GAY MARY HARRIS

Life in Dixie during the War, 1861-1862-1863-1864-1865

Mary Gay

Life in Dixie during the War, 1861-1862-1863-1864-1865

Gay M.

Life in Dixie during the War, 1861-1862-1863-1864-1865 /
M. Gay — «Public Domain»,

Содержание

Mary Ann Harris Gay
Life in Dixie during the War, 1861-1862-1863-1864-1865

INTRODUCTION

I am asked to write a few words of introduction to these reminiscences of a lady who, in the pleasant afternoon of a life devoted to deeds of mercy and charity, turns fondly and sympathetically to the past. But there is nothing to be said. What word of mine could add to the interest that inheres in this unpretentious record of a troubled and bloody period? The chronicle speaks for itself, especially to those who remember something of those wonderful days of war. It has the charm and the distinction of absolute verity, a quality for which we may look in vain in more elaborate and ambitious publications. Here indeed, is one of the sources from which history must get its supplies, and it is informed with a simplicity which history can never hope to attain.

We have here reproduced in these records, with a faithfulness that is amazing, the spirit of those dark days that are no more. Tragedy shakes hands with what seems to be trivial, and the commonplaces of every-day life seem to move forward with the gray battalions that went forth to war.

It is a gentle, a faithful and a tender hand that guides the pen – a soul nerved to sacrifice that tells the tale. For the rest, let the records speak for themselves.

Joel Chandler Harris.

PREFACE

By way of preface to “Life in Dixie During the War,” I scarcely know what to say. I have long felt that it was the duty of the South to bequeath to posterity the traditions of that period; for if we do it not ourselves they will be swallowed up in oblivion. Entertaining this opinion, I have essayed the task of an individual effort, and hope that others may follow my example.

No woman who has seen what I have seen, and felt what I have felt, would be apt to write with less asperity; and yet, now that we have come back to the United States, and mean to stay in it, let the provocation to depart be what it may, I would not put into practice an iota of the war-time feeling. In thus expressing myself, I am sure I represent every Christian in my own beautiful Southland.

There was one for whom these sketches would have had a special interest. An inspiring motive for writing them was that they would be read by my nephew, Thomas H. Stokes, of Atlanta, the only child of the brother so often mentioned. But, ere he had had more than a glimpse of them, he was called away by an Inscrutable Providence, in his pure and beautiful young manhood, as we trust to a Land of Peace more in keeping with his noble, true, and tender heart, than earth with its sin and strife. “Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.”

Mary A. H. Gay.

Decatur, Georgia.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. THE TOCSIN OF WAR

The tocsin of war has resounded from Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf of Mexico, from the snow-crested billows of the Atlantic to the tranquil waves of the Pacific.

War! War! War! is the battle cry of a people, who, long suffering and patient, but now, goaded to desperation and thoroughly exasperated, are determined, at all hazards, to protect the rights for which their forefathers fought, bled and died; and which their own Thomas Jefferson embodied in an instrument of writing which, for beauty of diction and wisdom of thought, will go sounding down the corridors of time, so long as time itself shall last – unequaled, unparalleled; and which was adopted without a dissenting voice by the ablest convocation of men ever assembled in national councils as their declaration of human rights and liberties.

Thus, under auspices favorable to the happy and speedy development of a new and glorious country, commenced the government of the freest and happiest people on earth, under the administration of George Washington – an administration which caught the eye of the world and called forth its admiration; and which the most censorious never had the temerity to attack; an administration which secured for the country the alluring title, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." And its fame went abroad in story and in song, and every nation on earth sought its blessings and advantages, and it grew to be a mighty country.

Coeval with the settlement of this beautiful continent by the white man, there came, or rather, there was brought, a race of people which needed the fostering care as well as the strong arm of slavery to kindle the latent spark of intellectual fire which had smoldered for centuries, in, as President Cleveland would say, "innocuous desuetude."

This race of people came not as pioneers in the building up of this great nation, but as a menial race, sold into bondage by their own kith and kin, and not to be endowed with elective franchise nor representation in its councils. It was held in bondage alike in Massachusetts and in South Carolina. Under the auspices of slavery, it became a powerful factor in the building up of the staple industries of the country – the Southern portion of it directly, the Northern portion indirectly, and it received in return more than any other people in bondage has ever received – as a usual thing, good wholesome food, comfortable homes and raiment, and tender treatment in sickness. When they failed to receive these benefits, their masters were improvident and careless alike of the comfort of their own wives and children, and they, too, showed hard usage and neglect. This is not said by way of apology for any treatment received at the hands of Southern slaveholders by this vassal race. I repeat that no people held in bondage ever received so many benefits.

Slavery, as all other institutions, had its evils, and those evils were far greater to the slaveholder than to the slaves. Climatic and other considerations rendered the system of slavery unprofitable in the Northern States of this great and growing republic, and the men at the helm of their respective governments agitated the subject of emancipation.

Having given themselves time to bring the greater number of their slaves South and sell them, they nominally freed the others by legislative enactment; and by this great and magnanimous action, there were so few left that to this day, as attested by Northern tourists, a "darkey," or a "colored person," is an object of curiosity and great interest.

The country, North and South, was too prosperous. The agitators could stand it no longer. Discord and strife took the place of harmony and peace in the halls of congress, and in the senate chamber of the United States. Men who could in no other way acquire prominence, became conspicuous as champions of an "oppressed and down trodden race," and were swift to slander the white people of the South. Our slaves were taught that murder, rapine, arson, and every species of

wickedness known in the catalogue of crime which, in any way, could weaken, yea, destroy the South, was service most acceptable.

The country was in the clutches of an organized mob, determined to precipitate it into the jaws of dissolution. By way of confirming this statement the following resolutions are reproduced.

These resolutions were adopted by a large and representative body of men at Worcester, Massachusetts, soon after Fremont's defeat in 1856, and long before Governor Gist of South Carolina, and other Southern leaders, began to take measures for a peaceable separation, rather than to be forcibly expelled:

"*Resolved*, That the meeting of a state disunion convention, attended by men of various parties and affinities, gives occasion for a new statement of principles and a new platform of action.

"*Resolved*, That the conflict between this principle of liberty and this fact of slavery has been the whole history of the nation for fifty years, while the only result of this conflict has thus far been to strengthen both parties, and prepare the way of a yet more desperate struggle.

"*Resolved*, That in this emergency we can expect little or nothing from the South itself, because it, too, is sinking deeper into barbarism every year. Nor from a supreme court which is always ready to invent new securities for slaveholders. Nor from a president elected almost solely by Southern votes. Nor from a senate which is permanently controlled by the slave power. Nor from a house of representatives which, in spite of our agitation, will be more proslavery than the present one, though the present one has at length granted all which slavery asked. Nor from political action as now conducted. For the Republican leaders and press freely admitted, in public and private, that the election of Fremont was, politically speaking, the last hope of freedom, and even could the North cast a united vote in 1860, the South has before it four years of annexation previous to that time.

"*Resolved*, That the fundamental difference between mere political agitation and the action we propose is this, it requires the acquiescence of the slave power, and the other only its opposite.

"*Resolved*, That the necessity for disunion is written in the whole existing character and condition of the two sections of the country – in social organizations, education, habits and laws – in the dangers of our white citizens of Kansas and of our colored ones in Boston, in the wounds of Charles Sumner and the laurels of his assailant – and no government on earth was ever strong enough to hold together such opposing forces.

"*Resolved*, That this movement does not seek merely disunion, but the more perfect union of the free States by the expulsion of the slave States from the confederation in which they have ever been an element of discord, danger and disgrace.

"*Resolved*, That it is not probable that the ultimate severance of the union will be an action of deliberation or discussion, but that a long period of deliberation and discussion must precede it, and this we meet to begin.

"*Resolved*, That henceforward, instead of regarding it as an objection to any system of policy that will lead to the separation of the States, we will proclaim that to be the highest of all recommendations and the grateful proof of statesmanship; and we will support politically and otherwise, such men and measures as appear to tend most to this result.

"*Resolved*, That by the repeated confession of Northern and Southern statesmen, the existence of the union is the chief guarantee of slavery, and that the despots of the whole world and the slaves of the whole world have everything to hope from its destruction and the rise of a free Northern republic.

"*Resolved*, That the sooner the separation takes place the more peaceable it will be; but that peace or war is a mere secondary consideration in view of our present perils. Slavery must be conquered; peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

To keep before the people of the United States, North and South, the hostility of the then controling spirit of the North towards the South, the above resolutions cannot be repeated too often. Nor were they an isolated example of party fanaticism. The stock and staple of the entire republican press was slander of the Southern people; and like noxious weeds it well nigh rooted out all that was

elevating to man, and ennobling to woman. The pulpit became a rostrum from which bitter invective of the South flowed in Niagaran torrents; and the beautiful fields of Poesy were made to yield an abundant crop of briar and bramble and deadly Upas.

The burden of every song, of every prayer, of every sermon, was the "poor down-trodden slave" of the South. What wonder that seed thus constantly and malignantly sown sprang up and bore a crop of discontent which nothing short of "separation" from the enemy could appease. We, too, felt that under the existing circumstances peace or war was a mere secondary consideration in view of our perils in the union, and took measures to withdraw from a sectional union of States that had ceased to respect State sovereignty outside of its own borders.

The insults and taunts and the encroachments of fifty years had welded the people of the South into a compact party organization, animated for all substantial purposes by one sentiment and one glorious principle of patriotism, and never was there a movement in the annals of nations that had a more unanimous support. And when the tocsin of war resounded from one end of the country to the other, and reverberated over hills and through valleys, the sons and sires in the beautiful Sunny South, from the high born and cultured gentleman in whose veins flowed the blue blood of the cavalier, to the humblest tiller of the soil and the shepherd on the mountain sides, buckled on the paraphernalia of warfare and reported for duty. To arms! To arms! was the patriotic appeal of a people who had no other redress; and I repeat with emphasis that never a people responded with more chivalrous alacrity or more earnestness of purpose.

I was too well versed in the politics of the country, too familiar with the underground workings of the enemy, to hesitate. I, too, enlisted in the struggle, and in the glorious efforts to establish "home rule and domestic felicity," not literally in the ranks of the soldier, but in the great army of women who were willing to toil and to suffer, and to die, if need be, for the cause of the South.

I had but one brother, a darling young half brother, Thomas J. Stokes, who had gone to Texas to practice his chosen profession. With all the intensity of my ardent nature I loved this brother, and would have died that he might live; and yet with all the perils involved, it was with a thrill of pride that I read his long letter breathing, pulsing, with the patriotism illustrated by our ancestry in the revolutionary struggle for American Independence. And now this noble brother and myself, though widely separated, enlisted in aid of the same great cause; the perpetuity of constitutional rights. He to serve on the battle-field, and I to care for the sick and wounded soldiers, or to labor in any capacity that would give greatest encouragement to our cause.

CHAPTER I.
THE MAGNOLIA CADETS

Notwithstanding the restful signification of "Alabama," the State bearing that name had passed the ordinance of secession, and mingled her voice with those of other States which had previously taken steps in that direction.

Then followed a call for a convention, having in view the election of a President of a new Republic to take its place among the nations of the earth, and to be known throughout the world as the Southern Confederacy. As an intensely interested spectator I was at that convention; and will remember, to my dying day, that grand spectacle. Yea, that was a grand and solemn occasion – that of issuing a mandate "Let there be another nation, and to all intents and purposes there was another nation." In the course of human events it requires centuries to evolve such moral courage and sublimity of thought and action; and the proceedings of that day will stand out in bold relief as the acme of patriotic greatness.

Ah! that scene at the capitol of the State of Alabama, when Jefferson Davis, the chosen leader of the Southern people, took the oath of office and pledged undying fidelity to the best interests of his own sunny land.

On that momentous occasion not a word was uttered denunciatory of the States we were seeking to leave in their fancied superiority, and the great concourse of people there assembled was too familiar with the history of the times to require recapitulation of the causes of the alienation which led by rapid ascent to the summit of discontent, and determination to no longer submit to the domination of an enemy.

That scene being enacted as a preliminary, a call was made for Alabama's quota of volunteers to defend the principles enunciated and the interests involved.

The Magnolia Cadets, under the leadership of Captain N. H. R. Dawson, of Selma, were among the first to respond. I accompanied my cousins of Alabama to see this company of noble, handsome young men mustered into the military service of their country. It was a beautiful sight! Wealthy, cultured young gentlemen voluntarily turning their backs upon the luxuries and endearments of affluent homes, and accepting in lieu the privations and hardships of warfare; thereby illustrating to the world that the conflict of arms consequent upon the secession was not to be "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

I saw them as they stood in line to receive the elegant silken banner, bearing the stars and bars of a new nation, made and presented to them by Miss Ella Todd and her sister, Mrs. Dr. White, of Lexington, Kentucky, who were introduced to the audience by Captain Dawson as the sisters of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the wife of the president of the United States.

I was thus made aware that Mrs. Lincoln and her illustrious husband were Southerners. I have since been in the small, mud-chinked log cabin in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, in which he was born, and in which his infancy and little boyhood were domiciled. Mrs. White had married an Alabamian, and as his wife became a citizen of his State. Her sister, Miss Todd, was visiting her at the enactment of the scene described, and under like circumstances, also became a citizen of Alabama. She married the valiant gentleman who introduced her to the public on that memorable occasion.

I have sought and obtained from Mrs. Mary Dawson Jordan, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, a daughter of Captain Jordan, a complete record of the names of the officers and members of this patriotic company of Alabama's noble sons – native and adopted – which I subjoin as an item of history that will be read with interest by all who revere the memory of the Lost Cause and its noble defenders.

Muster Roll of the "Magnolia Cadets."

N. H. R. Dawson, Captain.

(Enrolled for active service at Selma, Ala., on the 26th day of April, 1861. Mustered into service on the 7th day of May, 1861, at Lynchburg, Va.)

Commanded by Col. Ben Alston of the Fourth Alabama Regiment of Volunteers.

1. N. H. R. Dawson, Captain.
1. Shortbridge, Jr., Geo. D., 1st Lieutenant.
2. McCraw, S. Newton, 2nd Lieutenant.
3. Wilson, John R. 3rd Lieutenant.
1. Waddell, Ed. R., 1st Sergeant.
2. Price, Alfred C., 2nd Sergeant.
3. Daniel, Lucian A., 3rd Sergeant.
4. Goldsby, Boykin, 4th Sergeant.
1. Bell, Bush W., 1st Corporal.
2. Garrett, Robert E., 2nd Corporal.
3. Brown, James G., 3rd Corporal.
4. Cohen, Lewis, 4th Corporal.
1. Melton, George F., Musician.
2. Marshall, Jacob, Musician.

