conspicuous for just legislation as for situation, it is truly a glory to the State. Leaving Nashville at night I lost the scenery of the suburbs. It was snowing.

Christmas Eve I attended a festival. Roses from the open garden adorned the church, and beautiful geraniums surrounded the tree, looking almost as strange this time of year as the mystic fruit these Christmas trees bear do in the eyes of children by midnight. I suppose it was old Santa Claus coming. It blew, it snow, it flew. By morning the Orange trees were hung with icicles.

and the rosebuds and violets looked as if in glass cases—children were gathering them in wonder and admiration. But what is Christmas without ice! I often think how do the little Christian children feel who have emigrated to Australia where Christmas comes in midsummer? For we associate Kriskringle with a bright, cheerful blazing fire. The severely cold weather continued until to-day, when it has again turned warm.

TEXAS.
School

Houston, Jan. 27, 1879

My dear Sister,

Already I find I have not lost any thing even in pecuniary view. by giving my time, to the fever stricken city of Memphis. Scholars were waiting, and I have made a good beginning; so many ask me questions of the treatment and have so much to say about the doctors. I will say they worked hard, if they failed it was not because they did not try. The rows of graves in Elmwood show they gave all human beings could give. Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life. The disease was malignant: sometimes the instructions were not carried out. Oftentimes, the patient had had fever too long. Sometimes they found fault with nurses without finding out if they were to blame. That might be anxiety; and in one instance I told you of the Doctor was then taking the fever and died in a week. Human nature; and especially man's nature, tries ever to lay the blame on some one else, if that some one is a woman, so much the better. That example was set by Adam and comes down in unbroken line to the youngest descendant, as curiosity is said to come from Eve. We were glad.
enough to get a Doctor for the sick, and I am not at all inclined to join in any trade against them: As far as remuneration was concerned, they received $1.00 per day, and had rooms and board, also a buggy and horse and driver, and since then have received a gold medal a piece. The fee I heard in Memphis was $2.00 a day, but no I know from a physician himself belonging to the Howard, I still think if no one had charged anything it would have been better. I know many would have gone for nothing, if no one else had received anything. Our board lodging expenses of course. I do not suppose the Howards got any more; they were citizens of the place, how very much the railroad companies gave. No one would live by thus giving. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." that is the very best investment and besides, if the people in Memphis we waited on were not poor, they needed that attention that oftentimes money cannot buy. 

What great lesson was to be learned from this terrible epidemic whose consequences are to far reaching? We live in a Republic a form of government of God's choosing, for he gave it to his people, of Israel, and when they went
Astray. Who more severely punished? What are our sins as a nation? We have no King on whom to lay the blame, to make us sin. Each one is a sovereign responsible being.

Do we render strictly to God the things that are God's, or to Caesar (which is any government) the things that are Caesar's? In speaking of this calamity as a punishment, I would say to those who escaped. Don't dear Sister States gather up your righteous plow and plow plow gingerly along say, What awful wicked people those folks in Mississippi and Louisiana be, to be so scourged, remember God, chasteneth whom he loveth, and purgeth every son whom he receiveth. Our prayers to be spared were unanswered. Our turn may come next if we bring not our thank offerings. A collector may come round for them. The grasshoppers take more in one season, than Texas gives the Lord in ten years.

There were tithes given as freely as gifts to the poor sufferers, just as the Egyptians gave the Jews their gold when the mighty hand of God was on them. Too often we turn away from the terrible lesson, where will as much be given to charitable purposes or even scientific works as will be spent on the approaching Carnival on Mardi Gras. It makes me
Shudder. How can New Orleans be lately scourged
to desolate; thus dance over the ashes of her dead?
Some day it is over now, no use to grieve, but stop,
the cold weather has come, the fever is over but
are not hearts desolate yet? whose feelings do we not trample
on by such thoughtless gaiety.
What if the pure snow wreaths, wrap the bluffs of the
Mississippi, will it bring back the dead? What is it to
the orphan-like little Arthur balloon, if the icicles reflect
the colors of the rainbow. With the impress of his
mother's last burning kiss upon his cheek; the
constant watching for his father's footfall that
never comes, the light of his life is shaded forever.
What matter it to the Mother bereft, like Rachel
weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted,
that the plague is stayed? to her the
gay pageant of Mardi gras is but a mockery
of her love. Do the sad broken hearts in Lima,
Yokohama and Granada, rejoice over the winter
that kills the fever. their loved ones are gone,
and when Spring returns and birds again seek
the syphilitic shade, and flowery mead. their loved
ones come not. they may call, but their lost
darlings answer not again. So it may be with
those who escaped this year. let us lay it to
heart and apply our hearts unto wisdom. How often I thought of that Eastern legend of one from another world coming to Earth, he saw all the works of science and admired the wisdom of men, but when he saw a graveyard, he asked, what is this, when told it was the last resting-place and man must die, then he wondered at the folly of those who did not spend their time preparing for the great change. I too do not wish to be thought misanthropic. We should study nature's works more within her laboratory may yet be found the remedy or preventive of yellow fever. Our lives are short, at best, we have no time to waste on mere frivolities the command to labor six days is as imperative as to rest on the seventh. A study of nature leads us into companionship with Him whose ways are unsearchable.

