



COMMEMORATIVE ACTIVISM AND CARE WITH JOHN W. JONES

PREPARED BY CLARE FISHER & DR JILL SPIVEY CADDELL



EMANCIPATION

UNIT: THE LEGACIES OF SLAVERY

TARGET LEVEL: Higher Education (ages 18-22)

FORMAT: Online or in-person

MATERIALS: computer, internet connection, audio

SKILLS PROMOTED: critical thinking, close reading and interpretation, reading secondary sources

This lesson takes the work of the Underground Railroad conductor John W. Jones as its focus. Jones is commemorated in Woodlawn National Cemetery in Elmira, New York, where he worked as a caretaker of the Confederate dead. The nearby Elmira Military Prison was notorious for its high death rate, and it was Jones who tended to the bodies of those who died there. The aim of this lesson is to foreground the role of activists like Jones in Civil War history and to encourage students to think about the complexities of commemorative practices and what it means to 'care.'

LEARNING OBJECTIVES

1. Students will learn about the life story of John W. Jones in order to understand more about the Underground Railroad and Civil War POW camps like Elmira and Andersonville.
2. Students will think about how certain memorial landscapes have developed and how Black citizen-activists like John W. Jones shaped these landscapes.
3. Students will think about John W. Jones in relation to the writer Mark Twain, who is buried in the same cemetery as Jones, and consider how Elmira's abolitionist past and Twain's encounters with its self-emancipated Black citizens

KEY WORDS

Abolitionist: In nineteenth-century America, an abolitionist was a person who believed that slavery should be abolished, or ended. A network of abolitionists (including self-emancipated Black Americans and white Americans) worked together to operate the Underground Railroad. Elmira, New York, was a hotbed of abolitionist activity in the nineteenth century. One of the most prominent white abolitionists in Elmira was Jervis Langdon, who gave John W. Jones funds for operating the Underground Railroad in Elmira, and whose daughter Olivia married Samuel Clemens, better known as the writer Mark Twain.

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Prisoner-of-war camp: A prisoner-of-war (POW) camp is a place where enemies are held during a conflict. During the American Civil War, it is estimated that around 400,000 captured soldiers were held in POW camps on both sides of the conflict. Andersonville was perhaps the most infamous Confederate POW camp, while Elmira was an infamous Northern POW camp. In the one year that it operated, roughly 12,000 Confederate soldiers were held at Elmira Prison, of whom one-fourth died. John W. Jones was hired to bury the dead soldiers; he also took meticulous records and was lauded for the 'care' with which he conducted his job. In 1997, a memorial was erected to Jones at the site of Woodlawn National Cemetery.

Dialect: According to [Jules Zanger](#), 'Literary dialect is the attempt to indicate on the printed page, through spellings and mis-spellings, elisions, apostrophes, syntactical shifts, signals, etc., the speech of an ethnic, regional or racial group.' In nineteenth-century U.S. literature, dialect was often used to differentiate Black American speech from white American speech by both Black and white writers, but Black writers (like Charles Chesnutt and Paul Laurence Dunbar) also critiqued dialect writing as stereotypical, enacting a form of segregation on the written page.

RESOURCES

1. [Commemorative Cultures essay on the John W. Jones Monument](#) by Dr Jill Spivey Caddell
2. ["Monumentalizing John W. Jones," C19: American in the Nineteenth Century Podcast, 2021](#)
3. [Mark Twain, 'A True Story, Repeated Word for Word as I Heard It'](#) (first published in the Atlantic Monthly, November 1874)
4. ['A Caring Man:' Remembering Mark Twain and John W. Jones in Elmira](#) by Dr Jill Spivey Caddell

ACTIVITY

1. In advance of the lesson, ask students to read the Commemorative Cultures essay on the John W. Jones Memorial in Elmira, New York, and/or ask students to listen to the C19 Podcast episode 'Monumentalizing John W. Jones.'
2. Lead a group discussion with the following questions/prompts:
 - a. What role do you think personal history has in the commemoration of the American Civil War? (Encourage students to reflect on how they would describe their relationship to the war as well as the bereavement of historical actors).
 - b. The plaque commemorating Jones describes him as 'a caring man' and Dr Caddell also emphasizes the theme of care in the podcast. Work in small groups to develop a definition of 'care.' Why do you think the creators of the John W. Jones monument chose to call him 'a caring man'? How do care and activism come together in the life story of Jones?



