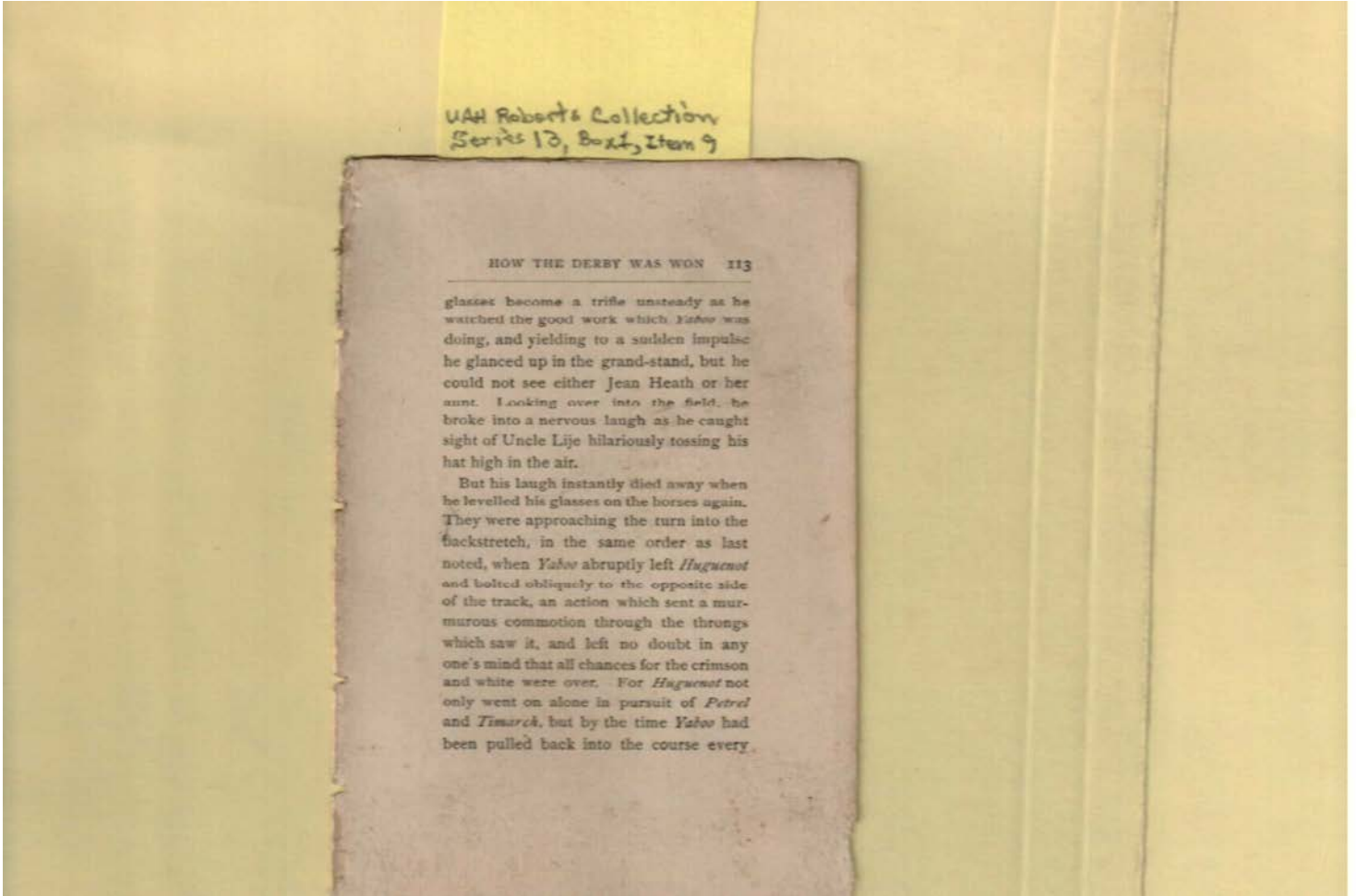


Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9  
Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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**Topics:**

partial story

pp. 113-174

**Names:**

How the Derby was  
Won

Stories of the South

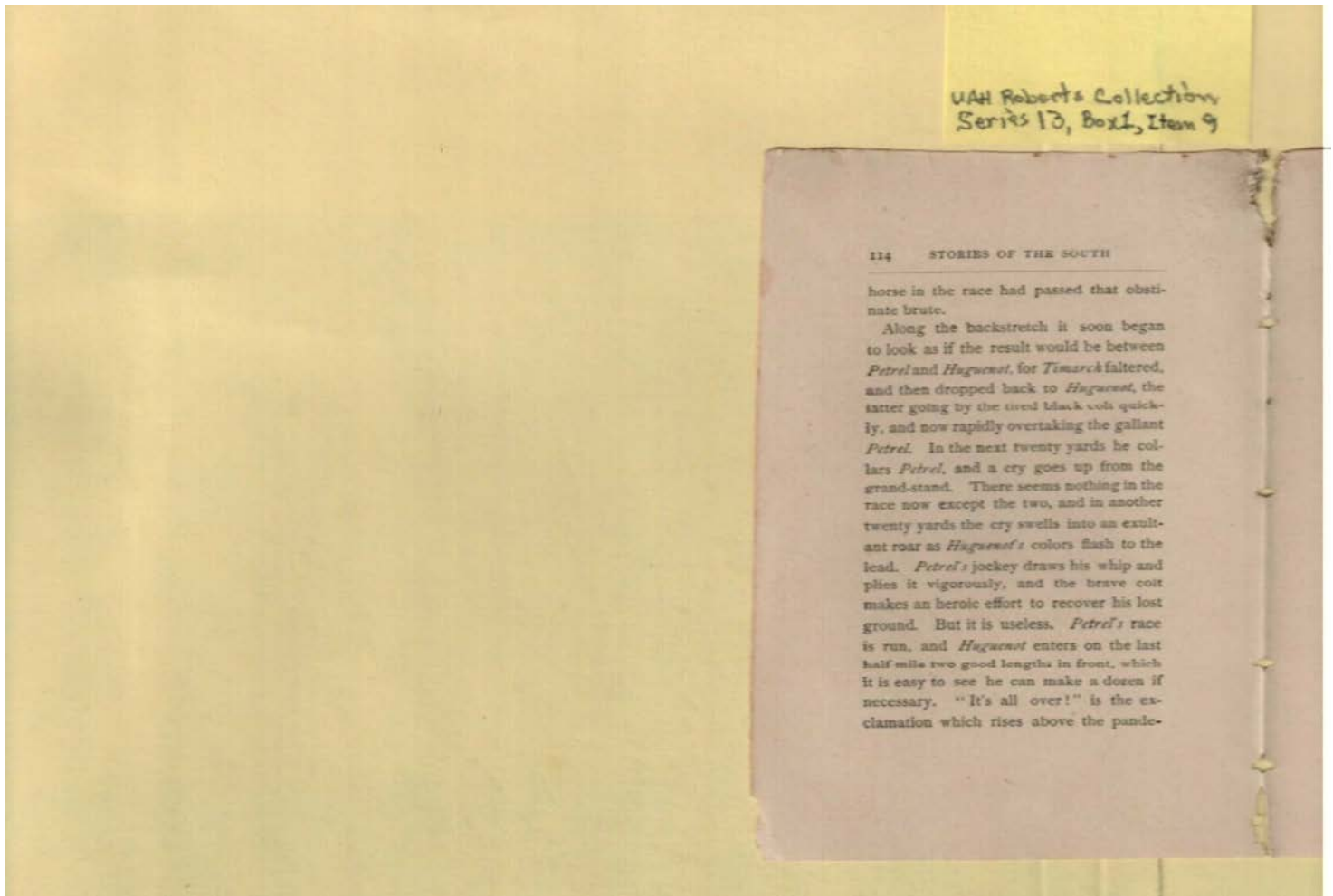
**Types:**

artifact

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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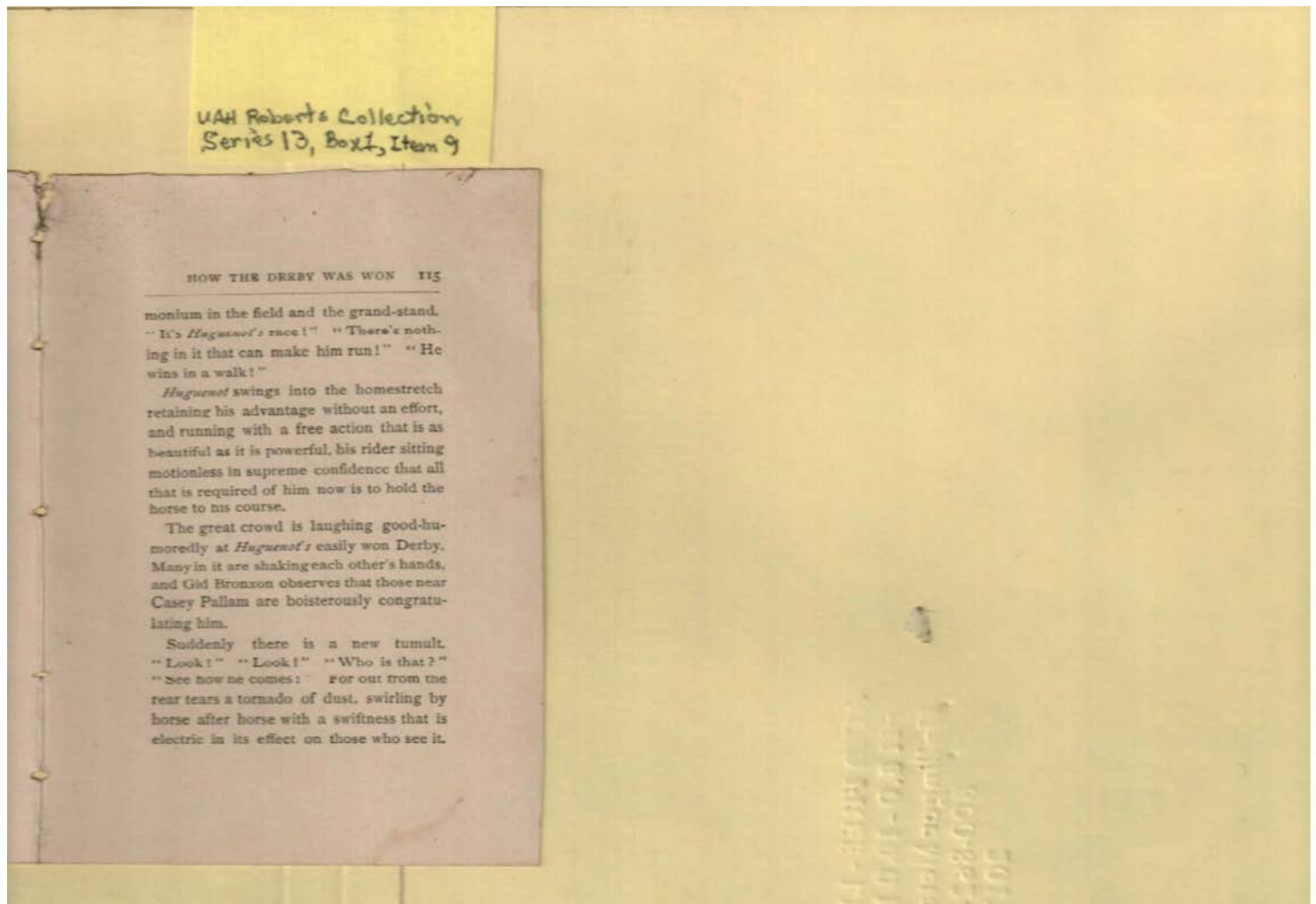
horse in the race had passed that obstinate brute.

Along the backstretch it soon began to look as if the result would be between *Petrel* and *Huguenot*, for *Timarch* faltered, and then dropped back to *Huguenot*, the latter going by the tired black colt quickly, and now rapidly overtaking the gallant *Petrel*. In the next twenty yards he collars *Petrel*, and a cry goes up from the grand-stand. There seems nothing in the race now except the two, and in another twenty yards the cry swells into an exultant roar as *Huguenot's* colors flash to the lead. *Petrel's* jockey draws his whip and plies it vigorously, and the brave colt makes an heroic effort to recover his lost ground. But it is useless. *Petrel's* race is run, and *Huguenot* enters on the last half mile two good lengths in front, which it is easy to see he can make a dozen if necessary. "It's all over!" is the exclamation which rises above the pande-

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

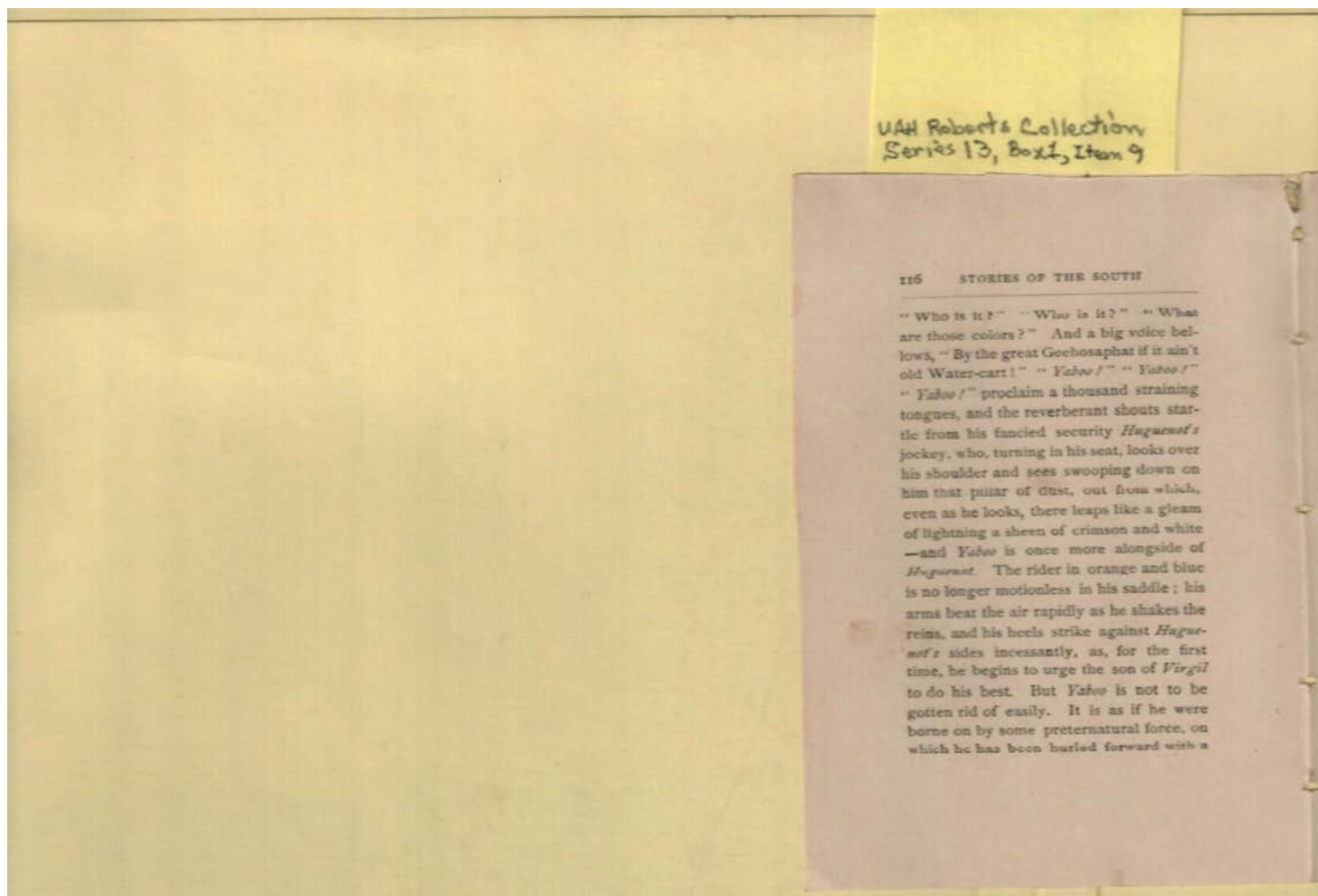
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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

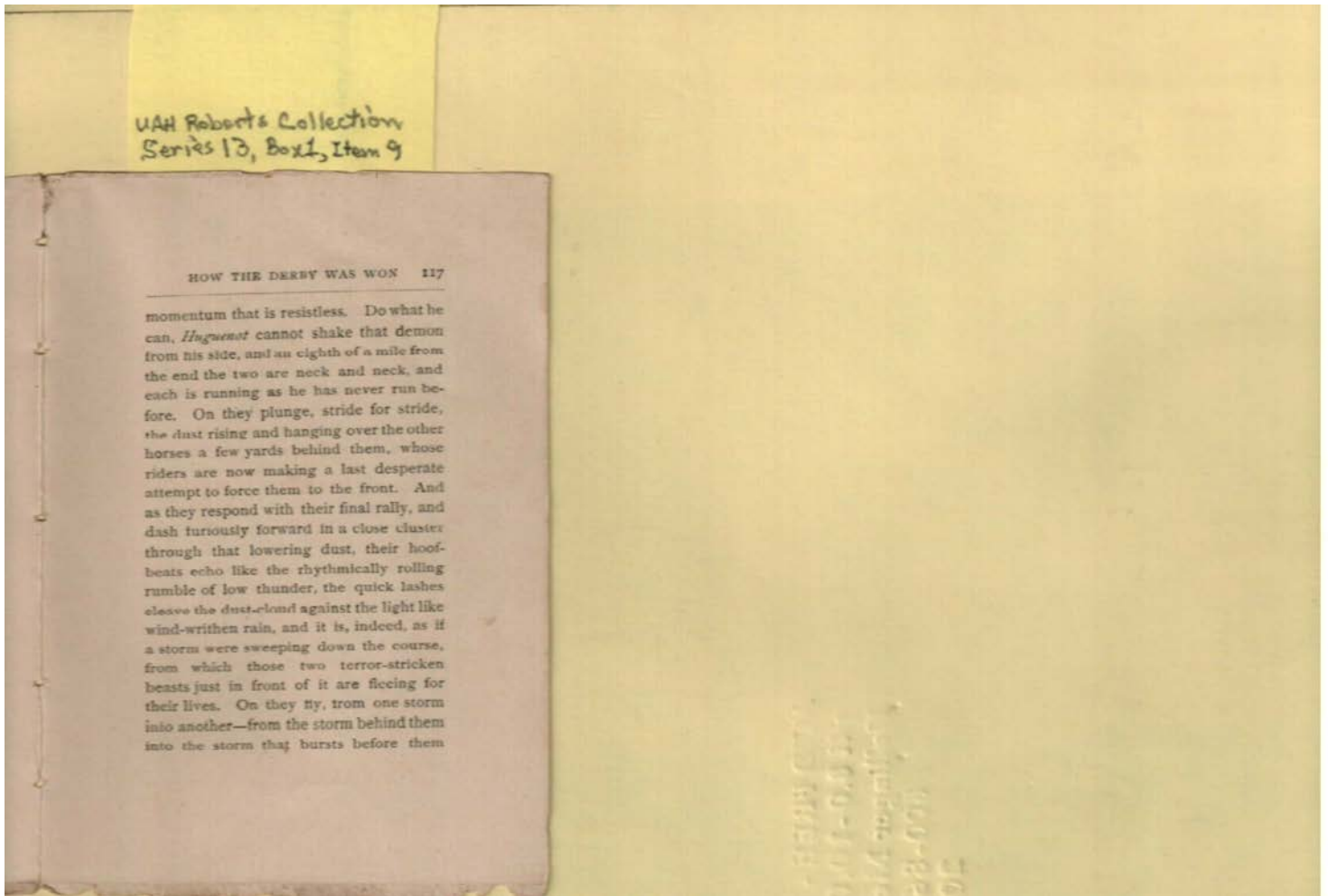
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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

