

"Vidalia? The road to Vidalia is covered. You must wait until the water goes down."

"How long will that be?"

"Three days, perhaps. . . . You gave me good help. Permit me now to regard you as my guest."

"You are all goodness. If you will give yourself no concern — I am Edward Cary, private in the —th Virginia Infantry, lately transferred South. An accident, yesterday evening, left me behind my company on the road to Vidalia. I must follow as soon as it is at all possible."

"It is not so yet. My father is with General Beauregard. My brother is at Grenada with General Van Dorn. I am Désirée Gailard. We Louisianians know what soldiers are the Virginia troops. Cape Jessamine gives you welcome and says, 'Be at home for these three days.'"

She turned and spoke. The old butler came forward. "Etienne, this gentleman is our guest. Show him to the panelled room, and tell Simon he is to wait upon him." She spoke again to Edward. "Breakfast will be sent to you there. And then you must sleep. — No, there is nothing we can do. The danger to the main levee has passed for this time, I am sure. — Yes, there is still food. We can only fold our hands and wait. I am used to that if you are not. Refresh yourself and sleep. Supper is at seven, and I hope that you will take it with me."

The panelled room, with a lightwood fire crackling upon the hearth, with jalousied windows just brushed against from without by a superb magnolia, with a cricket chirping, with a great soft white bed — ah, the panelled room was a place in which to sleep! The weary soldier from Virginia slept like the dead. The day passed, the afternoon was drawing toward evening, before he began to dream. First he dreamed of battle; of A. P. Hill in his red battle-shirt, and of an order from "Old Jack" which nobody could read, but which everybody knew must be immediately obeyed. In the midst of the whole division trying to decipher it, it suddenly became perfectly plain, and the Light Division marched to carry it out, — only he himself was suddenly back home at Greenwood and Mammy was singing to him

"The buzzards and the butterflies."