

A woman in a white blouse and dark skirt holds a lit lantern in a cobblestone alleyway. The scene is dimly lit, with the lantern providing the primary light source. The background shows a narrow, cobblestone street lined with buildings, receding into the distance. The overall mood is mysterious and atmospheric.

*all
through
the
night*

A NOVEL

TARA JOHNSON

praise for tara johnson

“*All Through the Night* strikes all the right notes in a Civil War drama. Principled yet flawed characters grow with every chapter, a multifaceted setting brings the era’s turmoil to life, and intrigue and danger keep the pages turning. Inspired by a real woman, this novel sings with spiritual truths sure to harmonize with any reader’s life story. Another winner from Tara Johnson.”

JOCELYN GREEN, CHRISTY AWARD–WINNING AUTHOR OF *VEILED IN SMOKE*

“A soul-satisfying story, peopled with characters who shine all the brighter against the dark backdrop of the Civil War. *All Through the Night* will leave you with a song in your heart and a deeper appreciation for the courageous men and women who endured and changed the course of history by their stand for truth.”

LAURA FRANTZ, CHRISTY AWARD–WINNING AUTHOR OF *THE LACEMAKER*

“The tumult of the Civil War serves as a fitting backdrop for this story of two wounded people searching for purpose and approval. Cadence and Joshua are endearing characters, each seeking to do the right thing and bring healing to a broken world, no matter the cost. Tara Johnson has penned a romantic and touching tale that also highlights a little-known and sinister aspect of Civil War history. *All Through the Night* is a memorable novel not to be missed!”

SARAH SUNDIN, BESTSELLING AND AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF *WHEN TWILIGHT BREAKS* AND THE *SUNRISE AT NORMANDY* SERIES

“Tara Johnson is one of those rare writers who can weave history and fiction so seamlessly the reader is never sure where one ends and the other begins. A true talent and author to watch.”

ELIZABETH LUDWIG, *USA TODAY* BESTSELLING AUTHOR, ON *ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT*

“*All Through the Night* is full of rich details that bring the Civil War to life and a delightful romance that is sure to warm readers’ hearts. Those who enjoy engaging historical romance novels will fall in love with the strong but wounded hero, Dr. Joshua Ivy, and the talented yet hesitant heroine, Cadence Piper. The extra touch of suspense will keep readers up late and turning pages until they reach the very satisfying ending. Well-written and highly recommended!”

CARRIE TURANSKY, AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF *NO OCEAN TOO WIDE*

“This is the kind of story that makes you want to cry, cheer, sometimes raise a fist, and other times sit back in your chair and go, ‘Hmm.’ The Civil War period is delightfully captured in all its definitive glory in *All Through the Night*, another memorable tale from author Tara Johnson that you won’t want to miss.”

MICHELLE GRIEP, CHRISTY AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR

“Tara Johnson’s *All Through the Night* will captivate you from page one. Beautifully written, the tale weaves you, the reader, into the story, until you walk with Cadence and Joshua. It’s a must-read!”

ANE MULLIGAN, AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF THE CHAPEL SPRINGS SERIES

“Johnson returns to the Civil War for another exciting inspirational romance featuring a dedicated, devout heroine. . . . Johnson embeds the story with her customary attention to historical detail, but the deeply wounded characters remain the focus of this ruminative investigation into the personal toll of war. Johnson’s Christian elements are subtle, allowing Cassie and Gabe’s perseverance to provide inspiration and hope. Fans of Lynn Austin will enjoy this.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY ON *WHERE DANDELIONS BLOOM*

“*Where Dandelions Bloom* is a refreshing historical romance with surprising takes on gender roles. . . . Subtle messages about the power and necessity of forgiveness weave in.”

FOREWORD REVIEWS

“A beautifully written love story that takes place amid the horrors of the American Civil War . . . [with] the message of the peace we can have in the Lord in spite of turmoil, hope instead of despair, the importance of forgiveness, not only toward others but also toward one’s self, and of not wasting the life God has blessed us with.”

CHRISTIAN NOVEL REVIEW ON *WHERE DANDELIONS BLOOM*

“Bringing facets of Civil War history to life, *Where Dandelions Bloom* is an engaging journey of hidden identity and of discovering what’s most important in life—and in love.”