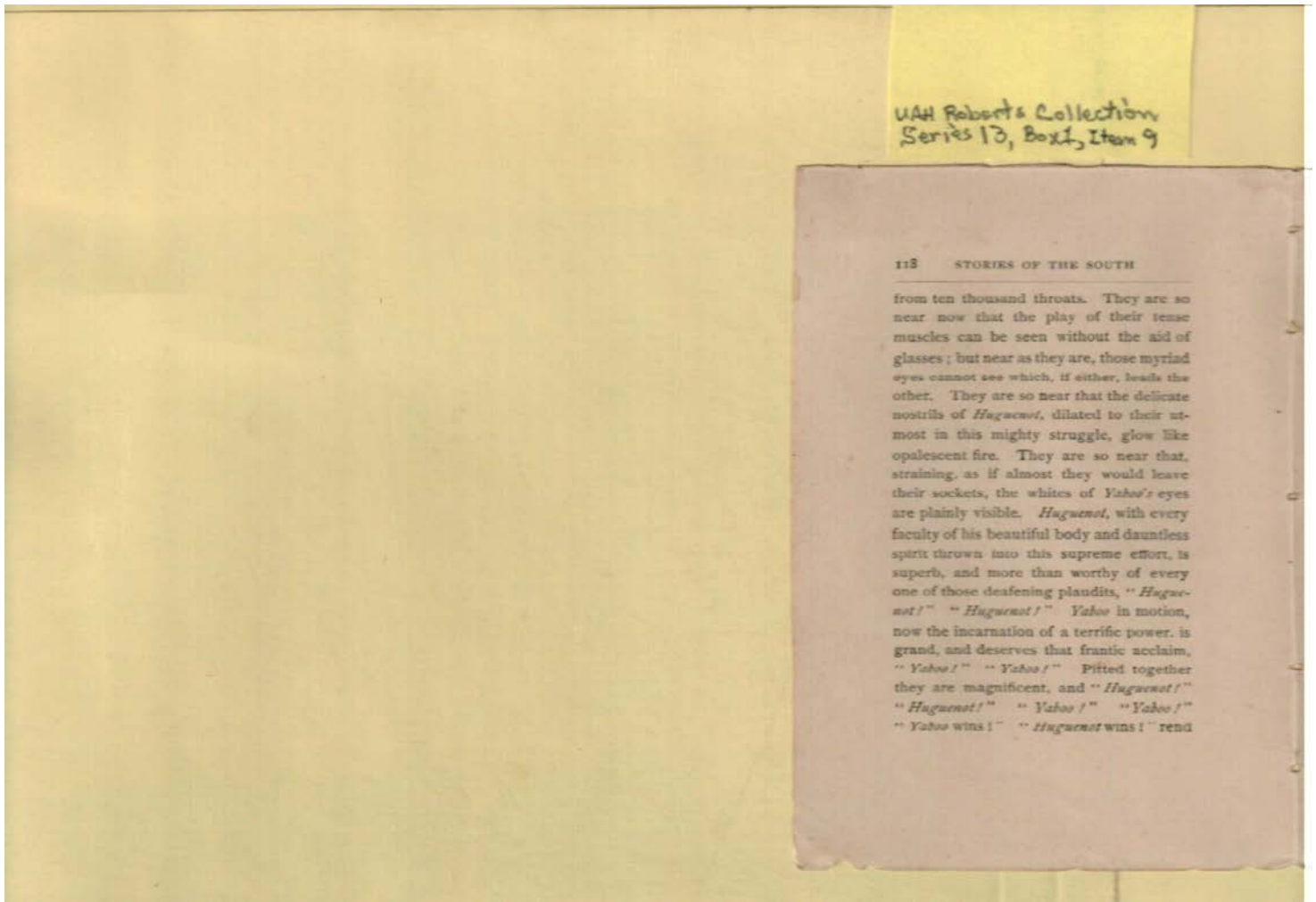
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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

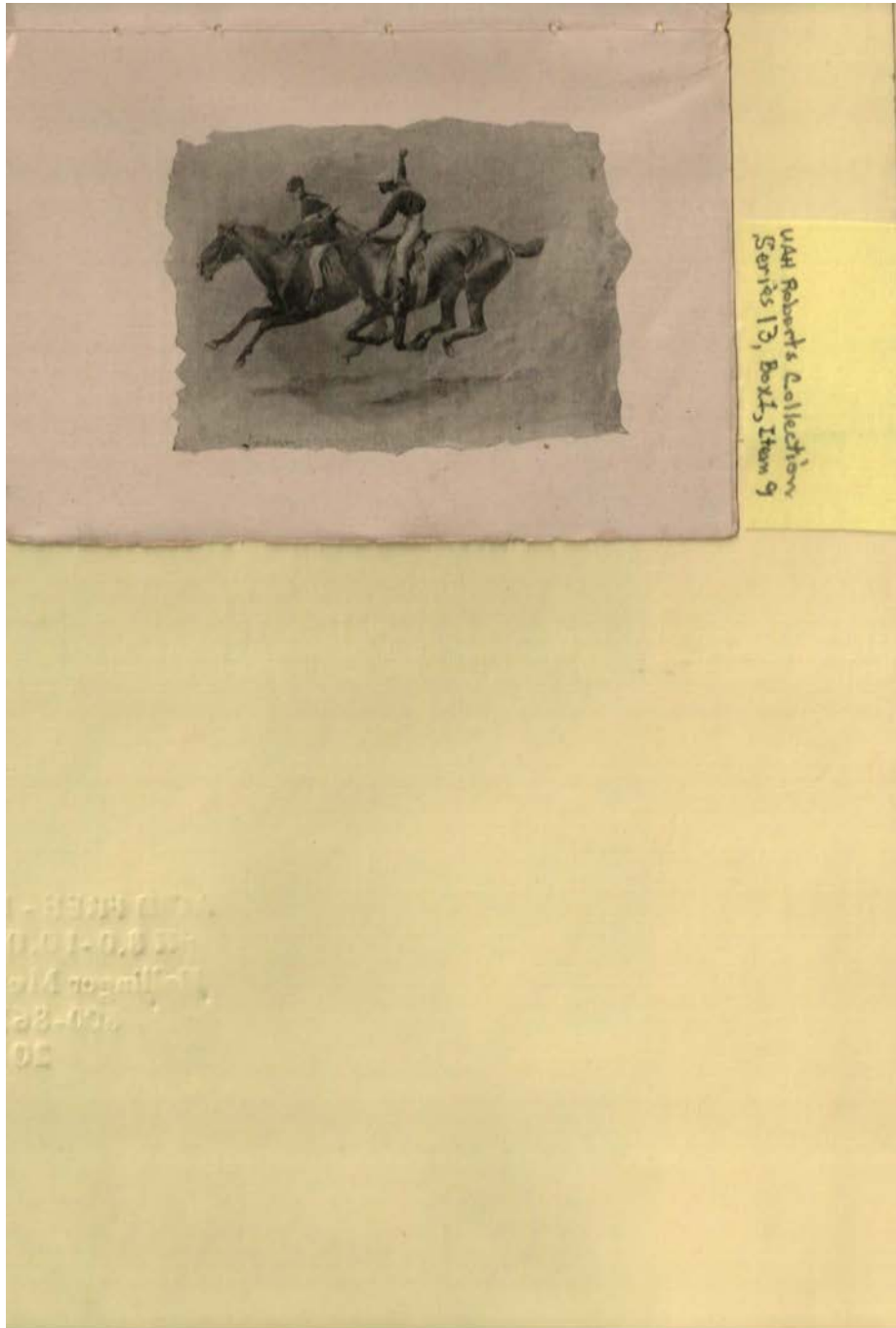
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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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120 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

that mad multitude with a warring chaos of enthusiasm. On they come, even yet as though yoked together; but now as they reach the sixteenth pole, is it—can it be that the crimson has forged just a hand's-breadth in front of the orange? "*Huguenot* is beaten!" rises from the people like a groan of defeat and a yell of victory. His jockey immediately raises his whip, and *Huguenot* for the first time in his life feels the sting of raw hide. "*Huguenot* is whipping!" is heard above that wild uproar, if there is anyone to hear. The sensitive creature springs gamely from the lash, and with an heroic bound wrests the lead from his competitor. "*Huguenot* has him!" "*Huguenot* wins!" and the multitude sways and storms over the triumph of the favorite—for triumph it must be as the goal is now not fifteen yards away. *Yidoo's* jockey bends lower over his horse's withers; there is a tremulous motion of his hands,



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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAH Roberts Collection  
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HOW THE DERBY WAS WON 121

a convulsive pressure of his knees, a quick lifting as if of the horse by the rider, and while the cruel blows yet fall on *Huguenot's* flank, *Yates*, amid an outburst that must startle the far Indiana hills, hurtles past the judges, winner, by a "head," of the Kentucky Derby.

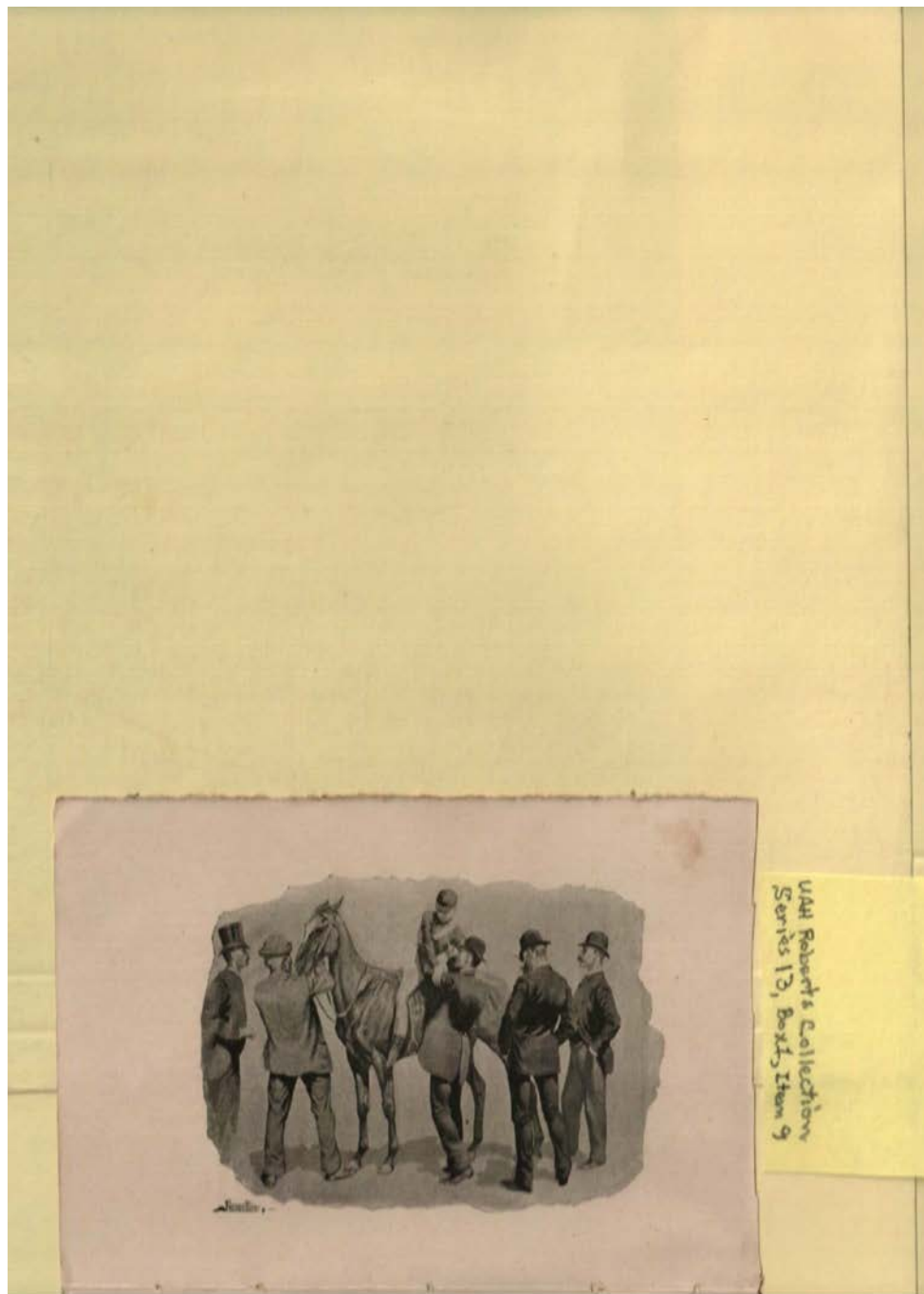
As the jockeys rode back to the judges' stand to dismount after the finish of the race, Gid Bronson suddenly sprang through the gate to the track, and hurrying to *Yates*, lifted his drooping rider from the saddle. His own face was as pale as the boy's, and as he held the exhausted figure for an instant in his arms he saw tears trembling on the little fellow's lashes. "Put me down, quick, quick!" came from the quivering lips, and like one in a dream Gid placed him on the ground. The crimson and white jacket disappeared immediately into the latticed weighing-room. In a moment Gid saw it come forth and slip away

UAH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9  
Image 9

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

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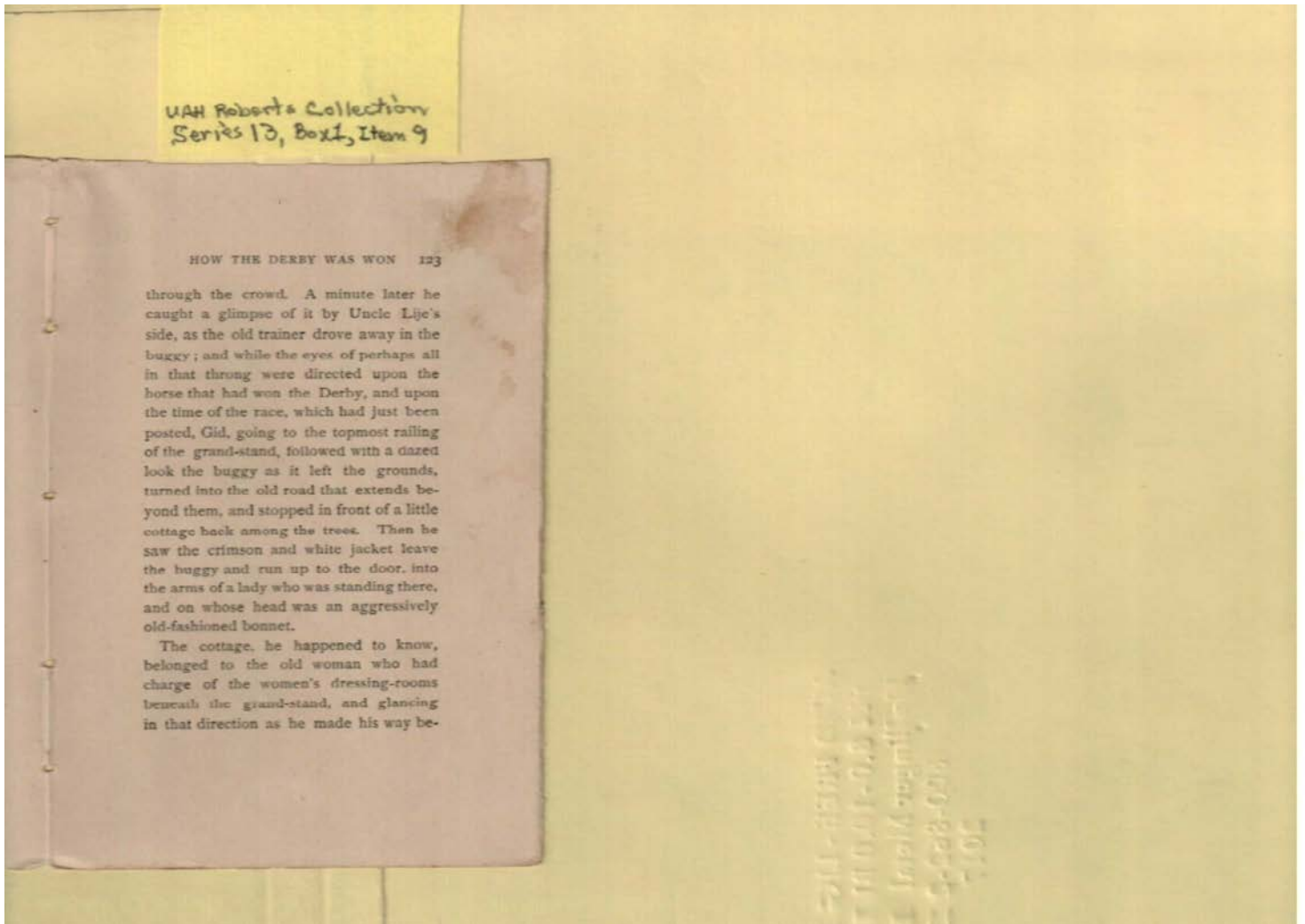


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Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