Privates.

1. Adkins, Agrippa
2. Adams, William S.
3. Avery, William C.
4. Byrd, William G.
5. Beattie, Thomas K.
6. Briggs, Charles H.
7. Bohannon, Robert B.
8. Baker, Eli W.
9. Bradley, Hugh C.
10. Cook, Thomas M.
11. Cook, James W.
12. Cook, Benson.
13. Caughtry, Joseph R.
14. Cole, George W.
15. Cleveland, George W.
16. Clevaland, Pulaski.
17. Cunningham, Frank M.
18. Coursey, William W.
19. Daniel, John R.
20. Densler, John E.
21. Donegay, James G.
22. Friday, Hilliard J.
23. Friday, James L.
24. Friday, John C.
25. Ford, Joseph H.
26. Grice, Henry F.
27. Haden, James G.
28. Harrill, Thornton R.

29. Hannon, Wm. H., Sr.
30. Hannon, Wm. H., Jr.
31. Hooks, William A.
32. Hodge, William L.
33. Jones, William.
34. Jordan, James M.
35. Jackson, Felix W.
36. King, William R.
37. Kennedy, Arch.
38. Kennedy, George D.
39. Lamson, Frank R.
40. Lane, William B.
41. Lowry, Uriah.
42. Lowry, William A.
43. Littleton, Thomas B.
44. Luske, John M.
45. Lamar, John H.
46. Mather, Thomas S.
47. Martin, James B.
48. May, Syd M.
49. May, William V.
50. Melton, Thomas J.
51. Miller, Stephen J.
52. Mimms, George A.
53. Moody, William R.
54. Mosely, Andrew B.
55. McNeal, George S.
56. McKerning, John W.
57. Overton, John B.
58. Overton, Thomas W.
59. O'Neal, William.
60. Paisley, Hugh S.
61. Pryor, John W.
62. Pryor, Robert O.
63. Peeples, Frank W.
64. Raiford, William C.
65. Reinhardt, George L.
66. Robbins, John L.
67. Rucker, Lindsay.
68. Rucker, Henry.
69. Shiner, David H.
70. Stokes, William C.
71. Stone, John W.
72. Stewett, Mayor D.
73. Turner, Daniel M.
74. Thomas, Lewis.
75. Tarver, Ben J.
76. Taylor, William E.
77. Terry, Thomas B.

78. Thompson, John S.
79. Thompson, William E.
80. Ursory, Edward G.
81. Vaughn, Turner P.
82. Wrenn, Theodore J.
83. Whallon, Daniel.

Copied from the original Muster Roll of the Magnolia Cadets, owned by Henry R. Dawson, son of N. H. R. Dawson.

CHAPTER II.
THE WAR RECORD OF DEKALB COUNTY

DeKalb county, Georgia, of which Decatur is the county site, was among the first to enroll troops for Confederate service. The first volunteers from Decatur were James L. George, Hardy Randall, L. J. Winn and Beattie Wilson, who went with the Atlanta Greys the last of May, 1861.

The first company from DeKalb county was that of Captain John W. Fowler. It was called the DeKalb Light Infantry, and was mustered into service in Atlanta, as part of the 7th Georgia Volunteers, and left for Virginia on the 1st of June, 1861. Those going from DeKalb county in this company were: First Lieutenant, John J. Powell; Second Lieutenant, John M. Hawkins; Third Lieutenant, James L. Wilson; First Sergeant, M. L. Brown; Second Sergeant, D. C. Morgan; Third Sergeant, D. E. Jackson; Fourth Sergeant, John W. Fowler, jr.; Corporals – H. H. Norman, R. F. Davis, C. W. L. Powell; Privates – W. W. Bradbury (afterwards captain), E. M. Chamberlain, W. W. Morgan, W. L. Herron, P. H. Pate, C. E. McCulloch, James W. McCulloch, L. C. Powell, H. G. Woodall, J. S. Woodall, A. W. Mashburn, V. A. Wilson, W. J. Mason, J. V. Austin, W. M. Austin, John Eads, E. A. Davis, Dr. A. S. Mason, John W. Norman, E. L. Morton, Henry Gentry, W. M. Cochran, J. B. Cochran, James Hunter (promoted captain), W. W. Brimm, William Carroll, C. W. McAllister, J. O. McAllister, and many others from the county, making it a full company.

The second company from DeKalb was the Stephens Rifles, captain, L. J. Glenn. They went into Cobb's Legion about August, 1861. Dr. Liddell, Frank Herron, Norman Adams, John McCulloch, John J. McKoy, and some others, went from Decatur in this company.

The third company was the Murphey Guards, captain, John Y. Flowers. They came from the upper part of the county, near Doraville. This company was named in memory of Hon. Charles Murphey, of DeKalb county, a prominent lawyer and member of Congress, but then recently deceased. The company had been uniformed by the people of the county, a large share being contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Candler, and Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Mason. Mrs. Candler, whose maiden name was Eliza Murphey, the only child of Charles Murphey, gave the banner, upon which was inscribed, "The God of Jacob is with us."

The Fourth Company was The Bartow Avengers, Captain William Wright, from the lower part of the county about South River. The Fifth Company, Captain Rankin, was from Stone Mountain. These three last mentioned companies went into the 38th Georgia Regiment, in September, 1861, and belonged to the Virginia Army. The Sixth Company, Captain E. L. Morton's, entered service the last of August, 1861, in the 36th Georgia Regiment, and was with the Western Army under Johnston. The Seventh Company, the Fowler Guards, Captain Clay, went into the 42nd Georgia Regiment in the early part of 1862, and was also in the Western Army.

There were several companies, mostly composed of DeKalb County men, that were made up and went from the camp of instruction near Decatur. Moses L. Brown was Captain of one, and L. D. Belisle of another. Besides the companies already named, all of which went into the infantry, there were many soldiers from DeKalb that went into the Cavalry and Artillery service of the regular army.

In the year 1863, when Georgia was threatened by Rosecrans coming into the State on its northern border, special troops were raised for its defence. Major General Howell Cobb commanded the division; General Henry R. Jackson one of the brigades. In Jackson's Brigade, in the 10th Georgia Regiment State Guards (Col. John J. Glenn and Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. Glenn), we find Company A of Cavalry troops. Of this company Milton A. Candler had command. These troops served through 1863 and 1864.

In April, 1863, Paul P. Winn, now a Presbyterian minister, then a mere youth, went into the army in the 45th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. Thomas J. Simmons. Other Decatur boys

went into the service from other sections where the war found them located. Among these were Dr. James J. Winn, who enlisted at Clayton, Alabama, with the Barker Greys, and was in the battle of Bull Run. After a year or two he received a surgeon's commission, being the youngest surgeon in the army.

John C. Kirkpatrick, just eighteen, went into the service from Augusta with the Oglethorpe Infantry. With him were his cousin, William Dabney (now a Presbyterian minister in Virginia), and his friend, Frank Stone. This was in 1862, and John remained in the service until the close of the war, having been in severe battles (for he was in Cleburne's Division), including that of Jonesboro. In this engagement were other Decatur boys in other commands. Mr. John B. Swanton, but seventeen years old, was in that battle, and says that by his side stood, when mortally wounded, Franklin Williams, the brother of Mr. Hiram J. Williams. Says Mr. Swanton: "He was so near me I could have touched him with my hand." Three sons of Mrs. Martha Morgan, and cousins of DeWitt Morgan, were all in the service, Henry, Daniel, and Joseph Morgan. Jesse Chewning and Samuel Mann were in the 64th Georgia.

Josiah J. Willard, the only son of Mr. Levi Willard, while a sprightly, active youth, was near-sighted. He had a position in the commissary department at Camp Randolph, near Decatur, and went with it to Macon, July 11th, 1864, and remained there until the place surrendered after the fall of Richmond. He, also, is mentioned in other sketches.

There were also several companies of old men and boys who went into the State service when the last call for troops was made by the Confederate government.

Before the DeKalb soldiers go to meet the fortunes of war, let us recall some incidents that preceded their departure. On the northern side of the court-house square there stood a large building, the residence of Mr. Ezekiel Mason. Here, day after day, a band of devoted women met to make the uniforms for the DeKalb Light Infantry. These uniforms had been cut by a tailor, but they were to be made by women's hands. Among the leading and directing spirits in this work were Mrs. Jonathan B. Wilson, Mrs. Jane Morgan, Mrs. Ezekiel Mason, Mrs. Levi Willard, Miss Anna Davis, Mrs. James McCulloch, and Miss Lou Fowler. The most of this sewing was done by hand.

To the DeKalb Light Infantry, the day before its departure, a beautiful silken banner was given. The ladies of the village furnished the material. The address of presentation was made by Miss Mollie G. Brown. In September, of that same year, my sister was invited to present a banner to Captain William Wright's Company. Her modest little address was responded to in behalf of the company by Rev. Mr. Mashburn, of the Methodist Church. In March, 1862, there was another banner presented from the piazza of "the Mason Corner" – this time to the Fowler Guards, by Miss Georgia Hoyle. This banner was made by the fair hands of Miss Anna E. Davis. By this time the spirit of independence of the outside world had begun to show itself in the Southern-made grey jeans of the soldiers, and in the homespun dress of Miss Hoyle.

This banner, so skillfully made by Miss Anna Davis, had a circle of white stars upon a field of blue, and the usual bars of red and white – two broad red bars with a white one between. The banner of this pattern was known as the "stars and bars," and was the first kind used by the Confederate States. In May, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted a National Flag, which had a crimson field with white stars in a blue-grounded diagonal cross, the remainder of the flag being white. But, when falling limp around the staff, and only the white showing, it could easily be mistaken for a flag of truce; therefore in March, 1865, the final change was made by putting a red bar across the end of the flag.

But what of the fate of these gallant young men, going forth so full of hope and courage, with tender and loving farewells lingering in their hearts?

Soon, ah! so soon, some of them fell upon the crimson fields of Virginia. James L. George ("Jimmie," as his friends lovingly called him) was killed in the first battle of Manassas. "Billy" Morgan died soon after the battle, and was buried with military honors in a private cemetery near Manassas. Two years after, his brother, De Witt Morgan, worn out in the siege of Vicksburg, was buried on an

island in Mobile Bay. At the second battle of Manassas, James W. McCulloch and James L. Davis were both killed. Later on W. J. Mason, William Carroll, John M. Eads, H. H. Norman, Billy Wilson, and Norman Adams, were numbered among the slain. Among the wounded were Henry Gentry, Mose Brown, John McCulloch, W. W. Brimm, Dave Chandler, Riley Lawhorn, and Bill Herring.

A volume could easily be written concerning the bravery and the sufferings of the DeKalb county troops; but I must forbear. Concerning Warren Morton, of the 36th Georgia Regiment, who went into the service at the age of fifteen, and suffered so severely, I will refer my readers to a sketch in the latter part of this book. Of William M. Durham, so young, so gallant, who enlisted in Company K., 42nd Georgia Regiment, much of interest will be found in another chapter.

Among the Decatur members of Cobb's Legion was Mr. John J. McKoy, who went out in the Stephens Rifles when not more than nineteen years old. He was in the battle of Yorktown, Seven Pines, and in the Seven Days Fight around Richmond. Owing to illness, and to business arising from the attainment of his majority, he came home in 1863, and, hiring a substitute when the conscript law was passed, went to work at the Passport Office in Atlanta. In this same year he was married to Miss Laura Williams of Decatur. Having raised Company A., for the 64th Georgia Regiment, Mr. McKoy was with it when it was sent to Florida, and was in the battle of Olustee or Ocean Pond, in February 1864, where General Alfred H. Colquitt won the title of "The Hero of Olustee." Mr. McKoy remembers to have seen on that eventful day, Col. George W. Scott, then of Florida, but now of Decatur. At the battle of Olustee, Col. Scott was in command of a regiment of Cavalry. The banner of the regiment is now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Cooper.

The 64th Georgia was then sent to Virginia in General Wright's brigade. A few days after "The Mine Explosion," or undermining of the Confederate works, an engagement occurred at Deep Bottom. Here, General Girardy, of Augusta, was killed, and several hundred of the Confederates were captured, among the number being Mr. McKoy. This was in July, 1864. He was sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained in prison until the close of the war. Here he spent a whole winter without a fire, and was subject to all that Fort Delaware meant. To escape the horrors of that prison, many of the two thousand officers there confined, took the oath not to fight against the United States. But Mr. McKoy and thirty-four others remained in prison, firm and loyal, even after the surrender, believing and hoping, up to July, 1865, that the war would be carried on west of the Mississippi river.

The soldiers who went to Virginia knew from their own experience the scenes of Manassas, Malvern Hill, Fort Harrison, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. Yet some of them were left to be surrendered by Lee at Appomatox Court House. The companies which were in the Western Army were in the leading battles of that Division, and were equally brave and abiding in their devotion to the cause.

For many of the foregoing facts concerning the troops from DeKalb, I am greatly indebted to Mr. Robert F. Davis, who went with DeKalb's first company, and who, after braving the perils of the war, came off unscathed. He still lives near Decatur, and is an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

I greatly regret my inability, even if I had the space, to give the names of all the soldiers who went from DeKalb, and to tell of their deeds of bravery and endurance. It has not been intentional that many are wholly omitted. It has been my privilege to see but one muster-roll of our county troops – that of Company K, 38th Georgia Regiment, kindly furnished by Mr. F. L. Hudgins, of Clarkston, a brave soldier who was in command of the Company when Lee surrendered. This muster-roll shows that out of the 118 names, forty-six were killed (or died), and seventeen were wounded; that its first Captain, William Wright, resigned, and that three other Captains by promotion were all killed, *i. e.*, Gustin E. Goodwin, George W. Stubbs and R. H. Fletcher. Indeed, in nearly every instance, promotion in this Company meant death upon the battle field. And can we wonder that both the commissioned and the noncommissioned fell, when some of the principal battles in which they were engaged bore such names as Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Winchester, Gettysburg, The Wilderness,

Spottsylvania Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Louise Courthouse and High Bridge?