TAMERA ALEXANDER, *USA TODAY* BESTSELLING AUTHOR

“In her sparkling debut . . . Johnson crafts an inspirational tale of love, fortitude, and what it means to do the right thing when the very concept of ‘right’ is challenged.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, STARRED REVIEW OF *ENGRAVED ON THE HEART*

“A timeless and timely theme of helping persecuted people blooms into an unusual Civil War romance that explores Keziah’s search for a purpose, the intersection of faith and practice, and how single acts have far-reaching effects.”

FOREWORD REVIEWS ON *ENGRAVED ON THE HEART*

“Debut novelist Johnson does not shy away from the horrors of slavery and the important role of the Underground Railroad, but the tone of this historical romance is much lighter than expected. . . . Fans of the genre will be pleased.”

LIBRARY JOURNAL ON *ENGRAVED ON THE HEART*

“Keziah and Micah brave danger and death to help slaves journey to freedom, reminding readers that choosing right often involves great sacrifice.”

CBA CHRISTIAN MARKET ON *ENGRAVED ON THE HEART*

“A truly lovely debut novel. [Told] through the eyes of an unlikely heroine awakening to the injustices of slavery, *Engraved on the Heart* brings

Savannah, Georgia, during the Civil War to life. . . . A book to savor and an author to watch!”

SARAH SUNDIN, AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF *THE SEA BEFORE US*
AND THE WAVES OF FREEDOM SERIES

“Set amid the beauty of Savannah, Georgia, at the onset of the Civil War, *Engraved on the Heart* is a story that is as spiritually profound as it is romantic. . . . A remarkable, memorable debut!”

LAURA FRANTZ, AUTHOR OF *THE LACEMAKER*

“Lovers of Civil War fiction will rejoice to add *Engraved on the Heart* to their collections. I’ll be looking for more from Tara Johnson!”

JOCELYN GREEN, AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF THE HEROINES
BEHIND THE LINES CIVIL WAR SERIES

“Blending realistic, relatable characters and the heartrending issue of slavery against a beautifully painted backdrop, Tara Johnson presents a debut novel that will leave you satisfied and yet still wanting more. . . . I highly recommend this engaging and intriguing historical novel.”

KIM VOGEL SAWYER, BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *BRINGING MAGGIE*
HOME

“Tara Johnson delivers a stirring tale of danger and hope in *Engraved on the Heart*.”

ROBIN LEE HATCHER, RITA AND CHRISTY AWARD-WINNING
AUTHOR OF *YOU’LL THINK OF ME* AND *YOU’RE GONNA LOVE ME*

all through the night



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prologue

MARCH 1861

WASHINGTON, DC

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.” I will fear no evil. I will fear no evil . . .

Cadence Piper walked down the darkened street, clutching her reticule to her middle. Her booted footsteps clicked loudly against the gritty walk. She winced at the echo that drifted back from the inky alley to the right. A chill crawled down her spine. Why hadn't she left the Ladies Aid meeting sooner?

Thunder grumbled overhead as the scent of coming rain filled the air. Would Father be worried? Since they'd moved here from Boston, he'd been so occupied setting up the business he'd not had much time to escort her around town. She'd not minded overly much. Until now.

Straightening her shoulders, she lifted her chin and prayed the action would settle her quaking stomach.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

A portly man in a dark coat and tall hat approached, his steps rapid. She stiffened and tucked her head down, only to release the pent-up breath when he passed a moment later without sparing her a glance. She was overreacting. The circles of gaslights dotted the streets. A slow, soft drizzle started, creating a layer of silver dew on the sleeves of her dress. Just a few more blocks.

The faint sound of crying drifted through the night. She paused. Not the wail of a man or woman, but the heartbroken cry of a child. Her heart tugged, even as the odor of rotting garbage and the stench of urine assaulted her.

Pausing, she squinted, peering down another alley to the right. The crying was coming from its depths, she was certain. Dare she look further?

A shiver skimmed her skin. The thought of stepping foot into that black corridor made her tremble, but she could not leave a hurting waif alone. What if the child were sick or had been abandoned? A hundred scenarios peppered her imagination. She'd not sleep a wink tonight unless she checked. Wincing, she slowly entered as the drizzle turned into a steady rain. The darkness tore at her remaining courage.

She jumped when the toe of her boot bumped an empty glass bottle littering the ground. It rolled, and the strident sound bounced through the hollowed, eerie space. The faintest beam of light illuminated the alley wall. The rest was black as coal.

The crying grew louder.