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- c. How does this characterisation differ from what we might typically find on other war monuments? (You may want to draw students' attention to the UDC sponsored monument located in the same cemetery to discuss the ways in which care is often gendered as a feminine trait.) As an additional activity, ask students to search for a monument on the Commemorative Cultures map and compare inscriptions.
3. Consider the activist John W. Jones and the writer Mark Twain in relation. Read Mark Twain's short story 'A True Story, Repeated Word for Word As I Heard It.' (Because the story is quite short and it contains dialect writing, you may wish to do this aloud in class.) This tale was indeed based on a true story told to Twain on the porch of Quarry Farm in Elmira by his family's African-American cook Mary Ann Cord. Like Jones, Cord was one of many self-emancipated Black Elmira residents. The white writer Twain felt comfortable 'transcribing' Cord's story of being separated from and reunited with her son because they were enslaved. Decades later, however, Twain's sister-in-law wrote that he met John W. Jones in order to 'make some record' of Jones's remarkable story, but ultimately Twain felt it should be told in Jones's own words. So far as we know, Jones never wrote a complete account of his own life story. For more information, see ['A Caring Man:' Remembering Mark Twain and John W. Jones in Elmira](#) by Dr Jill Spivey Caddell.

Lead a group discussion with the following questions/prompts:

- What are the ethics of telling someone else's life story? What are the ethics of a white writer telling a Black woman's story? You may also wish to discuss literary dialect and its ethical dimensions.
- What does 'A True Story' reveal about the true nature of slavery? How does it understand or define the idea of 'truth' and truth-telling? Why does Twain feel compelled to thinly fictionalize Mary Ann Cord's story in the aftermath of the Civil War—would you consider this an act of 'care' or 'activism'?
- John W. Jones and Mark Twain are both buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in Elmira, New York. Although Twain did not permanently live in Elmira, he spent 20 summers there and wrote some of his major works there, including *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885). How does including Twain's gravesite within the larger memorial landscape of Elmira, which also includes the monument to Jones, a Confederate monument erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the national cemetery containing the Confederates that Jones buried, alter our perception of the site's meaning?

ASSESSMENT

1. Use the Commemorative Cultures website to find more monuments related to U.S. prisoner-of-war camps. Then write and record a 10-minute podcast segment about one monument, memory object, or image related to a U.S. Civil War prisoner-of-war camp. Your segment must be accessible to a general public audience and should engage with the possibilities of the audio medium.



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2. Write a **literary analysis** essay that explores the relationship between truth and self-fashioning/self-identity within Mark Twain's 'A True Story, Repeated Word for Word as I Heard It.'
3. Write a historical analysis essay that interprets the concept of 'care' in relation to the curation of John W. Jones's legacy in Elmira. Are there specific moments in history when particular elements of Jones's legacy have been emphasized over others? What does this tell us about the nature of historical commemoration writ large?





WHO WAS JOHN W. JONES?

WORKSHEET

PREPARED BY DR JILL SPIVEY CADDELL

You have probably heard of famous nineteenth-century abolitionists like Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Harriet Tubman escaped slavery in Maryland and spent the next ten years returning to her home state to help more enslaved people escape to freedom. Frederick Douglass also escaped slavery and went on to write three memoirs and become a famous speechmaker and politician. Harriet Beecher Stowe was born into a white abolitionist family and wrote a hugely popular novel called *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that denounced slavery. But there were many more people who worked to free enslaved people and to fight to end slavery whose names are not famous today. One of them was called John W. Jones.



John W. Jones (1817-1900) was born enslaved in Leesburg, Virginia, in 1817. In 1844 Jones, along with two of his brothers and two other men, escaped to Pennsylvania using the Underground Railroad. Eventually they reached Elmira, New York, where Jones settled, taking a number of odd jobs and eventually learning to read. Elmira was an important stop on the Underground Railroad due to its location between Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Ontario, Canada. In 1851 Jones became an active agent on the UGR, helping an estimated 800 people escape to freedom over the next ten years.

During the American Civil War, which lasted from 1861-1865, Elmira became the location of a notorious prisoner-of-war camp. Though it only lasted a year, the POW camp at Elmira held approximately 12,000 Confederate soldiers, of whom nearly one-quarter died. In the years before the war, John W. Jones had worked as sexton of several churches in Elmira, which meant that he dug graves in the churchyard and kept records of the dead. This experience made him a natural candidate to care for the dead of Elmira Prison. Jones was paid by the U.S. government to transport bodies from the prison to a cemetery. He and the workers he oversaw kept meticulous records of every person they buried. Although these Confederate soldiers were fighting in a war to preserve slavery, John W. Jones buried them with care and dignity.



