

*Breezes from Another Time*

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## *Foreword*

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Our story is fiction. A love story full of intrigue, twists and turns leading you back in time to the 1800's. A period rich with colorful characters whom you are about to meet.

Breezes from Another Time teaches you how to reach out to your ancestors and touch soul to soul. It is rich with philosophical discussions that will make you think of your own life and what it means. Are you interested in knowing the thoughts of your ancestors to understand why you feel and think the way you do today?

Breezes from Another Time will touch your heart and keep you reading to the dramatic conclusion.

It is about how we as people are programmed from our past and how the lives of our ancestors have influenced our path in life. It is about Africans meeting Europeans, the clash of cultures. It is about how you escape your past; how you develop and grow into a caring person by discovering yourself as a soul spiritually and emotionally. It is about the healing of the African European past to bridge the gap between the African soul and European soul.

Ancestral personalities influence family behavioral traits which are passed down from generation to generation. Families who know this, know that the behavior of each person in the family weighs down or lifts up the remaining family members. In Breezes from Another Time you will see how the actions of the ancestors have influenced our characters in their present. Learn about the origin of your thoughts and feelings by getting to know how your ancestors lived—read this story.

*Breezes from Another Time*  
By *Paulette-Renée Broqueville*

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## *1 the rising winds*

How to tell you this story of a man selling men into a better life—a better form of slavery; there are many ways to go around it, but you will believe nothing but the truth. I helped the slave traders sell men into slavery, from slavery: hoping to give them a better life—enslaved. Do you believe that I did right?

How do you help the abused? Do you have a place in your home for the abused? Will you rush in and rescue them only to realize too late, you have no place to take them where they will be safe? You look around for a place and then you take the best that you can find. Your heart fills with hope and you can only dream better dreams for the men and women.

I am Watu, Chief of many people in Africa. My story begins many years ago.

One day, when I was a child, men came and took us all away. My people lost the joy in their hearts and in their eyes. We were no longer free to love and to live together with our families; we were no longer free to sleep endless nights to dream dreams that we hoped would come true. We were all slaves to the Ethiopian Royal family; I became a companion to the child Prince and grew up serving him, playing with him and studying with him.

The year is now 1842. I am a slave. Sold with my tribe by the Ethiopian Royal family to slave traders, I no longer can live the life in which I had grown up. I was a slave of the Royal family one day and the next day I was being offered for sale to men who could not read or write, destined for Jamaica.

The slave traders called me Chief-man because they did not care to know my name; they did not care to know my soul or my heart; they did not care about me as a man. My name is Watu.

My people suffered and if you knew the many ways, your heart would break. I wanted to help them; I wanted to find a way; I looked

for a way and then one day—I became a slave trader.

When it became known that I could read and write Latin and speak the language English, the slave traders thought me too valuable to sell. I have been taken to the Cayman Islands. And so begins my journey as a slave trader; a teacher, an educator of slaves and masters; a journey that I hope will lead men from slavery to a better life in slavery through education. This is my plan.

A man is worth more if he is able to read and write, if he is able to speak English. It is demanded of me to find and to teach African men to write and to speak English. These men must be chosen by their strength, their size and their intelligence.

Who are you? Are you man or wild beast? Wild beast—I would not choose you. Are you angel or devil—devil I would not choose you. Are you both—good and evil? Both, I would not choose you.

If you are a slave, a man or woman who is good, I would choose you to rescue you from the abuses of the Jamaican ruling class. This is my plan to rescue the good, the honest, the kind and the loving.

The British Crown emancipated all slaves in 1838, but that did not give the slaves a life to live as free men. They are confused and stay with families in which they have grown up. When they do run off to be on their own, they are hunted like animals by the black skinned Maroons and returned to be abused again.

Who are you?

Are you the soul who would bravely run away to find a better life? Are you the one who would abuse the soul of a man? These are the questions that must be answered as I choose who will be rescued, educated and sent to a better form of slavery.