Cadence braved a word. "Hello? Are you hurt?"

The crying muted into a soft whimper.

"It's all right. I won't hurt you. I only want to help." Her fingers scraped wet, gritty brick.

Silence.

“You’re not in trouble. I promise.”

Sniffle.

Poor lamb. Cadence felt through her reticule for the stick of hard candy that was always present. “Here. I don’t have food, but I have a peppermint stick. Would you like it?”

Another sniffle. “Yes’m.”

She smiled. “Then you must come to me. I can’t see you.”

Shuffling.

“Follow the sound of my voice.”

Small, cold fingers grasped her arm. Cadence patted the frigid hands, trying to impart what warmth she could. “There you are, love.” She pressed the peppermint stick into the child’s hands and stooped down. The little body leaned close, seeking her warmth. Crunching sounds broke the quiet of the night.

“Do you live here?”

A smacking sound. “No.”

“Then how did you come to be here?”

“I’m alone.”

The way the girl said it, so matter-of-fact, pierced her to the quick. Cadence found the child’s back and stroked it gently. “I understand. I lost my own mother. It hurts deeply, doesn’t it?”

Another sniffle, followed by more crunching. She could not leave this little mite to fend for herself. She would not.

“Do you know what I do when I miss my mother?”

“What?”

“I pull out a memento she gave me and hold it close to my heart. One of her lockets or handkerchiefs. Do you have a special keepsake from your parents?”

The girl shook her head in the darkness, her body bumping Cadence’s. “No, ma’am. I have nothing.”

Swallowing a swell in her throat, Cadence dug through her reticule, fingers skimming the fabric until she found the desired

object. “Here.” She groped for the child’s hand and set the cool object in her palm.

“What’s this?”

“One of my mother’s hairpins. I take it with me everywhere.” She wrapped her hands around the child’s cold, sticky fingers. “Take it.”

The child gasped. “For me? Truly? But it was your mother’s.”

“I have others. Let it remind you that you’re never alone.”

She sniffed. “I feel alone.”

“God is watching over you.”

Silence, save for the drip-drip of water from the rooftops.

“What else do you do when you’re lonely or afraid?”

Cadence stroked the child’s wet, stringy tendrils of hair. “I sing.”

“Sing what?”

Clearing her throat, she lifted her voice softly.

*“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul—”*

“Are you mad?”

Cadence’s heart strangled at the masculine voice. Heavy footsteps stomped toward them. She pushed to her feet as the child clutched her damp skirts. Cadence’s pulse clattered to a halt. The large form of a man hovered over them, his shadowed outline boding danger.

But then he turned to the girl. "I thought I'd lost you. You must stay with me. It's far too dangerous. No wandering off."

"Yes, sir."

"Come." The clipped command grated.

As the child moved to his side, Cadence lurched forward, took her hand, and hissed, "What do you think you're doing?"

He whirled around. "Pardon?"

"How dare you bully this poor child and steal her away. She's naught but a poor orphan and a hungry one at that!"

"Oh, really?" Amusement colored his deep baritone. "Is that what she told you?"

Cadence swallowed. "Of course."

The imposing man inclined his head to the girl. "Did you tell her you had no parents?"

The child mumbled, "No, sir. I told her I was alone."

Confusion ribboned through Cadence's middle. What was going on?

The stranger sighed. "You're alone because you ran off. This poor woman thinks she's aiding a hungry orphan living on the street. Not a girl who disobeyed her father."

The child's voice was meek. "I'm sorry."

The man turned to leave and Cadence grabbed his arm. Something was odd about the whole affair. "Sir, if you please, how do I know you're speaking the truth?"

He whirled back, his face mere inches from her own. He was so close, she could see the faint outline of his angular jaw and lips, despite the dark shadows cocooning them. The scent of bay rum and shaving soap filled her nostrils.

"Miss, if you'd be so kind, I'd like to take my daughter and return home before she catches her death of cold. That is, if your singing hasn't alerted every pickpocket and troublemaker to our presence already."

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Blood drained from her head as he scooped up the girl and departed. Along with the sound of his fading footsteps, Cadence heard the child's faint call.

"Thank you, miss."

Cadence pressed a hand to the pulse thrumming in her throat. A waft of dank air slapped her face as more thunder rumbled.