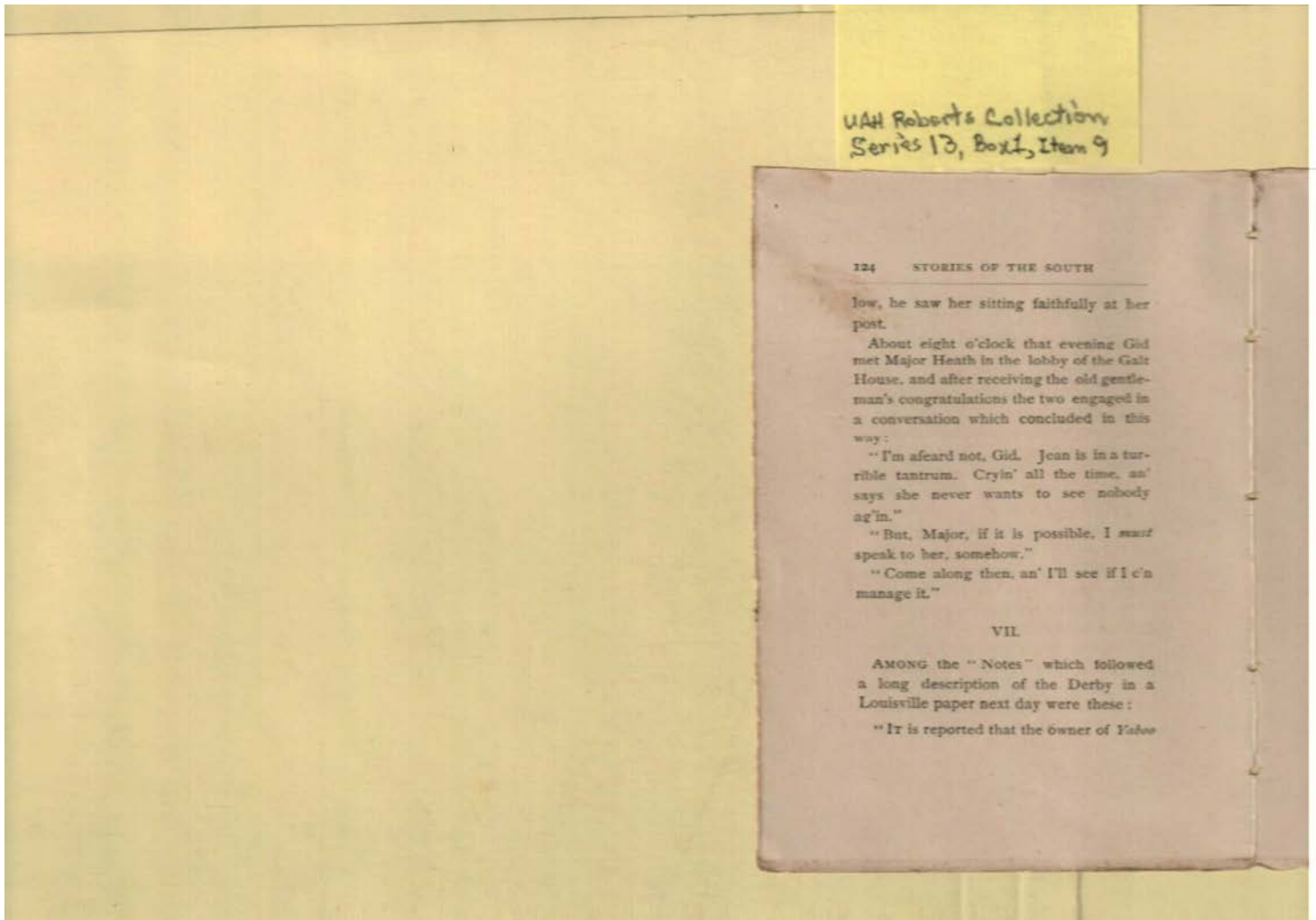
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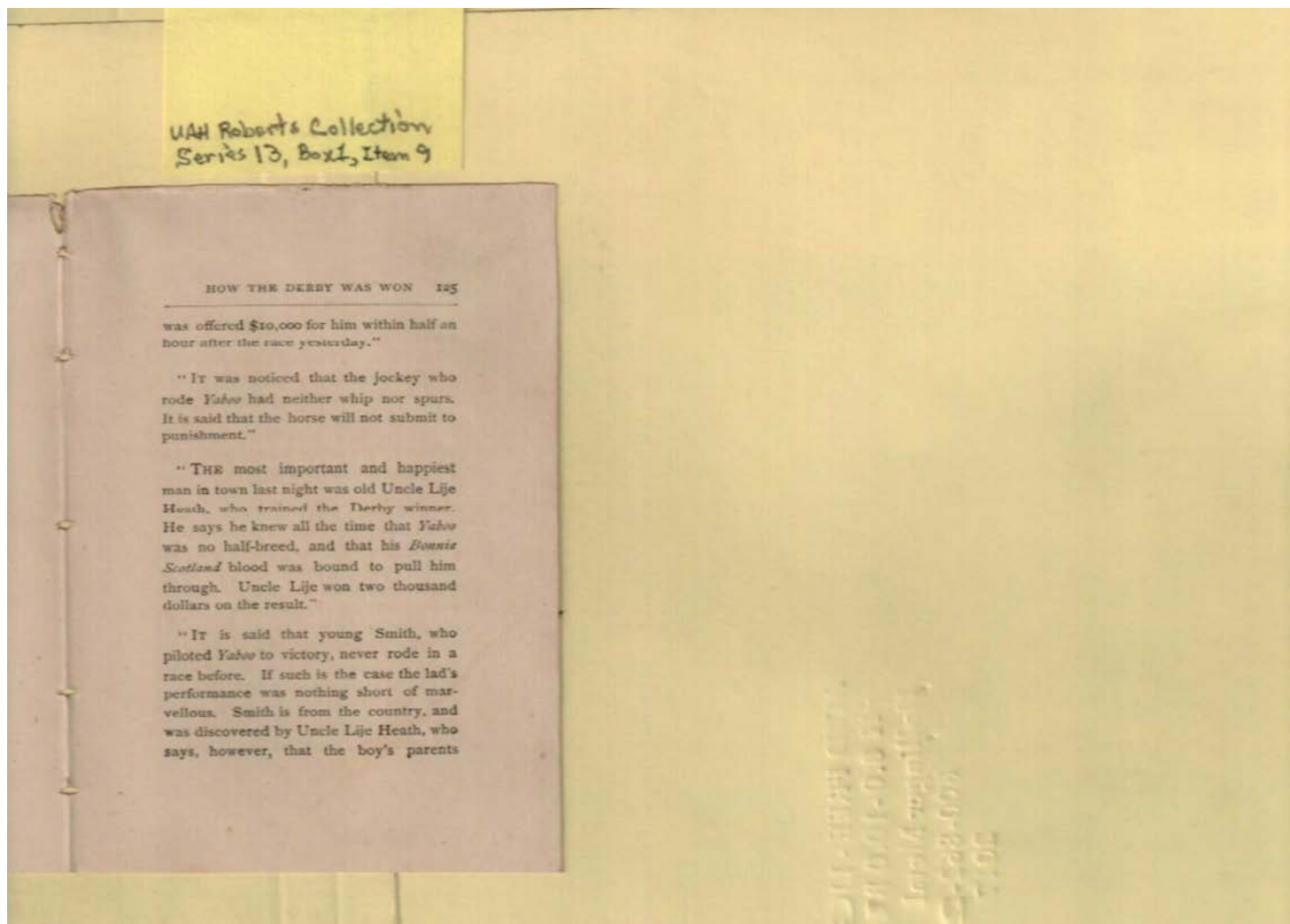
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126 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

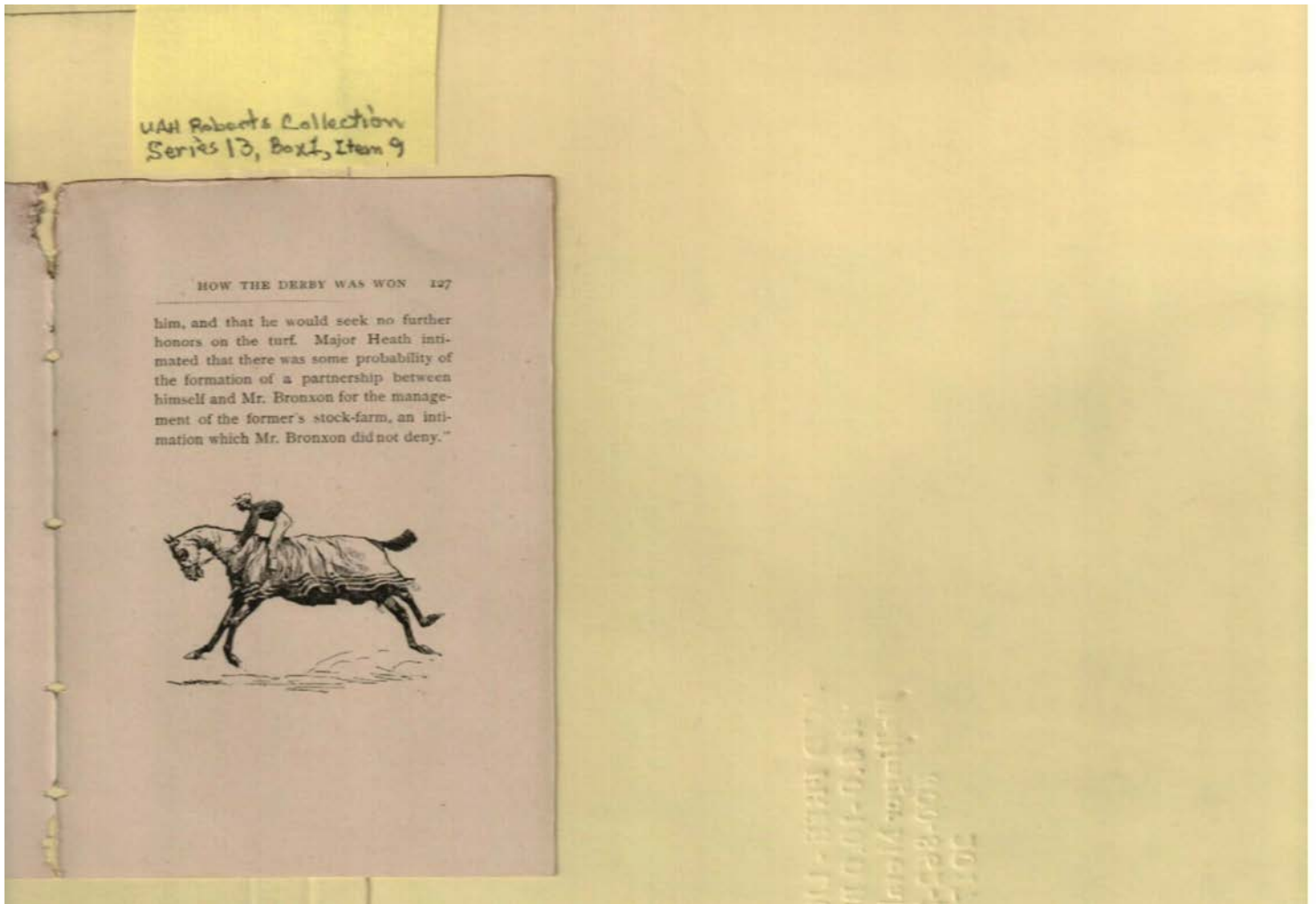
would never consent to his going upon the turf. This is unfortunate, as there is no doubt that he would soon rank with the premier jockeys of America. Uncle Lije explains that Smith would not have ridden yesterday if the horse had not been a favorite of his, and if the ridicule with which the crowd greeted *Yaboo* had not made the boy indignant."

"THE genial Major Heath, of Woodford County, was seen by a reporter in front of the Galt House late last night, in company with Mr. Bronxon, the owner of *Yaboo*. The Major seemed as radiant over the result as Mr. Bronxon himself, as the great son of *Glenig* and *Brankille* was bred by the Major, being the first Derby winner he has yet produced. He sold *Yaboo* as a two-year-old, he says, for \$100. Mr. Bronxon, in response to an inquiry by the reporter, said he thought that yesterday's experience would satisfy

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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HOW THE DERBY WAS WON 127

him, and that he would seek no further honors on the turf. Major Heath intimated that there was some probability of the formation of a partnership between himself and Mr. Bronson for the management of the former's stock-farm, an intimation which Mr. Bronson did not deny."



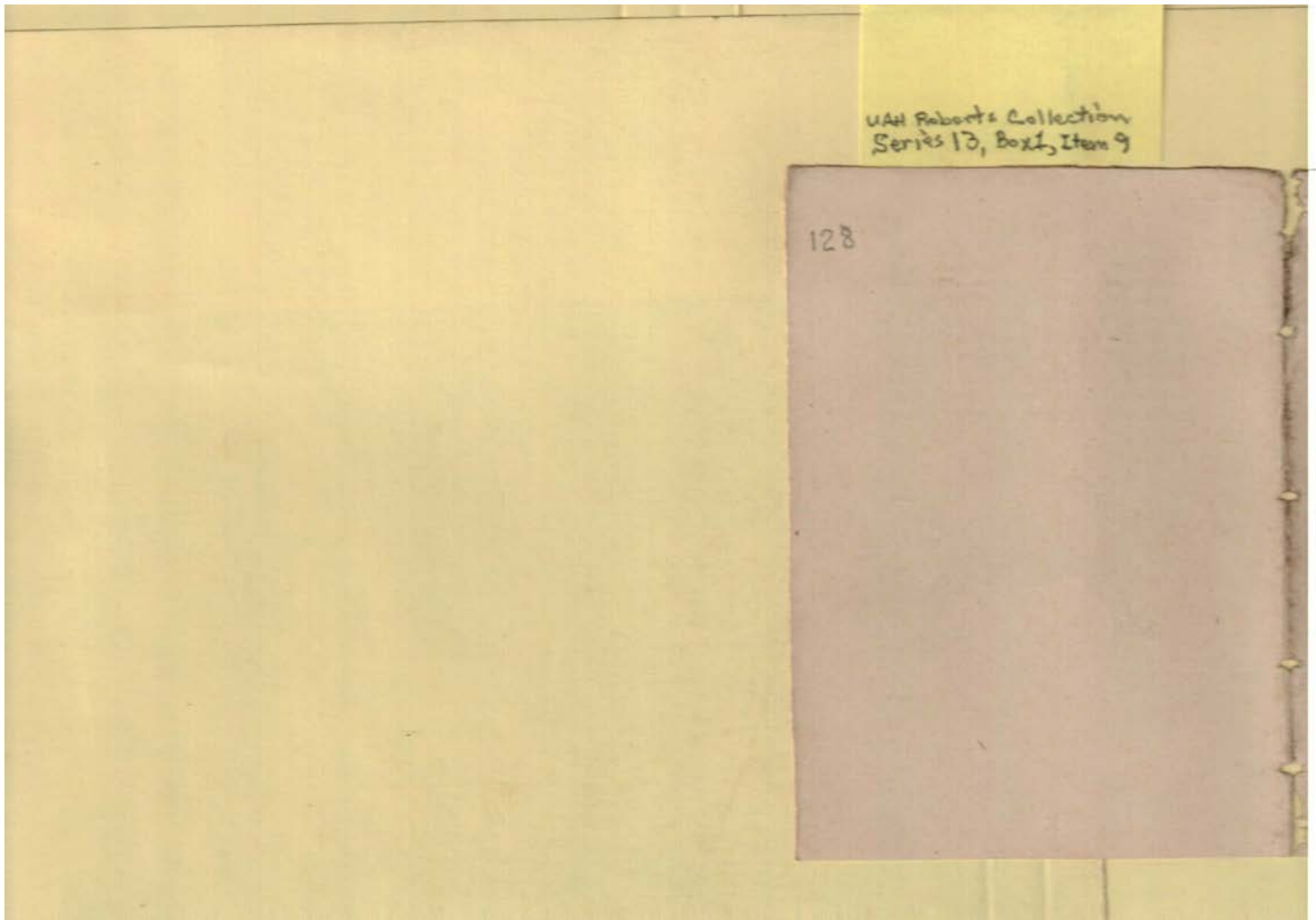
UAH Roberts Collection  
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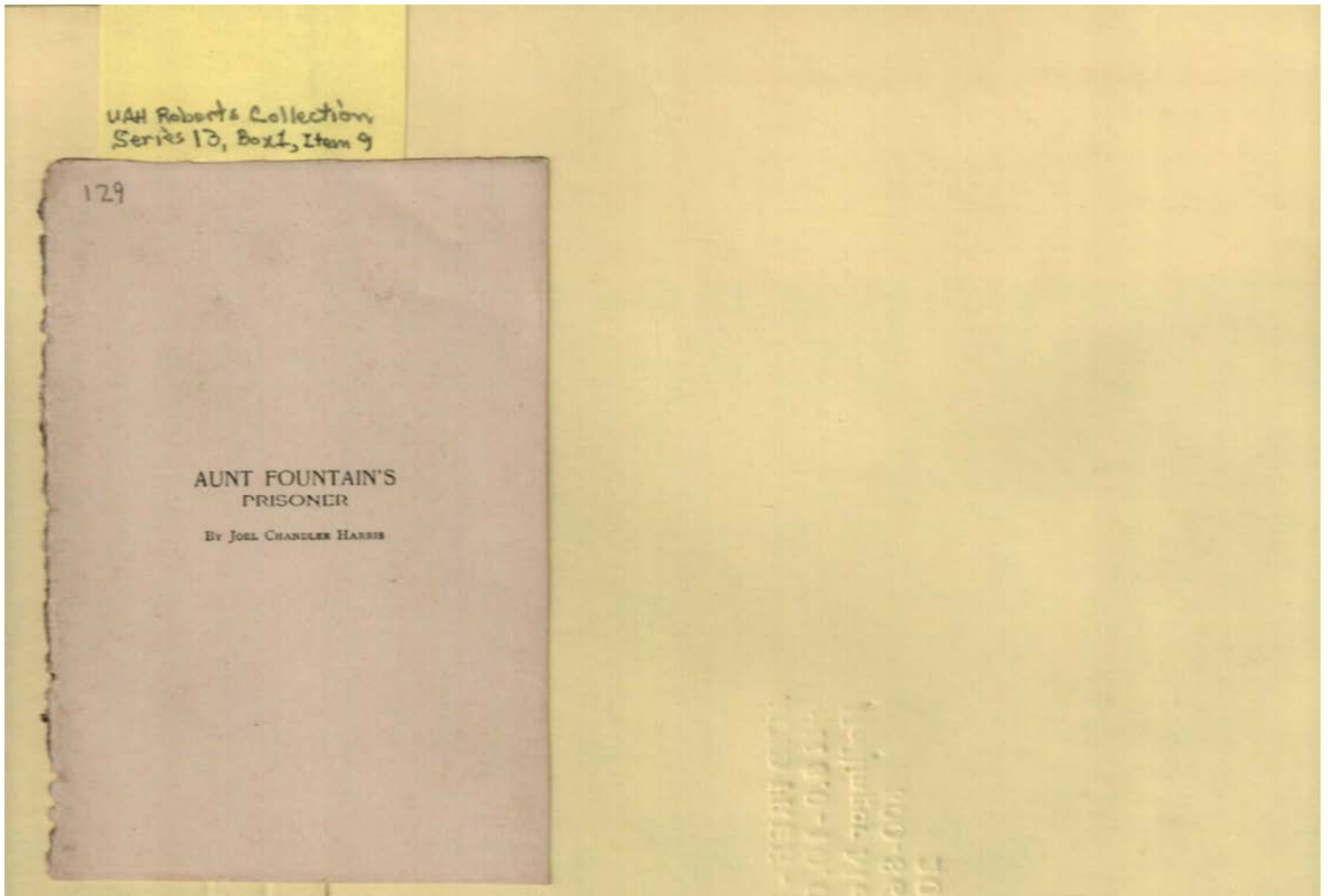


**Types:**  
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Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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**Names:**