In memory of the dead, for the sake of the living and for the descendants of all mentioned therein, I copy the muster-roll of this company:

Company K., 38th Georgia Regiment:

Captain William Wright – resigned July, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Julius J. Gober – Died July 26th, 1862.

2nd Lieutenant Gustin E. Goodwin – Promoted captain; killed August 28th, 1862.

3rd Lieutenant George W. Stubbs – Promoted captain; killed July 24th, 1864.

1st Sergeant John S. Johnston – Killed June 27th, 1862.

2nd Sergeant W. R. Henry – Promoted to 1st Lieutenant; lost a leg December 13th, 1862.

3rd Sergeant J. A. Maddox – Killed at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.

4th Sergeant F. L. Hudgins – Promoted 1st Sergeant; wounded at Malvern Hill; shot through the body at Gettysburg.

5th Sergeant E. H. C. Morris – Promoted 3rd Lieutenant; killed at Second Manassas, August, 1862.

1st Corporal F. M. Gassaway – Killed at Second Manassas, August, 1862.

2nd Corporal J. M. Walker – Died in camp.

3rd Corporal W. A. Ward – Died in camp.

4th Corporal James L. Anderson – Wounded at Manassas and Spottsylvania court house.

John H. Akers – Killed at Second Manassas, 1862.

A. W. Allman – Killed at Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864.

John Adams – Died in camp.

Enos Adams —

Isaac W. Awtry —

W. A. Awtry —

H. V. Bayne – Disabled by gunshot wound. Still living.

Allen Brown —

Lewis Brown —

Killis Brown —

William M. Brooks —

H. M. Burdett —

J. S. Burdett —

John S. Boyd —

James E. Ball – Killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863.

W. H. Brisendine —

L. R. Bailey – Transferred to Cobb's Legion.

John E. J. Collier —

James Collier – Died at Charlottesville, Va., 1862.

Z. J. Cowan —

J. J. Cowan —

G. G. Cook —

James E. Chandler – Killed at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17th, 1862.

W. B. Chandler – Died in camp, May 31st, 1863.

John W. Chandler – Killed at Second Manassas, August, 1862.

W. A. Childress – A physician in Atlanta.

J. H. Childers —

J. M. Dowis – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.

W. H. Ellis —

John Eunis —
R. H. Fletcher – Promoted Captain; killed in 1865.
A. M. Gentry – Died at Savannah in 1862.
W. F. Goodwin – Promoted 3rd Lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg in 1863.
C. H. Goodwin – Killed at Coal Harbor.
Joseph Grogan —
J. H. Grogan —
J. D. Grogan – Killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17th, 1862.
Gideon Grogan – Killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17th, 1862.
James H. Gasaway – Disabled by gunshot.
William Gasaway – Disabled by gunshot.
John Gasaway – Discharged.
W. L. Goss —
F. L. Guess – Transferred to the 9th Georgia Artillery Battalion.
H. L. Head —
J. L. Henry – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.
W. B. Heldebrand – Died recently.
H. H. Hornbuckle – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.
Joshua Hammond – Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862.
R. F. Jones – Killed at Coal Harbor.
J. W. Jones – Disabled by gunshot.
C. S. Jones – Killed in Richmond.
R. D. F. Jones – Disabled by gunshot.
J. M. Jones —
J. H. Jones – Disabled by gunshot.
James Jones —
John F. Kelley —
John H. Kelley —
James Kelley —
W. J. Little – Disabled by gunshot.
George Lee – Died in camp.
A. J. Lee – Discharged.
Wiley Manghon —
J. R. Mitchell – Killed December 13th, 1862, at Fredericksburg.
W. G. Mitchell – Disabled by gunshot.
E. J. Mitchell —
W. R. Maguire – Disabled by gunshot.
W. A. Morgan —
B. S. McClain – Died in camp.
John W. Nash – Killed December 13th, 1862, at Fredericksburg.
David N. Fair – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.
W. B. Owen —
J. J. Pruett – Discharged.
John W. Phillips – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.
John B. Thompson —
Will Thompson —
W. M. Richardson – Disabled at Second Manassas.
J. S. Richardson – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.
D. D. Richardson – Died at Hanover Junction, 1862.

A. W. Stowers —
W. A. Smith —
J. M. Summey – Shot through at Coal Harbor.
S. J. Summey – Killed at Winchester, Va., June 13th, 1863.
James Toney – Musician.
C. W. Toney – Musician.
M. J. Tweedle – Wounded at Winchester, Va., September 19th, 1864.
S. J. Thomas —
R. L. Vaughn – Died at Savannah, Ga.
J. S. Vaughn – Wounded eight times at Coal Harbor.
W. T. Vaughn – Had both hands blown off.
J. C. Wiggins – Promoted Second Lieutenant; killed in June, 1864.
J. M. Wiggins —
R. W. Wiggins – Killed at Petersburg, Va., March 27th, 1865.
E. W. Wiggins – Killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17th, 1862.
G. W. Wiggins —
M. O. Wiggins – Disabled at Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864.
G. W. Wade – Musician.
E. D. Wade —
F. M. Wade —
B. L. Wilson – Killed at Marie's Heights, May 4th, 1863.
W. A. Wright —
W. R. Wood —
Amos Wheeler – Killed at Spottsylvania, May 12th, 1864.
J. H. Wilson – Killed at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.
Jordan Wilson – Killed at Coal Harbor, June 27th, 1862.

CHAPTER III.
LABORS OF LOVE

Musical – Decatur

To a woman who lives and moves and has her being in the past, an invocation to time to "turn backward in its flight," would seem superfluous. The scenes of other years being ever present, it would also seem that time, as a loving father, would linger fondly around her with panaceas for decay, mental and physical; that her heart would never grow old, and her person never lose the attractions of youth; but, in the economy of Him who doeth all things well, such is not the decree regarding aught that is mortal. And when the ravages incident to one's career have destroyed personal charm, and divested the mind of sparkling gem, the soul yearns for the protection of childhood and the companionship of youth. Scenes of the past, though dyed with "the blood of martyrs," are ever passing in kaleidoscopic beauty before the mind's eye, and tones too sweet for mortal ear are ever thrilling the heart with strange, sweet, expectant pleasure. This train of reflection, only far more elaborate, seizes for its guiding star, on this occasion, a scene which at the time of its enactment was indelibly impressed upon my mind, and left living, glowing tints, illuming my pathway through subsequent life; a scene in which lovely girlhood, arrayed in pure white robes, lent a helping hand in the important work of supplying our soldiers with comforts, all the more appreciated because of the source from which emanating. With closed eyes, I see it now and listen to its enchanting melody. To render it more realistic than could be done by any description of mine, I subjoin a copy of the "Programme," the original of which I have preserved:

GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT!

RELIEF FUND

FOR OUR SOLDIERS,

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1862,

AT THE COURTHOUSE

By the ladies of Decatur, Georgia, assisted by William H. Barnes, Colonel Thomas F. Lowe, Professor Hanlon, W. A. Haynes, R. O. Haynes, Dr. Geutebruck and Dr. Warmouth, of Atlanta.

PROGRAMME

Part I

1. Opening Chorus – Company.
2. Piano Duet – "March from Norma" – Miss Georgia Hoyle and Miss Missouri Stokes.
3. Solo – "Roy Neil" – Mrs. Robert Alston.
4. Quartette – Atlanta Amateurs.
5. "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds" – Company.
6. "Our Way Across the Sea" – Miss G. Hoyle and Professor Hanlon.
7. March – Piano Duet – Miss Laura Williams and Miss Fredonia Hoyle.
8. Solo – Professor Hanlon.
9. Comic Song – W. H. Barnes.
10. Violin Solo – Colonel Thomas F. Lowe.
11. Solo – Dr. Warmouth.
12. "When Night Comes O'er the Plain" – Miss M. Stokes and Professor Hanlon.
13. "The Mother's Farewell" – Mrs. Maggie Benedict.

Part II

1. Chorus – "Away to the Prairie" – Company.
2. Piano Solo – Miss G. Hoyle.
3. Song – Atlanta Amateurs.
4. Coquette Polka – Misses Hoyle and Stokes.
5. Chorus – "Let us Live with a Hope" – Company.
6. "Mountain Bugle" – Miss M. Stokes and Company.
7. "Mazurka des Traineaux" – Piano Duet – Misses Hoyle and Stokes.
8. Shiloh Retreat – Violin – Colonel Thomas F. Lowe.

Concluding with the Battle Song: "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" – W. H. Barnes.

Tickets, 50c. Children and Servants, half price.

Doors open 7:30 o'clock. Commence at 8:15 o'clock.

Atlanta Intelligencer Power Print

Musical – Atlanta

The citizens of Decatur were always invited to entertainments, social, literary, and musical, in Atlanta, that had in view the interest, pleasure or comfort of our soldiers; therefore the invitation accompanying the following programme received ready response:

TWELFTH MUSICAL SOIREE

– of the —

ATLANTA AMATEURS,

Monday evening, June 24, 1861,

For the Benefit of

ATLANTA VOLUNTEERS,

Captain Woddail,

and the

CONFEDERATE CONTINENTALS,

Captain Seago,

Who Are Going to Defend Our Land

Let all attend and pay a parting tribute to our brave

soldiers

PROGRAMME

Part I

1. We Come Again – (Original) – Company.

2. Dreams – (A Reverie) – Miss J. E. Whitney.
3. Violin Solo – (Hash) – Colonel Thomas F. Lowe.
4. “Not for Gold or Precious Stones” – Miss R. J. Hale.
5. Yankee Doodle – According to W. A. Haynes.
6. Dixie Variations – Mrs. W. T. Farrar.
7. “Two Merry Alpine Maids” – Misses M. F. and J. E. Whitney.
8. “When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home” – Misses Sasseen and Judson.
9. “Root Hog or Die” – W. H. Barnes.

Instrumental Trio, “La Fille du Regiment” – Messrs. Schoen and Heindl. Vermicelli, (Variations) – W. H. Barnes and Openheimer.

Part II

1. “Our Southern Land” – C. P. Haynes and Company.
2. “Through Meadows Green” – Miss M. F. Whitney.[1]
3. Solo – Thomas D. Wright.
4. “Home, Sweet Home” – Miss R. J. Hale.
5. Violin Exemplification – Col. Thomas F. Lowe.
6. “Happy Days of Yore” – Mrs. Hibler.
7. Quartette – (original) – Misses Whitney, Messrs. Barnes and Haynes.
8. “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep” – Prof. Hanlon. Encore – Ballad.
9. “I Come, I Come” – Misses Sasseen, Westmoreland and Sims.

The whole to conclude with the grand original.

TABLEAU,

(In Two Parts)

The Women and Children of Dixie Rejoicing Over the Success of the Confederate Banner.

Scene 1. The Children of Dixie.

Scene 2. The Women – The Soldiers – Our Flag – Brilliant Illumination.

Doors open at half past 7 o’clock. Curtain will rise at half past 8 o’clock.

Tickets, Fifty Cents. Ushers will be on hand to seat audience.

W. H. BARNES, Manager

[1] This lady, Miss “Frank” Whitney, is now the wife of Mr. Charles W. Hubner, the well-known Atlanta poet.

CHAPTER IV.
LABORS OF LOVE

Knitting and Sewing, and Writing Letters to "Our Soldiers."

A patriotic co-operation between the citizens of Decatur and Atlanta soon sprang up, and in that, as in all things else, a social and friendly interchange of thought and feeling and deed existed; and we were never so pleased as when aiding each other in the preparation of clothing and edibles for "our soldiers," or in some way contributing to their comfort.

Many of us who had never learned to sew became expert handlers of the needle, and vied with each other in producing well-made garments; and I became a veritable knitting machine. Besides the discharge of many duties incident to the times and tending to useful results, I knitted a sock a day, long and large, and not coarse, many days in succession. At the midnight hour the weird click of knitting needles chasing each other round and round in the formation of these useful garments for the nether limbs of "our boys," was no unusual sound; and tears and orisons blended with woof and warp and melancholy sighs. For at that dark hour, when other sounds were shut out, we dared to listen with bated breath to "the still, small voice" that whispered in no unmistakable language suggestions which would have been rebuked in the glare of the noonday sun.

No mother nor sister nor wife nor aunt of a Confederate soldier, need be told what were the depressing suggestions of that "still, small voice" on divers occasions.

When the knitting of a dozen pairs of socks was completed, they were washed, ironed and neatly folded by one of our faithful negro women, and I then resumed the work of preparing them for their destination. Each pair formed a distinct package. Usually a pretty necktie, a pair of gloves, a handkerchief and letter, deposited in one of the socks, enlarged the package. When all was ready, a card bearing the name of the giver, and a request to "inquire within," was tacked on to each package. And then these twelve packages were formed into a bundle, and addressed to an officer in command of some company chosen to be the recipient of the contents.

I will give a glimpse of the interior of my letters to our boys. These letters were written for their spiritual edification, their mental improvement and their amusement.

"Never saw I the righteous forsaken."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

P. S. – "Apples are good but peaches are better;
If you love me, you will write me a letter." – M.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"If in the early morn of life,
You give yourself to God,
He'll stand by you 'mid earthly strife,
And spare the chast'ning rod." —

P. S. – “Roses are red and violets blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you.” – M.

“Love thy neighbor as thyself.”

“May every joy that earth can give
Around thee brightly shine;
Remote from sorrow may you live,
And all of heaven be thine.” —

P. S. – Remember me when this you see,
Though many miles apart we be. – M

“Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfillment of the law.”

“This above all – to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one.”

P. S. – “Sure as the vine twines round the stump,
You are my darling sugar lump.” – M.

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light.”

“As for my life, it is but short,
When I shall be no more;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.
Therefore, good people, all take heed,
This warning take by me —
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you shall be.”

P. S. – “My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
My love for you shall never fail.” – M.

“Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.”

“The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s wall,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory’s thrill is o’er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;

The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom, now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives." —

P. S. – "My love for you will ever flow,
Like water down a cotton row." – M

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.
"For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place?
"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully."

"Know thyself, presume not God to scan.
The proper study of mankind is man."

P. S. – "Round as the ring that has no end,
Is my love for you, my own sweet friend." – M.

"God is love."

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that there array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?"

P. S. – "If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two." – M.

"But this I say, He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

"Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy."

P. S. – "Above, below, in ocean, earth and skies,
Nothing's so pretty as your blue eyes." – M.

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness."