I search for the good. Soon, I shall begin my search with the Maroons. The Maroons are hunters—slave hunters. What kind of people could capture runaway slaves and then return them to the abusers? Am I no better? I hope to release souls from the abuse in slavery to a better, kindlier slavery. Does that make me a better man?

If I tell you who I am, who I have been, then perhaps you will judge me more fairly. If you knew how I arrived at this place; if you knew my past; if you knew my experiences; if you knew my tribe,

the woman I love, would it make a difference in how you view me? I will tell you and perhaps you will think better of me than you do now. I will tell you.

## *2 the prevailing winds*

The first time I saw those eyes they were pleading; they were filled with tears and my heart broke; with an ache so deep I thought I would die. I could barely say, “I will take her.” At first I could not be heard. She was in chains and the men were dragging her. I said more loudly than I had ever spoken before, “The Prince will have this girl!”

I remember they stopped, stunned, suddenly realizing that they themselves could be next tortured for even touching a girl the Prince wanted. They dropped her; her body wrapped in chains fell to the cobblestone road. The noise resounded so loudly in my head I did not see what happened next. I found myself picking her up, commanding the other slaves with me to free her body. Wrapped in my own cloak, I put her gently into the chariot—the Prince’s chariot.

What happened next is history you know. The Prince died; suddenly we were all packed into the hull of a ship. The Prince’s brother had taken the throne and sold us—all of my tribe.

I awoke smelling the salty air filtered through the dust filled, musty and urine soaked hull of the rocking ship. Men were vomiting but they had had no food for days so nothing came out. My heart was filled with anguish for I had somehow caused this misfortune—the life we had lived in the Palace was over. We knew not where we were going; fear filled the hearts of every man and woman, paralyzing some; they stood as stone statues, stunned. It was a fear that we had not known since that day in the forest when the Royal soldiers surrounded us and took us to the Palace to be the young Princes’ servants—their slaves.

We were all boys and girls, no older than seven summers. We never saw our families again. We grew up in the Palace with the Princes. One of the young Princes favored me and so I learned what he learned from his teachers: philosophy, history, and math, speaking, writing and reading Latin.

My Prince and I were as much friends as any slave could be to a Prince. He was frail and tended to illness so my responsibilities grew. That is the reason why I was in the Prince's chariot that day.

The Prince's younger brother feared me, thought me to have too much freedom and therefore too much power over the Palace slaves. Unlike his gentle brother, he was cruel in his heart. He would have kept her for himself if the other slaves had not protected her; pretending to be ill, she was gathered up with all of us and carried off to the caravan. "Keep your eyes closed, your mouth open and your body limp," the women had told her. Clay was put on her cheeks and face to distort its beauty. Disfigured girls are not desired by the Prince.

We were all sold to slave traders in the Caribbean—separated, condemned to search for each other with every glance, we each went our separate ways—but not before I saw her face, her eyes and the man who bought her.

Fear can be your enemy and it can also be your friend. If it is your enemy it paralyzes you—freezes you so you cannot act, you cannot think; you cannot feel anything but that your blood has stopped running through your body.

My tribesmen are warriors; they are intelligent and very strong—strong enough to fight gorillas and win. Fear is our friend, fear is my friend; it is the wellspring of my strength. You would have to have had the lack of freedom abuse offers you to know the face of fear and find the courage in your heart to think clearly, to act with speed and accuracy, to feel free of fear.

Now, I know only one thing is true in my new life. I must have a new plan to gain her freedom—my freedom and the freedom of my tribesmen. My plan began that day as I rose up into the sunlight as tall as I could stand, head held like a Prince. I do not know what made me speak, but I said it aloud, "I am an Ethiopian Prince, educated and cultured." Before the slave trader could strike me

down, another man held up his hand. He spoke to the slave trader and bought me for three pieces of gold. Many men were there to buy workers for their farms, their homes. My tribesmen are tall and strong; these men wanted them and me too, but not for three pieces of gold. These three pieces of gold took away my freedom to be a man—a free man.