Harris, Joel Chandler

Aunt Fountain's  
Prisoner

Stories of the South

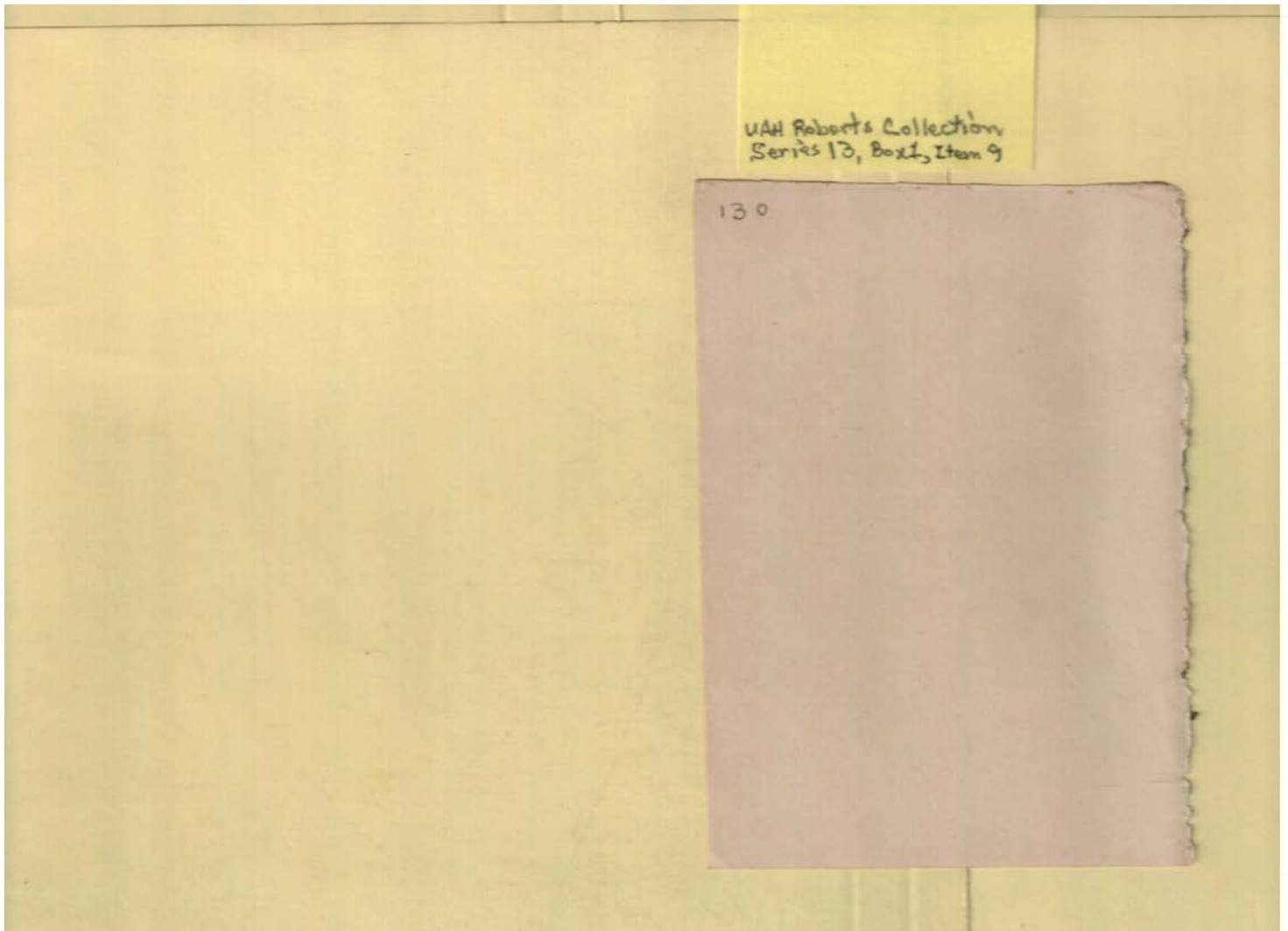
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artifact

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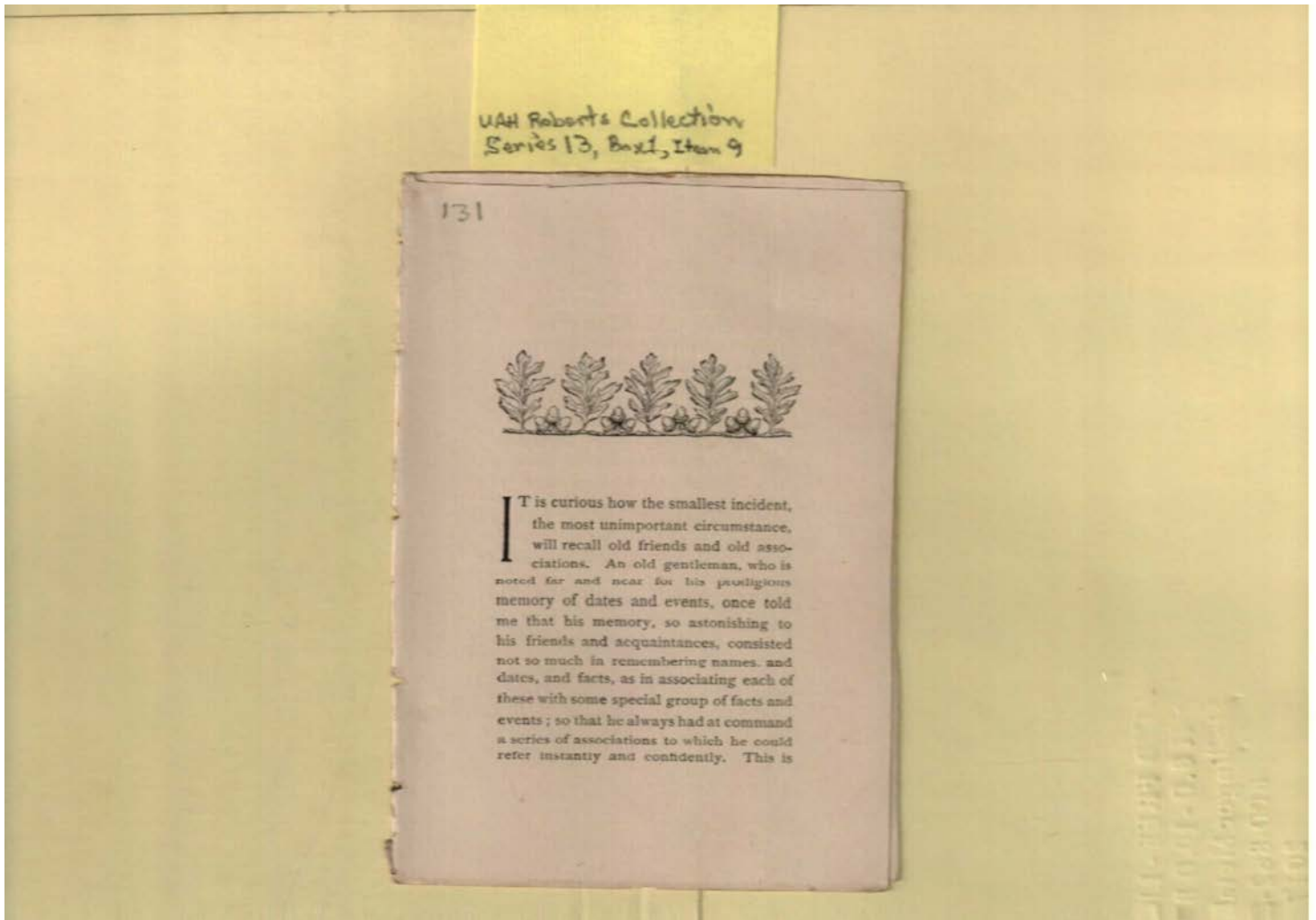


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Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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**Names:**

Aunt Fountain's  
Prisoner

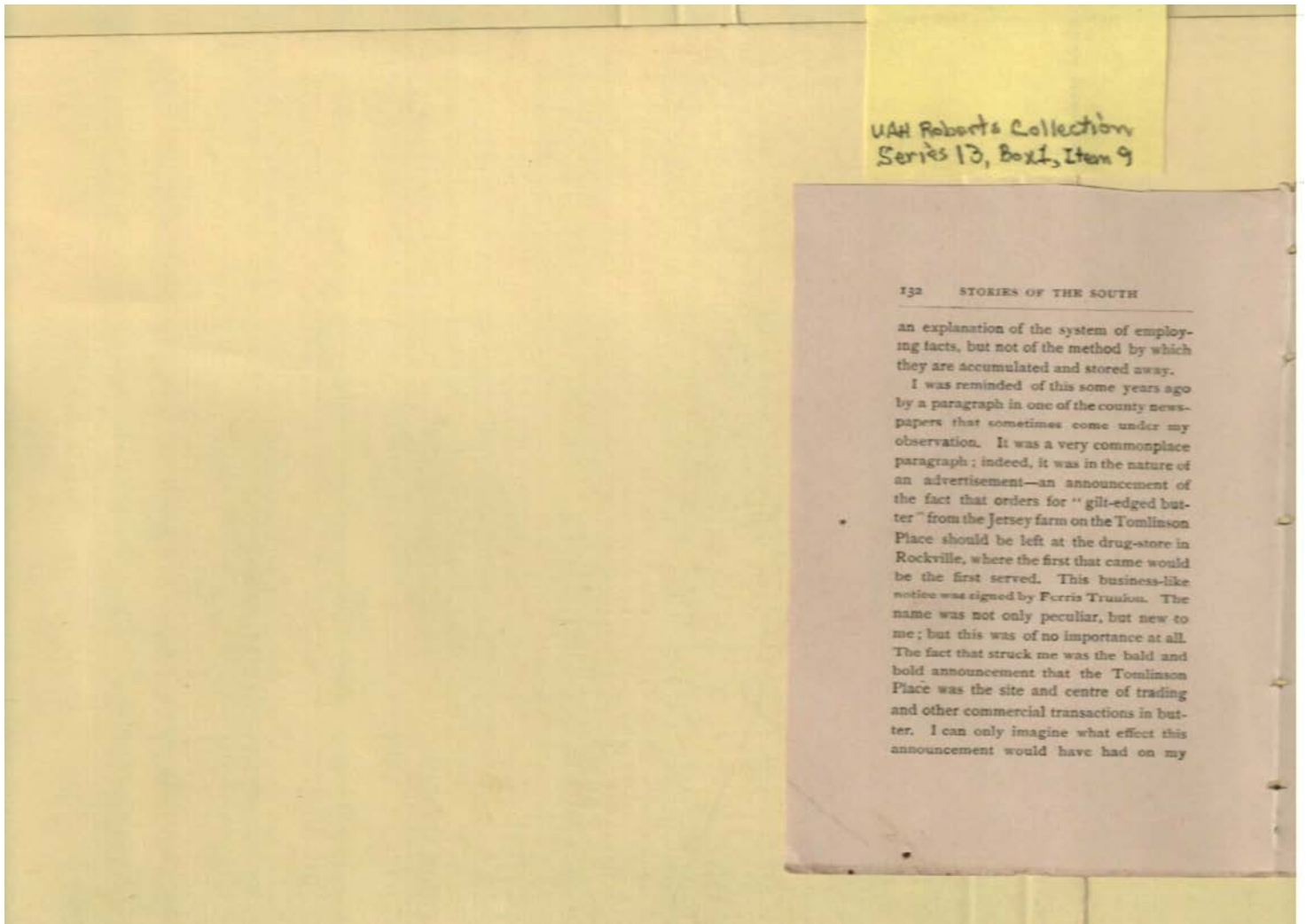
**Types:**

artifact

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 133

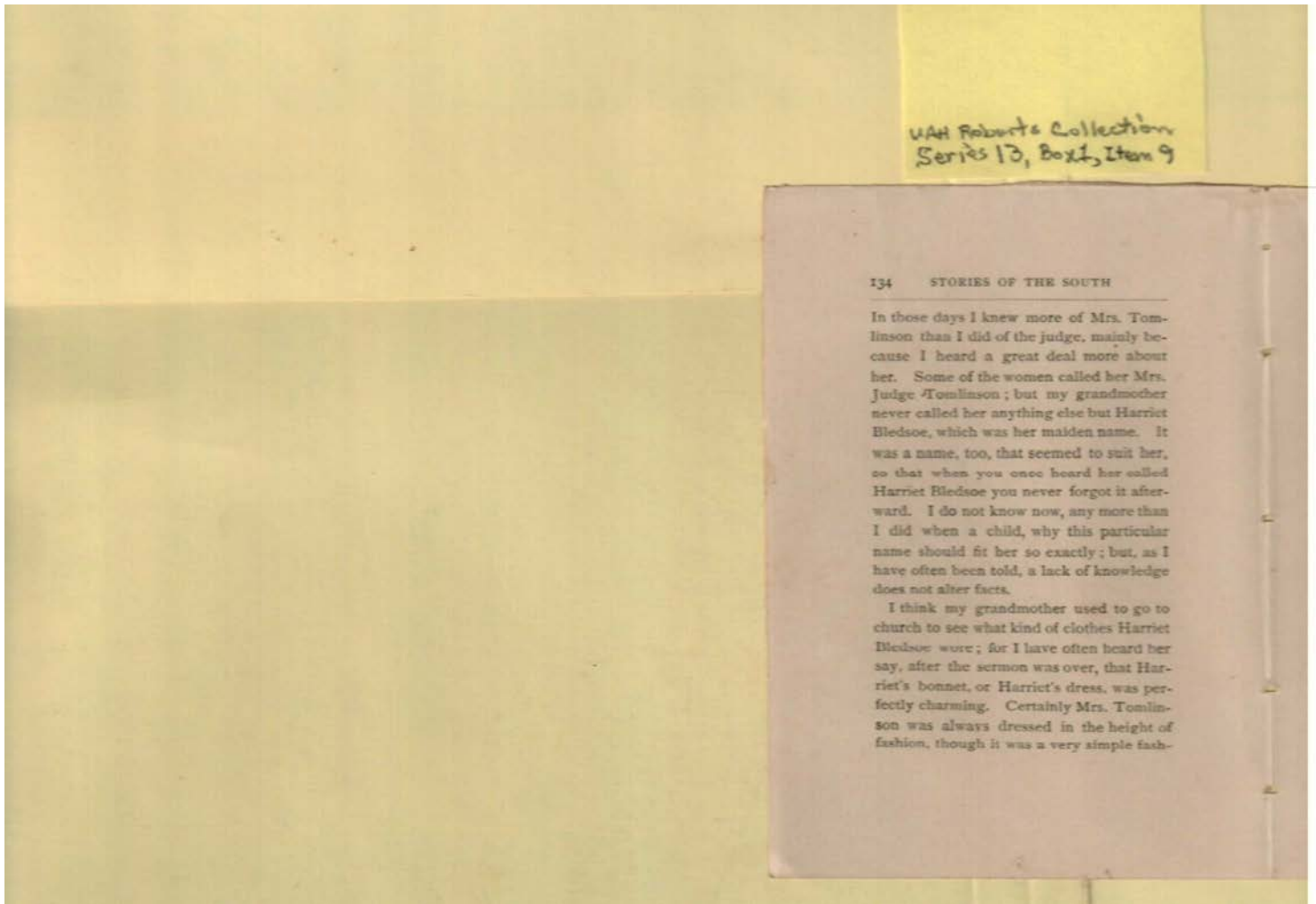
grandmother, who died years ago, and on some other old people I used to know. Certainly they would have been horrified; and no wonder, for when they were in their prime the Tomlinson Place was the seat of all that was high, and mighty, and grand in the social world in the neighborhood of Rockville. I remember that everybody stood in awe of the Tomlinsons. Just why this was so, I never could make out. They were very rich; the Place embraced several thousand acres; but if the impressions made on me when a child are worth anything, they were extremely simple in their ways. Though no doubt they could be formal and conventional enough when occasion required.

I have no distinct recollection of Judge Addison Tomlinson, except that he was a very tall old gentleman, much older than his wife, who went about the streets of Rockville carrying a tremendous gold-headed cane carved in a curious manner.

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 135

ton when compared with the flounces and furbelows of her neighbors. I remember this distinctly, that she seemed to be perfectly cool the hottest Sunday in summer, and comfortably warm the coldest Sunday in winter; and I am convinced that this impression, made on the mind of a child, must bear some definite relation to Mrs. Tomlinson's good taste.

Certainly my grandmother was never tired of telling me that Harriet Bledsoe was blessed with exceptionally good taste and fine manners, and I remember that she told me often how she wished I was a girl, so that I might one day be in a position to take advantage of the opportunities I had had of profiting by Harriet Bledsoe's example. I think there was some sort of attachment between my grandmother and Mrs. Tomlinson, formed when they were at school together, though my grandmother was much the older of the two. But there was no intimacy. The



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gulf that money sometimes makes between those who have it and those who lack it lay between them. Though I think my grandmother was more sensitive about crossing this gulf than Mrs. Tomlinson.

I was never in the Tomlinson house but once when a child. Whether it was because it was two or three miles away from Rockville, or whether it was because I stood in awe of my grandmother's Harriet Hedges, I do not know. But I have a very vivid recollection of the only time I went there as a boy. One of my playmates, a rough-and-tumble little fellow, was sent by his mother, a poor, sick woman, to ask Mrs. Tomlinson for some preserves. I think this woman and her little boy were in some way related to the Tomlinsons. The richest and most powerful people I have heard it said, are not so rich and powerful but they are pestered by poor kin, and the Tomlinsons were no exception to the rule.

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 137

I went with this little boy I spoke of, and I was afraid afterward that I was in some way responsible for his boldness. He walked right into the presence of Mrs. Tomlinson, and, without waiting to return the lady's salutation, he said, in a loud voice:

"Aunt Harriet, ma says send her some of your nicest preserves."

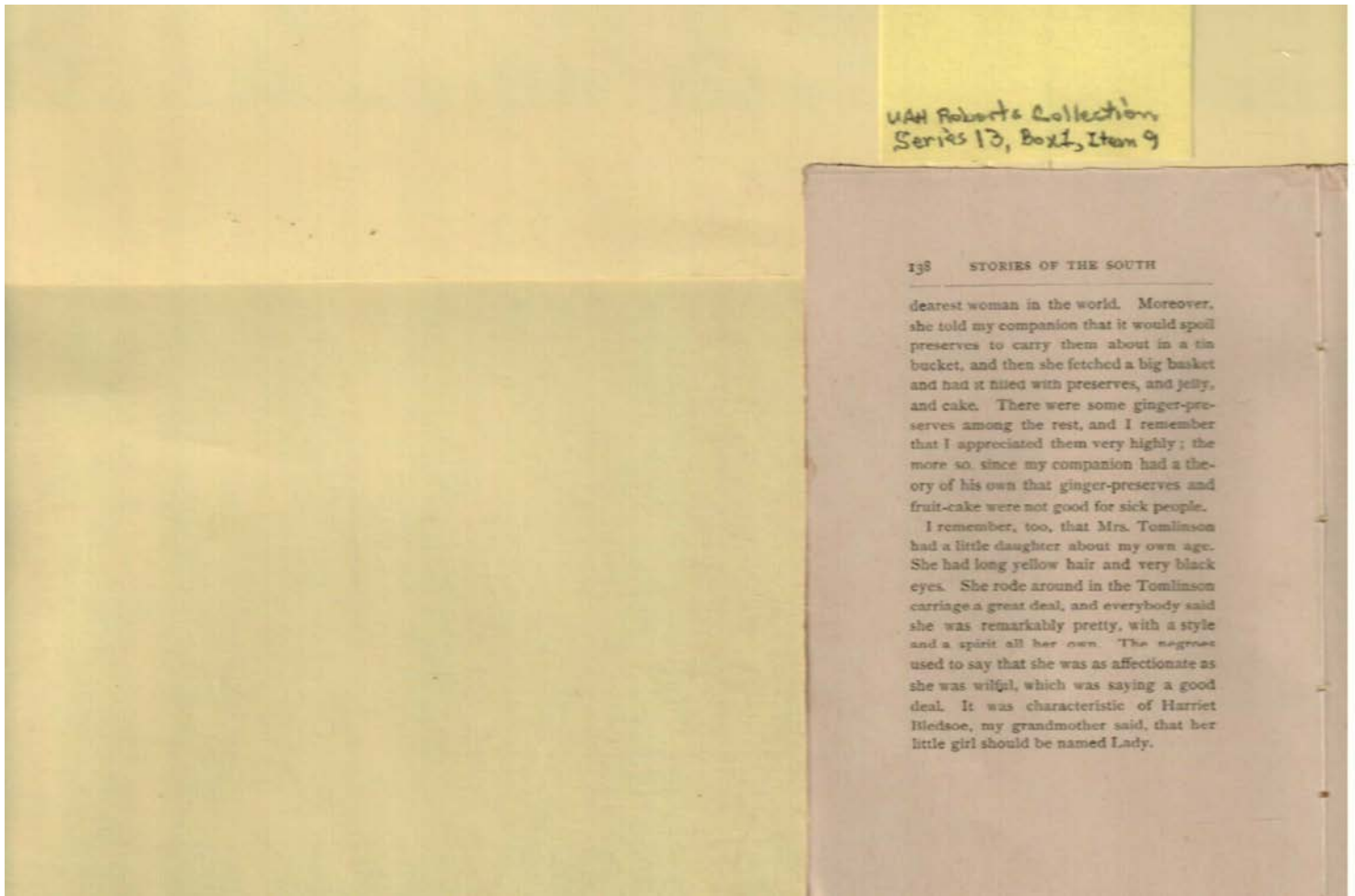
"Aunt Harriet, indeed!" she exclaimed, and then she gave him a look that was cold enough to freeze him, and hard enough to send him through the floor.