A few words about Nurses. First they should be acclimated, the city authorities should at Railway Stations positively refuse to admit those who have never had the fever, unless they have passed through several epidemics, some never take it. The theory in Texas is, those who have it far south can go to a more northern latitude as nurses, but to go further South one is liable to take it again. West Indians are often free from it; or never have
a second time. I had it in childhood. Lightly. I have been through eight epidemics. Have always nursed some what, not perhaps as steadily as in this last. This time it was pretty well tested if I would take again. I took no preventive. at first I took some white mustard seed, every day. It is said mustard seed steeped in whiskey is a preventive. Mr. J. Whitley gave me a package on leaving Houston. But so many begged a little of me. It was soon gone. I took it minus the whiskey. One line of conduct as a preventive I followed. I always took a change of clothing: for night, I only wore the same suit twelve hours. I then hung the one taken off in the wind in another room, or out of doors. in the morning I changed again. It only took a few minutes: besides I usually got some one to sit with my patient while. I took a bath every day, oftentimes my clothes when I took them off, after twelve hours, smelt horribly of the fever, but twelve hours out of doors took it off away. I had clean clothes just as often as possible. I sometimes used alcohol outwardly. I took my own comb brush and towel with me. I bought and lost several tin cups. I could not bear to drink.
out of anything well for the sick.
Next a Nurse must be unselfish. no disease is more exacting
or trying than yellow fever. One Nurse should take
directions from the Doctor, and anyone who believes her
should be willing to be guided by the one in charge. as
what one has done may be undone; I was impressed
with this. on one occasion, a Nurse came to relieve me for
a short time. I told the nurse what was to be done. I
think I spoke politely, he cut me short by saying
you need not trouble yourself to tell me what to
do I take no orders from any but the doctor.
very well I replied, then I'll wait until the doctor
comes, which I did.
It seems almost superfluous to say unselfish, when
so many rushed in unacclimated, when it was almost
certain death. I can hardly account for this sacrifice
of life. sometimes it looked like sympathy
run mad, but it was noble. It was condemned as
rash, at the same time it was glorious.
It may not always be necessary for Nurses to do what
I did, in disinfecting, but if no one else will do it.
for charity's sake do it. by all means prevent
the spread of the disease; I have the satisfaction
of knowing it was not spread by any neglect.
on my part. If any were kept from taking the
fevers by my exertions. God alone knows. As for
it, not being my place, to do it. Christ tells us
a disciple is not above his Master. His King-
don was not of this world, but he did not say
when the lepers came to him, I came only to
save your souls, go to the priest to be cleansed.
Many lessons we had to learn from this epide-
mi. For my part, if I had any pride, it is gone.
If I went with conceit, it is taken out of me.
If I felt I knew anything, I felt that as Socrates
answered the Oracle, the wisest is
he who sees he knows nothing.
One thing I watched for in Memphis, and as
so much was said about disinfecting, not
leaving bodies too long, was a death test, where
the body was washed and dressed, any signs
of life would probably be detected, but half
the horrors of the epidemic as it is in
premature burial

cholera, lie in the one thought, I never have known of a case, and when they are dead, they are as dead in one hour, as in twelve or twenty-four. I did intend when I went over to look for some text, but in those I saw die. Corruption set in so quickly, as not easily to be mistaken; I make these remarks because we all shrink for such things, the dead are sacred to scratch or cut them is horrifying, but this must be faced as well as all other horrors of an epidemic.