If you are reading this you must be a free man—if you can read you are a free man—if you understand what it means to be free then you would not take away the freedom of another man. He who is a slave is not free and knows it; he who is a slave master is not free either, but he does not know it.

I knew I was not a free man. My plan was to gain my freedom. The man whom I began to know as Boss-man could never be free as long as he owned me; still he made no effort to gain his freedom. He was truly captured by me. From that day forward every step I took was on the road away from him towards my freedom.

Boss-man had a plan too. The British Crown had abolished slavery in 1838, yet I was his slave. He bought me. All that I labored for brought me no gold or silver to buy my freedom or her freedom. I thought about her soul, her heart, and my heart cried.

Boss-man needed me; with the end of slavery the slave owners had to be careful to appear as if they were hiring men and women. The slaves did not appear as hired, but the British did not have men to help the former slaves with their new lives of freedom. They were in a strange land, far from Africa and they only knew the farm on which they labored—they were uneducated.

Slave traders were out of business. Boss-man wanted me to help him continue to sell slaves. His plan was simple. Lease former slaves with special talents to plantation owners in the American South. He would take the money and the slave would get nothing, no freedom, only the life of a slave—from slavery in the Caribbean into slavery in the American South. This was his plan.

### *3 the shifting winds*

The three pieces of gold were greedily taken by the ships captain; I was escorted off the block.

“How did you learn to speak English?” he said as his men led me away in chains, chains on my ankles, chains on my wrists and a chain around my neck. It seemed I was almost twice as tall as Boss-man. I could see he was afraid, but confident at the same time.

“I was taught by the royal teachers in Ethiopia,” I answered.

Impressed, he asked, “Do you know numbers and letters?”

“I know them both,” I replied.

Satisfied, he had me loaded like a wild animal into a cage. A man has to know he is a man whose soul is good, to see hope in his future while looking between the bars of a cage.

I had learned to watch the eyes without directly setting my gaze on a man’s eyes. We learned it as boys playing with animals. “Watch the eyes,” my father told me. “If the soul is bad you will see danger in the eyes—you will feel danger in your stomach. He who stays alive runs the fastest at first sign of danger. Look at the eyes and you will stay strong.”

Boss-man’s eyes were like the Prince’s—a kindness not usually found in slave owners, but still a slave owner.

Boss-man had three sons, John and Charles, born on the same day; their eyes showed a kindness in their souls; their brother, however, was different, he had evil in his eyes and in his heart. His name was Thomas.

It was to Thomas that Boss-man entrusted my care. I was kept in the cage day and night; given less food than a rabbit would eat. The cage was my home; I could not lie down; I sat in my own waste. I became ill. Many days passed before I saw Thomas again and when he saw me he asked, “Are you willing

to do what I ask of you?”

I saw him as a frightened animal in a cage; I saw his face separated by the bars as they crossed his face and body. The bar covered his nose; I saw two frightened eyes. He was afraid of me!

With a loud voice he asked, “Are you willing to work for me if I let you out of this cage?”

I whispered, “Yes.”

How many days had passed in that little cage? I can only tell you that I learned from weaker men how to seem weak; I learned from sick men how to feign sickness and I learned from submissive men how to appear submissive. I did all this to gain my exit from the cage to get food and to have a bed. It took ten days and eleven nights for me to train Boss-man Thomas and then he came to me and opened the door to my cage and he walked in. What this man did not know was that he would be working for me. My plan had worked. He thought me weaker than he is. He could not be more wrong. He had opened my cage and stepped into it himself. How many ways can I describe his captivity, his incarceration, his lack of freedom and his tortured soul.

First, he waited on me; he needed me to do his work. His work was never done; mine ended the moment I went to sleep; he could not sleep, for what his business did was sell men. How could a man sleep with the souls of the men abused, now dead, haunting his sleepless nights? Yes, he lived in a cage from which no man could release him—nor would.

I did not feel any pain for him. He was my servant and he thought me his slave. He thought himself a free man, but I was the soul who was truly free—free of the blood of men’s deaths by torture and unjust punishment.