I think she relented a little, for she went to one of the windows, bigger than any door you see nowadays, and looked out over the blooming orchard; and then after a while she came back to us, and was very gracious. She patted me on the head, and I must have shrunk from her touch, for she laughed and said she never bit nice little boys. Then she asked me my name; and when I told her, she said my grandmother was the

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

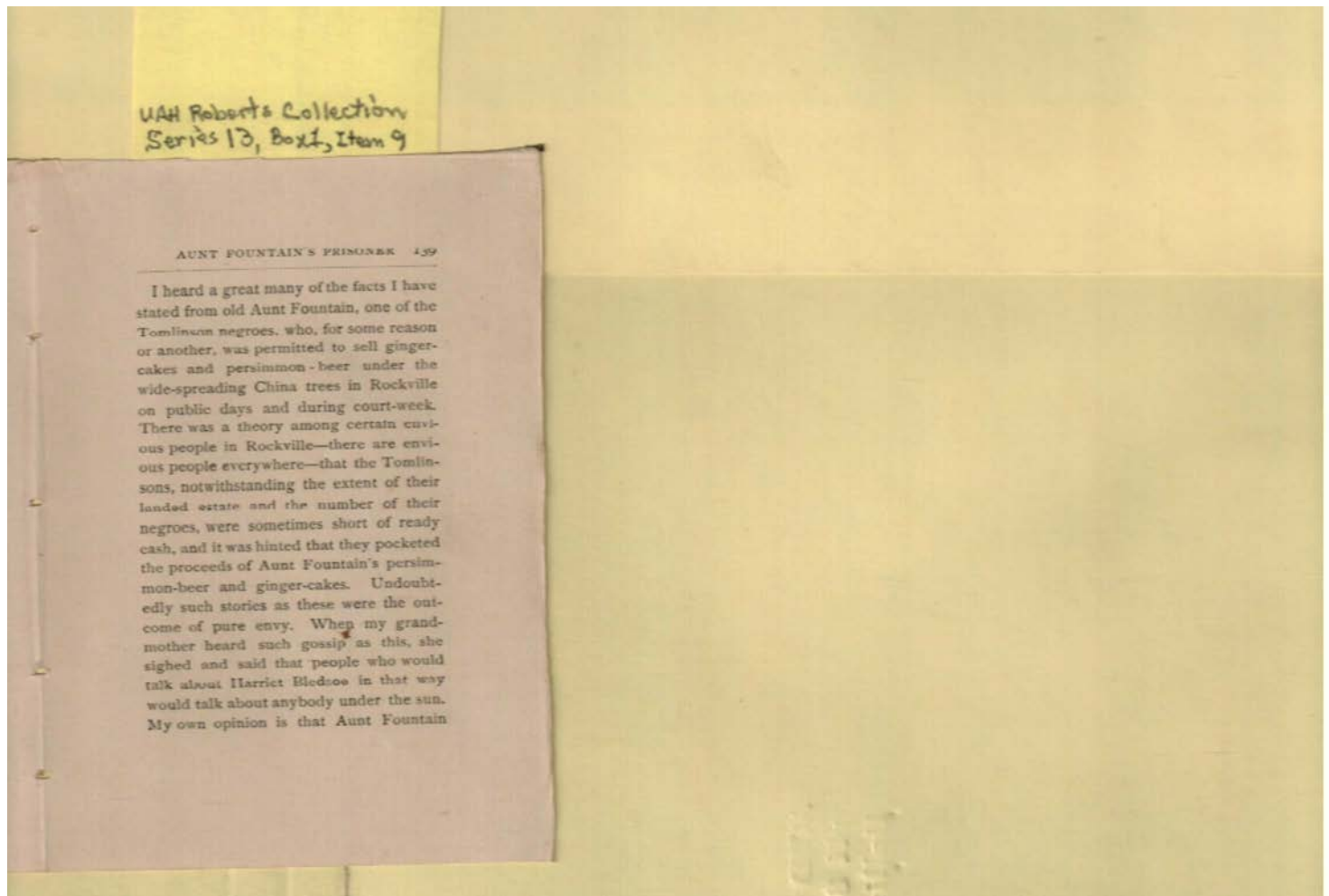
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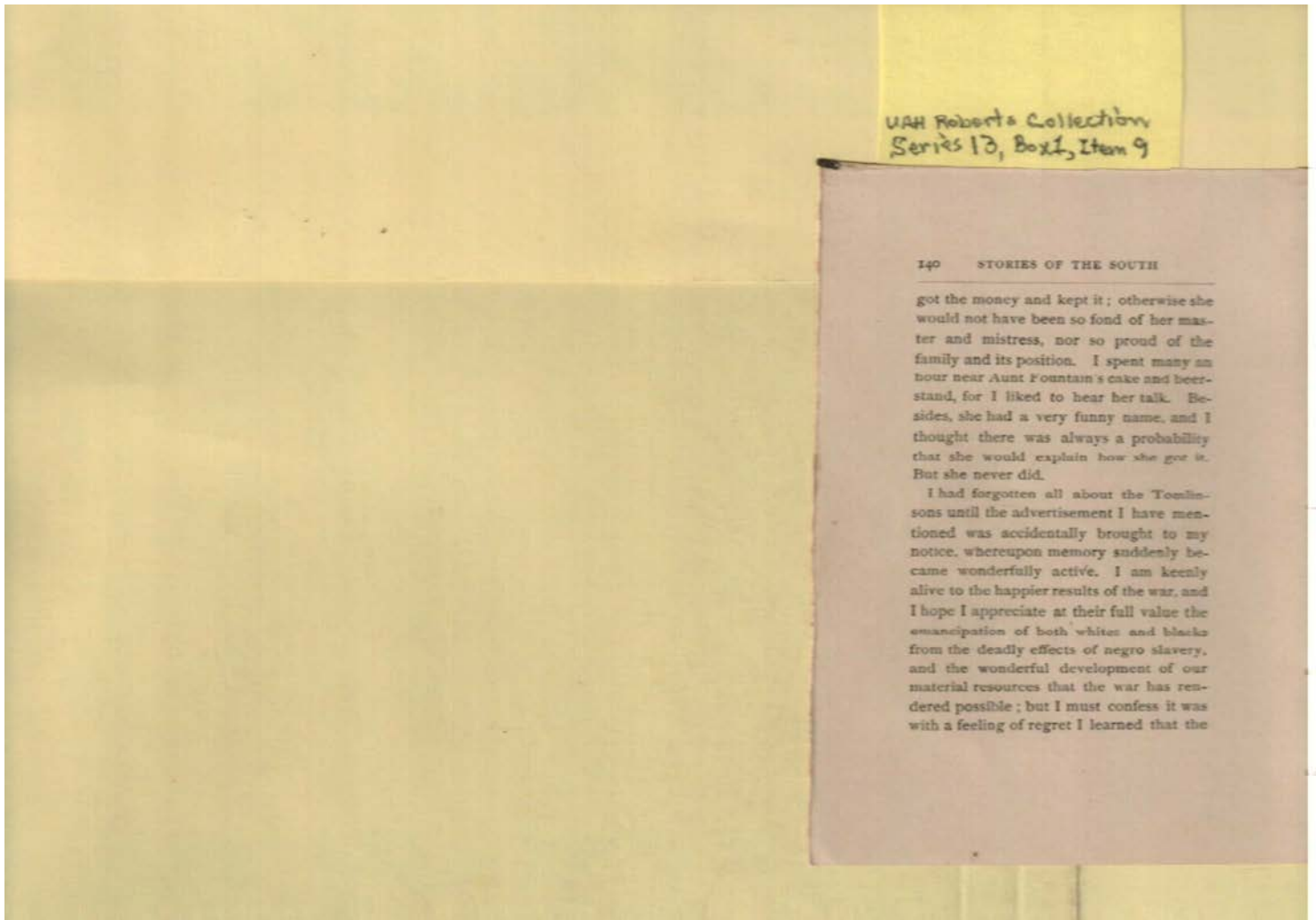
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UAd Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 141

Tomlinson Place had been turned into a dairy-farm. Moreover, the name of Ferris Trunion had a foreign and an unfamiliar sound. His bluntly worded advertisement appeared to come from the mind of a man who would not hesitate to sweep away both romance and tradition if they happened to stand in the way of a profitable bargain.

I was therefore much gratified, some time after reading Trunion's advertisement, to receive a note from a friend who deals in real-estate, telling me that some land near the Tomlinson Place had been placed in his hands for sale, and asking me to go to Rockville to see if the land and the situation were all they were described to be. I lost no time in undertaking this part of the business, for I was anxious to see how the old place looked in the hands of strangers, and unsympathetic strangers at that.

It is not far from Atlanta to Rockville--

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 143

for the purpose of carrying on ancient political controversies with each other.

Among the few familiar figures that attracted my attention was that of Aunt Fountain. The old China tree in the shade of which she used to sit had been blasted by lightning or fire; but she still had her stand there, and she was keeping the flies and dust away with the same old turkey-tail fan. I could see no change. If her hair was grayer, it was covered and concealed from view by the snow-white handkerchief tied around her head. From my place I could hear her humming a tune—the tune I had heard her sing in precisely the same way years ago. I heard her scolding a little boy. The gesture, the voice, the words were the same she had employed in trying to convince me that my room was much better than my company, especially in the neighborhood of her cake-stand. To see her and hear her thus gave me a peculiar feel-

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAB Roberts Collection  
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144 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

ing of homesickness. I approached and saluted her. She bowed with old-fashioned politeness, but without looking up.

"De biggest uns, dee er ten cent," she said, pointing to her cakes: "en de littiest, dee er fi' cent. I make um all mysef, suh. En de beer in dat jug—dat beer got body, suh."

"I have eaten many a one of your cakes, Aunt Fountain," said I, "and drank many a glass of your beer; but you have forgotten me."

"My eye weak, suh, but dee ain' weak nuff fer dat." She shaded her eyes with her fan, and looked at me. Then she rose briskly from her chair. "De Lord he'p my soul!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "W'y, I know you w'en you little boy. W'at make I ain' know you w'en you big man? My eye weak, suh, but dee ain' weak nuff fer dat. Well, suh, you mus' eat some my ginger-cake. De



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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 145

Lord know you has make way wid um w'en you wuz little boy."

The invitation was accepted, but some how the ginger-cakes had lost their old-time relish; in me the taste and spirit of youth were lacking.

We talked of old times and old friends, and I told Aunt Fountain that I had come to Rockville for the purpose of visiting in the neighborhood of the Tomlinson Place.

"Den I gwine wid you, suh," she cried, shaking her head vigorously. "I gwine wid you." And go she did.

"I bin layin' off ter go see my young mistress dis long time," said Aunt Fountain, the next day, after we had started. "I glad I gwine dect in style. De niggers won' know me skacely, ridin' in de buggy dis away."

"Your young mistress?" I inquired.

"Yes, suh. You know Miss Lady w'en she little gal. She grown 'oman now."

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAF Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

146 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

"Well, who is this Trunion I have heard of?"

"He monst'ous nice w'ite man, suh. He married my young mistiss. He monst'ous nice w'ite man."

"But who is he? Where did he come from?" Aunt Fountain chuckled convulsively as I asked these questions.

"We-all des pick 'im up, suh. Yes, suh; we-all des pick 'im up. Ain' you year talk 'bout dat, suh? I dunner whar you bin at ef you ain' never is year talk 'bout dat. He de fus' w'ite man w'at I ever pick up, suh. Yes, suh; de ve'y fus' one."

"I don't understand you," said I; "tell me about it."

At this Aunt Fountain laughed long and loudly. She evidently enjoyed my ignorance keenly.

"De Lord knows I oughtn' be laughin' like dis. I ain't laugh so hearty sence I wuz little gal mos', en dat wuz de time w'en Marse Rowan Tomlinson come 'long

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAt Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 147

en ax me my name. I tell 'im, I did. 'I'm name Flew Ellen, suh.' Marse Rowan be deaf ez any dead boss. He 'low, 'Hey?' I say, 'I'm name Flew Ellen, suh.' Marse Rowan say, 'Fountain! Huh! he quare name.' I holler en laugh. en w'en de folks ax me w'at I hollerin' 'bout, I tell um dat Marse Rowan say I'm name Fountain. Well, suh, fum dat day down ter dis, stedd' Flew Ellen, I'm bin name Fountain. I laugh hearty den en my name got change, en I feard ef I laugh now de boss'll run away en turn de buggy upperside down right spang on top er me."

"But about this Mr. Trunion?" said I.

"Name er de Lord!" exclaimed Aunt Fountain, "ain' you never is bin year 'bout dat? You bin mighty fur ways, suh, kaze we all bin knowin' 'bout it fum de jump."

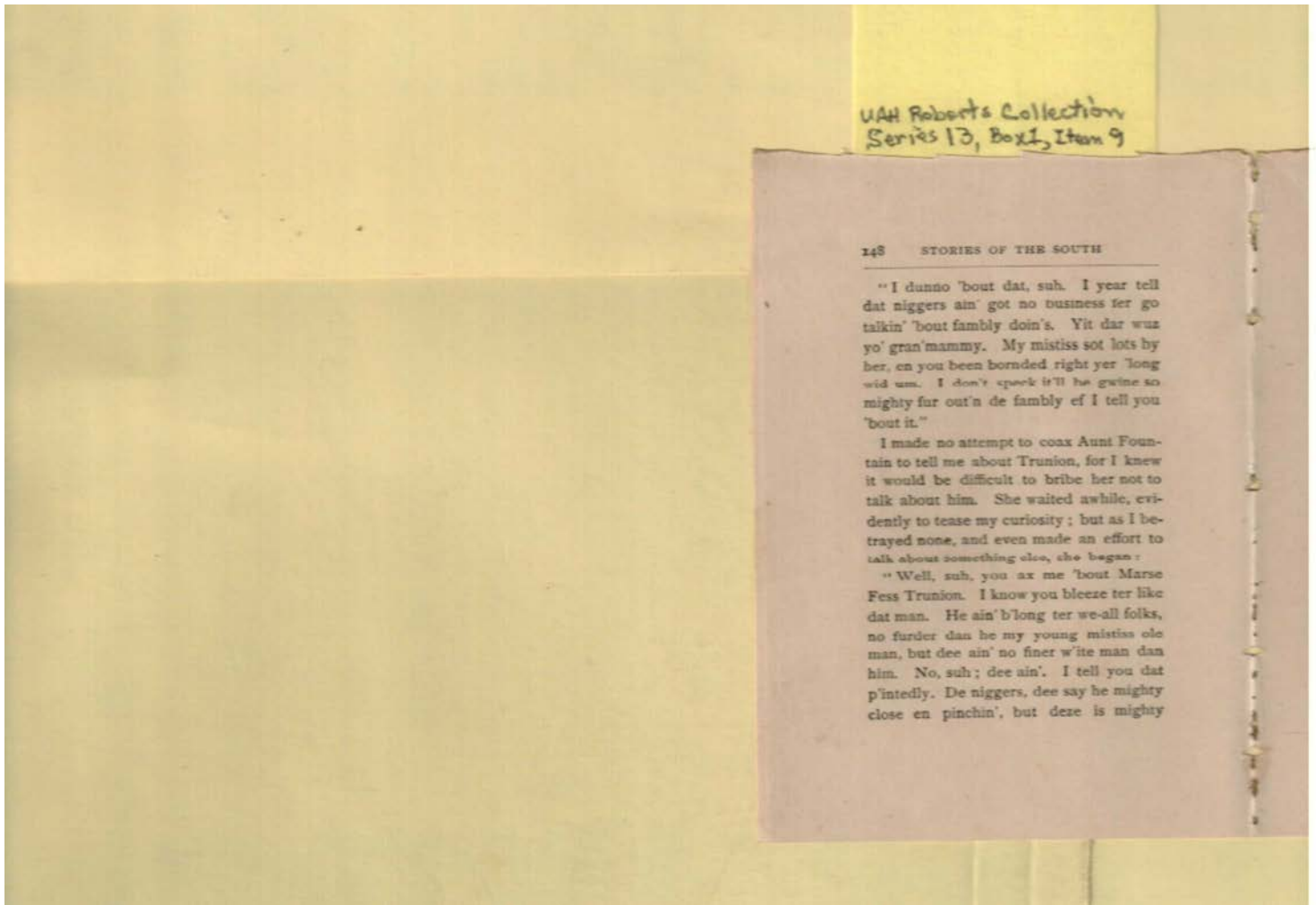
"No doubt. Now tell me about it."

Aunt Fountain shook her head and her face assumed a serious expression.

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 149

pinchin' times—you know dat yo'se'f, suh. Ef a man don't fa'ri'y fling 'way he money, dem Tomlinson niggers, dee'll say he mighty pinchin'. I hatter be pinchin' myse'f, suh, kaze I know time I sell my ginger-cakes dat ef I don't grip onter de money, dee won' be none lef fer buy flour en 'lasses fer make mo'. It de Lord's trufe, suh, kaze I done had trouble dat way many's de time. I say dis 'bout Marse Fess Trunion, ef he ain' got de blood, he got de breedin'. Ef he ain' good ez de Tomlinsons, he lots better dan some folks w'at I know."

I gathered from all this that Trunion was a foreigner of some kind, but I found out my mistake later.