What kind of father roamed the alleys at night with his young daughter in tow? A disreputable one, no doubt. Still, she couldn't suppress the irritation that flamed when she considered the confusion that had occurred. How was she to know *alone* didn't mean abandoned? And she'd given away one of Mother's hairpins because of her impulsiveness. Louisa was correct. She was far too rash in her decisions.

She could afford no more excursions into dark alleys.

chapter 1

APRIL 1861

“What do you think, Songbird?”

Cadence turned and smiled at her father’s familiar nickname as they stepped into his toy shop and surveyed the space. The narrow display windows were filled with lace-trimmed dolls on one side and toy soldiers acting out battle scenes on the other. She had already witnessed young children pressing their eager faces to the glass, although Father had not yet opened the store for business.

The gleaming shelves were lined with dominoes and ninepins, whistles and cinch puzzles, harmonicas and marbles. Large baskets were strategically located throughout, filled with ball-and-cup toys, blocks, balls, and a variety of carved animals. More complex games like chess and checker sets rested along the higher shelves. Paper dolls and tea sets, trains and gyroscopes . . . even a spectacular telescope stood like a sentinel in the corner. Best of all were the glass containers filled with an assortment of

candy. Licorice, peppermint, lemon drops, butterscotch, sour drops, and cream candy provided a dazzling assortment of vivid, mouthwatering colors to old and young alike.

She propped her hands on her hips. "A bit more polish and I do believe it will be ready."

Her father's lips twisted in a soft smile as he studied his tiny kingdom, his blue eyes mellow with gentle sadness. "Do you think your mother would approve?"

She rose on tiptoe and brushed his cheek with a kiss, enjoying the slight scratch of his shaven jaw against her skin. "She would be delighted."

He sighed. His shoulders seemed a bit more stooped of late, though fifty-three was far from old. The silver threading his hair was more noticeable than the dark brown. Still, the laugh lines around his eyes and mouth were not deep. He was tall and slim. A handsome man. Perhaps she should encourage him to remarry.

The thought stung. Mother had been gone two years, but sometimes it felt like a lifetime. Cadence tried to fill the void as best she could, but a daughter was a poor substitute in companionship. In truth, Father seemed not to notice her attempts to try.

She longed to see the sad, haunted look swept from his eyes. To know in the dark of night he was not lonely, for most assuredly he was now. Why else would he sit in front of the parlor fire with naught but Dickens and Defoe to keep him company into the wee morning hours? She'd caught him reading late into the night more than once. Each time he claimed to be absorbed in the story, unable to put the volume down, yet he'd read the books numerous times. Knew the plots by heart.

As did she.

They had both hoped the move to Washington would be

a fresh start, a way to eradicate the dark memories and ghosts that haunted them in Boston. What could be done when ghosts occupied a heart?

The bell over the door jangled and three men swept into the room, each wearing a somber black coat and tall hat.

Father donned a welcoming expression and spread his arms wide. “Mr. Dodd, how wonderful to see you again! You are one of the very first to visit, and visit before the store is open to the public, I might add.”

The youngest-looking man, shorter than the other two with barely a hint of silver at his temples, smiled widely and clasped Father’s hand with a hearty chuckle. “Then I consider myself most fortunate indeed.” He turned to his companions. “Gentlemen, may I introduce my good friend and one of our newest residents of Washington, Mr. Albert Piper.”

The other men, a Mr. Brooks and Mr. Simmons, each shook his hand, their own welcome somewhat less jovial, though Cadence noticed they took in the store’s inventory with a gleam of approval. Mr. Dodd turned in her direction. “And who is this beautiful young lady?”

Father placed his hand on the small of her back. “This is Cadence, my daughter.”

Heat brushed her cheeks at their open stares, but Mr. Dodd nodded kindly. Lifting her fingers to his lips, he offered a chaste kiss to her hand and murmured, “Enchanted.”

She cleared her throat. “Thank you, sir. Likewise.”

He released her and winked at Father. “Where have you been hiding such a beauty, Albert? If Washington’s social set knew she was here, your door would have been pounded down with suitors ready to stake their claim.”

Father laughed weakly and tugged at his collar. “Why do you think I keep her at home?”

Her neck burned, but she forced a shy smile. "Our recent move has kept me busy setting up house."

Dodd nodded. "No doubt. Once that tedious task is finished, you must come dine with my wife and me."

"We would be delighted."

"It may be a while yet. At least for Cadence. Setting up a household takes quite some time, you know."