The question every enslaved man I meet asks me is, “Why am I abused? Why do these men hate me?”

History tells us that the answer is gold; it is born of a greed that consumes and then hardens a man’s heart and replaces his soul with an imitation of a man—evil. He becomes a man who has no feelings, no patience, and no empathy for human or animal suffering. He becomes an abuser.

People have enslaved each other for thousands of years. The

Turks enslaved the Greeks, the Egyptians enslaved the Jews, and the Romans enslaved all those whom they conquered. Africans have enslaved each other's tribes from the beginning.

The poor, the weaker, the conquered, the young and the uneducated have been the targets of abuse and enslavement throughout history.

The next question a man will ask me is, "What makes a man lose his soul?"

There is only one answer and it is that God gave us children and animals to remember our souls. The man who spends time with young children and young animals spends time with their souls. If he abuses them the soul goes away; if he gives them kindness, the soul stays. It is rare that the soul who is abused stays. The soul hides while the imitation of the man lives his life—as the ego. The ego is evil—soul-less

These men who are slave owners will not set our souls free, but their children or their children's children will. We must look to the children for help. Look into their eyes; let them see our sorrow, our suffering and let them feel our souls.

Man's inhumanity to man can only happen when a man loses his soul. I was under the care of a soulless man—Boss-man Thomas.

The first thing Boss-man Thomas did when he let me out of the cage and unshackled me was to show me what happens to runaway slaves. How their bodies were torn and cut by the repeated whippings. He made me watch as Maroon hunters brought men in to be whipped.

Boss-man Thomas set his own children down to watch as well. I saw the soul leave his son; I saw his eyes cloud over, and the light leave them, only to be replaced by blank eyes of steel.

He beat me too, thinking he would break my spirit; he only broke my body—and who were these dark skinned people who could capture runaway slaves, only to return them to this tortured life? They were the Maroons who exchanged their freedom for taking other men's freedoms from them. I will not say that they were all soulless men, but many were and if there is a Hell, they were in Hell along with Boss-man Thomas and the other slave owners.

I would not be fooled by the color of a man's skin ever again. Look into the eyes to see if the soul resides there; if there is no soul, trust not this man, this woman, this child. A man who has a soul is bright eyed; a man without a soul is dull in his eyes, as if no one were there.

My plan changed in that week of hourly whippings and the laughter of the men who had done the cruel deeds. I looked into the eyes of the souls who received the whippings. I looked into the eyes who pleaded with my soul to help them. I returned their look, their pleading eyes, with kindness and compassion, giving each one strength in knowing that one man in the many was not a devil.

My name is Watu and I vow to release the souls of men from this abuse. This is what each soul saw in my eyes. I believe it gave them the courage to go on. It gave me the determination to find a way to free these men. I remembered each face that I might find him again.

When Boss-man finished teaching me the lesson of what happens to runaway slaves, he sent me to the Cayman Islands with his brother Boss-man John. As evil as Boss-man Thomas was, his brothers John and Charles were equally as good.

I knew how to escape now, but held my head down to feign meekness. I was to Boss-man Thomas a broken man with no hope. I was happy with Boss-man's progress. He was a fast learner.

## *4 the winds shift north*

It was there in the Cayman Islands that Boss-man John learned the full value of my talents. He wanted to know my education so he gave me the paper upon which you are reading the chronicles of my life. In order to get more ink and more paper, I devised a plan to help Boss-man John make more gold. My English was improving, but I still wrote in Latin. I gave him the paper upon which I had written my plan for him. Boss-man could not understand Latin and asked me to read it. I read my plan to him.

The training of men and women to be leased to America:

1. The men and women who are the tallest and strongest are to be chosen first. They will bring a better price.
2. Find out each man's special talents and use them.
3. Teach each man English, reading and writing, numbers and English manners.
4. Train each man to manage a crew of workers.
5. Let each man have a wife and family and lease families together.