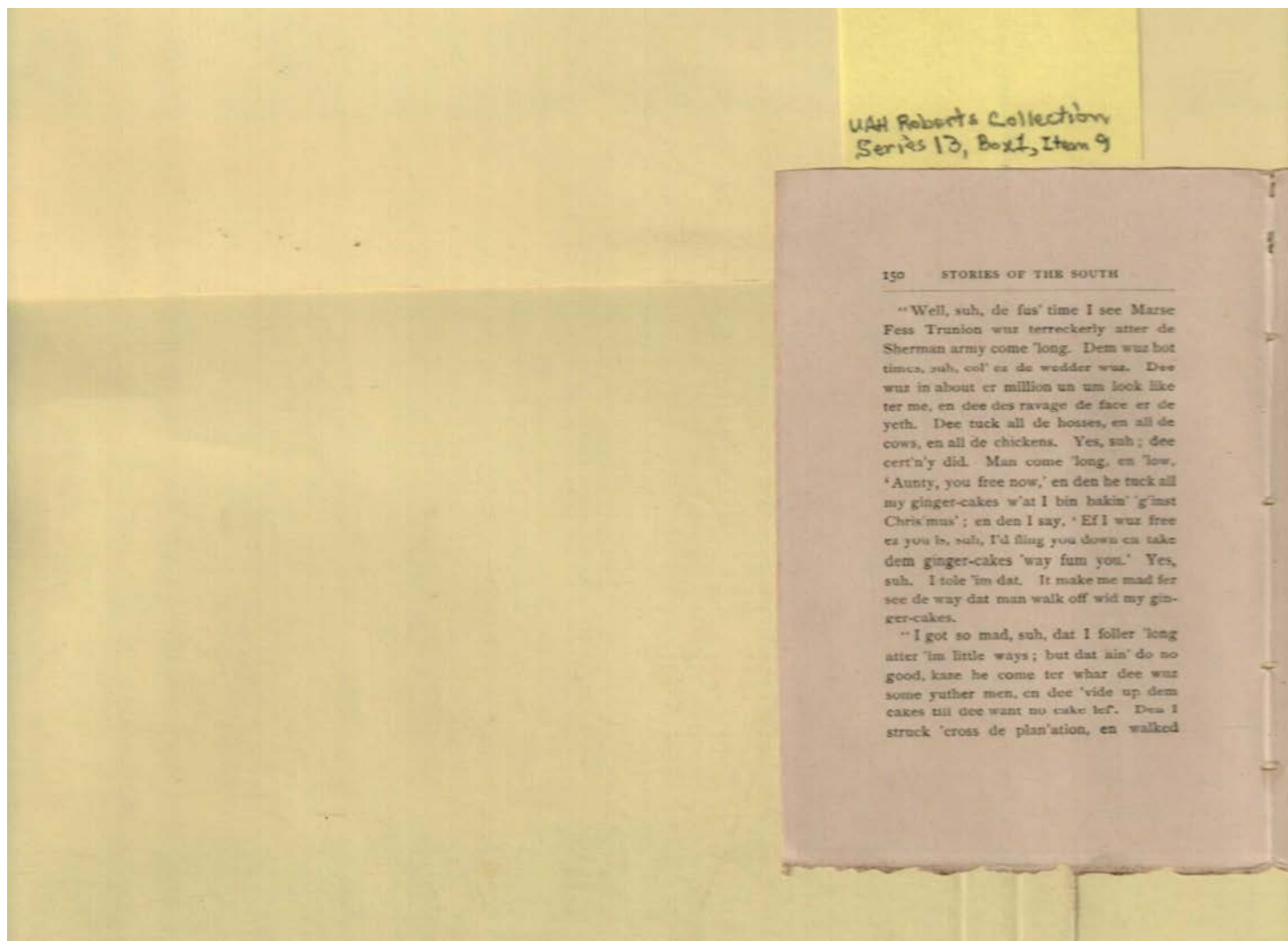
"I pick dat man up myse'f, en I knows 'im 'most good ez ef he wuz one er we. all."

"What do you mean when you say 'you picked him up?'" I asked, unable to restrain my impatience.

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

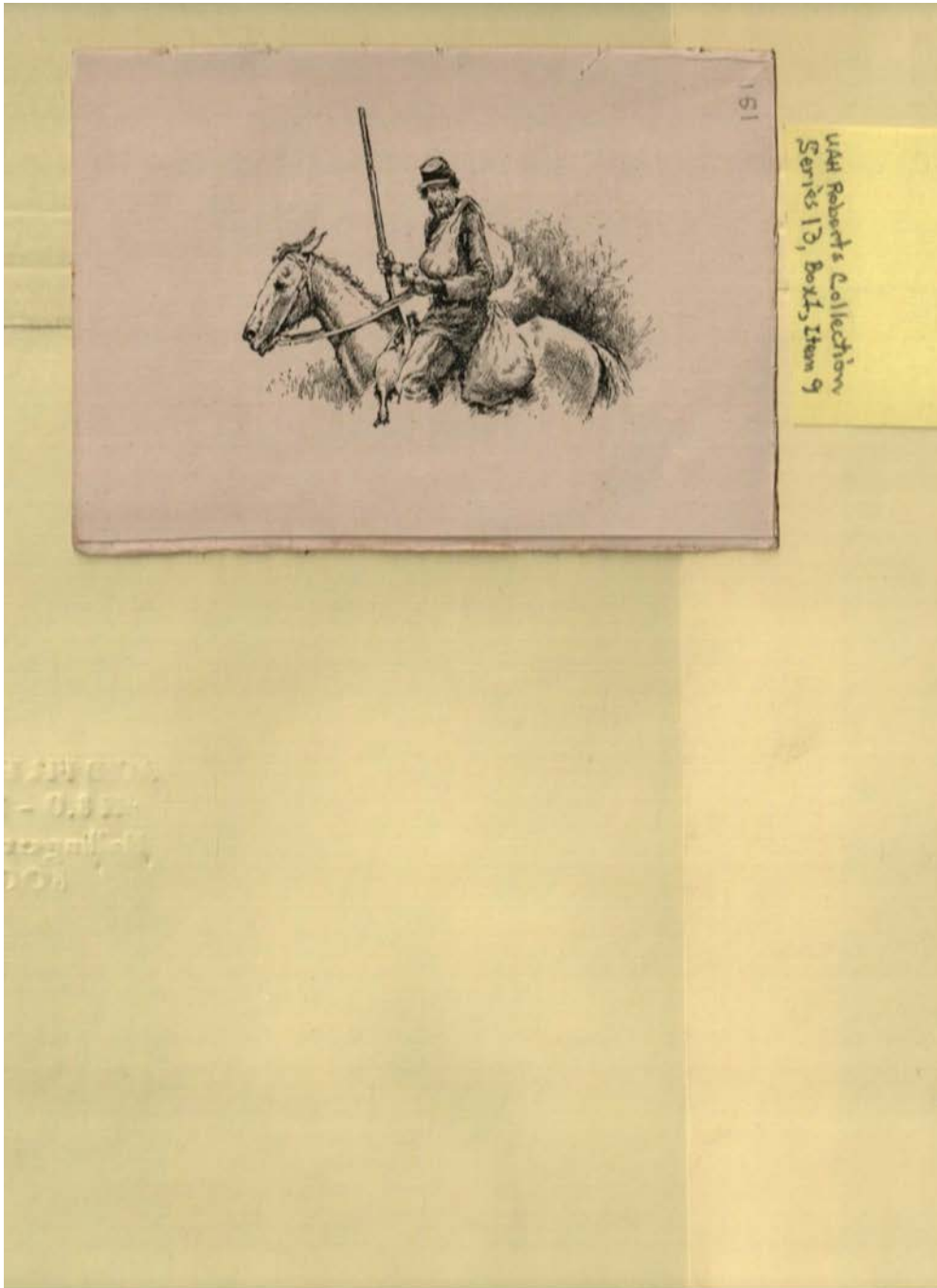
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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

152 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

'bout in de drizzlin' rain tell I cool' off my  
madness, suh, kaze de flour dat wuz in  
dem cakes cos' me mos' a hunderd dollars  
in good Confedrick money. Yes, suh; it  
did dat. En I work for dat money mighty  
hard.

" Well, suh, I ain' walk fur 'fo' it seem  
like I year some un talkin'. I stop, I did,  
en lissen, en still I year um. I ain' see  
nobody, suh, but still I year um. I walk  
fus' dis away en den dat away, en den I  
walk 'roun' en 'reun', en den it pop in my  
min' 'bout de big gully. It ain' dar now,  
suh, but in dem days we call it de big  
gully, kaze it wuz wide en deep. Well,  
suh, 'fo' I git dar I see hoss-tracks, en dee  
led right up ter de brink. I look in, I did,  
en down dar de wuz a man en a hoss.  
Yes, suh; dee wuz bofe down dar. De  
man wuz layin' out flat on he back, en de  
hoss he wuz layin' sorter up en down de  
gully en right on top er one er de man legs,  
en eve'y time de hoss'd scrample en try



Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAFH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 152

fer git up de man 'ud talk at 'im. I know  
that hoss mus' des a nata'ly groun' dat  
man legs in de yeth, suh. Yes, suh. It  
make my flesh crawl w'en I look at um.  
Yit de man ain' talk like he mad. No,  
suh, he ain'; en it make me feel like some-  
body dome gone en hit me on de funny-  
bone w'en I year 'im talkin' dat away.  
Eve'y time de boss scuffle, de man he  
'low, 'Hol' up, ole fel, you er mashin' all  
de shape out'n me.' Dat w'at he say,  
suh. En den he 'low, 'Ef you know how  
you hurtin', ole fel, I des know you'd be  
still.' Yes, suh. Dem he ve'y words.

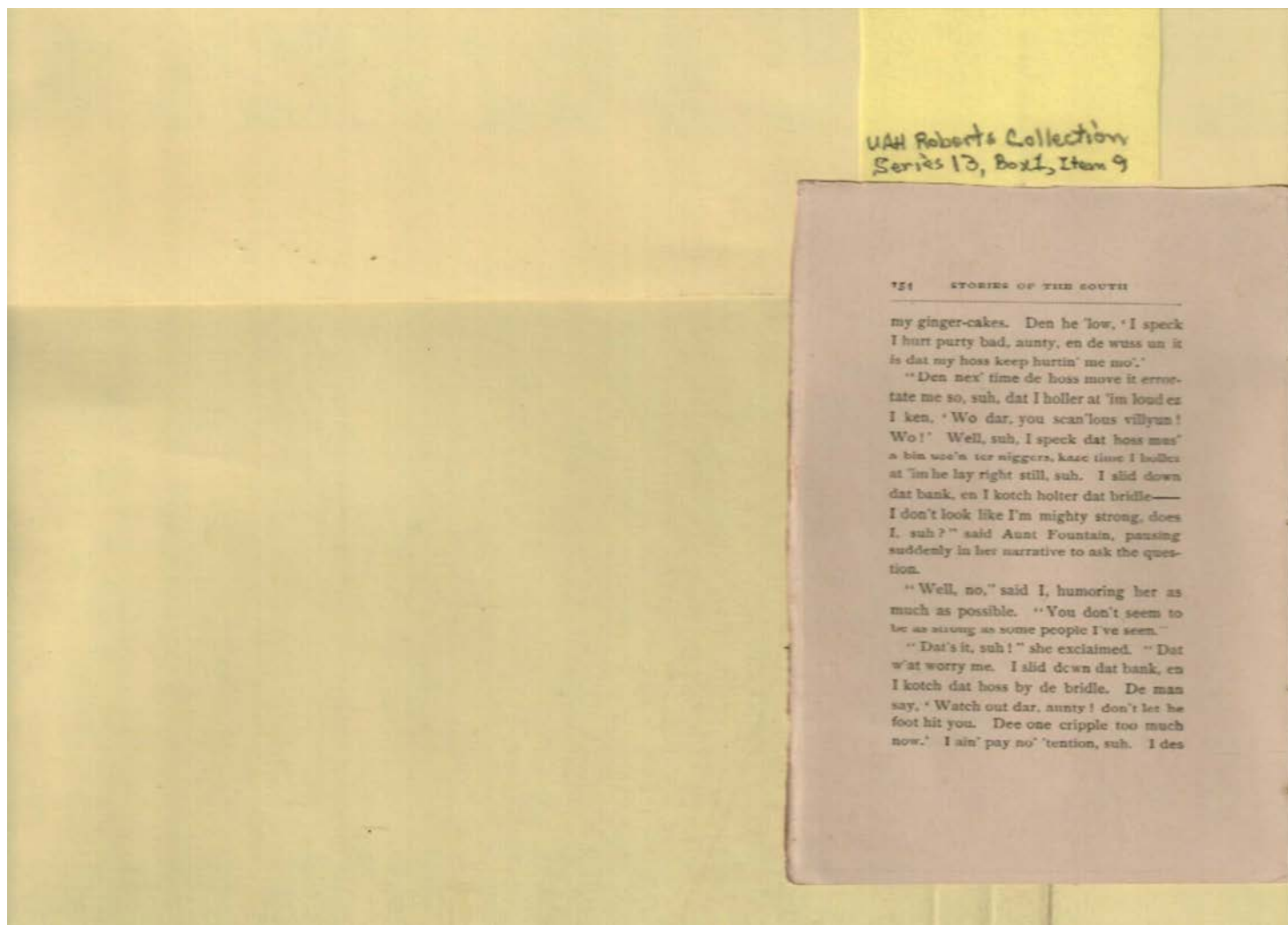
"All dis time de rain wuz a-siftin' down.  
It fall mighty saft, but 'twuz monst'ous  
wet, suh. Bimby I crope up nigher de  
aidge, en w'en de man see me he holler  
out, 'Hol' on, aunty; don't you fall down  
yer!'

"I ax 'im, I say, 'Marster, is you hurt-  
ed much?' Kaze time I look at 'im I  
know he ain' de villyun w'at make off wid

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 155

grab de bridle, en I slew dat hoss head  
roun', en I fa'rly lif 'im on he foots. Yes,  
suh, I des lif 'im on he foots. Den I led  
'im down de gully en turnt 'im a-loose, en  
you ain' never see no hoss supjued like  
dat hoss wuz, suh. Den I went back whar  
de man layin', en ax 'im ef he feel better,  
en he 'low dat he feel like he got a big  
load lif offen he min', en den, mos' time  
he say dat, suh, he faint dead away. Yes,  
suh. He des faint dead away. I ain'  
never is see no man like dat, w'at kin be  
jukin' 'out minnit en den de nex' be dead,  
ez you may say. But dat's Marse Fess  
Trunion, suh. Dat's him up en down.

"Well, suh, I stan' dar, I did, en I ain'  
know w'at in de name er de Lord I gwine  
do. I wuz des ez wringin' wet ez if I'd  
a-bin baptize in de water; en de man he  
wuz mo' wetter dan w'at I wuz, en good-  
ness knows how long he bin layin' dar. I  
run back ter de big-ouse, suh, mighty  
nigh a mile, en I done my level bes' fer

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAF Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

156 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

fin' some er de niggers en git um fer go wid me back dar en git de man. But I ain' fin' none un um, suh. Dem w'at ain' gone wid de Sherman army, dee done hide out. Den I went in de big-'ouse, suh, en tell Mistiss 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en how he done hurted so bad he ain' kin walk. Den Mistiss—I speck you done fergit Mistiss, suh—Mistiss, she draw herse'f up en ax w'at business dat man er any yuther man got on her plantation. I say, 'Yassum, dat so; but he done dar, en ef he stay dar he gwine die dar.' Yes, suh; dat w'at I say. I des put it at Mistiss right pine-blank.

"Den my young mistiss—dat's Miss Lady, suh—she say dat dough she spire um all der bad er she kin, dat man mus' be brung 'way from dar. Kaze, she say, she don't keer how yuther folks go on, de Tomlinsons is bleese to do like Christun people. Yes, sun. She say dem ve'y words. Den Mistiss, she 'low

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 157

dat de man kin be brung up en put in de  
corn-crib, but Miss Lady, she say no, he  
mus' be brung en put right dar in de ligg-  
'ouse in one er de up-stairs rooms, kaze  
maybe some er dem State er Georgy boys  
mought be hurted up dar in de Norf, en  
want some place fer stay at. Yes, suh.  
Dat des de way she talk. Den Mistiss,  
she ain' say nothin', yet she hol' her head  
mighty high.

"Well, suh, I went back out in de  
yard, en den I went 'cross  
ter de nigger-quarter, en  
I ain' gone fur tell I  
year my ole man pray-  
in' in dar some'r's. I  
know 'im by he v'ice,  
suh, en he wuz prayin' des  
like it wuz camp-meetin' time. I hunt  
'roun' fer 'im, suh, en bimeby I fin'  
'im squattin' down behime de do'. I  
grab 'im, I did, en I shuck 'im, en I 'low,  
'Git up fum yer, you nasty, stinkin' ole



Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAH Roberts Collection  
Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

158 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

villyun, you!' Yes, suh; I wuz mad. I say, 'W'at you doin' squattin' down on de flo?' Git up fum dar en come go 'long wid me!' I batter laugh, suh, kaze w'en I shuck my ole man by de shoulder, en holler at 'im, he put up he two han', suh, en squall out, 'Oh, pray, marster! Don't kill me dis time, en I ain' never gwine do it no mo'!

"Atter he 'come pacify, suh, den I tell him 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en yit we ain' know w'at ter do. My ole man done hide out some er de mules en hosses down in de swamp, en he feard ter go attar um, suh, kaze he skeerd de Sherman army would come marchin' back en fine um, en he 'low dat he mos' know dee er' comin' back attar dat man down dar. Yes, suh. He de skeerdest nigger w'at I ever see, ef I do say it myse'f. Yit, bime-by he put out attar one er de hosses, en he brung 'im back; en we hitch 'im up in de spring-waggin' en attar dat man we

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 159

went. Yes, suh; we did dat. En w'en we git dar, dat ar man wuz ptum ravin' deestracted. He wuz laughin' en talkin' wid dese f, en gwine on, tell it make yo' blood run col' fer lissen at 'im. Yes, suh.

"Me en my ole man, we pick 'im up deslike he wuz baby. I come mighty nigh droppin' 'im, suh, kaze onc time, wiles we kyarn 'im up de bank, I year de bones in he leg rasp up 'g'inst one er n'er. Yes, suh. It made me bliu' sick, suh. We kyard 'im home en put 'im up-at'ars, en dar he stayed fer many's de long day."