Description automatically generated with low confidenceAfter the Civil War, John W. Jones continued to play a central role in Elmira's Black community. For example, in 1880 he helped to welcome Frederick Douglass to Elmira to deliver a speech for Emancipation Day. He continued to serve as a church sexton and bought a sixteen-acre farm. Near the end of his life, he was consulted as an expert on the Underground Railroad in Elmira. When he died in the first year of the twentieth century, a newspaper summarized his life with the following headline:



'Death of a Prominent Colored Citizen – Born a Slave – Died Rich – Originator of Underground Railroad.'

Image Credits:

Map fromThe Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom by Wilbur H. Siebert, The Macmillan Company, 1898.

John W. Jones [date unknown], Chemung County Historical Society

Woodlawn National Cemetery in 1911, from The Elmira Prison Camp by Clayton Wood Holmes, G.P. Putnam, 1912.

John W. Jones [date unknown], John W. Jones Museum.

Worksheet Credit: Dr Jill Spivey Caddell for Commemorative Cultures, civilwarmonuments.org, 2023.





Source 1. Letter by John W. Jones republished in William Still's *Underground Rail Road Records* (1886)

ELMIRA, June 6th, 1860.

FRIEND WM. STILL:—All six came safe to this place. The two men came last night, about twelve o'clock; the man and woman stopped at the depot, and went east on the next train, about eighteen miles, and did not get back till to-night, so that the two men went this morning, and the four went this evening.

O, old master don't cry for me,
For I am going to Canada where colored men are free.

P.S. What is the news in the city? Will you tell me how many you have sent over to Canada? I would like to know. They all send their love to you. I have nothing new to tell you. We are all in good health. I see there is a law passed in Maryland not to set any slaves free. They had better get the consent of the Underground Rail Road before they passed such a thing. Good night from your friend,

JOHN W. JONES.

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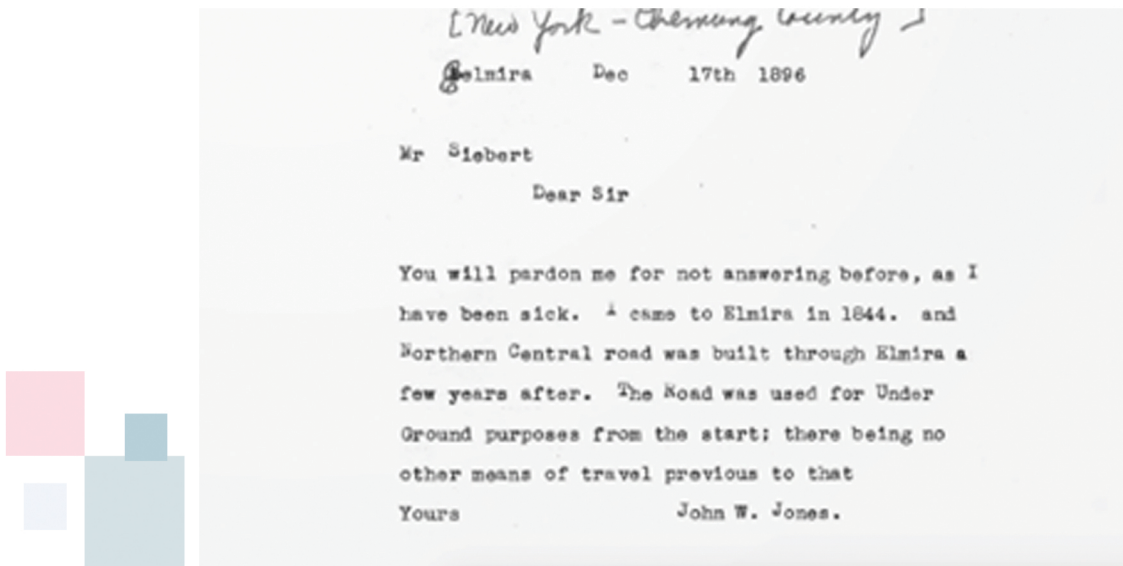
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JOHN W. JONES