The last sentence was received by Boss-man John with a startled look on his face. He did not see us as human men and women who had feelings, who loved and needed to be loved. He did not expect this request. I knew if I did nothing, said nothing, he would refuse them their families, so I told him my reasoning was human psychology.

1. In order to stop escapees, a family group is necessary to hold a man and a woman willing to work on the plantation.
2. A happy worker, a healthy worker, a well fed and well rested worker gets more work done in a shorter time.
3. A worker who is praised gets more work done than one who is whipped or spoken to with anger or criticism.
4. Refuse to lease people to anyone who abuses a worker.

Boss-man's eyes lit up, "You mean send each plantation a staff of workers? That would mean more money for better trained people."

Boss-man had never referred to us as people before this day. My training was proving to be very successful. Boss-man was learning. My plan was progressing. Boss-man was convinced that sending families to America would protect his income.

"Do you know such families who would willingly go to America? I mean the tall seven-foot people such as yourself, Chief-man?"

When I told him I had come from Ethiopia with them, Boss-man's eyes lit up. His mind moving fast, he shot a look at me and said, "Do you have a woman?"

I told him, "Yes, I have a woman."

"What is her name?"

"Lulu."

"Where is she now?"

"She is in Jamaica."

"Convince the families to go to America and you may have your woman, Lulu, if we can find her," he said the last part under his breath. Slaves did not always live long after coming from Africa; he knew the cruelty of the landowners from seeing it firsthand. He still did not ask me my name.

The boyhood friends the Prince's soldiers had kidnapped, had come on the ship with me. The task before me now was to find them—to find her. Not an easy task, for the tallest men and women were desired for their strength and size. Also families, men, and women and children had been torn apart. The will to live had left many men and women. Hope needed to be reborn.

As almost a year has passed since we arrived in Jamaica, I am wary that my countrymen are gone. The year is 1844. We went to Morant Bay on the Island of Jamaica to begin our search. Boss-man Thomas calls the slaves holdees. I asked him why the slaves hold their heads down, making no eye contact and he said, "Because they are cowards with no spirit."

When I asked Boss-man John that same question, he said, "Terror keeps their eyes to the ground."

To find my people I needed Boss-man John's help. I became

his buggy driver and accompanied him on tours of Jamaican plantations. I saw too few of my people. Where were they? Did they escape? Were they dead? Were they sick? Again I wrote a plan for Boss-man.

My plan:

1. Tell the plantation owners of my special talents to heal workers and restore order to the workers.

2. Get in to talk to the men and women. If a man or woman is sick then buy him, his woman and his children. The sickness comes from the lack of food. Big men and women need more food than they are allotted. They need special nutrition.

3. If he or she is separated from the family, he will not be able to go on with a sad heart. Soon the tall ones will all be dead.

With this last statement Boss-man jumped to his feet, “Dead!” Losing his possible investments was his only concern. The following week I was speaking to my people, one by one, listing them in my book for name and family members and possible locations of each one. It was true what I had told Boss-man. I found my people undernourished, thin and weak—lonely, without hope.

I found my friend Tutu. From him I learned that some had escaped, few were near death—caged with little food and water.

The next day I presented my plan to Boss-man John.

My plan:

1. Find the escaped men and women.

2. Buy the caged men; restore them to health by proper food, rest and exercise.

3. Find their family members and buy them too.

The plantation owners were happy to sell these men who would not survive; who were not trusted to be let out their cages. The owners and their managers were half their size and afraid of them.

A man’s size and height was his defense; it was his ruin; it was what made him valued over other men; and it was what finally

bought him his freedom. The gentle giants were finally let out of their cages. Boss-man bought all of them.

Boss-man set up a house that only I went into. Enough food, medicine, beds, clothing—everything I asked for was provided. There was only one question that haunted me—ached in my heart. Where was she?

Then one day I saw her. She was beautiful; she was healthy; she was alive. She was a house servant to a young family with twin daughters. I told Boss-man John that she was the woman I wanted; she was my Lulu. He offered to buy her but was quickly disappointed. The family who had her loved her; the family who had her treated her well; and she was not for sale at any price. She was not free even though the British Crown had declared it so—she was still a slave.