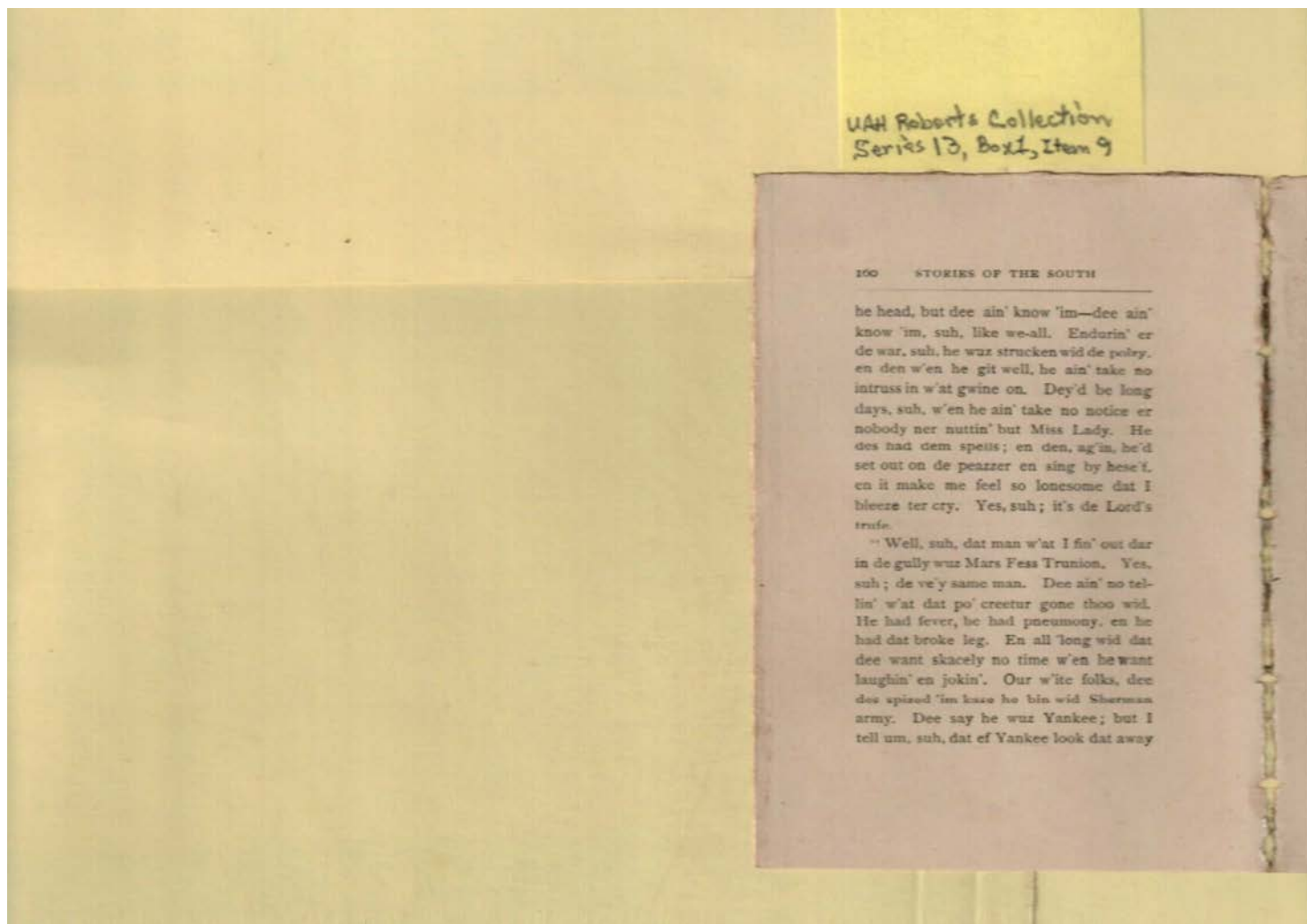
"Where was Judge Tomlinson?" I asked. At this Aunt Fountain grew more serious than ever—a seriousness that was expressed by an increased particularity and emphasis in both speech and manner.

"You axin' 'bout Marster? Well, suh, he wuz dar. He wuz cert'n y dar wid Mistiss en Miss Lady, suh, but look like he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. Some folks 'low, suh, dat he ain' right in

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAF Roberts Collection  
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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 161

dee wuz cert'n'y mighty like we-all. Mistiss, she ain' never go 'bout 'im wiles he sick; en Miss Lady, she keep mighty shy, en she tu'n up her nose eve'y time she year 'im laugh. Oh, yes, suh. Dee cert'n'y spize de Yankoes endurin' er dem times. Dee hated um rank, suh. I tell um, I say, 'You-all des wait. Dee ain' no niser man dan w'at he is, en you-all des wait tell you know 'im.' *Shee!* I des might ez well talk ter de win', suh—dee hate de Yankoes dat rank.

"By de time dat man git so he kin creep 'bout on crutches, he look mos' good ez he do now. He wuz dat full er life, suh, dat he bleeze ter go down-st'ars, en down he went. Well, suh, he wuz mighty lucky dat day. Kaze ef he'd a run up wid Mistiss en Miss Lady by hese'f, dee'd er done sumpo' ner fer ter make 'im feel bad. Dee cert'n'y would, suh. But dee wuz walkin' 'roun' in de yard, en he come out on de peazzer whar Marster

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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UAF Roberts Collection  
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162 STORIES OF THE SOUTH

wuz sunnin' hese'f en singin'. I wouldn' b'lieve it, suh, ef I ain' see it wid my two eyes; but Marster got up out'n he cheer, en straighten hese'f en shuck han's wid Mars Fess, en look like he know all 'bout it. Dee sot dar, suh, en taik en laugh, en laugh en talk, tell bimeby I 'gun ter git skeert on de accounts er bofe un um. Dee talk 'bout de war, en dee talk 'bout de Vanhees, en dee talk poltriee right straight long des like Marster done 'fo' he bin strucken wid de polzy. En he talk sense, suh. He cert'n'y did. Bimeby Mistiss en Miss Lady come back fum dee walk, en dee look like dee gwine drap w'en dee see w'at gwine on. Dem two mens wuz so busy talkin', suh, dat dee ain' see de wimmen folks, en dee des keep right on wid dee argafyin'. Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee ain' know w'at ter make er all dis, en dee stan' dar lookin' fus' at Marster en den at one er n'er. Bimeby dee went up de steps en start to go by.

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 163

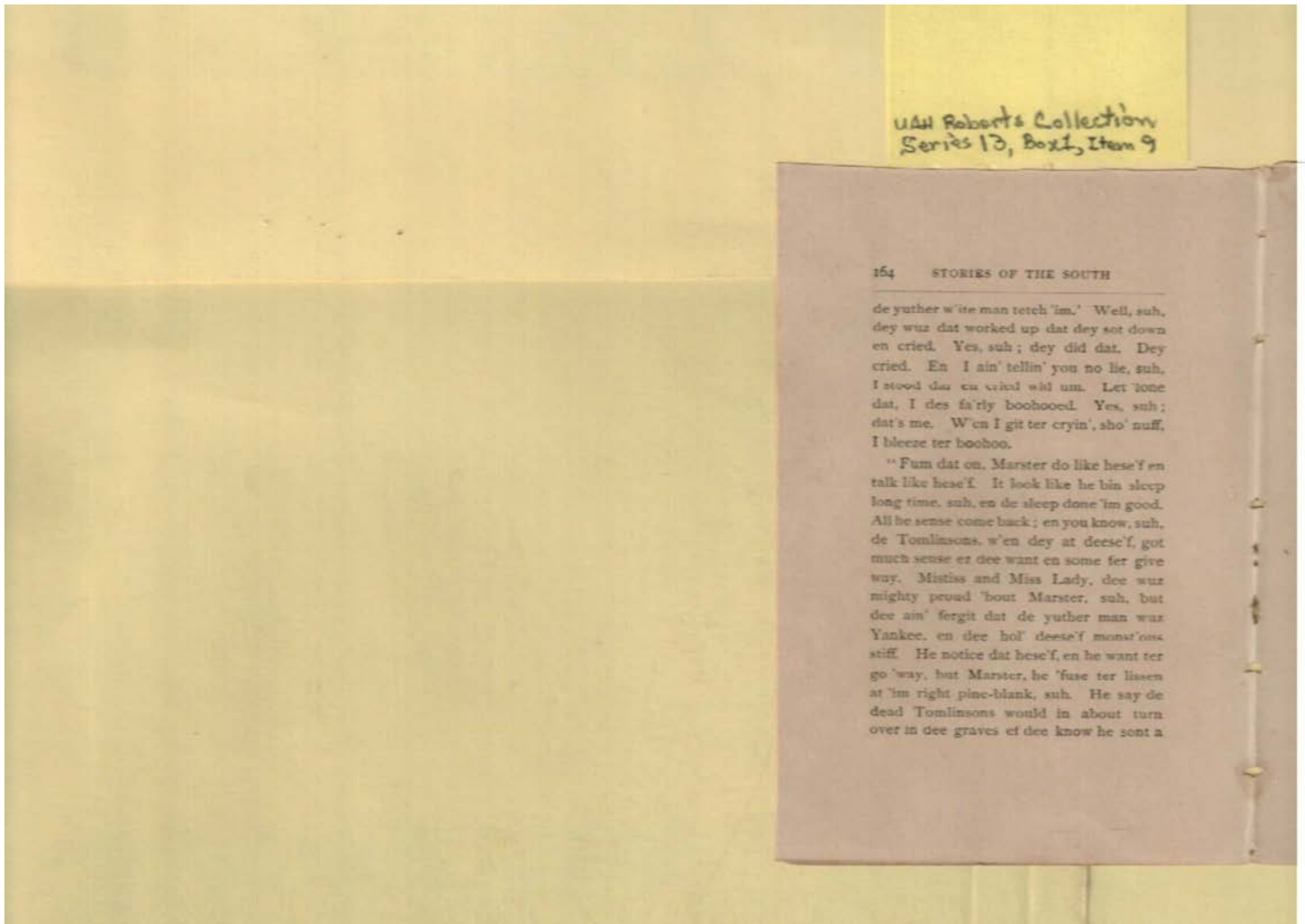
but Marster he riz up en stop um. Yes, suh. He riz right up en stop um, en right den en dar, suh, he make um inter-jued ter one an'er. He stan' up en he say, 'Mr. Trunion, dis my wife; Mr. Trunion, dis my daughter.'

"Well, suh, I wuz stannin' back in de big hall, en w'en I see Marster gwine on dat away my knees come mighty nigh fallin' me, suh. Dis de fus' time w'at he reckmember anybody name, an de fus' time he do like he useter, sence he bin sick wid de polzy. Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee come 'long in atter w'ile en dee look like dee skeerd. Well, suh, I des fa'rly preach at um. Yes, suh; I did dat. I say, 'You see dat? You see how Marster doin'?' Ef de han' er de Lord ain' in dat, en he han' ain'd bin in nuttin' on de topside er dis yeth.' I say, 'You see how you bin cuttin' up 'roun' dat sick w'ite man, wid yo' biggity capers, en yit de Lord retch down en make Marster soust' en well time

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 165

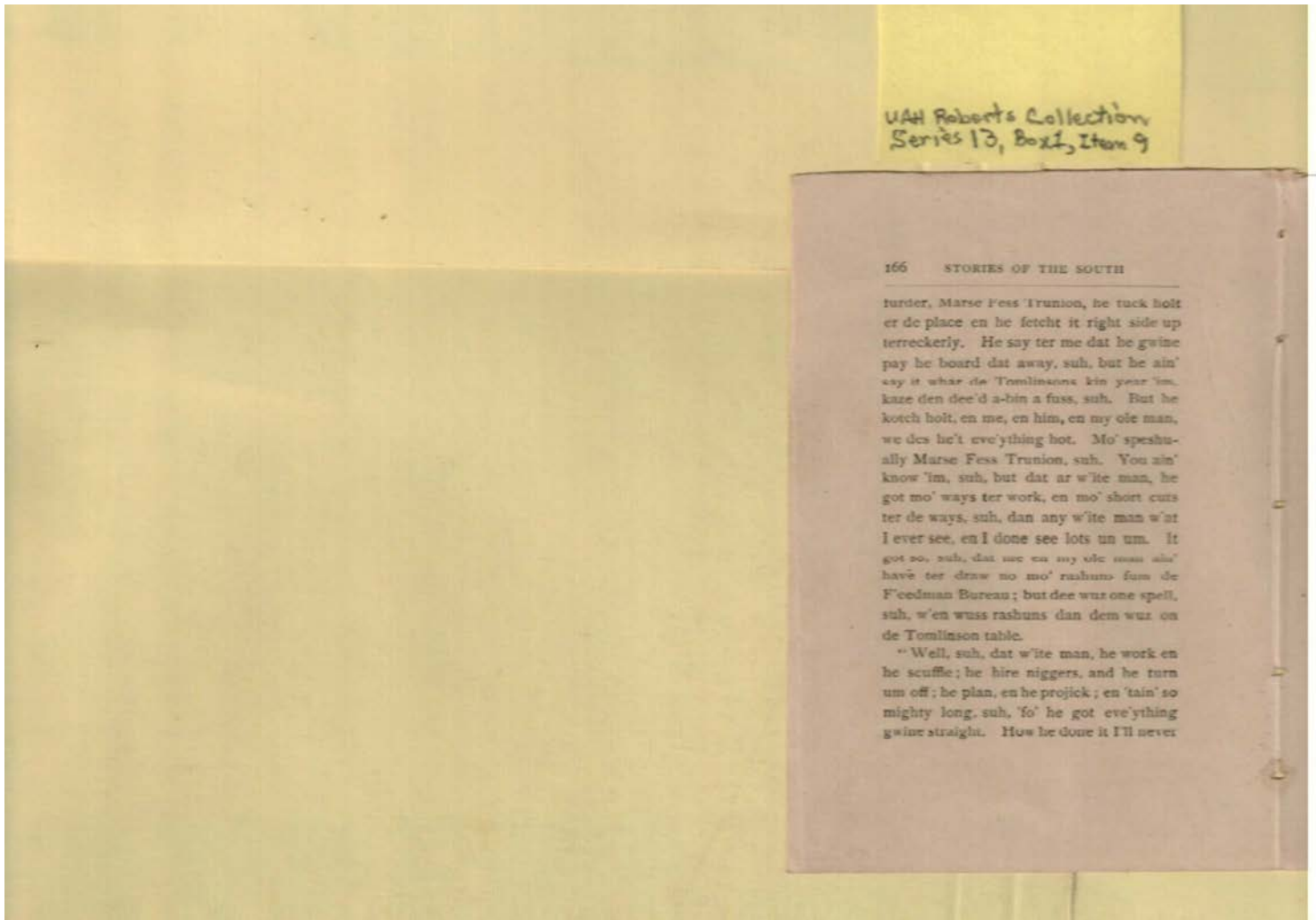
cripple man 'way from he 'ouse. Den he want ter pay he board, but Marster ain' lissen ter dat, en needer is Mistiss; en dis mighty funny, too, kaze right dat minnit dee want a half er dollar er good money in dee whole fambly, ceppin' some silver w'at I work fer en w'at I hide in er chink er my chimbly. No, suh. Dee want er half er dollar in de whole fambly, suh. En yit dee won't take de greenbacks w'at dat man offer um.

"By dat time, suh, de war wuz done done, en dee wuz tough times. Dee cert'n'y wuz, suh. De railroads wuz all broke up, en eve'ything look like it gwine heiter-skriter right straight ter de Ole Boy. Dey want no law, suh, en dey want no nuttin': en ef it hadn't er bin fer me en my ole man I speck de Tomlinsons, proud er dee wuz, would er bin mightily pincht fer fin' bread en meat. But dee ain' never want fer it yit, suh, kaze w'en me en my ole man git whar we can't move no

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 167

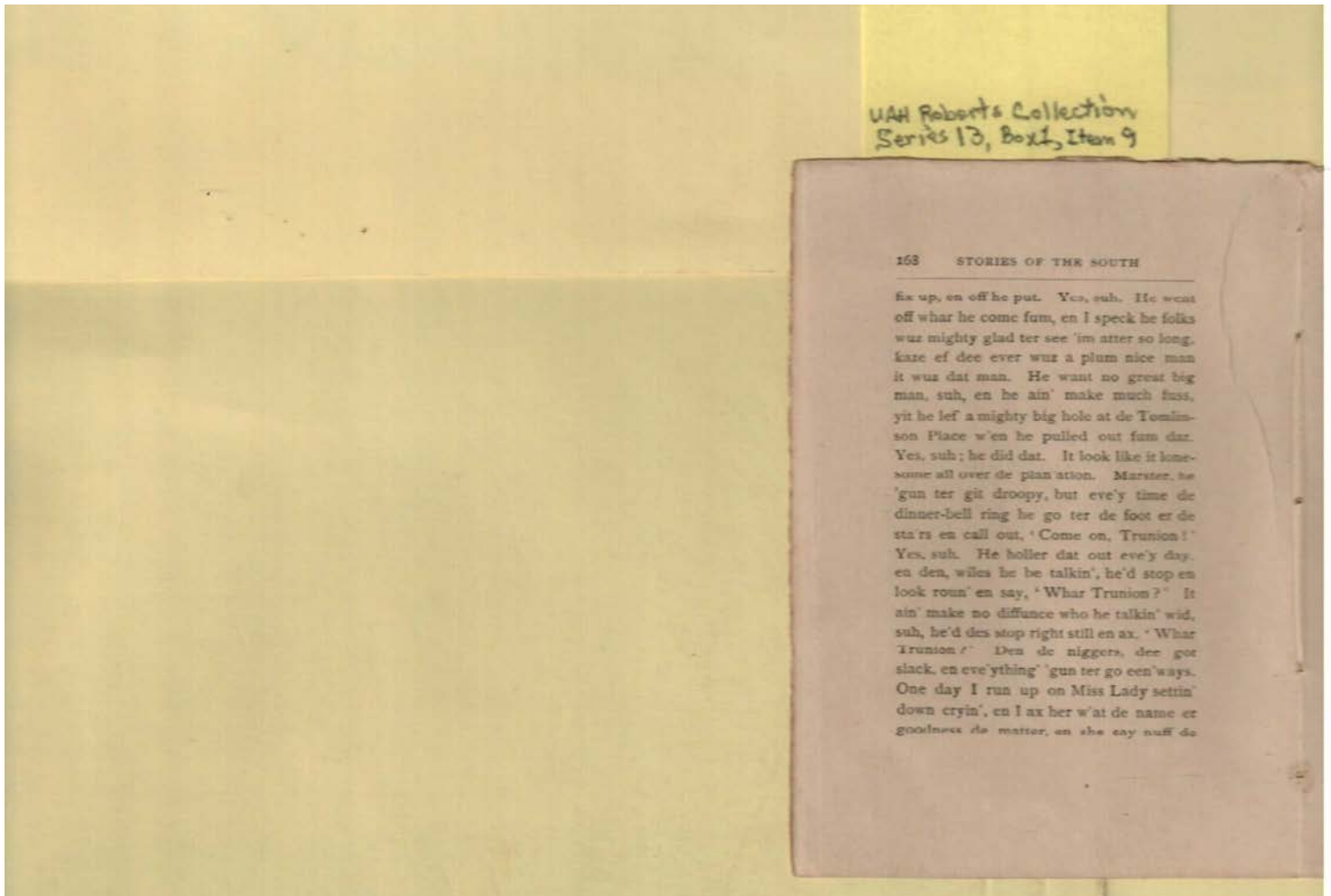
tell you, suh; but do it he did. He put  
he own money in dat, suh, kaze dee wuz  
two times dat i knows un wen he got  
money out'n de pos'-office, en I see 'im  
pay it out ter de niggers, suh. En all dat  
time he look like he de happies' w'ite man  
on top er de groon', suh. Yes, an. En  
w'en he at de 'ouse Marster stuck right by  
'im, en if he bin he own son he couldn't  
pay him mo' 'tention. Dee wuz times,  
suh, w'en it seem like ter me dat Marse  
Fess Trunion wuz a-cuttin' ne eye at Miss  
Lady, en den I 'low ter mysc'f, 'Shoo,  
man! you mighty nice en all dat, but you  
Yankee, en you noc'nter be a-drippin'  
yo' wing 'roun' Miss Lady, kaze she too  
high-strung fer dat.'