Source 2. Letter from John W. Jones to Wilbur H. Siebert, a historian of the Underground Railroad, dated December 17, 1896



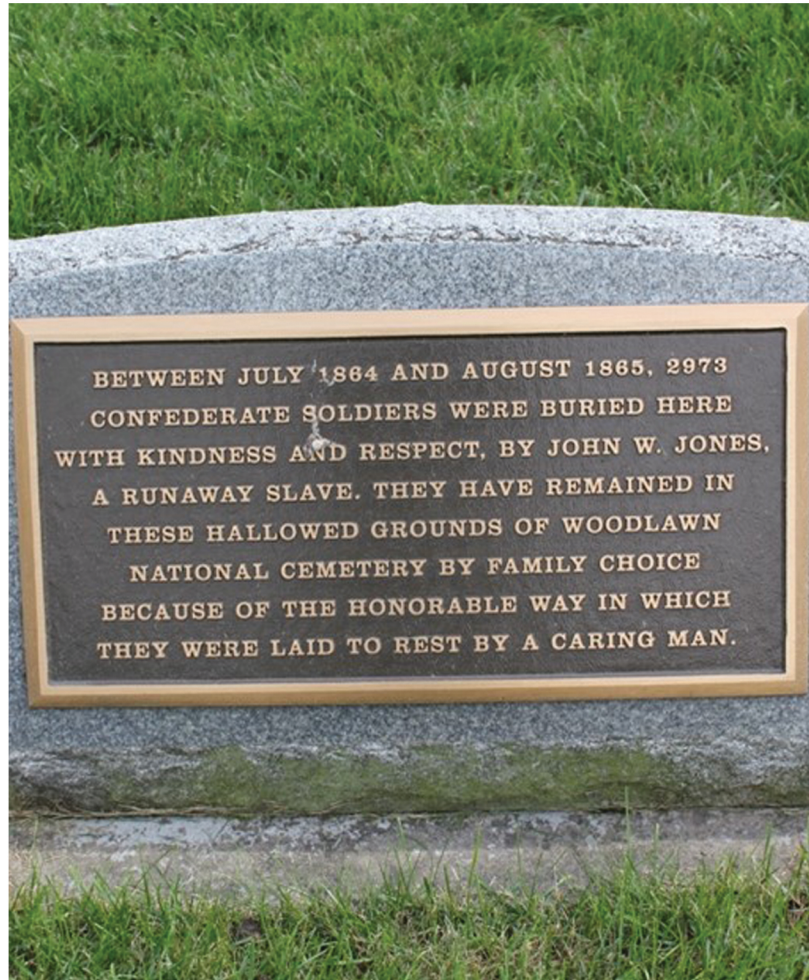
Elmira Dec 17th 1896

Mr Siebert

You will pardon me for not answering before, as I have been sick. I came to Elmira in 1844, and Northern Central road was built through Elmira a few years after. The Road was used for Under Ground purposes from the start; there being no other means of travel previous to that

Yours John W. Jones.

Source 3. Memorial to John W. Jones in Woodlawn National Cemetery, Elmira, New York, erected in 1997 by students and activists from Southside High School in Elmira



BETWEEN JULY 1864 AND AUGUST 1865, 2973 CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WERE BURIED HERE WITH KINDNESS AND RESPECT BY JOHN W. JONES, A RUNAWAY SLAVE. THEY HAVE REMAINED IN THE HALLOWED GROUNDS OF WOODLAWN NATIONAL CEMETERY BY FAMILY CHOICE BECAUSE OF THE HONORABLE WAY IN WHICH THEY WERE LAID TO REST BY A CARING MAN.

Source 4. Excerpt from an obituary for John W. Jones published in the Elmira Daily Gazette and Free Press, December 27, 1900



The death of John W. Jones, one of the best known colored citizens of this city, occurred at his home, No. 1219 College avenue last evening at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Jones has been subject to attacks of heart disease for the past five years. A few weeks ago he was stricken with pneumonia. From that time on he was confined to his bed.

Mr. Jones came to this country in 1844. Some years ago he purchased a farm of sixteen acres located on upper College avenue. To-day the land is a valuable piece of property. He was sexton of the First Baptist church for many years.

From 1861 till 1865 Mr. Jones acted as one of the promoters of the underground railway. He was active in the cause of the slave and it is said that he was the originator of the underground railway. He was a great success as an originator and by the adoption of some of his ideas the societies of the First Baptist church congregation are said to have made many dollars for Christian use.