"And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

P. S. – "Remember me! Remember me!
When this you see – Remember me!" – M.

"The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in the storehouses, and in all that thou settest thine hand unto."

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time."
P. S. – "Remember well and bear in mind,
A pretty girl's not hard to find;
But when you find one nice and Gay
Hold on to her both night and day." – M.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

"I'd give my life to know thy art,
Sweet, simple, and divine;
I'd give this world to melt one heart,
As thou hast melted mine." – Mary.

P. S. – "As the earth trots round the sun,
My love for you will ever run." – M.

CHAPTER V.
THE THIRD MARYLAND ARTILLERY

Some Old Songs

At some time in 1863, it was my privilege to meet a gallant band of men whose faith in the justice of our cause was so strong that they were constrained to turn their faces Southward and imperil their lives in its defence. These men represented the highest type of manhood in Maryland.

Sickness entered their camp, and the good ladies of Decatur insisted upon providing the comforts of home for the sick and wounded. Those to whom it was my privilege to minister belonged to the Third Maryland Artillery, under command of Captain John B. Rowan.[2]

Among them was one whose appreciation of kindness shown him ripened into an undying friendship, Captain W. L. Ritter, a devoted Christian gentleman, and now an elder in Doctor LeFevre's Church, Baltimore.

His fondness for that beautiful Southern song, by James R. Randall, entitled "Maryland, My Maryland!" was truly pathetic.

I subjoin the words to stir up the souls of our people by way of remembrance.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, My Maryland!
His touch is on thy temple door,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flowed the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland, My Maryland!
My mother state, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, My Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,

[2] This brave officer was killed near Nashville, Tennessee, Dec. 16th, 1864.

Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland, My Maryland.
With Ringold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May;
Maryland, My Maryland.

Dear Mother! burst thy tyrant's chain,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, My Maryland.
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic Semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Come to thy own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,
Maryland, My Maryland.

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, My Maryland.
But, lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, My Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, My Maryland.
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb —
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum;
She breathes! She burns! She'll come, she'll come!
Maryland, My Maryland.

An additional verse as sung by Mrs. Jessie Clark, of Crisp's Co., Friday night, Sept. 12th, 1862.

Hark! tis the cannon's deaf'ning roar,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Old Stonewall's on thy hallow'd shore,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Methinks I hear the loud huzza
Ring through the streets of Baltimore —
Slaves no longer – free once more
Maryland, My Maryland.

There were other songs sung in those days. Some of the most popular were "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," "Bob Roebuck is my Soldier Boy," "Who will Care for Mother Now?" "Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still," "Let me Kiss Him for his Mother," "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night," "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," "When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home," "Just Before the Battle, Mother." In a collection of old music, now never played, there lie before me copies of these songs. They were published in various Southern cities on paper not firm and smooth, but rather thin and coarse, but quite presentable. What memories these songs awake! Where, oh where, are those who sang them over thirty years ago! Who of the singers are now living? How many have gone to the Eternal Shore?

CHAPTER VI.
A DARING AND UNIQUE CHASE

The Capture and Re-capture of the Railroad Engine, "The General."

In the early spring of 1862, there occurred an episode of the war which, up to that date, was the most exciting that had happened in our immediate section. The story has often been told; but instead of relying upon my memory, I will condense from the written statement of Mr. Anthony Murphy, of Atlanta, Georgia, who was one of the principal actors in the chase.

Mr. Murphy begins his narrative by saying: "On Saturday morning, April 12th, 1862, about 4 o'clock, I went aboard a passenger train that started then for Chattanooga, Tennessee. My business that day was to examine an engine that furnished power to cut wood and pump water for the locomotives at Allatoona, a station forty miles from Atlanta. As foreman of machine and motive power, it became my duty to go that morning. This train was in charge of Engineer Jeff Cain, and Conductor W. A. Fuller. It was known as a freight and passenger train. The train arrived in Marietta, twenty miles from Atlanta, shortly after daylight. I stepped from the coach and noticed a number of men getting on the car forward of the one I rode in. They were dressed like citizens from the country, and I supposed they were volunteers for the army, going to Big Shanty, now known as Kennesaw, a station about eighteen miles from Marietta, where troops were organized and forwarded to the Confederate army in Virginia and other points. At this station the train stopped for breakfast, and, as the engineer, conductor, myself and other passengers went to get our meals, no one was left in charge of the locomotive. I had about finished, when I heard a noise as if steam were escaping. Looking through a window I saw the cars move, saw the engineer and fireman at the table, and said to them: 'Some one is moving your engine.' By this time I was at the front door, and saw that the train was divided and passing out of sight."

Mr. Murphy, the conductor, and the engineer then held a brief consultation. He asked about the men who got on at Marietta (who afterwards proved to be a Federal raiding party, Andrews and his men), and remarked: "They were the men who took the engine and three cars." At the time he thought they were Confederate deserters, who would run the engine as far as it would have steam to run, and then abandon it. Mr. Murphy and his two comrades concluded that it was their duty to proceed after them. A Mr. Kendrick, connected with the railroad, coming up, they requested him to go on horseback to Marietta, the nearest telegraph station, and communicate with the superintendent at Atlanta, while they "put out on foot after a locomotive under steam." Knowing they would reach a squad of track-hands somewhere on the line, they had some hope, and they did, in a few miles, meet a car and hands near Moon's Station, about two miles from Big Shanty. They pressed the car, and two hands to propel it, which propelling was done by poles pressed against the ties or ground, and not by a crank. Soon they reached a pile of cross-ties on the track, and found the telegraph wire cut. Clearing off the ties, they pressed on until they reached Acworth Station, six miles from Big Shanty. There they learned that the train they were pursuing had stopped some distance from the depot, and having been carefully examined by its engineer, had moved off at a rapid rate. This satisfied the pursuers that the capturers of the engine "meant something more than deserters would attempt;" and then they "thought of enemies from the Federal army." Says the narrator: "We moved on to Allatoona. At this place we received two old guns, one for Fuller, and one for the writer. I really did not know how long they had been loaded, nor do I yet, for we never fired them. These were the only arms on our engine during our chase. Two citizens went along from here, which made about seven men on our little pole-car. As we proceeded toward Etowah, we moved rapidly, being down grade, when suddenly

we beheld an open place in the track. A piece of rail had been taken up by the raiders. Having no brake, we could not hold our car in check, and plunged into this gap, turning over with all hands except Fuller and myself, who jumped before the car left the track. The little car was put on again, and the poling man sent back to the next track-gang to have repairs made for following trains."

Arriving at Etowah, the pursuers found the engine "Yonah," used by the Cooper Iron Company, and pressed it into service. They got an open car, and stocked it with rails, spikes and tools, and moved on to Cartersville. Passing on to Rogers' Station, they learned that the raiders had stopped there for wood and water, telling Mr. Rogers that they were under military orders, and that the engine crew proper were coming on behind. At Kingston the raiders had told that they were carrying ammunition to General Beauregard, on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, near Huntsville, Alabama. At this point the "Yonah" was sent back to Etowah, and the supply car of the pursuers coupled to the engine "New York." But at Kingston the Rome Railroad connects with the Western & Atlantic road, and the Rome engine and train were in the way. Instead of clearing the track for the "New York," the crowd at the Kingston depot, having learned the news, took possession of the Rome engine and some cars attached, and pulled out for the chase, which compelled Mr. Murphy and his friends to abandon their outfit and run to get on the same train. A few miles were made, when they found a pile of cross-ties on the rails, and the telegraph wires cut. Clearing the track they moved on, when they encountered another gap. Here Messrs. Murphy and Fuller, believing that they would meet the engine "Texas" with a freight train, left the obstructed train and pressed on again on foot, advising the crowd to return, which they did. The pursuers met the "Texas" two miles from Adairsville, and, motioning the engineer to stop, they went aboard and turned him back. At Adairsville they learned that Andrews had not been long gone. Says the narrator: "About three miles from Calhoun we came in sight for the first time of the captured engine, and three freight cars. They had stopped to remove another rail, and were in the act of trying to get it out when we came in sight. * * * As we reached them, they cut loose one car and started again. We coupled this car to our engine, and moved after them. * * * From Resaca to Tilton the road was very crooked, and we had to move cautiously. The distance between us was short. * * * I feared ambushing by Andrews – reversing the engine and starting it back under an open throttle valve. * * * To prevent us closing in on them, the end of the box car was broken out, and from this they threw cross-ties on the track to check our speed and probably derail us. * * * I had a long bar fastened to the brake wheel of the tender to give power so that four men could use it to help check and stop the engine suddenly. I also stood by the reverse lever to aid the engineer to reverse his engine, which he had to do many times to avoid the cross-ties.

"Passing through and beyond Tilton, we again came in sight. At this point the road has a straight stretch of over a mile. A short distance from Tilton and just as we rounded the curve, 'The General' with the raiders was rounding another curve, leaving the straight line, giving us a fine view for some distance across the angle. * * * The fastest run was made at this point. * * * I imagine now, as I write this, I see the two great locomotives with their human freight speeding on, one trying to escape, the other endeavoring to overtake, and if such had happened none might have been left to give the particulars of that exciting and daring undertaking. The chances of battle were certainly against us if Andrews had attempted fight."

Just beyond Dalton the pursuers found the telegraph wire cut. On reaching the "tunnel," they were satisfied that Andrews was short of wood, or the tunnel would not have been so clear of smoke. Passing through the tunnel they kept on, and beyond Ringgold, about two miles, the captors left "The General" and made for the woods. The pursuers were in sight of them. Mr. Fuller and others started after the raiders. Mr. Murphy went on the engine to examine the cause of the stop. He found no wood in the furnace, but plenty of water in the boiler. Says Mr. Murphy: "I took charge of the engine, 'General,' had it placed on the side-track, and waited for the first train from Chattanooga to Atlanta. I reached Ringgold about dark. I went aboard, and reaching Dalton, the first telegraph station, I sent the first news of our chase and re-capture of the 'General' to Atlanta."

CHAPTER VII

Coming Home from Camp Chase – The Faithful Servant's Gift – A Glimpse of Confederate Braves

"A letter from Marse Thomie," said our mail carrier, Toby, as he got in speaking distance on his return from the post office.

"What makes you think so?" I said, excitedly.

"I know his hand-write, and this is it," selecting a letter from a large package and handing it to me. The very first glimpse of the superscription assured me of his confident assertion.

The letter was addressed to our mother, and bore a United States postage stamp, and the beloved signature of her only son, Thomas J. Stokes. A thrill of gratitude and joy filled our hearts too full for utterance, as we read:

"My Dear Mother: I have learned that the soldiers of the 10th Texas Infantry will be exchanged for the United States troops very soon, perhaps to-morrow; and then, what happiness will be mine! I can scarcely wait its realization. A visit home, a mother's embrace and kiss, the heart-felt manifestations of the love of two sisters, and the joy and glad expression of faithful servants. I may bring several friends with me, whom I know you will welcome, both for my sake and theirs – they are valiant defenders of the cause we love. Adieu, dear mother, and sisters, until I see you at home, 'home, sweet home.'"

"Thomie is coming home!" "Thomie Stokes is coming home!" was the glad announcement of mother, sisters, and friends; and the servants took up the intelligence, and told everybody that Marse Thomie was coming home, and was going to bring some soldiers with him.

Another day dawned and love's labor commenced in earnest. Doors were opened, and rooms ventilated: bed-clothing aired and sunned, and dusting brushes and brooms in willing hands removed every particle of that much dreaded material of which man in all his glory, or ignominy, was created. Furniture and picture frames were polished and artistically arranged. And we beheld the work of the first day, and it was good.

When another day dawned we were up with the lark, and his matin notes found responsive melody in our hearts, the sweet refrain of which was, "Thomie is coming" – the soldier son and brother. Light bread and rolls, rusks and pies, cakes, etc., etc., were baked, and sweetmeats prepared, and another day's work was ended and pronounced satisfactory.

The third day, for a generous bonus, "Uncle Mack's" services were secured, and a fine pig was slaughtered and prepared for the oven, and also a couple of young hens, and many other luxuries too numerous to mention.

When all was ready for the feast of thanksgiving for the return of the loved one, the waiting seemed interminable. There was pathos in every look, tone, and act of our mother – the lingering look at the calendar, the frequent glance at the clock, told that the days were counted, yea, that the hours were numbered. At length the weary waiting ended, and the joyous meeting came of mother and son, of sisters and brother, after a separation of four years of health and sickness, of joy and anguish, of hope and fear.

As we stood upon the platform of the Decatur depot, and saw him step from the train, which we had been told by telegram would bring him to us, our hearts were filled with consternation and pity, and tears unbidden coursed down our cheeks, as we looked upon the brave and gallant brother, who had now given three years of his early manhood to a cause rendered dear by inheritance and the highest principles of patriotism, and, in doing so, had himself become a physical wreck. He was

lean to emaciation, and in his pale face was not a suggestion of the ruddy color he had carried away. A constant cough, which he tried in vain to repress, betrayed the deep inroads which prison life had made upon his system; and in this respect he represented his friends – in describing his appearance, we leave nothing untold about theirs. In war-worn pants and faded grey coats, they presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

Joy and grief contended for the supremacy. We did not realize that even a brief period of good nursing and feeding would work a great change in the physical being of men just out of the prison pens of the frigid North, and wept to think that disease, apparently so deeply rooted, could not be cured, and that they were restored to us but to die. Perceiving our grief and divining the cause, our Thomie took us, our mother first, into his arms and kissed us, and said in his old-time way, "I'll be all right soon."

And Toby and Telitha, the house servants, came in for their share of kindly greeting.

Thomie then introduced us to Captain Lauderdale, Captain Formwalt, and Lieutenant McMurray, his Texas friends and comrades in arms. Our cordial, heart-felt welcome was appreciated by this trio of gentlemen, and to this day we receive from them messages of abiding friendship. Captain Lauderdale was one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever saw – tall, graceful, erect, and finely formed. His face, of Grecian mould, was faultless; and his hair, black as a raven's plumage, and interspersed with grey, would have adorned the head of a king. His bearing was dignified and yet affable, and so polished and easy in manner as to invite most friendly intercourse.

Captain Formwalt was also a fine specimen of manhood – free and easy, gay and rollicking. He seemed to think his mission on earth was to bring cheerfulness and glee into every household he entered.