She frowned. Unpacking was nearly finished. Did he not wish her to visit Mr. Dodd?

Shouts erupted from beyond the door. A crush of people streamed past the window, the forms of men and women alike scurrying in a blur of color.

Mr. Dodd stepped toward the window. "What on earth?"

The door flew open, slamming against the wall with a bang. A newspaper boy stood in the open space, his satchel bulging. Behind him, shouts intensified.

"Did you hear the news, gentlemen? It's just come across the telegraph."

Father took a step toward the gangly youth. "What news? Why the melee?"

The boy straightened his thin shoulders. "Early this morning, Confederates under the command of General Beauregard opened fire upon Fort Sumter in Charleston, South Carolina."

Cadence heard Dodd suck in a harsh breath. Father bowed his head. She bit her lip. "What does this mean?"

Dodd's dark brows knit together. "I'm afraid, Miss Piper, this means we are now officially in the thick of war."



Joshua Ivy crammed his hands in his pockets and walked quickly down Fourth Street, his thoughts tumbling one over another.

Not a week after the firing on Fort Sumter and Washington

had already been transformed. The approach of summer usually meant a sleepy time of relative calm working at Washington Infirmary. His lips firmed into a tight press. This summer would be different.

People streamed into the city in droves. Hotels strained to bursting, even as new ones were hastily being constructed overnight. Train whistles blasted day and night and the streets were always crowded, with nary a moment's rest. And with President Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand militiamen, things would only grow worse.

More upsetting still, the morning's newspaper had announced with bold letters: "VIRGINIA SECEDES." How many more would follow?

Madness.

Papa John would have been heartbroken. And how would this affect his own work at the hospital?

Keeping his head down, he turned onto E Street.

"Feel like trying your luck, sir?"

Joshua stopped and stared at the shyster eyeing him from the corner. The kid couldn't have been more than sixteen or seventeen at best. Three battered tin cups sat before him on a rickety table. The shell game?

Resisting the urge to laugh, Joshua sauntered closer. "I've naught but a nickel."

The fellow's eyes lit up. "A nickel will do. This game is simple." He began shuffling the cups around, his dirt-stained fingers moving in a blur. "Guess which cup is holding the ball. Not difficult for a man of distinction such as yourself, am I right?" The lad was laying it on thick.

"Indeed."

When he'd finished shuffling, Joshua tapped the cup farthest to the right. "There."

The boy lifted it and groaned. "By the saints, you've done it. I should have known better than to challenge a man with such astute powers of observation. Shall we have another go? Double or nothing?"

Joshua smiled. "Why not?"

The shuffle of cups, the scraping of tin on wood. The lad stopped with a flourish. "Tell me, where is the ball?"

Joshua lifted a brow. "In your hand."

The lad's composure faltered. "What's that you say?"

With a frown, Joshua lurched forward and grabbed his hands, wrenching them open to reveal the ball tucked inside the left palm.

The boy paled. "How—how did you know?"

Joshua pursed his lips. "Let's just call it a hunch. First rule of running games: Don't get caught. Ever. Word gets around." He released the lad, who blinked as if he'd been slapped.

Joshua's heart tugged. "You got family?"

"A mother. Little brother."

"Your father?"

"Dead."

Joshua scooped up the nickel and tossed it to him. "Here. Take it. Where do they live?"

The lad mumbled the address, and Joshua tried not to wince. The slummiest part of the city. He made a mental note to take them some food later.

"What's your name?"

"Thomas Moore."

"Well, Thomas Moore, you seem like a bright young man. Too bright to be wasting your life running games and tricking folks out of nickels and dimes. If you ever want honest work, come find me."

The boy nodded, his neck mottled red. "And where would that be?"

“Washington Infirmary. My name’s Dr. Joshua Ivy. Oh, and, Thomas?”

He looked up, his pale-blue eyes wide. “Sir?”

Joshua leaned in, dropping his voice to a whisper. “Second rule of running games? Keep alert. There’s a police officer right across the street and he’s noticed your cups. If I were you, I’d act as if I was taking a drink from one of them and move along.”

Thomas swallowed. “How did you know that?”

Joshua winked. “I keep alert.”



“Cadence. Sing me a song.”

Mother’s weak voice trembled in the low light, wavering like the flickering flame of the spent candle near her bed. Cadence reached for her hand. Cold. So cold.

“Wh-wh-what do you want me to sing?”

“Anything. Everything.”

