

QUOTATION

THE CHESNUTS CONTROL A CONVERSATION

December 5, 1863. Wigfall was here last night. He began by wanting to hang Jeff Davis. J.C. [James, her husband] managed him beautifully, and he soon ceased to talk that virulent nonsense and calmed down to his usual strong common sense. I knew it was quite late, but I had no idea of the hour.

J.C. beckoned me out.

"It is all your fault."

"What?"

"Why will you persist in looking so interested in all Wigfall is saying? Don't let him catch your eye! Look in the fire. Did not you hear it strike two?"

This attack was so sudden, so violent, so unlooked for, I could only laugh hysterically.

However, as an obedient wife I went back gravely, took my seat and looked into the fire. I dared not even raise my eyes to see what J.C. was doing. If he, too, looked in the fire.

Wigfall soon tired of so tame an audience and took his departure.

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