Lieutenant McMurray was unlike either of his friends. Apparently cold, apathetic and reserved, he repelled all advances tending to cordial relations, until well acquainted, after which he was metamorphosed into a kind and genial gentleman.

Thomie, dear Thomie, was a boy again, and while our guests were refreshing themselves preparatory to dinner, he was going all over the house, for every nook and corner was endeared by association. He opened the piano, and running his fingers over the keys with the grace and ease of his boyhood, he played accompaniments to his favorite songs, "Home Again," and "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," trying to sing, but prevented by the irrepressible coughing. Then, with nervous hand, he essayed "When this Cruel War is Over." Turning away from the piano, he went to the library and handled with tender care the books he had read in boyhood. Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Moore possessed no interest for him now; and Blackstone and Chitty were equally ignored. The books his mother and sister read to him in his childhood were, as if by intuition, selected, and fondly conned and handled. His own name was written in them, and his tearful eyes lingered long and lovingly upon these reminders of boyhood's happy hours. With a sigh he left the library, and espying Toby, who kept where he could see as much as possible of "Marse Thomie," he called the boy and held an encouraging little conversation with him.

Dinner being ready, our mother led the way to the dining room. Our guests having taken the seats assigned them, Thomie took his near his mother – his boyhood's seat at table. By request, Captain Lauderdale asked the blessing. And, oh, what a blessing he invoked upon the "dear ones, who, with loving hands, prepared this feast for the son and brother of the household, and for his friends in peace and comrades in war." Pleasant conversation ensued, and all enjoyed the repast. But the gentlemen seemed to us to eat very little, and, in reply to our expression of disappointment, they explained the importance of limiting themselves for several days in this respect.

As there was no trunk to send for, and no valise to carry, we rightly surmised that the clothing of these good men was limited to the apparel in which they were clad, and it was decided by my mother and myself that I should go to Atlanta and get material for a suit of clothes for Thomie, and good warm underclothing for them all. Arrived at Atlanta, I was irresistibly led by that mystic power,

which has often controlled for good results the acts of man, to go to Dr. Taylor's drug store. Here I found King, our faithful negro man, as busy as a bee, labeling and packing medicine for shipment. I approached him and said:

"King, Thomie has come."

"Marse Thomie?"

"Yes."

"Thank God," he said, with fervor.

When I was about leaving the store, he said:

"Miss Mary, just wait a minute, please, and I will get something that I want you to take to Marse Thomie, and tell him I don't want him to be hurt with me for sending it to him. I just send it because I love him – me and him was boys together, you know, and I always thought he ought to 'er took me with him to the war."

"What is it, King?"

"Just a little article I got in trade, Miss Mary," was all the satisfaction he vouchsafed.

When he handed it to me, knowing by the sense of touch that it was a package of dry goods, I took it to Mrs. O'Connor's millinery establishment, and asked the privilege of opening it there. Imagine my astonishment and delight, when I beheld a pattern of fine grey cassimere. I felt of it, and held it up between my eyes and the light. There was nothing shoddy about it. It was indeed a piece of fine cassimere, finer and better than anything I could have procured in Atlanta at that time. The circumstance was suggestive of Elijah and the ravens, and I thanked God for the gift so opportune, and lost no time in returning to the drug store, and thanking King, the raven employed by the Lord to clothe one of His little ones. Nor did I lose any time in adding to the package other articles of necessity, flannel and the best Georgia-made homespun I could procure, and was then ready to take the return train to Decatur. Thomie was deeply touched by the opportune gift, and said that King was a great boy, and that he must see him.

After supper I clandestinely left the house, and ran around to Todd McAllister's and begged him to take the job of making the suit. He agreed to cut the coat, vest and pantaloons by measure, and for that purpose went home with me, shears and tape measure in hand. Having finished this important part of the job, he told me he could not make the suit himself, but he thought if I would "talk right pretty to the old lady," she would do it. Next morning I lost no time in "talking pretty" to the old lady, and, having secured her promise to undertake the work, it was soon in her hands. With the help of faithful, efficient women, and I suspect of her husband, too, the job was executed surprisingly soon. In the meantime the making of flannel garments, and homespun shirts with bosoms made of linen pillow-cases, was progressing with remarkable celerity.

When all was finished, and Thomie was arrayed in his new suit, which set admirably well notwithstanding the room allowed for increasing dimensions, which we doubted not under good treatment he would attain – King Solomon, in purple and fine linen, was not looked upon with more admiration than was he by his loving mother and sisters. His cough had in a measure yielded to remedies, and his cheeks bore the tinge of better blood.

Good Mr. Levi Willard, his wife and children, had already been to see Thomie and the strangers within our gates, and many others had sent kind messages and substantial tokens of regard. And the young people of Decatur, young ladies and little boys, were planning to give him a surprise party. And among these loving attentions was a visit from King, the faithful.

The flowers bloomed prettier, the birds sang sweeter, because of their presence; but time waits for no man, and we were admonished by low conversations and suggestive looks that these men, officers in the army of the Confederacy, were planning their departure.

Many amusing incidents, as well as those of a horrible character, were told of their prison life in Camp Chase. To illustrate the patriotism of Southern men, Colonel Deshler, as a prisoner of war, figured conspicuously; and many anecdotes, ludicrous and pathetic, quaint and original, revealed the

deep devotion of his love for the South. In one of these word-paintings, he was represented as sitting on his legs, darning the seat of his pantaloons, when a feminine curiosity seeker came along. When she perceived his occupation, she said with a leer that would have done credit to Lucifer:

"You rebels find it pretty hard work to keep your gray duds in order, don't you?"

Without looking at her, he whistled in musical cadence the contempt he felt for her and her ilk; and the imprecations, he would not have expressed in words, were so distinct and well modulated as to leave no doubt as to their meaning.

The time had come for the nature of the low-toned conversations referred to, to be revealed, and Thomie was chosen to make the revelation. Planning to have mother and sisters present, he discussed the duties of patriotism, and the odium men brought upon themselves by not discharging those duties. Making the matter personal, he referred to himself and friends, to the great pleasure and personal benefit derived from a week's sojourn at home; of the love for us that would ever linger in their hearts; of the pleasant memories that would nerve them in future conflicts; and in conclusion told us that to-morrow they would leave us to join their command at Tullahoma, where the decimated regiment was to stay until its numbers were sufficiently recruited for service.

Instead of yielding to grief, we repressed every evidence of it, and spoke only words of encouragement to these noble men who had never shirked a duty, or sought bomb-proof positions in the army of the Confederacy. After this interview, Thomie abandoned himself to cheerfulness, to almost boyish gaiety. He kept very close to his mother. She had grown old so rapidly since the troubles began, that she needed all the support that could be given her in this ordeal. This he perceived without seeming to do so, and left nothing within his power undone for her encouragement. He even discussed with perfect equanimity the probability, yea, the more than probability, of his getting killed in battle; for, said he, "he that taketh up the sword, by the sword shall he perish." And, he added, "strong, irrepressible convictions constrained me to enter the army in defense of mother, home, and country. My vote was cast for the secession of my state from the union of states which existed only in name, and I would not have accepted any position tendered me which would have secured me from the dangers involved by that step. I was willing to give my life if need be, for the cause which should be dear to every Southern heart."

Every one present responded to these noble sentiments, for were we not soldiers, too, working for the same noble cause, and aiding and abetting those who fought its battles?

Before retiring to our rooms, Captain Lauderdale, as usual, led in prayer, fervent, deep and soul supporting, more for our mother and ourselves than for himself and his comrades in their perilous positions. And dear Thomie, whom I had never heard pray since his cradle invocation, finished in words thrilling and beautiful. The effect was electrical. Tears and sobs were no longer repressed, and all found relief from long pent-up feelings. O, the blessedness of tears!

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

Morning came, clear as crystal, and cool and exhilarating. The household were up at early dawn. A strong decoction of coffee was prepared, and fresh cream toast and boiled eggs, meat relishes being served cold. Knapsacks – there were knapsacks now – were packed, and blankets rolled and buckled in straps, and our ebony Confederates, Toby and Telitha, stood ready to convey them to the depot. In order to meet the morning train at seven o'clock we started, but the services of Toby and Telitha were not accepted. The gentlemen said it would never do for soldiers to start off to report for service with negroes carrying their knapsacks and blankets. They had no muskets to shoulder, for of these they had been divested at Arkansas Post, months ago, when captured by the enemy.

Lieutenant McMurray, who was in feeble health, announced himself unable to report for duty, and remained with us several weeks longer.

The parting at the depot did not betray the grief, almost without earthly hope, that was rankling in our hearts, and the "good-bye's" and "God bless you's" were uttered with a composure we little thought at our command.

As the time of his departure had drawn near, Thomie had sought opportunities to tell me much of the young girl in Texas, who had healed the lacerations of his youthful heart, and won the admiration of his manhood, and whom he had made his wife. Upon her devotion he dwelt with peculiar pathos and gratitude; and he concluded these conversations with the request that under any and all circumstances I would be a sister to her. On one occasion we were standing near the piano, and, when we ceased to talk, Thomie opened it, and in tones that came from the heart, and that were tremulous with emotion, he sang, "When this Cruel War is Over."

Why sings the swan its sweetest notes,
When life is near its close?

Since writing the foregoing, I have had access to a journal kept during the war by my half sister, Missouri Stokes, in which are the following entries of historic value: "On the 11th of January, 1868, Arkansas Post, the fort where Thomie was stationed, fell into the hands of Yankees. General Churchhill's whole command, numbering about four thousand, were captured, a few being killed and wounded. We knew that Thomie, if alive, must be a prisoner, but could hear no tidings from him. Our suspense continued until the latter part of March, when ma received a letter from our loved one, written at Camp Chase (military prison), Ohio, February 10th. This letter she forwarded to me, and I received it March 21st, with heart-felt emotions of gratitude to Him who had preserved his life. A few weeks afterwards another letter came, saying he expected to be exchanged in a few days, and then for several weeks we heard no more."

From this journal I learn that the date of Thomie's arrival was May 16th, 1863. My sister wrote of him: "He seemed much changed, although only four years and a half had elapsed since we parted. He looked older, thinner, and more careworn, and gray hairs are sprinkled among his dark brown curls. His health had been poor in the army, and then, when he left Camp Chase, he, as well as the other prisoners, was stripped by the Yankees of nearly all his warm clothing. He left the prison in April, and was exchanged at City Point. How strange the dealings of Providence. Truly was he led by a way he knew not. He went out to Texas by way of the West, and returned home from the East. God be thanked for preserving his life, when so many of his comrades have died. He is a miracle of mercy. After their capture, they were put on boats from which Yankee small-pox patients had been taken. Some died of small-pox, but Thomie has had varioloid and so escaped. He was crowded on a boat with twenty-two hundred, and scarcely had standing room. Many died on the passage up the river, one poor fellow with his head in Thomie's lap. May he never go through similar scenes again!"

From this same journal I take the following, written after Missouri's return to the school she was teaching in Bartow county:

"Sabbath morning, June 14th. Went to Cartersville to church. Some time elapsed before preaching commenced. A soldier came in, sat down rather behind me, then, rising, approached me. *It was Thomie.* I soon found (for we did talk in church) that he had an order to join Kirby Smith, with a recommendation from Bragg that he be allowed to recruit for his regiment. Fortunately there was a vacant seat in the carriage, so he went out home with us. Monday 15th, Thomie left. I rode with him a little beyond the school-house, then took my books and basket, and with one kiss, and, on my part, a tearful good-bye, we parted. As I walked slowly back, I felt so lonely. He had been with me just long enough for me to realize a brother's kind protection, and now he's torn away, and I'm again alone. I turned and looked. He was driving slowly along – he turned a corner and was hidden from my view. Shall I see him no more? Or shall we meet again? God only knows. After a fit of weeping, and one earnest prayer for him, I turned my steps to my little school."

And thus our brother went back to Texas, and gladly, too, for was not his Mary there?

Of Thomie's recall to join his command at Dalton; of his arrival at home the next February, on his way to "the front;" of his participation in the hard-fought battles that contested the way to Atlanta; and of his untimely death at the fatal battle of Franklin, Tennessee, I may speak hereafter.

Even in the spring and summer of 1863, the shadows began to deepen, and to hearts less sanguine than mine, affairs were assuming a gloomy aspect. I notice in this same journal from which I have quoted the foregoing extracts, the following:

"Our fallen braves, how numerous! Among our generals, Zollicoffer, Ben McCulloch, Albert Sidney Johnston, and the saintly, dauntless Stonewall Jackson, are numbered with the dead; while scarcely a household in our land does not mourn the loss of a brave husband and father, son or brother."

CHAPTER VIII.
SOME SOCIAL FEATURES

Morgan's Men Rendezvous near Decatur – Waddell's Artillery – Visits from the Texans – Surgeon Haynie and his Song

In the winter of 1864 there seems to have been a lull of hostilities between the armies at "the front." Morgan's men were rendezvousing near Decatur. Their brave and dashing chief had been captured, but had made his escape from the Ohio penitentiary, and was daily expected. Some artillery companies were camping near, among them Waddell's. There was also a conscript camp within a mile or two; so it is not to be wondered at that the young ladies of Decatur availed themselves in a quiet way of the social enjoyment the times afforded, and that there were little gatherings at private houses at which "Morgan's men" and the other soldiers were frequently represented.

Our brother was absent in Texas, where he had been assigned to duty, but my sister was at home, and many an hour's entertainment her music gave that winter to the soldiers and to the young people of Decatur. My mother's hospitality was proverbial, and much of our time these wintry months was spent in entertaining our soldier guests, and in ministering to the sick in the Atlanta hospitals, and in the camps and temporary hospitals about Decatur.