Mr. Jones is survived by his wife, two sons, John of Colorado and James of this city, and one daughter, Mrs. E. R. Spaulding of Owego. Arrangements for the funeral have not been completed.

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Through the moonlit fir-trees, playing
 Murmuringly, the roving breeze
 Kisses the white fingers swaying
 Pensively, the ivory keys;
 Cools my brow and soothes the beating
 Of this scarred and crippled heart,
 Still, despite experience, cheating
 Me with fond delusion's art.

Me it cheats with phantoms thronging
 Dimly up from days of yore,
 Shapes of loveliness and longing,
 Dead and gone forever more;
 And as wizards, from the ashes
 Of the rose, evoke its grace,
 I recall the spectral flashes
 Of a once all radiant face!

S. W.

ROSSIE, August, 1874.

A TRUE STORY, REPEATED WORD FOR WORD AS I HEARD IT.

It was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, on the summit of the hill, and "Aunt Rachel" was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps, — for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful, hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire, now, as usual when the day was done. That is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer get breath enough to express. At such a moment as this a thought occurred to me, and I said: —

"Aunt Rachel, how is it that you've lived sixty years and never had any trouble?"

She stopped quaking. She paused, and there was a moment of silence. She

turned her face over her shoulder toward me, and said, without even a smile in her voice: —

"Misto C——, is you in 'arnest?"

It surprised me a good deal; and it sobered my manner and my speech, too. I said: —

"Why, I thought — that is, I meant — why, you *can't* have had any trouble. I've never heard you sigh, and never seen your eye when there was n't a laugh in it."

She faced fairly around, now, and was full of earnestness.

"Has I had any trouble? Misto C——, I's gwyne to tell you, den I leave it to you. I was bawn down 'mongst de slaves; I knows all 'bout slavery, 'case I ben one of 'em my own se'f. Well, sah, my ole man — dat's my husban' — he was lovin' an' kind to me, jist as kind as you is to yo' own wife. An' we had chil'en — seven chil'en — an' we loved dem chil'en jist de same as you loves yo' chil'en. Dey was black, but de Lord can't make no chil'en so black but what dey mother loves

'em an' would n't give 'em up, no, not for anything dat's in dis whole world.

"Well, sah, I was raised in ole Foginny, but my mother she was raised in Maryland; an' my *souls*! she was turrible when she'd git started! My *lan*! but she'd make de fur fly! When she'd git into dem tantrums, she always had one word dat she said. She'd straighten herse'f up an' put her fists in her hips an' say, 'I want you to understand dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' 'Ca'se, you see, dat's what folks dat's bawn in Maryland calls deyselves, an' dey's proud of it. Well, dat was her word. I don't ever forgit it, beca'se she said it so much, an' beca'se she said it one day when my little Henry tore his wris' awful, an' most busted his head, right up at de top of his forehead, an' de niggers did n't fly aroun' fas' enough to 'tend to him. An' when dey talk' back at her, she up an' she says, 'Look-a-heah!' she says, 'I want you niggers to understand dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' an' den she clar' dat kitchen an' bandage' up de chile herse'f. So I says dat word, too, when I's riled.

"Well, bymeby my ole mistis say she's broke, an' she got to sell all de niggers on de place. An' when I heah dat dey gwyne to sell us all off at oction in Richmon', oh de good gracious! I know what dat mean!"

Aunt Rachel had gradually risen, while she warmed to her subject, and now she towered above us, black against the stars.

"Dey put chains on us an' put us on a stan' as high as dis po'ch,—twenty foot high,—an' all de people stood aroun', crowds an' crowds. An' dey'd come up dah an' look at us all roun', an' squeeze our arm, an' make us git up an' walk, an' den say, 'Dis one too ole,' or 'Dis one lame,' or 'Dis one don't 'mount to much.' An' dey sole my ole man, an' took him away, an' dey begin to sell my chil'en an' take dem away, an' I begin to cry; an' de

man say, 'Shet up yo' dam blubberin', an' hit me on de mouf wid his han'. An' when de las' one was gone but my little Henry, I grab' him clost up to my breas' so, an' I ris up an' says, 'You shan't take him away,' I says; 'I'll kill de man dat tetches him!' I says. But my little Henry whisper an' say, 'I gwyne to run away, an' den I work an' buy yo' freedom.' Oh, bless de chile, he always so good! But dey got him—dey got him, de men did; but I took and tear de clo'es mos' off of 'em, an' beat 'em over de head wid my chain; an' dey give it to me, too, but I did n't mine dat.

