

THE OLD SOUTH

show them to her. Indeed, Hannah's last thought was of her old mistress. She died suddenly one morning, and just before her death she said to her husband, "Open the do', it 's Miss——." The door was opened, but the mistress was not there, except to Hannah's dying gaze. To her, she was standing by her bedside, and her last words were addressed to her.

It is a continual cause of surprise among those who do not know the South intimately that Southerners should be so fond of the old Negroes and yet should be so intolerant of things which Northerners would regard with indifference. It is a matter which can hardly be explained, but if anyone goes and lives at the South, he will quickly find himself falling into Southern ways. Let one go on the plantations where the politician is absent and the "bloody-shirt" newspaper is unknown, and he will find something of the old relation still existing.

I have seen a young man (who happened to be a lieutenant in a volunteer company) kiss his old mammy on the parade ground in sight of the whole regiment.

Some years ago, while General Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia, a wedding took place