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Eliza Woodfin Holland.

Mammy

Evolution has naturally resulted in a different, a broader living, but who does not love to recall the "good old days" when company came by coach and carriage unannounced, and home was home to all who came. Can you not hear faint echoes of old timed melodies ringing sweetly from the serenader's guitar, in a garden of roses so pinker than the cheek of the maiden who leans from the pillared portico above? Hearken to the re grass chanting "Shake yo' lil foot Sally Ann," close your eyes and see the stately laddie of the "Old South" equally greenly in mushin or silk, and the men of quiet courtliness of manner, and silver tongued oratory? Amid this life Mammy Temple lived the petted nurse whom indulgence sweetened but did not spoil, and when a new régime was ushered in and

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E.H.H.

## Mammy

"Mammy's" fortunes changed she remained faithful to him and his - bonds of love never to be severed here or in eternity held her true to her "wite chillun."

Some time after the South's surrender Mammy Lempe's husband took her away from the little brick house in the Old Home grounds where she had lived for many happy years. Her old master discovering that she was not comfortably housed gave her, in the name of his three daughters, who were dear Mammy she was, a good sized frame dwelling set in the midst of a grove and surrounded by fertile garden and orchard lands. To this home, which she later left to several descendants, Mammy Lempe brought box-wood bushes and flowering plants from her Master's home. Mammy Lempe once remarked how comforting was the thought to her that never would she

be obliged to move, and this occurrence was a great gratification to her white children.

I was quite a large girl before I succeeded in visualizing Mamma Temple as being a small child in the beginning of her career and growing up according to the laws that govern all human development; she seemed to my child eye to have always worn a head handkerchief, neck kerchief and apron of snowy whiteness, and a snugly fitted, little black dress sprigged with white, and that she had ~~always~~ been from time immemorial a ministering angel with a black skin, I was very sure.

Love taught her wisdom in caring for the young or those who were ill, and for many years Mamma Temple was a famous nurse. The dear, old soul faithfully followed "Master's" instructions that his children should not be frightened by

Mammy

ghost tales, and never once during their tender youth did she ~~she~~ betray to them the fact that she was superstitious, — a believer in witches, "hants," and "conjurin'."

Mammy did not avail herself of an opportunity to learn to read, and this lack of "book larnin'" led her into some errors as when she bought for one of her small nieces a little cup beautifully lettered with the legend:

"For a Good Boy."

Accuracy was never established in Mammy Temple's vocabulary; she repeated words as they sounded to her receptive but untrained ear.

"Cubic, cubic you hab served me <sup>wrong</sup> I've ben yo' servant several years long;" was Mammy's interpretation of one of "ol' Miss's" songs, the correct version being:

"Cupid, Cupid you have served me <sup>wrong</sup> I have been serving seven years long."

A proper of Cupid, Mammy was a

Ell. H.

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Mamma

sentimentalist and advised all each of her nieces not to be, "One of dese ol' time maids!" A wedding filled her heart with joy, but rigid indeed was the examination to which she subjected aspiring lovers. one of whom gave her a silver dollar hoping to wheedle her into recommending him to the good graces of her favorite "wite chile."

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"Umph! umph! I reckon I wuz too proud endurin my young days this Liza, in my min' wuz no' sot upon de mansion whar I lived dan upon dat 'mansion in de skies' yo' ben readin' about. I wuz ast to de vey bes' in dem days, in sociated wid quality. Now, look at me! Look at dem weeds out dar, dems my companions now."

Mamma's dim, little eyes caught the somewhat unkempt garden outside with a look of supreme scorn.

E.H.

## Mammy.

"Dem niggers is dat shifless an no count, an Binson is bad."

"Why Mammy Lempe," I exclaimed "I thought Binson was a good boy!"

"Well'm, he aint whrit you'd call bad, hes jes' bad," explained Mammy, referring to her grandson, "Binson is ~~also~~ abhuz (abhorred) dancin' an singin' an triflin' erlong. Las' ebenin' him an his wife wuz here to tea, an' Binson wuz on his high horse in' he rode him gaily."

On one occasion Mammy Lempe accepted a gift of bananas, usually highly prized with a casual manner, and I very soon noticed a look of distress upon her face. I sat quietly, knowing

Mammy would confide herself to me, and hoping it would be in my power to relieve her anxiety.

"I had a dream las' night what trouble me," said Mammy, shaking her head wearily, "I dreamt dat I went"

## Mammy.

to heben and look over de wall of heben  
 an I sees lots of folks dar. I look  
 com I see ol' Miss, an' Maester, an'  
 my Ma'y, an' I jes' caint reco'nize  
 nobody at all, — dey all wuz  
 des de same as statues. An' I gried  
 an' I wonder will I know my folks  
 when I goes to heben, an' I woke up  
 griedin'."

"Mammy Lempe," I suggested  
 soothingly, "In your dream you  
 were outside the wall of heaven look-  
 ing over, were you not?"

"Yesin, dat so."

"Well then, when you go to  
 heaven and enter in you will  
 have a different vision; you will  
 see clearly ~~from~~ there, and you  
 will know your friends!"

With pathetic faith in me,  
 because I was one of her "wite chillun"  
 Mammy Lempe was reassured  
 at once, — and she ate the bananas!

A lady, for whom she was  
 working I believe, was requested by

A.H.

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Mammy

Mammy Temple on one occasion  
to read the Book of Job aloud to her.  
When the lady read the passage  
in which the agonized man  
wished the day of his birth might  
be blotted out, Mammy Temple ex-  
claimed:

"Well, I aluz has wondered  
what become of dat dos' day in  
February, an now I knowe it  
miss' 'ave ben Job's birt-day!"  
\* \* \*

Upon my last visit to  
Mammy Temple she said:

"Miss Liza you won't never  
see me no no will we meet in  
Heben. De 'Lord is givine sen' for  
ol' Mammy soon. Miss Anna, (the  
first little white baby ever enfolded  
in her comforting arms) comes  
an' rings to me. In case I  
caint see her, but I hears her  
ring, an fore long I'll givine be  
wif her in Heben."

The far-seeing gaze of one

CHH.

Mummy.

just ready to step across the border was in Mummy's eyes, and her old voice quavered into; "Jesus, Lover of my soul." She leaned forward and clapped her hands in rapture, and the last rays of the setting sun haloed the old, white head.

When I came again to Asheville Mummy Lempe had been laid to rest, and a little wild rose with a heart of pure gold sprang from her humble grave. \*

Eliza Woodfin Holland.

\* ~~There~~ might have <sup>been</sup>, but I added the rose as a fitting touch.