"Well, dah was my ole man gone, an' all my chil'en, all my seven chil'en—an' six of 'em I hain't set eyes on ag'in to dis day, an' dat's twenty-two year ago las' Easter. De man dat bought me b'long' in Newbern, an' he took me dah. Well, bymeby de years roll on an' de waw come. My marster he was a Confedrit colonel, an' I was his family's cook. So when de Unions took dat town, dey all run away an' lef' me all by myse'f wid de other niggers in dat mons'us big house. So de big Union officers move in dah, an' dey ask me would I cook for dem. 'Lord bless you,' says I, 'dat's what I's for.'

"Dey wa' n't no small-fry officers, mine you, dey was de biggest dey is; an' de way dey made dem sojers mosey roun'! De Gen'l he tole me to boss dat kitchen; an' he say, 'If anybody come meddlin' wid you, you jist make 'em walk chalk; don't you be afeard,' he say; 'you's 'mong frens, now.'

"Well, I thinks to myse'f, if my little Henry ever got a chance to run away, he'd make to de Norf, o' course. So one day I comes in dah whah de big officers was, in de parlor, an' I drops a kurtchy, so, an' I up an' tole 'em 'bout my Henry, dey a-listenin' to my troubles jist de same as if I was white folks; an' I says, 'What I come for is beca'se if he got away and got up Norf whah you gemmen comes from, you might 'a' seen him, maybe, an' could tell me so as I could fine him ag'in; he was very little, an' he had a sk-yar on his lef' wris', an'

at de top of his forehead.' Den dey look mournful, an' de Gen'l say, 'How long sence you los' him?' an' I say, 'Thirteen year.' Den de Gen'l say, 'He would n't be little no mo', now — he 's a man!'

"I never thought o' dat befo'! He was only dat little feller to me, yit. I never thought 'bout him growin' up an' bein' big. But I see it den. None o' de gemmen had run acrost him, so dey could n't do nothin' for me. But all dat time, do' I did n't know it, my Henry *was* run off to de Norf, years an' years, an' he was a barber, too, an' worked for hisse'f. An' bymeby, when de waw come, he ups an' he says, 'I's done barberin', he says; 'I's gwyne to fine my ole mammy, less'n she 's dead.' So he sole out an' went to whah dey was recruitin', an' hired hisse'f out to de colonel for his servant; an' den he went all froo de battles everywhah, huntin' for his ole mammy; yes indeedy, he 'd hire to fust one officer an' den another, tell he 'd ransacked de whole Souf; but you see I did n't know nuffin 'bout *dis*. How was I gwyne to know it?

"Well, one night we had a big sojer ball; de sojers dah at Newbern was always havin' balls an' carryin' on. Dey had 'em in my kitchen, heaps o' times, 'ca'se it was so big. Mine you, I was *down* on sich doin's; beca'se my place was wid de officers, an' it rasp' me to have dem common sojers cavortin' roun' my kitchen like dat. But I alway' stood aroun' an' kep' things straight, I did; an' sometimes dey 'd git my dander up, an' den I 'd make 'em clar dat kitchen, mine I *tell* you!

"Well, one night — it was a Friday night — dey comes a whole platoon f'm a *nigger* ridgment dat was on guard at de house, — de house was head-quarters, you know, — an' den I was jist a-bilin'! Mad? I was jist a-boomin'! I swelled aroun', an' swelled aroun'; I jist was a-itchin' for 'em to do somefin for to start me. An' dey was a-waltzin' an a-dancin'! *my!* but dey was havin' a time! an' I jist a-swellin' an' a-swellin' up! Pooty soon, 'long comes *sich* a spruce young nigger a-sailin' down de room