So near were we now to "the front" (about a hundred miles distant), that several of my brother's Texas comrades obtained furloughs and came to see us. Among these were Lieutenants Prendergast and Jewell, Captain Leonard and Lieutenant Collins, Captain Bennett and Lieutenant Donathan. They usually had substantial boots made while here, by Smith, the Decatur boot and shoe maker, which cost less than those they could have bought in Atlanta. We received some very pleasant calls from Morgan's men and Waddell's Artillery. Among the latter we have always remembered a young man from Alabama, James Duncan Calhoun, of remarkable intellectual ability, refreshing candor and refinement of manner. Ever since the war Mr. Calhoun has devoted himself to journalism. Among the former we recall Lieutenant Adams, Messrs. Gill, Dupries, Clinkinbeard, Steele, Miller, Fortune, Rowland, Baker, and Dr. Lewis. These gentlemen were courteous and intelligent, and evidently came of excellent Kentucky and Tennessee families. One evening several of these gentlemen had taken tea with us, and after supper the number of our guests was augmented by the coming of Dr. Ruth, of Kentucky, and Dr. H. B. Haynie, surgeon of the 14th Tennessee Cavalry. Dr. Haynie was an elderly, gray-haired man, of fine presence, and with the courtly manners of the old school. On being unanimously requested, he sang us a song entitled: "The Wailings at Fort Delaware," which he had composed when an inmate of that wretched prison. As one of the gentlemen remarked, "there is more truth than poetry in it;" yet there are in it some indications of poetic genius, and Dr. Haynie sang it with fine effect.

"THE WAILINGS AT FORT DELAWARE."

By B. H. Haynie,

Surgeon 14th Tennessee Cavalry (Morgan's Division)

Oh! here we are confined at Fort Delaware,
With nothing to drink but a little lager beer,
Infested by vermin as much as we can bear;
Oh Jeff, can't you help us to get away from here?

Chorus —

And it's home, dearest home, the place I ought to be,
Home, sweet home, way down in Tennessee,
Where the ash and the oak and the bonny willow tree,
Are all growing green way down in Tennessee.

The Island itself will do well enough,
But the flat-footed Dutch are filthy and rough,
Oh! take us away from the vandal clan,
Down into Dixie among the gentlemen.

Chorus – And its home, dearest home, etc.

Spoiled beef and bad soup is our daily fare,
And to complain is more than any dare;
They will buck us and gag us, and cast us in a cell,
There to bear the anguish and torments of hell.

Chorus —

The den for our eating is anything but clean,
And the filth upon the tables is plainly to be seen,
And the smell of putrefaction rises on the air,
"To fill out the bill" of our daily fare.

Chorus —

[3]"The sick are well treated," as Southern surgeons say,
"And the losses by death are scarcely four per day;"
It's diarrhœa mixture for scurvy and small-pox,
And every other disease of Pandora's box!

Chorus —

Oh! look at the graveyard on the Jersey shore,
At the hundreds and the thousands who'll return no more;
Oh! could they come back to testify
Against the lying devils, and live to see them die!

Chorus —

[3]"Our kindness to prisoners you cannot deny,
For we have the proof at hand upon which you can rely;
It's no Dutch falsehood, nor a Yankee trick,
But from Southern surgeons who daily see the sick."

Chorus —

Our chaplain, whose heart was filled with heavenly joys,
Asked leave to pray and preach to Southern boys;
"Oh, no!" says the General, "you are not the man,
You are a Southern rebel, the vilest of your clan!"

Chorus —

Oh! speak out, young soldier, and let your country hear,
All about your treatment at Fort Delaware;
How they worked you in their wagons when weary and sad,
With only half rations, when plenty they had.

Chorus —

The barracks were crowded to an overflow,
Without a single comfort on the soldier to bestow;
Oh, there they stood shivering in hopeless despair,
With insufficient diet or clothing to wear!

Chorus —

[3] The fifth and seventh verses are criticisms upon four Southern surgeons, who gave the Federal authorities a certificate that our prisoners were well treated, and our sick well cared for, and that the average loss by death was only four per day.

The mother stood weeping in sorrows of woe,
Mingling her tears with the waters that flow;
Her son was expiring at Fort Delaware,
Which could have been avoided with prudence and care.

Chorus —

Oh! take off my fetters and let me go free,
To roam o'er the mountains of old Tennessee;
To bathe in her waters and breathe her balmy air,
And look upon her daughters so lovely and fair.

Chorus —

Then, cheer up, my brave boys, your country will be free,
Your battles will be fought by Generals Bragg and Lee;
And the Yankees will fly with trembling and fear,
And we'll return to our wives and sweethearts so dear.

Chorus —

And it's home, dearest home, the place where I ought to be,
Home, sweet home way down in Tennessee,
Where the ash and the oak, and the bonny willow tree,
Are all growing green way down in Tennessee.

CHAPTER IX.
THOMIE'S SECOND HOME COMING

He Leaves for "The Front" – His Christian Labors in Camp – He Describes the Battle of New Hope Church – The Great Revival in Johnston's Army

Early one morning in the February of the winter just referred to (that of 1864), as my sister lay awake, she heard some one step upon the portico and knock. As Toby opened the door, she heard him exclaim: "Why howd'y, Marse Thomie!" Her first thought was, "now he is back just in time to be in the battle!" for a resumption of hostilities was daily looked for near Dalton. We were all greatly surprised at Thomie's arrival on this side of the Mississippi, as only a few days before we had received a letter from him, written, it is true, so long as the November before, saying he had been assigned to duty out in Texas by General Henry McCulloch. But the consolidation of the regiments in Granbury's brigade having been broken up, he had been ordered back to join his old command. He had left Marshall, Texas, the 28th of January, having made the trip in one month, and having walked four hundred miles of the way. Under the circumstances, we were both glad and sorrowful at his return. After a stay of three days, he left us for "the front." In the early morning of February 29th, we went with him to the depot, the last time we four were ever together. Parting from him was a bitter trial to our mother, who wept silently as we walked back to the desolate home, no longer gladdened by the sunny presence of the only son and brother. Perhaps nothing will give a more graphic impression of some phases of army life at this time, nor a clearer insight into our brother's character, than a few extracts from his letters written at this period to his sister Missouri, and preserved by her to this day:

"Dalton, Ga., March 15th, 1864. – * * * Our regiment takes its old organization as the 10th Texas, and Colonel Young has been dispatched to Texas to gather all the balance, under an order from the war department. We are now in Dalton doing provost duty (our regiment), which is a very unpleasant duty. It is my business to examine all papers whenever the cars arrive, and it is very disagreeable to have to arrest persons who haven't proper papers. The regulations about the town are very strict. No one under a brigadier-general can pass without approval papers. My guard arrested General Johnston himself, day before yesterday. Not knowing him they wouldn't take his word for it, but demanded his papers. The old General, very good-humoredly showed them some orders he had issued himself, and, being satisfied, they let him pass. He took it good-humoredly, while little colonels and majors become very indignant and wrathy under such circumstances. From which we learn, first, the want of good common sense, and, secondly, that a great man is an humble man, and does not look with contempt upon his inferiors in rank, whatsoever that rank may be.

"There is a very interesting meeting in progress here. I get to go every other night. I have seen several baptized since I have been here. There are in attendance every evening from six to seven hundred soldiers. There are many who go to the anxious seat. Three made a profession of religion night before last. I am going to-night. There seems to be a deep interest taken, and God grant the good work may go on until the whole army may be made to feel where they stand before their Maker. Write soon.

Your affectionate brother,
Tom Stokes."

From another letter we take the following:

"Near Dalton, April 5th, 1864. – We have had for some weeks back very unsettled weather, which has rendered it very disagreeable, though we haven't suffered; we have an old tent which affords

a good deal of protection from the weather. It has also interfered some with our meetings, though there is preaching nearly every night that there is not rain. Brother Hughes came up and preached for us last Friday night and seemed to give general satisfaction. He was plain and practical, which is the only kind of preaching that does good in the army. He promised to come back again. I like him very much. Another old brother, named Campbell, whom I heard when I was a boy, preached for us on Sabbath evening. There was much feeling, and at the close of the services he invited mourners to the anxious seat, and I shall never forget that blessed half-hour that followed; from every part of that great congregation they came, many with streaming eyes; and, as they gave that old patriarch their hands, asked that God's people would pray for them. Yes, men who never shrank in battle from any responsibility, came forward weeping. Such is the power of the Gospel of Christ when preached in its purity. Oh, that all ministers of Christ could, or would, realize the great responsibility resting upon them as His ambassadors.

"Sabbath night we had services again, and also last night, both well attended, and to-night, weather permitting, I will preach. God help me and give me grace from on high, that I may be enabled, as an humble instrument in His hands, to speak the truth as it is in Jesus, for 'none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.' I preached last Sabbath was two weeks ago to a large and attentive congregation. There seemed to be much seriousness, and although much embarrassed, yet I tried, under God, to feel that I was but in the discharge of my duty; and may I ever be found battling for my Savior. Yes, my sister, I had rather be an humble follower of Christ than to wear the crown of a monarch. Remember me at all times at a Throne of Grace, that my life may be spared to become a useful minister of Christ.

"Since my return we have established a prayer-meeting in our company, or, rather, a kind of family service, every night after roll call. There is one other company which has prayer every night. Captain F. is very zealous. There are four in our company who pray in public – one sergeant, a private, Captain F. and myself. We take it time about. We have cleared up a space, fixed a stand and seats, and have a regular preaching place. I have never seen such a spirit as there is now in the army. Religion is the theme. Everywhere, you hear around the camp-fires at night the sweet songs of Zion. This spirit pervades the whole army. God is doing a glorious work, and I believe it is but the beautiful prelude to peace. I feel confident that if the enemy should attempt to advance, that God will fight our battles for us, and the boastful foe be scattered and severely rebuked.

"I witnessed a scene the other evening, which did my heart good – the baptism of three men in the creek near the encampment. To see those hardy soldiers taking up their cross and following their Master in His ordinance, being buried with Him in baptism, was indeed a beautiful sight. I really believe, Missouri, that there is more religion now in the army than among the thousands of skulkers, exempts and speculators at home. There are but few now but who will talk freely with you upon the subject of their soul's salvation. What a change, what a change! when one year ago card playing and profane language seemed to be the order of the day. Now, what is the cause of this change? Manifestly the working of God's spirit. He has chastened His people, and this manifestation of His love seems to be an earnest of the good things in store for us in not a far away future. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' Let all the people at home now, in unison with the army, humbly bow, acknowledge the afflicting hand of the Almighty, ask Him to remove the curse upon His own terms, and soon we will hear, so far as our Nation is concerned, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men!'

"I received the articles ma sent by Brother Hughes, which were much relished on the top of the coarse fare of the army. * * * Write me often. God bless you in your labors to do good.

Your affectionate brother,
T. J. Stokes."

From another of those time-stained, but precious letters, we cull the following, under the heading of:

"In Camp, Near Dalton, Ga., April 18, 1864. – * * * The good work still goes on here. Thirty-one men were baptized at the creek below our brigade yesterday, and I have heard from several other brigades in which the proportion is equally large (though the thirty-one were not all members of this brigade). Taking the proportion in the whole army as heard from (and I have only heard from a part of one corps), there must have been baptized yesterday 150 persons – maybe 200. This revival spirit is not confined to a part only, but pervades the whole army. * * * * Brother Hughes was with us the other night, but left again the next morning. The old man seemed to have much more influence in the army than young men. I have preached twice since writing to you, and the Spirit seemed to be with me. The second sermon was upon the crucifixion of Christ: text in the 53d chapter of Isaiah: 'He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities.' It was the first time in my life, that is, in public speaking, that my feelings got so much the mastery of me as to make me weep like a child. In the conclusion I asked all who felt an interest in the prayers of God's people to come to the anxious seat. Many presented themselves, and I could hear many among them, with sobs and groans, imploring God to have mercy upon them; and I think the Lord did have mercy upon them, for when we opened the door of the church six united with us. Every Sabbath you may see the multitude wending their way to the creek to see the solemn ordinance typical of the death, burial and resurrection of our Savior. Strange to say that a large number of those joining the pedo-Baptist branches prefer being immersed; though in the preaching you cannot tell to which denomination a man belongs. This is as it should be; Christ and Him crucified should be the theme. It is time enough, I think, after one is converted, to choose his church rule of faith.

"If this state of things should continue for any considerable length of time, we will have in the Army of Tennessee an army of believers. Does the history of the world record anywhere the like? Even Cromwell's time sinks into insignificance. A revival so vast in its proportions, and under all the difficulties attending camp life, the bad weather this spring, and innumerable difficulties, is certainly an earnest of better, brighter times not far in the future."

To the believer in Jesus, we feel sure that these extracts concerning this remarkable work of grace, will prove of deep interest; so we make no apologies for quoting in continuation the following from another of those letters of our soldier brother, to whom the conquests of the cross were the sweetest of all themes:

"Near Dalton, April 28th, 1864. – My Dear Sister: I should have written sooner but have been very much engaged, and when not engaged have felt more like resting than writing, and, to add to this, Sister Mary very agreeably surprised me by coming up on last Saturday. She left on Tuesday morning for home. While she was at Dalton, I went down on each day and remained until evening. I fear ma and sister are too much concerned about me, and therefore render themselves unhappy. Would that they could trust God calmly for the issue. And I fear, too, that they deny themselves of many comforts, that they may furnish me with what I could do (as many have to do) without.

"The great unexampled revival is fast increasing in interest. I have just returned from the creek, where I saw thirty-three buried with Christ in baptism, acknowledging there before two thousand persons that they were not ashamed to follow Jesus in His ordinance. My soul was made happy in witnessing the solemn scene. In that vast audience everything was as quiet and respectful as in a village chapel; and, by the way, I have seen village congregations who might come here and learn to behave. General Lowry baptized about thirteen of them who were from his brigade. He is a Christian, a soldier and a zealous preacher, and his influence is great. It was truly a beautiful sight to see a general baptizing his men. He preaches for our brigade next Sabbath. I preached for General Polk's brigade night before last, and we had a very interesting meeting. They have just begun there, yet I had a congregation of some 400. At the conclusion of the services, I invited those who desired an interest in our prayers to manifest their desire by coming to the altar. A goodly number presented

themselves, and we prayed with them. I shall preach for them again very soon. The revival in our brigade has continued now for four weeks, nearly, and many have found peace with their Savior. If we could remain stationary a few weeks longer, I believe the greater portion of the army would be converted. This is all the doings of the Lord, and is surely the earnest of the great deliverance in store for us. It is the belief of many, that this is the 'beginning of the end.' From all parts of the army the glad tidings comes that a great revival is in progress. I wish I had time to write to you at length. One instance of the power of His spirit: A lieutenant of our regiment, and heretofore very wild, became interested, and for nearly three weeks seemed groaning in agony. The other day he came around to see me, and, with a face beaming with love, told me he had found Christ, and that his only regret now was that he had not been a Christian all his life. It is growing dark. I must close. More anon.

Affectionately,
Your Brother."

