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The War Ended: the New Life Begins.

The Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac came finally to the end of their long drawn out engagement. The end of the old ways came then too, but for a time people acted as though the task ahead was ~~patching up the old~~ reconstruction when indeed it was the construction of a new scheme of things altogether.

Home from the wars came my Father with a distinguished military record behind him and his mind intent on home making. Participation in active service ~~was~~ ranging from Arizona to Louisiana, under Sibley, Hord and ^{finally} Magruder at the battle of Galveston ^{that} brought him recognition and official promotion to which neither he nor his devoted followers paid any attention. ~~to~~ as far as title was concerned. "Cap'n" he was when they enlisted under him and "Cap'n" he remained to his dying day.

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Home with him came ^{as} such of the
~~Carpenters~~
Carpenters as remained alive and
posth^{with} ^{they} resumed the task of completing
the house begun under ^{very} ~~such~~ different
auspices. So little did anyone realize
the changes that were come upon them
that none of the plans for the house were
adjusted to the needs ^{the new day.} of a ~~different world~~
~~than that which existed when they were made.~~

^{even} The ~~new~~ kitchen was built in the back yard
just as ^{in the days when a} ~~when a~~ sufficient number of small
pickaninny, in training to become house
servants, ~~adhered to the establishment~~ ~~it~~
pl^{ied} back and forth with ~~the~~ in service of
the ~~dining room~~ supplying the piping hot
biscuits, and "batter cakes" and corn bread that
every ^{body} ~~Southerner~~ expected as a matter of course.
~~Everything else.~~

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It seems strange now that they
had no inkling of what had happened.
So far from ~~under~~ even a ~~approaching~~^{fore boding}
~~an understanding~~ had my Father been
during the war years that he had rashly
gone into debt to increase his holdings
of land. Cotton was bringing a great
price and from Texas at least some of
it was finding its way into the wool
market. ~~Across~~ All along the Rio Grande
today you find ~~home after home~~ in the border
towns ~~handcromely furnished with~~ the china,
glass, silver and furniture of the '60s
as a result of the prosperity of ~~that~~^{the}
cotton running game of that era.
So when adjoining lands were offered for
sale my Father bought, mortgaging his

④ own lands as security for payment.

~~Gifts~~

Now so many stories of ~~these~~ the
early days in the new house came down to
us. We knew that the first child was
born there; born but ^{did not} ~~never~~ lived long enough
even to have a name. It was strange to
us that he had no name, and we ^{persisted} ~~bothered~~
our elders ~~with questions~~ about the matter.
"What was his name?" "What did you
call him?" we persisted and the
peremptory reply "Nothing. Now ask
no more questions," caused us to call

This long dead infant "our little brother."
Nothing. The doctor who attended our mother with
her first child was known darkly to the negroes as "Doc Death."
and we knew that, under the new arrangement
with the negroes, servants were hired
by the year. My Mother's cook died
in the middle of the year ~~and~~ while

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She was still an inexperienced house
keeper and she was unable to secure
another because all were under contract.
So that kitchen in the yard became the
first intimation that she was going
to have to cope with many new
problems.

About that ^{first} cooking she told
us that the only proportions she had
ever learned were the ones used in
the kitchen of her own family where
at least 12 sat down to every meal.
Consequently she cooked for herself and
my Father on the same scale, and as

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~~no~~ No one in those days ever used anything over she was deeply embarrassed by the mounting piles of food in her kitchen. As a device for getting rid of it she would watch the well for negroes drawing water and run out with gifts of it to be taken home "to the children." How she used to laugh at that as she told it. Almost as if that Sallie Fisher had not been herself at all but some far off ancestors of the Sallie Fisher who had learned in a ~~learned the value of every~~ hard choose that biscuits can be toasted and "left overs" have a worthy place in the next days bill of fare.

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We knew that she was ^{very} sick with
a fever there ^{one summer} and that my Father
^{a messenger} extravagantly sent ~~far away~~ on a
long trip to procure for her the
first artificial ice ever brought
into the community. My Grandmother
was opposed to this, deeming it un-
healthy, but my Mother craved it
and my distressed Father was in-
dulgent so the ice was brought and
banked in saw dust in the fire place
in the sick room. But none of Grandmother's
other children were allowed to taste
it because "it might give them Chills"!
^{a few months} After that illness, during which my

⑧ Mother's lovely hair was cut, a beautiful thing happened. My mother went to New Orleans! ~~to~~ ^{To us that} ~~She made~~ was the equivalent to having been transported we see the lovely old place

straight into fairy land itself.

New Orleans was the metropolis of the Old South, it had romance and glamour and tradition. From it came the new styles, the new music, the new books.

My mother went in February - in time for Mardi Gras. She sailed from Galveston while yet it was winter ^{there} but it was already spring in New Orleans. Flowers were flowering and women were wearing gay fresh dresses of ~~spring~~ silk. She made us see how magical that was; how ~~enlivening~~ to sail away from winter and find spring!

⑨ She bought lovely new things herself;
and walked and walked and lost
her way enjoying the sights; and
hurried back to her hotel barely in
time to keep an appointment with
a "hair dresser" who bunched her
lovely short curly hair together on
her neck and made her ready
for the great experience of an evening
at the French Opera. Even in her
old age a faint pink flush of ex-
citement came to her cheeks when we
would make her tell one of ~~the~~ her
grand children the story of her trip
to New Orleans. I know that her heart ~~beats~~
~~time to a whisper~~

beat quickened in response to the memory of that happy time.

She went with my Father's brother, Dr. Fisher, and he went to "buy goods" to ~~offer~~ offer for sale in the community which had been so long shut ^{by the war} off from replenishing its needs. He carried ^{buying, but} ~~but~~ \$5,000. in gold for this.

lest in the uncertainty of post war times it be taken from him he carried it in her trunk! That was simply the crowning excitement to us. Especially as the stevedores complained of the weight when they loaded it on

The Ship.

My Mother took along some gold
 of her own ~~£~~, ~~and~~ ~~to~~ and
 adventured it in this buying.
 Making a pretty profit ^{too} ~~by~~
 one of my ~~for~~ ~~an~~ aunts ~~and~~ told me.
She remembered all
~~about~~ about lovely hats in new shapes,
 and picks in new colors and patterns,
~~and~~ sold to friends with ad-
 vice about how to make them
 up in the new styles with cordings
 and puffings. All very exciting to
 this ^{youthful} aunt who was glad to turn away
 from the sadness of war to ^{things of} lighter and
 more joyous portents.

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the year

It was ^{the year} after the New Orleans trip that my
oldest sister was born. With her
coming began that devoted motherhood
which was to be the keynote of
life thereafter. ~~hence~~ The rest
of us followed along in regular
two and three year periods and
never again was she to be without
care for us and our concerns. ~~For~~
~~us~~ she struggled with ~~str~~ forces.
For us she nourished ambition. ~~For us~~
~~she~~