My heart sank. How could we be together? Boss-man told me that the best he could do is to offer me as a teacher to teach Lulu to speak and understand English. We used no books and had no paper or pen.

That year was a happy year. I came every week and could hardly breathe until our next meeting. The family was very pleased with her progress. Soon she was fluent in English. Privately I taught her to read and write; first I taught her numbers and letters. We had no paper or pen; Lulu would put soil in her apron pockets. The soil was used to put dust on the table and into the dust I would write letters and numbers.

She first learned the alphabet, after this words were easy. After our lessons she cleaned the table and nothing remained from our time together but memories. Our time together kept me alive, kept me working hard to fulfill Boss-man's plan and my plan.

One week I came to teach Lulu and she was gone. She had moved to America with the young family to a new plantation. Why had she not told me? Did she know? How can I see her again?

I told Boss-man John. He found out where she had gone.

Again I wrote a plan for Boss-man.

My plan:

1. The escaped men and women cannot work in the Caribbean. They have to be leased to American plantations. If they are leased to Caribbean plantations, they may be discovered as the escaped slaves. The plantation owners did not know the eyes or the faces of the men and women they possessed. If they did, they would have known their souls and would have been kind, not brutal; they would have treated them as men and women, not as devils.

2. They need to be trained to work in America. "I need to go to America" I told him, "to learn their ways."

Boss-man's eyes lit up. He liked the idea. You see Boss-man liked women and one woman wanted to marry him. I should say his father was after him to marry her, or anyone for that matter, but he was not interested and welcomed the opportunity to leave the country.

Boss-man does everything fast, it has only been seven days and we are leaving the Caymans with every family we have rescued. Arrangements have been made to buy a plantation near Lulu in Charleston, North Carolina.

It wasn't until we arrived in Charleston that Boss-man's soul awoke. It was when we stepped off the train that I noticed him looking at her. She was young and beautiful, full of life and in a feminine way you could tell she had taken control over her life.

"Why, yes, Daddy," she was saying, "you are so right, marriage would be the best thing for me." All the while her eyes were sparkling—dancing to be precise, their light catching Boss-man's eyes and stealing his heart.

He was shaken by her presence, as well as her beauty and being the ladies man that he had always been, it was strange for me to see him tongue tied, unable to move when she dropped her handkerchief at his feet, as she passed by arm-in-arm with her daddy. It took him a few seconds to realize the invitation—he swooped down and picked up the handkerchief; running after her, he found his voice to say, "Pardon me sir, I believe the lady dropped this."

"Oh, I believe you are mistaken sir!" her daddy said. She quickly interrupted him, saying in a voice that seemed to caress your ears, "Oh, Daddy, I must have dropped my handkerchief for

I do believe I have lost mine.”

Her eyes melting her daddy’s heart, he said, “Well, thank you sir. My name is Beauregard, Jean-Paul Beauregard and this is my daughter, Jacqueline, and you are, sir?”

Bowing low, Boss-man introduced himself; “I am John Bixby, at your service sir. I have just purchased the old Loiseure Plantation and plan to grow cotton. I have just arrived with my household from the Caribbean.”

I could not believe my ears. Cotton! Boss-man would no sooner work or grow cotton than cook a chicken.

“Is your wife with you?” Miss Jacqueline was quick to ask, her eyes searching our party, no doubt looking for a wife and children.

“No, I am unmarried,” he replied, meeting her inquiring eyes.

“You must come to dinner some time,” she said, looking sweetly at her daddy, whose face was showing signs of frustration with the conversation that had gotten clearly out of hand.

A lady is not permitted to speak to a strange man, but Jacqueline Beauregard was no ordinary lady, as we would all soon discover.

The house goods barely were laid down when the invitation arrived, “Dinner at the Beauregard’s Mansion at 7:00 pm, Saturday.”