We take up the next letter in the order of time. It is numbered 25. The envelope is of brown wrapping paper, but neatly made, and has a blue Confederate 10 cent postage stamp. It is addressed to my sister, who was then teaching at Corinth, Heard county, Georgia. It is dated:

"Near Dalton, May 5th, 1864." After speaking of having to take charge early the next morning of the brigade picket guard, Thomie goes on to say:

"The sun's most down, but I think I can fill these little pages before dark. Captain F., coming in at this time, tells me a dispatch has just been received to the effect that the Yankees are advancing in the direction of Tunnel Hill, but they have made so many feints in that direction lately that we have become used to them, so don't become uneasy.

"The great revival is going on with widening and deepening interest. Last Sabbath I saw eighty-three immersed at the creek below our brigade. Four were sprinkled at the stand before going down to the creek, and two down there, making an aggregate within this vicinity of eighty-nine, while the same proportion, I suppose, are turning to God in other parts of the army, making the grand aggregate of many hundreds. Yesterday I saw sixty-five more baptized, forty more who were to have been there failing to come because of an order to be ready to move at any moment. They belong to a more distant brigade. * * If we do not move before Monday, Sabbath will be a day long to be remembered – 'the water will,' indeed, 'be troubled.' Should we remain three weeks longer, the glad tidings may go forth that the Army of Tennessee is the army of the Lord. But He knoweth best what is for our good, and if He sees proper can so order His providence as to keep us here. His will be done."

The next letter is addressed to me, but was sent to my sister at my request, and is dated "Allatoona Mountains, Near Night, May 22nd." He writes:

"Oh, it grieved my very soul when coming through the beautiful Oothcaloga valley, to think of the sad fate which awaited it when the foul invader should occupy that 'vale of beauty.' We formed line of battle at the creek, at the old Eads place; our brigade was to the left as you go up to Mr. Law's old place on the hill, where we stayed once when pa was sick. Right here, with a thousand dear recollections of by-gone days crowding my mind, in the valley of my boyhood, I felt as if I could hurl a host back. We fought them and whipped them, until, being-flanked, we were compelled to fall back. We fought them again at Cass Station, driving them in our front, but, as before, and for the same reason, we were compelled to retreat.

"As I am requested to hold prayer-meeting this evening at sunset, I must close."

Thomie's next letter in this collection is addressed to his sister Missouri, who had returned home, and is headed, simply, "Army of Tennessee, May 31st." It is written in a round, legible, but somewhat delicate hand, and gives no evidence of nervousness or hurry. To those fond of war history, it will be of special interest:

"Our brigade, in fact our division, is in a more quiet place now than since the commencement of this campaign. We were ordered from the battlefield on Sunday morning to go and take position in

supporting distance of the left wing of the army, where we arrived about the middle of the forenoon, and remained there until yesterday evening, when our division was ordered back in rear of the left centre, where we are now. Contrary to all expectations, we have remained here perfectly quiet, there being no heavy demonstration by the enemy on either wing. We were very tired, and this rest has been a great help to us; for being a reserve and flanking division, we have had to trot from one end of the wing of the army to the other, and support other troops.

"Well, perhaps you would like to hear something from me of the battle of New Hope Church, on Friday evening, 27th inst. We had been, since the day before, supporting some other troops about the centre of the right wing, when, I suppose about 2 o'clock, we were hurried off to the extreme right to meet a heavy force of the enemy trying to turn our right. A few minutes later the whole army might now have been in the vicinity of Atlanta, but, as it was, we arrived in the nick of time, for before we were properly formed the enemy were firing into us rapidly. We fronted to them, however, and then commenced one of the hottest engagements, so far, of this campaign. We had no support, and just one single line against a whole corps of the enemy, and a lieutenant of the 19th Arkansas, wounded and captured by them, and subsequently retaken by our brigade, stated that another corps of the enemy came up about sundown. The fighting of our men, to those who admire warfare, was magnificent. You could see a pleasant smile playing upon the countenances of many of the men, as they would cry out to the Yankees, 'Come on, we are demoralized!'

"One little incident right here, so characteristic of the man. Major Kennard (of whom I have told you often, lately promoted), was, as usual, encouraging the men by his battle-cry of, 'Put your trust in God, men, for He is with us,' but concluding to talk to the Yankees awhile, sang out to them, 'Come on, we are demoralized,' when the Major was pretty severely wounded in the head, though not seriously; raising himself up, he said:

"'Boys, I told them a lie, and I believe that is the reason I got shot.'

"The fighting was very close and desperate, and lasted until after dark. About 11 o'clock at night, three regiments of our brigade charged the enemy, our regiment among them. We went over ravines, rocks, almost precipices, running the enemy entirely off the field. We captured many prisoners, and all of their dead and many of their wounded fell into our hands. This charge was a desperate and reckless thing, and if the enemy had made any resistance they could have cut us all to pieces. I hurt my leg slightly in falling down a cliff of rocks, and when we started back to our original line of battle I thought I would go back alone and pick my way; so I bore off to the left, got lost, and completely bewildered between two armies. I copy from my journal:

"'Here I was, alone in the darkness of midnight, with the wounded, the dying, the dead. What an hour of horror! I hope never again to experience such. I am not superstitious, but the great excitement of seven hours of fierce conflict, ending with a bold, and I might say reckless, charge – for we knew not what was in our front – and then left entirely alone, causes a mental and physical depression that for one to fully appreciate he must be surrounded by the same circumstances. My feelings in battle were nothing to compare to this hour. After going first one way and then another, and not bettering my case, I heard some one slipping along in the bushes. I commanded him to halt, and inquired what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, '15th Wisconsin,' so I took Mr. Wisconsin in, and ordered him to march before me – a nice pickle for me then, had a prisoner and did not know where to go. Moved on, however, and finally heard some more men walking, hailed them, for I had become desperate, and was answered, 'Mississippians.' Oh, how glad I was! The moon at this time was just rising, and, casting her pale silvery rays through the dense woods, made every tree and shrub look like a spectre. I saw a tall, muscular Federal lying dead and the moonlight shining in his face. His eyes were open and seemed to be riveted on me. I could not help but shudder. I soon found my regiment, and 'Richard was himself again.'

"I went out again to see if I could do anything for their wounded. Soon found one with his leg shot through, whom I told we would take care of. Another, shot in the head, was crying out

continually; 'Oh, my God! oh, my God!!' I asked him if we could do anything for him, but he replied that it would be of no use. I told him God would have mercy upon him, but his mind seemed to be wandering. I could not have him taken care of that night, and, poor fellow, there he lay all night.

"The next morning I had the privilege of walking over the whole ground, and such a scene! Here lay the wounded, the dying, and the dead, hundreds upon hundreds, in every conceivable position; some with contorted features, showing the agony of death, others as if quietly sleeping. I noticed some soft beardless faces which ill comported with the savage warfare in which they had been engaged. Hundreds of letters from mothers, sisters, and friends were found upon them, and ambrotypes, taken singly and in groups. Though they had been my enemies, my heart bled at the sickening scene. The wounded nearly all expressed themselves tired of the war.

"For the numbers engaged upon our side, it is said to be the greatest slaughter of the enemy of any recent battle. Captain Hearne, the old adjutant of our regiment, was killed. Eight of our regiment were instantly killed; two mortally wounded, since dead.

"I did not think of writing so much when I began, but it is the first opportunity of writing anything like a letter that I have had. Lieutenant McMurray is now in charge of the Texas hospital at Auburn, Alabama.

"Well, you are now Aunt Missouri. Oh, that I could see my boy! Heaven has protected me thus far and I hope that God will consider me through this dreadful ordeal, and protect me for Christ's sake; not that there is any merit that I can offer, but I do hope to live that I may be an humble instrument in the hands of my God to lead others to Him. I hold prayer in our company nearly every night when circumstances will permit, and the men don't go to sleep before we are quiet. Poor fellows, they are ever willing to join me, but often are so wearied I dislike to interrupt them.

"My sister, let our trust be confidently in God. He can save or He can destroy. Let us pray Him for peace. He can give it us; not pray as if we were making an experiment, but pray believing God will answer our prayers, for we have much to pray for."

My sister subsequently copied into her journal the following extract, taken from his, and written soon after the Battle of New Hope Church:

"May 31st, 1864. – Here we rest by a little murmuring brook, singing along as if the whole world was at peace. I lay down last night and gazed away up in the peaceful heavens. All was quiet and serene up there, and the stars seemed to vie with each other in brightness and were fulfilling their allotted destiny. My comrades all asleep; nothing breaks the silence. I leave earth for a time, and soar upon 'imagination's wings' far away from this war-accursed land to where bright angels sing their everlasting songs of peace and strike their harps along the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and the swelling music bursts with sweet accord throughout vast Heaven's eternal space!"

Again on Sabbath, June 5th, he writes: "No music of church bells is heard today summoning God's people to worship where the gospel is wont to be heard. We are near a large log church called Gilgal. What a different scene is presented to-day from a Sabbath four years ago when the aged minister of God read to a large and attentive congregation: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters." O, God, wilt thou not interpose Thy strong arm to stop the bloody strife? Wilt Thou not hear the prayers of Thy people who daily say, Lord, give us peace? The Lord will answer, and soon white-robed peace will smile upon our unhappy country. O God, hasten the day, for we are sorely vexed, and thine shall be all the glory."

Ere peace was to dawn upon his beloved country, his own soul was to find it through the portals of death; but ere that time, save a brief interval of enforced rest, weary marchings and heart-breaking scenes and sorrows were to intervene.

Thomie's next letter is dated "In the Field, near Lost Mountain, June 14th," and the next "In the Ditches, June 22nd, 1864." The next, "Near Chattahoochee River, July 6th, 1864," tells of the

retreat of the army from Kennesaw Mountain to Smyrna Church, and of his coming off safely from another “small fight” the day before, in which several of his comrades were killed.

Owing to nervous prostration, and other illness, Thomie was soon after sent to the hospital at Macon, transferred from there to Augusta, and from the latter point given leave of absence to visit his sister, who had found refuge with her cousin, Mrs. T. J. Hillsman, a daughter of Rev. Wm. H. Stokes of blessed memory. Here, with his father’s kindred, cheered by beautiful hospitality and cousinly affection, our darling brother enjoyed the last sweet rest and quiet earth was e’er to give him before he slept beneath its sod.

CHAPTER X

A visit to Dalton – The fidelity of an old-time slave

"From Atlanta to Dalton, $7.75. From the 23d to the 26th of April, 1864, to Mrs. John Reynolds, for board, $20.00. From Dalton to Decatur, $8.00."

The above statement of the expense attending a round trip to Dalton, Georgia, is an excerpt from a book which contains a record of every item of my expenditures for the year 1864.

This trip was taken for the purpose of carrying provisions and articles of clothing to my brother and his comrades in General Joseph E. Johnston's command. In vain had our mother tried to send appetizing baskets of food to her son, whose soldier rations consisted of salty bacon and hard tack; some disaster, real or imaginary, always occurred to prevent them from reaching their destination, and it was, therefore, determined at home that I should carry the next consignment.

After several days' preparation, jugs were filled with good sorghum syrup, and baskets with bread, pies, cakes and other edibles at our command, and sacks of potatoes, onions and peppers were included. My fond and loving mother and I, and our faithful aid-de-camps of African descent, conveyed them to the depot. In those days the depot was a favorite resort with the ladies and children of Decatur. There they always heard something from the front – wherever that might be. The obliging agent had a way, all his own, of acquiring information from the army in all its varied commands, and dealt it out galore to the encouragement or discouragement of his auditors, as his prejudices or partialities prompted. On this occasion many had gone there, who, like myself, were going to take the train for Atlanta, and in the interim were eager to hear everything of a hopeful character, even though reason urged that it was hoping against hope.

I was the cynosure of all eyes, as I was going to "the front;" and every mother who had a darling son in that branch of the army hoped that he would be the first to greet me on my arrival there, and give me a message for her. And I am sure, if the love consigned to me for transmission could have assumed tangible form and weight, it would have been more than fourteen tons to the square inch.

Helpful, willing hands deposited with care my well-labeled jugs, baskets, etc., and I deposited myself with equal care in an already well-filled coach on the Georgia Railroad. Arrived in Atlanta I surreptitiously stowed the jugs in the car with me, and then asked the baggage-master to transfer the provisions to a Dalton freight train. Without seeming to do so, I watched his every movement until I saw the last article safely placed in the car, and then I went aboard myself. Surrounded by jugs and packages, I again became an object of interest, and soon found myself on familiar terms with all on board; for were we not friends and kindred bound to each other by the closest ties? Every age and condition of Southern life was represented in that long train of living, anxious freight. Young wives, with wee bit tots chaperoned by their mothers and sometimes by their grandmothers, were going to see their husbands, for, perhaps, the last time on earth; and mothers, feeling that another fond embrace of their sons would palliate the sting of final separation. The poor man and the rich man, fathers alike of men fighting the same battles in defense of the grandest principle that ever inspired mortal man to combat, on their way to see those men and leave their benedictions with them; and sisters, solitary and alone, going to see their beloved brothers and assure them once more of the purest and most disinterested love that ever found lodgment in the human heart. Many and pleasant were the brief conversations between those dissimilar in manners, habits and conditions in life; the great bond connecting them rendered every other consideration subordinate, and the rich and poor, the educated and ignorant, met and mingled in harmonious intercourse.

Those were days of slow travel in the South. The roads were literally blockaded with chartered cars, which contained the household goods of refugees who had fled from the wrath and vandalism of the enemy, and not unfrequently refugees themselves inhabited cars that seemed in fearful proximity to danger. Ample opportunity of observation on either side was furnished by this slow travel, and never did the fine, arable lands bordering the Western & Atlantic road from the Chattahoochee river to Dalton give greater promise of cereals, and trees in large variety were literally abloom with embryo fruit. Alas! that such a land should be destined to fall into the hands of despoilers.

At Dalton I went immediately to the agent at the depot, whom I found to be my old friend, John Reynolds, for the purpose of getting information regarding boarding houses. He told me his wife was in that line and would accommodate me, and, to render the application more easy, he gave me a note of introduction to her.

A beautiful, well-furnished room was given me, and a luscious supper possessed exhilarating properties.

In the meantime, Mr. Reynolds had, at my request, notified my brother, whom he knew, of my presence in his house, and I awaited his coming anxiously; but I was disappointed. A soldier's time is not his own, even in seasons of tranquility, and he was on duty and could not come then, but he assured me on a small scrap of paper, torn from his note-book, that he would come as soon as he could get off "tomorrow morning."