My letters now are done. At an end, my task is done. As I trod over the platform to leave the scene of conflict, how many sad and sad thoughts came to my mind. Where are those who came as anxious to give a cup of cold water to feverish lips as I was? Where were all those from Little Rock who crossed over to help in this hour of need. Not many nee called for transportation who came when I died, they have their passes from the Great Master, up to the Spirit land. They have waited
the sick and gone to their reward.

I do not feel that I did any more than my duty. It was no risk in taking the fever. In pecuniary view, though not rich I was not in want, and on my arrival home I found a testimonial awaiting me that more than repaid me. But yours though free from yellow fever, has suffered truly. Thou hast all reasons for thine own Oh Death! One of those who bid me God speed on my leaving, what well remembers, said, “God bless you and bring you safe home,” is gone. If you had read our papers you would have seen his name. For his death sent a thrill of horror through the whole community. M. Adolf Schieltrope, was called out as if on business, and shot down on his own doorstep; he was witness in a case of horse stealing. That was his only crime, and since I have returned, my faithful friend of many years, E. H. Bushing, has died. He it was, who to him and his wife I am indebted for the testimonial I spoke of. It unexpectedly awaited me.
I have received letters from friends at a distance congratulating me on my return in safety — and I do feel thankful to God for sparing my life and health. How everything was ordered for my benefit. He leadeth me, may well be my song. Still the remembrance of the awful scenes of the great epidemic have cast a shadow on my heart that will never pass away.

Your loving sister,

Thezie, de Pelchin.
Houston March 1, 1879.

My dear Sister,

I heard that Dr. Drennond of Louisville Ky. had published a book on yellow fever. I sent for it, to obtain the list of Muses, Doctors and Ministers, it was said to contain. It has a number, but Texas is credited with about a quarter. At first I thought perhaps only those were mentioned who drew no pay at all, but I know the most of those mentioned did reseive pay. Therefore the list is very incomplete, but I stand corrected.

in one matter. I told you B.T. Anderson was from Tate County, this book, gives a sketch of his life says he was born in Franklin Co. Tenn. But so much is his memory honored, that like Homer, ten cities will perhaps contend for the glory of being his birthplace. Even if I had gone to Granada I should not have seen him, he died Sept 27th. Perhaps it is Had I gone down into Mississippi from the first. I had letters to two to Granada and Dr. Powell of Houston gave me a letter to a Doctor in.
Vicksburg; but I stood where I thought at the time I was needed. I certainly prayed to be directed; and all were alike to me for I knew no one. it may be I should not have had time to give my letters just as in Memphis. I had a card to Dr. Lawrence. as I did not find him that evening. I never had time to think about it afterwards.

But to return to Dr. Downing's book; he gives the theories of several doctors. also some nurses which as they run counter to each other, afford a very good illustration of the various ideas of that prevailed and which nearly all failed. — Some hints, to prevent the spread of yellow fever are very good. and on the whole the book is a useful one. when he gets his list more complete. it has put me in the mind to give my idea of treatment, not as a Physician but as a Nurse. I will also name the doctors who attended the patient I nursed. One Dr. mentioned in Dr. D's book. Dr. T.L. Summers. is a son of Rev. Dr. Summers. formerly of Texas. who many years ago performed the funeral service over our dear father. I called at his house in Nashville. he was then in Ala.
T. O. Summers, M.D., deserves a great deal of credit for his brave conduct in this epidemic; he held the first post-mortem examination in Memphis during the epidemic. Dr. Ebener, who assisted him, died, while Dr. J. who never had the fever escaped. We of Texas who knew and honored his father so well rejoice in his escape, as we do in the honors he so nobly earned.

What I write is not I to be understood as a theory of my own—only like the remarks on fumigating, changes of clothing, as experience.

First, if you have called in a physician follow his directions; and if you have not sufficient confidence in him for that, discharge him. It is well for a nurse to have paper and pencil at hand to write the directions. Also, ask the doctor: what treatment for every symptom: thus, if the bowels are painful, what remedy? If the discharges are watery, use an enema of starch. Flour, starch, and more. 20 drops of Laudanum; a poultice of com meal to the bowels, or even hot flannel is good.