wid a yaller wench roun' de wais'; an' roun' an' roun' an' roun' dey went, enough to make a body drunk to look at 'em; an' when dey got abreas' o' me, dey went to kin' o' balancin' aroun', fust on one leg an' den on t'other, an' smilin' at my big red turban, an' makin' fun, an' I ups an' says, 'Git along wid you! — rubbage!' De young man's face kin' o' changed, all of a sudden, for 'bout a second, but den he went to smilin' ag'in, same as he was befo'. Well, 'bout dis time, in comes some niggers dat played music an' b'long' to de ban', an' dey *never* could git along widout puttin' on airs. An' de very fust air dey put on dat night, I lit into 'em! Dey laughed, an' dat made me wuss. De res' o' de niggers got to laughin', an' den my soul *alive* but I was hot! My eye was jist a-blazin'! I jist straightened myself up, so, — jist as I is now, plum to de ceilin', mos', — an' I digs my fists into my hips, an' I says, 'Look-a-heah!' I says, 'I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' an' den I see dat young man stan' a-starin' an' stiff, lookin' kin' o' up at de ceilin' like he fo'got somefin, an' could n't 'member it no mo'. Well, I jist march' on dem niggers, — so, lookin' like a gen'l, — an' dey jist cave' away befo' me an' out at de do'. An' as dis young man was a-goin' out, I heah him say to another nigger, 'Jim,' he says, 'you go 'long an' tell de cap'n I be on han' 'bout eight o'clock in de mawnin'; dey's somefin on my mine,' he says; 'I don't sleep no mo' dis night. You go 'long,' he says, 'an' leave me by my own se'f.'

"Dis was 'bout one o'clock in de mawnin'. Well, 'bout seven, I was up an' on han', gittin' de officers' breakfast. I was a-stoopin' down by de stove, — jist so, same as if yo' foot was de stove, — an' I 'd opened de stove do wid my right han', — so, pushin' it back, jist as I pushes yo' foot, — an' I 'd jist got de pan o' hot biscuits in my han' an' was 'bout to raise up, when I see a black face come aroun' under mine, an' de eyes a-lookin' up into mine, jist

[November,

as I's a-lookin' up clost under yo' face now; an' I jist stopped *right dah*, an' never budged! jist gazed, an' gazed, so; an' de pan begin to tremble, an' all of a sudden I *knowed*! De pan drop' on de flo' an' I grab his lef' han' an' shove back his sleeve, — jist so, as I's doin' to you, — an' den I goes for his fore-

head an' push de hair back, so, an' 'Boy!' I says, 'if you an't my Henry, what is you doin' wid dis welt on yo' wris' an' dat sk-yar on yo' forehead? De Lord God ob heaven be praise', I got my own ag'in!'

"Oh, no, Misto C——, I hain't had no trouble. An' no joy!"

Mark Twain.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

VI.

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.

THE history of the Confederacy, when it shall be fully and fairly written, will appear the story of a dream to those who shall read it, and there are parts of it at least which already seem a nightmare to those of us who helped make it. Founded upon a constitution which jealously withheld from it nearly all the powers of government, without even the poor privilege of existing beyond the moment when some one of the States composing it should see fit to put it to death, the Richmond government nevertheless grew speedily into a despotism, and for four years wielded absolute power over an obedient and uncomplaining people. It tolerated no questioning, brooked no resistance, listened to no remonstrance. It levied taxes of an extraordinary kind upon a people already impoverished almost to the point of starvation. It made of every man a soldier, and extended indefinitely every man's term of enlistment. Under pretense of enforcing the conscription law it instituted an oppressive system of domiciliary visits. To preserve order and prevent desertion it instituted and maintained a system of guards and passports, not less oppressive, certainly, than the worst thing of the sort ever devised by the most paternal of despotisms. In short, a government constitutionally weak beyond all precedent was able for

four years to exercise in a particularly offensive way all the powers of absolutism, and that, too, over a people who had been living under republican rule for generations. That such a thing was possible seems at the first glance a marvel, but the reasons for it are not far to seek. Despotisms usually ground themselves upon the theories of extreme democracy, for one thing, and in this case the consciousness of the power to dissolve and destroy the government at will made the people tolerant of its encroachments upon personal and State rights; the more especially, as the presiding genius of the despotism was the man who had refused a promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers during the Mexican war, on the ground that the general government could not grant such a commission without violating the rights of a State. The despotism of a general government presided over by a man so devoted as he to State rights seemed less dangerous than it might otherwise have appeared. His theory was so excellent that people pardoned his practice. It is of some parts of that practice that we shall speak in the present paper.

Nothing could possibly be idler than speculation upon what might have been accomplished with the resources of the South if they had been properly economized and wisely used. And yet every Southern man must feel tempted to indulge in some such speculation whenever he thinks of the subject at all, and remem-