

*"A silvery cloud o'er the young moon crept,
Like a misty veil o'er a bride that slept.
The glitt'ring rays fell from on high,
Like blazing pearls from a midnight sky,
And down to the dim horizon swept...*

*...A charm was over that April sky,
That bent above in the days gone by,
And a witchery dwelt in faint perfume
Of the jasmine stars with their snowy bloom,
But their memory only wakes a sigh."*

Despite her obvious talents, when Mittie was told by one of her teachers that she might be successful at a literary career, she didn't take the suggestion seriously. Though she wrote a number of stories for a Richmond magazine called *The Old Dominion*, contributors to the publication received no pay and the journal failed after a few years.

Mittie continued writing stories and poems for local publications, occasionally signing her works "Evangeline St. Evers," a pseudonym she concocted because she disliked her own name. But when the editors of such magazines as *The Temperance Advocate*, for which she wrote a number of stories, suggested that the pen name was a bit too florid, she resigned herself to being "Mittie F.C. Point."

While her stories and poems were published with increasing frequency in Richmond, Mittie earned little for her literary efforts. When she met and fell in love with a handsome Confederate veteran named Thomas Jefferson Davis, she happily abandoned her writing avocation and embarked on a life as a wife and mother.

Ten years older than Mittie, Mr. Davis was well liked by the Point family, who nevertheless opposed the couple's marriage, due to the fact that Davis suffered from tuberculosis contracted during the Civil War. Mittie's mother feared her daughter's marriage would end in tragedy, but Tom Davis won Mittie's heart. The couple lived near Mittie's family in Richmond until Tom was offered employment as a bookbinder in the Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C. It was in the nation's capital that their daughter Pearl was born.

All was well with the young family for a while, and Mittie took up writing again, with her husband's encouragement. Her first ambitious effort was a 500-page novel, *Rosamund*, written at Tom's suggestion. When Mittie saw an advertisement in the *New York Weekly* soliciting novels for serial publication, she submitted the work for consideration and found her efforts rewarded by a check for \$100.00, which was a sizable sum at the time. Mittie spent the money immediately on a suite of bedroom furniture, convinced that her literary career had begun in earnest.

The lucrative sale of *Rosamund*, however, did not usher in a