"It look like he see it de same way  
I do, suh, kaze atter he git ev'rything  
straight he say he gwine home. Marster  
look like he feel mighty bad, but Mississ  
en Miss Lady, dee ain' say nuttin' 'tall.  
Den, atter w'ile, suh, Marse Fess Trunion

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 13, Box 1, Item 9

Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 169

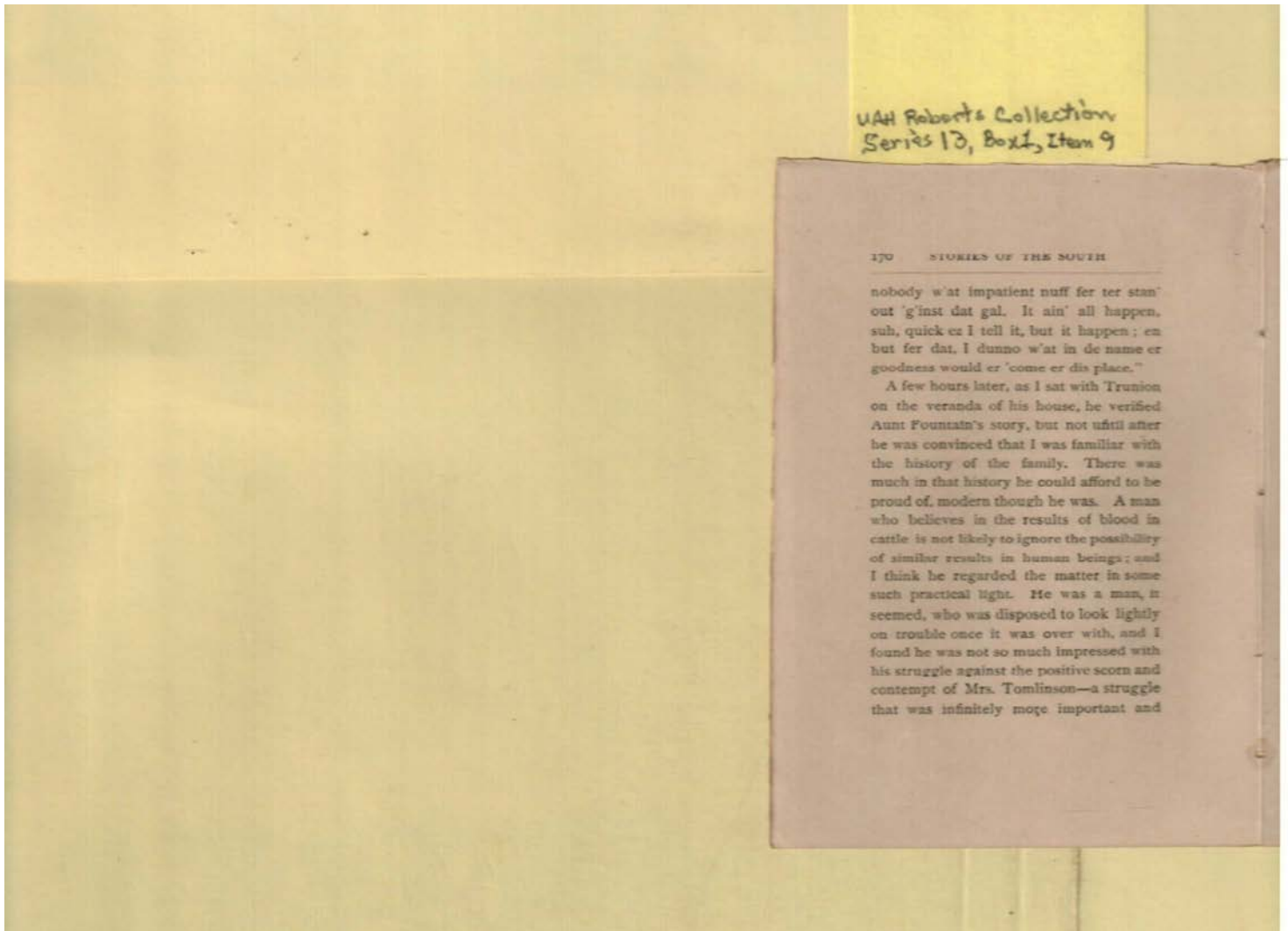
matter. Den I say she better go ask her pappy whar 'Trunion, en den she git red in de face, en 'low I better go 'ten' ter my business; en den I tell her dat ef somebody ain' tell us whar 'Trunion is, en dat mighty quick, dee won't be no business on dat place fer 'ten' ter. Yes, suh. I tol' her dat right p'intedly, suh.

"Well, suh, one day Mars Fess Trunion come a-drivin' up in a shiny double-buggy, en he look like he des step right out'n a ban'-box; en ef ever I wuz glad ter see anybody, I wur glad ter see dat man. Marster was glad; en dis time, suh, Miss Lady wuz glad, en she show it right plain; but Mistiss, she still sniff de a'r en hol' her head high. 'Twant long, suh, 'fo' we all knowed dat Mars Fess wuz gwine marry Miss Lady. I ain' know how den de a'r, kase Mistiss never is come right out en say she 'grecable 'bout it, but Miss Lady wuz a Bledsoe, too, en a Tomlinson ter boot, en I ain' never see

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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 171

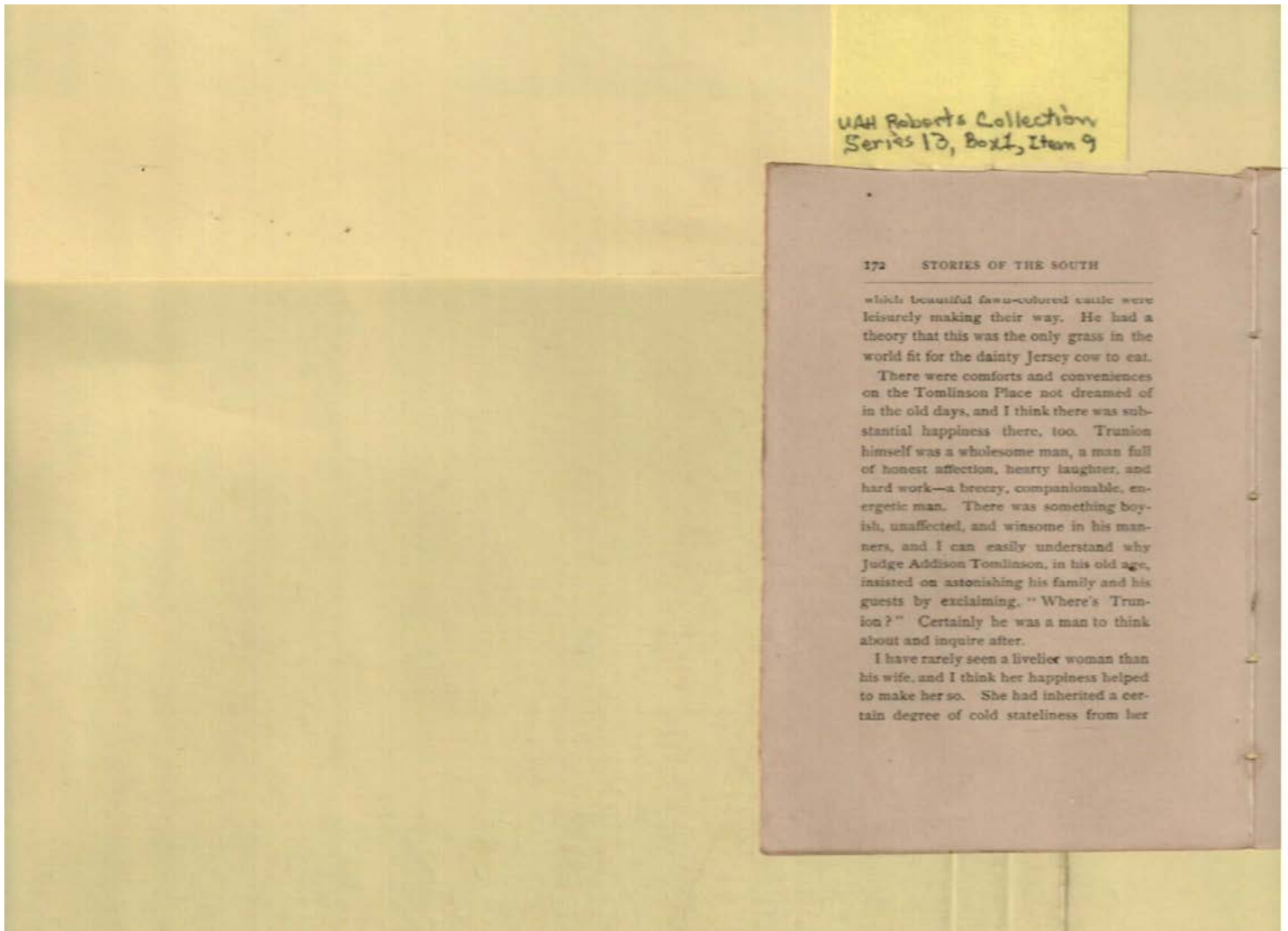
protracted than Aunt Fountain had described it to be—as he was with his conflict with Bermuda grass. He told me laughingly of some of his troubles with his hot-headed neighbors in the early days after the war, but nothing of this sort seemed to be as important as his difficulties with Bermuda grass. Here the practical and progressive man showed himself; for I have a very vivid recollection of the desperate attempts of the farmers of that region to uproot and destroy this particular variety.

As for Trunion, he conquered it by cultivating it, for the benefit of himself and his neighbors, and I suspect that this is the way he conquered his other opponents. It was a great victory over the grass at any rate. I walked with him over the Place, and the picture of it all is still framed in my mind—the wonderful hedges of Cherokee roses, and the fragrant and fertile stretches of green Bermuda through

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Unbound (No Cover) "Stories of the South" Booklet, pages 113-114, containing part of "How the Derby Was Won" and "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner"

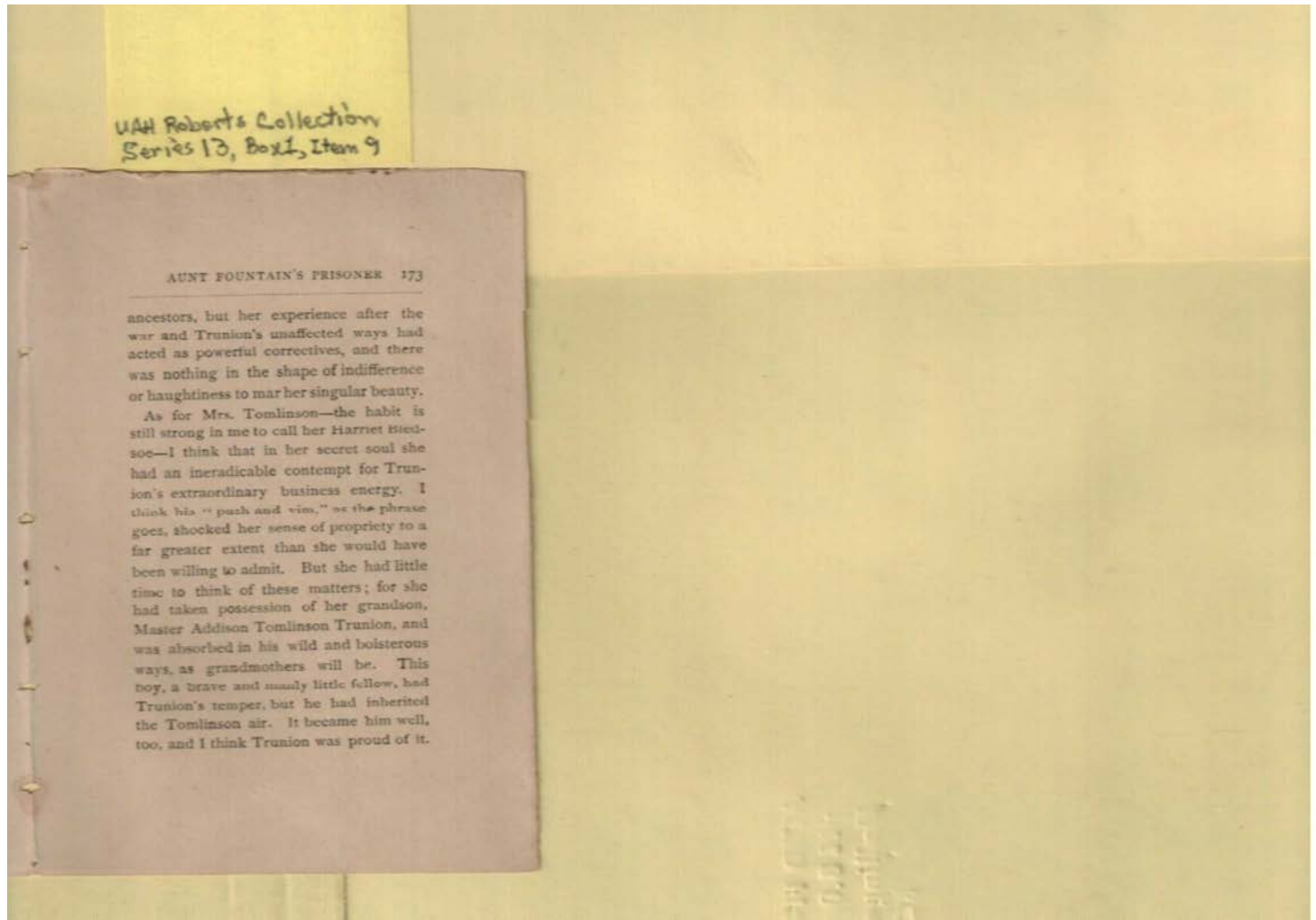
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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER 173

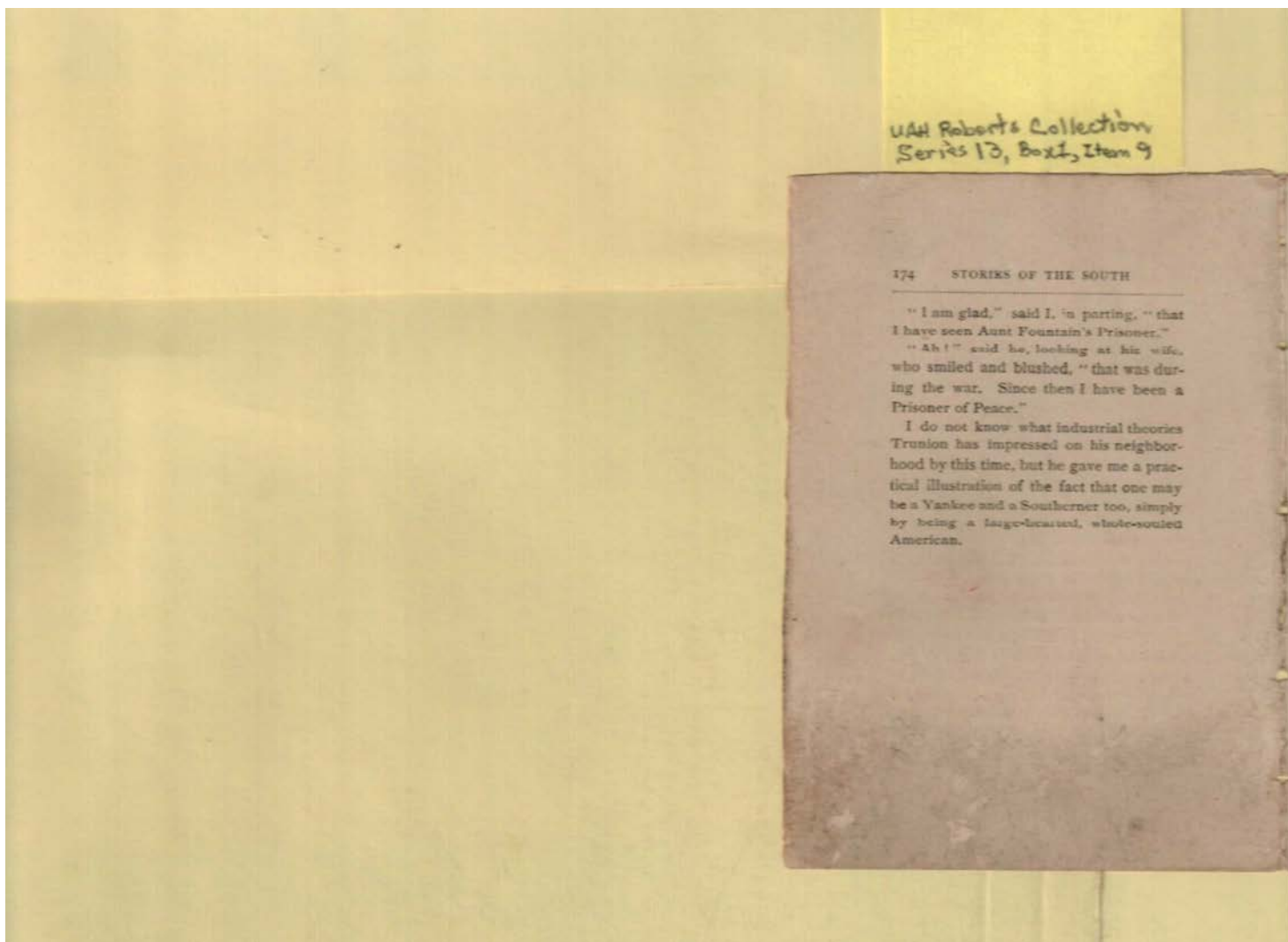
ancestors, but her experience after the war and Trunion's unaffected ways had acted as powerful correctives, and there was nothing in the shape of indifference or haughtiness to mar her singular beauty.

As for Mrs. Tomlinson—the habit is still strong in me to call her Harriet Chessee—I think that in her secret soul she had an ineradicable contempt for Trunion's extraordinary business energy. I think his "push and vine," as the phrase goes, shocked her sense of propriety to a far greater extent than she would have been willing to admit. But she had little time to think of these matters; for she had taken possession of her grandson, Master Addison Tomlinson Trunion, and was absorbed in his wild and boisterous ways, as grandmothers will be. This boy, a brave and manly little fellow, had Trunion's temper, but he had inherited the Tomlinson air. It became him well, too, and I think Trunion was proud of it.

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# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection

**Preferred Citation:** Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection, Archives and Special Collections, M. Louis Salmon Library, University of Alabama in Huntsville, Huntsville, AL.

**Collection Scope and Content:** The Collection of 114 Linear ft. includes a total of 156 Archival Boxes. The Frances Cabaniss Roberts collection covers the historical records of the Cabaniss Roberts family. This collection contains extensive correspondence records of the Cabaniss Roberts family circa 1830 to 1930.

**Archives/Special Collections Access Restrictions:** None

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