The waiting seemed very long, and yet it had its ending. The night was succeeded by a typical April day, replete with sunshine and shower, and the hopes and fears of a people struggling for right over wrong.

At length the cheery voice of him, who always had a pleasant word for every one, greeted me, and I hastened to meet him. That we might be quiet and undisturbed, I conducted him to my room, and a long and pleasant conversation ensued. I wish I had time and space to recapitulate the conversation; for its every word and intonation are preserved in the archives of memory, and will enter the grand eternities with me as free from discord as when first uttered. Our mother's failing health gave him concern, but his firm reliance in Him who doeth all things well, quieted his sad forebodings and led the way to pleasanter themes.

He loved to dwell upon the quaint and innocent peculiarities of his younger sister, and, as for his older one, it was very evident that he regarded her fully strong enough to "tote her own skillet," and "paddle her own canoe." A rap upon the door indicated that some one wished to see either one or the other of us. I responded, and was met by a negro boy bearing a huge waiter, evidently well-filled, and covered over with a snow-white cloth. The aroma from that waiter would have made a mummy smile. I had it put upon a table, and then I removed the cover, and saw with gratification the squab pie which I had ordered for dear Thomie, and a greater gratification awaited me, *i. e.*, seeing him eat it with a relish. Nor was the pie the only luxury in that waiter. Fresh butter and buttermilk, and a pone of good corn bread, etc., etc., supplemented by baked apples and cream and sugar.

"Come, dear Thomie, and let us eat together once more," was my invitation to that dinner, and radiant with thanks he took the seat I offered him. I did not have the Christian courage to ask him to invoke a blessing upon this excellent food, but I saw that one was asked in silence, nevertheless, and I am sure that an invocation went up from my own heart none the less sincere.

"Sister, I appreciate this compliment," he said.

"I could do nothing that would compliment you, Thomie," I answered, and added, "I hope you will enjoy your dinner as a love offering from me."

We lingered long around that little table, and many topics were touched upon during that period.

After dinner I asked Thomie to lie down and rest awhile. He thanked me, and said that the bed would tempt an anchorite to peaceful slumber, and he could not resist its wooings. A few minutes after he lay down he was sound asleep. He slept as a child – calm and peaceful. That a fly might not disturb him, I improvised a brush – my handkerchief and a tender twig from a tree near by being

the component parts. As I sat by him and studied his manly young face, and read its expression of good will to all mankind, I wept to think that God had possibly required him as our sacrifice upon the altar of our country.

The slanting rays of the Western sun fell full and radiant upon his placid face, and awakened him from this long and quiet slumber. With a smile he arose and said:

"This won't do for me."

Hasty good-byes and a fervent "God bless you" were uttered, and another one of the few partings that remained to be taken took place between the soldier and his sister.

The day was bright and exhilarating, in the month of June, 1864. Gay laughing Flora had tripped over woodland and lawn and scattered with prodigal hands flowers of every hue and fragrance, and the balmy atmosphere of early summer was redolent with their sweet perfume; and all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed imbued with the spirit of adoration towards the Giver of these perfect works. Although many hearts had been saddened by the mighty conflict being waged for the supremacy of Constitutional rights, there were yet in Decatur a large number to whom personal sorrow for personal bereavement had not come, and they were in sympathy with this beautiful scene, whose brilliant tints were but the reflection of divine glory, and whose faintest odor was distilled in the alchemy of heaven.

I was contemplating this scene in grateful admiration, and blended with my thoughts came the memory of my brother, who was in the foremost ranks of the contest. He, too, loved the beautiful and the good, and "looked from nature up to nature's God." All unconsciously I found myself plucking his favorite flowers, and arranging a choice boquet, a spirit offering to him who might even then be hovering over me and preparing my mind for the sad denouement. With these reflections, I ascended the steps of my cottage home, and turned to take another look upon the enchanting scene, when I saw, approaching, one of my mother's faithful servants, who was hired to Dr. Taylor, a well-known druggist of Atlanta. Ever apprehensive of evil tidings from "the front," and "the front" being the portion of the army that embraced my brother, I was almost paralyzed. I stood as if riveted to the floor, and awaited developments. King, for that was the name of the ebony-hued and faithful servant whose unexpected appearance had caused such a heart-flutter, came nearer and nearer. On his approach I asked in husky voice, "Have you heard anything from your Marse Thomie, King?"

"No, ma'am; have you?"

The light of heaven seemed to dispel the dark clouds which had gathered over and around my horizon, and I remembered my duty to one, who, though in a menial position, had doubtless come on some kind errand.

"Come in, King, and sit down and rest yourself," I said, pointing to an easy chair on the portico.

"I am not tired, Miss Mary, and would rather stand," he replied.

And he did stand, with his hat in his hand; and I thought for the first time in my life, probably, that he evinced a true manhood, worthy of Caucasian lineage; not that there was a drop of Caucasian blood in his veins, for he was a perfect specimen of the African race and as black as Erebus.

The suspense was becoming painful, when it was broken by King asking:

"Miss Mary, is Miss Polly at home?"

"Yes, King, and I will tell her you are here."

"Miss Polly," my mother and King's mistress, soon appeared and gave him a genuine welcome.

King now lost no time in making known the object of his visit, and thus announced it:

"Miss Polly, don't you want to sell me?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because, Miss Polly, Mr. Johnson wants to buy me, and he got me to come to see you and ask you if you would sell me."

"Do you want me to sell you, King? Would you rather belong to Mr. Johnson than me?"

"Now, Miss Polly, you come to the point, and I am going to try to answer it. I love you, and you have always been a good mistuss to us all, and I don't think there is one of us that would rather

belong to some one else; but I tell you how it is, Miss Polly, and you musn't get mad with me for saying it; when this war is over none of us are going to belong to you. We'll all be free, and I would a great deal rather Mr. Johnson would lose me than you. He is always bragging about what he will do; hear him talk, you would think he was a bigger man than Mr. Lincoln is, and had more to back him; but I think he's a mighty little man myself, and I want him to lose me. He says he'll give you his little old store on Peachtree street for me. It don't mean much, I know, but, much or little, it's going to be more than me after the war."

And thus this unlettered man, who in the ordinary acceptation of the term had never known what it was to be free, argued with his mistress the importance of the exchange of property of which he himself was a part, for her benefit and that of her children.

"Remember, Miss Polly," he said, "that when Marse Thomie comes out of the war, it will be mighty nice for him to have a store of his own to commence business in, and if I was in your place I would take it for me, for I tell you again, Miss Polly, when the war's over we'll all be free."

But the good mistress, who had listened in silence to these arguments, was unmoved. She saw before her a man who had been born a slave in her family, and who had grown to man's estate under the fostering care of slavery, whose high sense of honor and gratitude constrained him to give advice intelligently, which, if followed, would rescue her and her children from impending adversity; but she determined not to take it. She preferred rather to trust their future well-being into the hands of Providence. Her beautiful faith found expression in this consoling passage of Scripture: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." And this blessed assurance must have determined her to pursue the course she did, else it would have been reckless and improvident. She told King that when our people became convinced that the troubles between the South and North had to be settled by the sword, that she, in common with all good citizens, staked her all upon the issues of the war, and that she would not now, like a coward, flee from them, or seek to avert them by selling a man, or men and women who had endeared themselves to her by service and fidelity.

CHAPTER XI.
A PERILOUS TRUST

"It is most time to go to the post-office, ain't it, Miss Mary? We are going to get a letter from Marse Thomie this morning."

"What makes you so certain of it, Toby?"

"I don't know'm, but I am; and every time I feels this way, I gets one; so I'll just take my two little black calves and trot off to the office and get it;" and suiting the action to the word he struck a pretty brisk gait and was soon around the corner and out of sight.

Then Decatur received but two mails per day – one from an easterly direction and the other from a westerly direction. The northern, northwestern, southern and southwestern, all coming in on the morning's Georgia Railroad train. Therefore ever since Thomie's return to his command, the western mail was the one around which our hopes and fears daily clustered.

General Joseph E. Johnston's army was, at the time of this incident, at Dalton, obstructing the advance of Sherman's "three hundred thousand men" on destruction bent. And though there had been no regular line of battle formed for some time by the Confederate and Federal forces, there were frequent skirmishes, disastrous alike to both sides. Hence the daily alternation of hopes and fears in the hearts of those whose principal occupation was waiting and watching for "news from the front."

The team of which Toby was the proud possessor did its work quickly, and in less time than it takes to tell it he appeared in sight, returning from the post-office – one hand clasping a package of papers and letters, and the other, raised high above his head, holding a letter. I could not wait, and ran to meet him.

"I've got a whole lot of letters, and every one of them is from Dalton, and this one is from Marse Thomie!"

Toby had read the Dalton post-mark, and had made a correct statement. The well-known chirography of my brother had become so familiar to him that he never mistook it for another, and was unerring in his declarations regarding it. On this occasion Thomie's letter thus read:

"My Dear Sister: – Those acquainted with army tactics know that General Johnston is on the eve of an important move, or change of base; and that it should be the effort of the men, officers and privates, to be prepared to make the change, whatever it may be, with as little loss of army paraphernalia as possible. As the Confederate army has no repository secure from the approach of the enemy, several of our friends suggest that you might be willing to take care of anything which we might send to you, that would be of future use to us – heavy overcoats, extra blankets, etc., etc. Consider well the proposition before you consent. Should they be found in your possession, by the enemy, then our home might be demolished, and you perhaps imprisoned, or killed upon the spot. Are you willing to take the risk, trusting to your ingenuity and bravery to meet the consequences? Let me know as soon as possible, as war times admit of little delay. General Granbury, Colonel Bob Young, and others may make known to you their wishes by personal correspondence. Love to my mother and sister, and to yourself, brave heart.

Affectionately, your brother
T. J. Stokes."

This letter was read aloud to my mother, and the faithful mail carrier was not excluded. She listened and weighed every word of its contents. For several moments a silence reigned, which was broken by her asking me what I was going to do in the matter.

"What would you have me do?" I asked in reply.

"What would they do, Mary, in very cold weather, if they should lose their winter clothing, overcoats and blankets, now that supplies are so difficult to obtain?"

This question, evasive as it was, convinced me that my mother's patriotism was fully adequate to the occasion, and, fraught with peril as it might be, she was willing to bear her part of the consequences of taking care of the soldiers' clothes.

The return mail bore the following letter addressed jointly to General Granbury, Colonel Robert Young, Captains Lauderdale and Formwalt, Lieutenant Stokes, and Major John Y. Rankin;

"My Dear Brother and Friends: – I thank you for the estimate you have placed upon my character and patriotism, as indicated by your request that I should take care of your overcoats, blankets, etc., until you need them. If I were willing to enjoy the fruits of your valor and sacrifices without also being willing to share your perils, I would be unworthy indeed. Yes, if I knew that for taking care of those things, I would subject myself to real danger, I would essay the duty. Send them on. I will meet them in Atlanta, and see that they continue their journey to Decatur without delay.

Your friend,
M. A. H. G."

Another mail brought intelligence of the shipment of the goods, and I lost no time in going to Atlanta and having them re-shipped to Decatur. There were nine large dry goods boxes, and I went, immediately on their arrival, to Mr. E. Mason's and engaged his two-horse wagon and driver to carry them from the depot to our home. When they were brought, we had them placed in our company dining-room. This room, by a sort of tacit understanding, had become a storeroom for the army before this important lot of goods came, and, as a dining-room, much incongruity of furniture existed, among which was a large, high wardrobe. The blinds were now closed and secured, the sash put down and fastened, the doors shut and locked, and this room given up to the occupancy of Confederate articles; and thus it remained during the eventful period intervening between the departure of General Joseph E. Johnston's army from Dalton, and Sherman's infamous order to the people of Atlanta and vicinity to leave their homes, that they might be destroyed by his vandal hordes.

CHAPTER XII.
A SCENE IN AN ATLANTA CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL

"Well, my boy, our patients are all getting along nicely in the Fair Ground hospital," was the comforting assurance I gave to Toby, who was my faithful co-worker in all that pertained to the comfort of our soldiers. "Suppose we go to the Empire hospital and see what we can do there."

"Yes'm, I have always wanted to go there."

Taking one of the baskets we had brought with us from Decatur, and which contained biscuits, rusk, broiled and fried chicken, ground coffee and blackberry wine, I handed it to him and we wended our way to the hospital. Things were not in as good shape there as at the Fair Ground hospital. I perceived this at a glance, and, upon asking and receiving permission from the superintendent, I soon tidied up things considerably. Toby brought pails of fresh water, and aided in bathing the faces, hands and arms of the convalescing soldiers, while I hunted up the soldier lads who ought to have been at home with their mothers, and bestowed the tender loving service that woman only can give to the sick and suffering.

Entering one of the wards I perceived a youth, or one I took to be a youth, from his slender fragile figure, and his beardless face, lean and swarthy in sickness, but beautiful in its fine texture and the marblelike whiteness of the brow. That he was of French extraction there could be no doubt. Quietly kneeling by the side of his cot, I contemplated his face, his head, his figure – I listened to his breathing, and watched the pulsations of his heart, and knew that his days, yea, his hours were numbered. Taking his hand in mine, I perceived that the little vitality that remained was fast burning up with fever. Putting back the beautiful rings of raven hair that lay in disheveled clusters over his classic head, and partly concealed his white brow, I thought of his mother, and imprinted upon his forehead a kiss for her sake. The deep slumber induced by anodynes was broken by that touch, and a dazed awakening ensued. "Mother," was his pathetic and only utterance.

"What can I do for you, my dear child?"

There are looks and tones which are never forgotten, and never shall I forget the utter despair in the eyes, lustrous and beautiful enough to look upon the glory of heaven, and the anguish of the voice, musical enough to sing the songs of everlasting bliss, as he said in tremulous tone and broken sentences:

"I want to see a Catholic priest. I have paid several men to go for me. They have gone off and never returned. I have no money with which to pay any one else."

In silence I listened and wept. At length I said:

"My dear young friend, can you not make confession to 'our Father which art in Heaven,' and ask Him for Christ's sake to absolve you from all sins of which you may think yourself guilty? He will do it without the intervention of a priest, if you will only believe on Him and trust Him. Can you not do this?"

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.