No other lady had caught Boss-man’s eye since Miss Jacqueline. Saturday night came and I drove him to the Beauregard Plantation, which is where I saw the Master and Mistress of Lulu.

As I waited with other drivers, I found out about the Underground Railroad. Slaves were escaping through it.

As I was listening to the directions I needed to find a way into the Underground, I saw Boss-man on the balcony with Miss Jacqueline. She was almost as tall as he and in the moonlight her dark hair shone and her white gown fell off her shoulders. Boss-man was a perfect gentleman.

Boss-man had met his match. His mother would be very happy and it would put years on his father’s heart, as Boss-man would say later that night.

He somehow knew that if he took his mind off her she would be gone. She became a part of him that night.

You see there are two different worlds we live in: the world of lies and pretend and the world of real emotions—the soul’s world. Boss-man was the kind of man who tried to live in both worlds, but did not succeed at either. He was generally unhappy; he was different; he did not fit in with his family. Tonight, though, he did fit in with Jacqueline and he was happy.

“Chief-man, I am going to marry that girl!” he told me.

I know a lot about Boss-man. He talks to me about his business, his lovers, his lack of friends—they are all married.

Tonight, I saw Boss-man’s soul come to life. He has found his home, his people and soon I hope his purpose in life.

He let no time lapse between his moonlight talk with Jacqueline on the balcony and his next day arrival at her doorstep to talk to her father. It is Boss-man’s custom to ask the father for permission to court his daughter.

A resounding, “Absolutely NOT!” could be heard all the way to the carriage where I was waiting. Boss-man, being a businessman, came quickly to his senses and asked him why he would refuse him.

“I do not know your character, sir. You are a stranger to me. You have not proven yourself in business. I have no proof of your family lineage. Stay away from my daughter until I know you to be a gentleman of honesty and integrity, as well as means.”

He was escorted out of her house and we left, but not before he had in his hand a perfumed handkerchief with a note pinned to it, handed to him by the butler, it read, “You may court me, sir, in letters. Leave them with my buggy driver. Mine, I shall leave in the shed in the north pasture. Look for a vase of fresh flowers at the door and a letter will be waiting.”

He was never to be sad again. I came up with a new plan to fulfill my plan and now his plan. Our plans could not have been more similar.

The year has ended and 1845 begun. Boss-man has only one thought in mind; how to convince Mr. Beauregard that he is worthy of Miss Jacqueline. He had come to America with only

one thought in mind: to lease the tall and the strong men and their families who had come with us to America.

There is now a problem with that business plan. Mr. Beauregard owns a sawmill; he has no slaves; he does not believe in slavery.

My plan became his plan immediately.

My plan:

1. Give each man and family a house and a piece of land in exchange for work in your fabric factory.

2. Cotton is a material used to make clothes. Use the cotton to make the material, dye it and sell it in your fabric store. You can buy silk from China, lace from France and yard wool from Ireland.

3. Free all the men and women. Say we are British and do not own slaves; we hire workers.

“Are you talking about paying them a wage?” Boss-man was confused.

I told him, “You need a business that sells to local families in order to establish a reputation of honesty and integrity. You will get that if Mr. Beauregard knows that you have hired these people instead of owning them. They need clothes and food, homes with water and a fireplace. They will build the homes for each other. Divide up your land and deed the parcels to each family. Hire the women to run your household and set up a school for the children. Pay the women to sew and hire the men to run the factory—turn the cotton into cloth.”

Boss-man has become Mr. Bixby, sir, today, for he did just that—he freed all of us and then hired us.

Small cabins have been quickly built with fireplaces and water pumps. I have my own cabin too, but I spend most of my days in the big house with Mr. Bixby. I am the manager of his factory and next to it we have built the store where Miss Jacqueline and her mother shop.

It has taken a year, but Mr. Bixby has established himself at the bank; he has earned a reputation of being a fair and an honest man; he has also earned the love of Miss Jacqueline Beauregard. Their clandestine courtship gets Mr. Bixby up each morning for his