Cadence closed her eyes, a hundred melodies flying through her mind before she landed on the perfect words.

*“Meet me by moonlight alone,
and then I will tell you a tale.
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
in the grove at the end of the vale . . .”*

The candlelight faded as darkness closed in. Cadence snatched Mother’s hand closer, but her fingers were slipping away. Her eyes burned like coals through the encroaching shadows.

“Save me, Cadence. Save me . . .”

Tears streamed as she tried to hold Mother’s cold fingers, but the tighter she gripped, the quicker Mother slipped from her

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

grasp. The bed plunged her into a black abyss as all the light was snuffed out.

“Father! Tate! Help me!”

Cadence stumbled through the clawing darkness, but it panted against her heart like a beast waiting to snap her up. No light, no path. No one could see her. Hear her. She was alone.

Alone. Alone.

“No!”

Warm air invaded as her eyes snapped open. Something fluttered over her face. Her sheets? With a cry, she yanked the offending fabric away and breathed in long pulls of night air. Moonlight cut silver swaths of light across her room. Gasping, she collapsed against her pillow.

It was only a dream.

Sweat glued her nightgown to her skin. Her heartbeat slowed as she twisted to stare up at the ceiling.

Only a dream, and yet it wasn't.

Mother was gone, and she was to blame. Tate had fled and Father had little to do with her. Tears pricked her eyes as her throat swelled. In the ways that mattered, she was alone.

Even now, surrounded by darkness, long-held childhood fears reached out to choke her. Terrified of being noticed while yearning to be seen, truly seen and loved, despite her flaws.

Clutching the sheets between her fingers, she held them to her chest and willed the tears to flee.

God, did you see me then? Do you see me now?

a note from the author

WHILE *ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT* is completely fictitious, the character of Cadence Piper is loosely based on a very courageous woman named Elida Rumsey. Young, beautiful Elida was desperate to do her part in the Great Conflict but was turned away by Dorothea Dix. Elida was known throughout Washington for her beautiful singing voice and was called upon to use her gift at various benefits. She was the very first person to publicly sing “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.”

When starving soldiers were released from Libby Prison in a prisoner exchange, a young Navy Department clerk named John Allen Fowle sought out Elida and asked her to sing in order to rouse the soldiers’ spirits. Her popularity grew among the troops from that day forward, and she was soon labeled “The Songbird of the North.” Elida organized libraries for recuperating soldiers and even took food and provisions to the battlefronts to give to the sick and dying. It was in the heat of battle that she began nursing the wounded. Upon seeing fresh blood pumping from the arm of her very first patient,

she fainted. Elida resolved that would never happen again and immediately went back into the field hospital to nurse those who needed her. She eventually became the youngest member of the Massachusetts Army Nurses.

Because of their popularity, John and Elida were married in the Hall of the House of Representatives. They had four biological children, adopted two orphaned soldiers' children, and took in two emancipated slave children. I chose to honor Elida Rumsey by using her first name for one of my characters in this book—Cadence's friend, the mother of baby Rose.

While researching this story, I was horrified to learn the depths of evil perpetrated by the Knights of the Golden Circle. I had heard of the secret society before, but only in the realms of treasure hunters seeking the rumored fortune the Knights supposedly left behind. These forerunners of the KKK funded much of the Confederacy, and their influence reached even into the Union ranks. A particularly haunting memoir by Edmund Wright, one of the few who managed to leave the Knights and paid a high price, laid a rich foundation of research for this novel. My character Edmund Warwick was inspired in part by this brave man. Many historians believe that both Jesse James and Lincoln's killer, John Wilkes Booth, were also members of the Knights.

Fanny Crosby is one of my favorite songwriters of all time. When faced with the possibility of giving her a cameo in *All Through the Night*, my imagination took flight. Just before penning her part of the story, I went to sing and speak to some inmates at the Little Rock penitentiary. When it came time for worship, one of the inmates stood and led us in a beautiful rendition of "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior." Seeing the tears in his eyes as he lifted his face to heaven, I marveled at how Crosby's touching words still move so many today.

TARA JOHNSON

In the epilogue, I had Miriam humming this hymn as she went about her work after hearing it performed at a revival service in 1863. In reality, “Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior” wasn’t written until 1868. I wanted to wrap up Cadence and Joshua’s story with the reminder that all of us long to be seen . . . and there is a God who sees and hears us, even in the darkest night.